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THE CONVENTIONS AND THE PRESIDENCY — *By Harold Laski*

On the eve of the conventions an eminent English political scientist considers the operation of our American political system. He finds that, despite its shortcomings, our system always has been able, in every great crisis, to produce a man who can handle the situation.

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF — *By Oscar James Campbell*

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THE GOD OF HITLER AND SPINOZA, a realistic essay by Elmer Davis

ESCAPE TO THE BORDER, the remarkable and true story of a getaway from the Nazis by Carl Zuckmayer

THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE WRIGHTS HAD FLOWN, some new facts about the skeptical neighbors of the Wright brothers, by Fred C. Kelly

AND A NUMBER OF ARTICLES DEALING WITH CURRENT AFFAIRS WHICH CANNOT YET BE DEFINITELY ANNOUNCED

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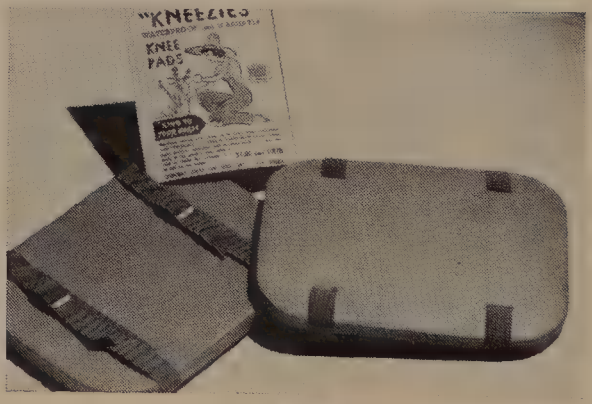


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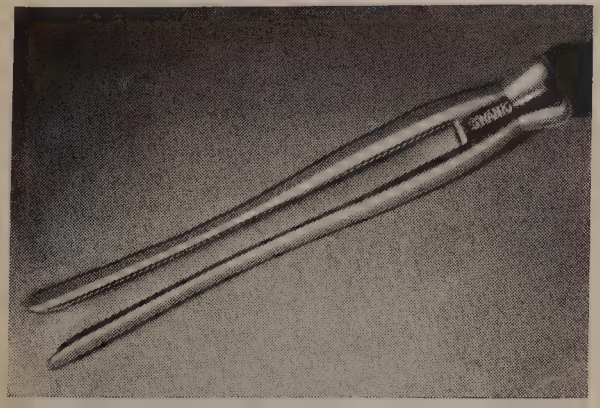
Here are the loveliest flower containers we've seen in many and many a day. They are as delicate as flowers themselves and make a fragile frame for any bouquet. The doily edge tilts up at a 45 degree angle. Metal, painted white. Large size, $3.00; small one, $1.50. W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York City.



An amazing value in good looks, good quality and good use is offered to you in this "Week-End Special" from Mark Cross. 18" overnight case and toilet kit come in hide leather in black or navy with red trim, red with black or navy, brown or green with pigskin, and wine with blue. Toilet kit has waterproof lining and a removable mirror with easel back. Only $26.50 for the 2 pieces. Mark Cross, 655 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Men first, please. This isn't wash day, but a *Situation Wanted* notice. A tiny clothespin gone snooty and done up in gold-plate is seeking a soft spot clasping together some well-dressed gentleman's tie or some kind lady's silk scarf. $1.00 postpaid. Edna Mae Allen, Allendale, New Jersey.



A&F

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SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD



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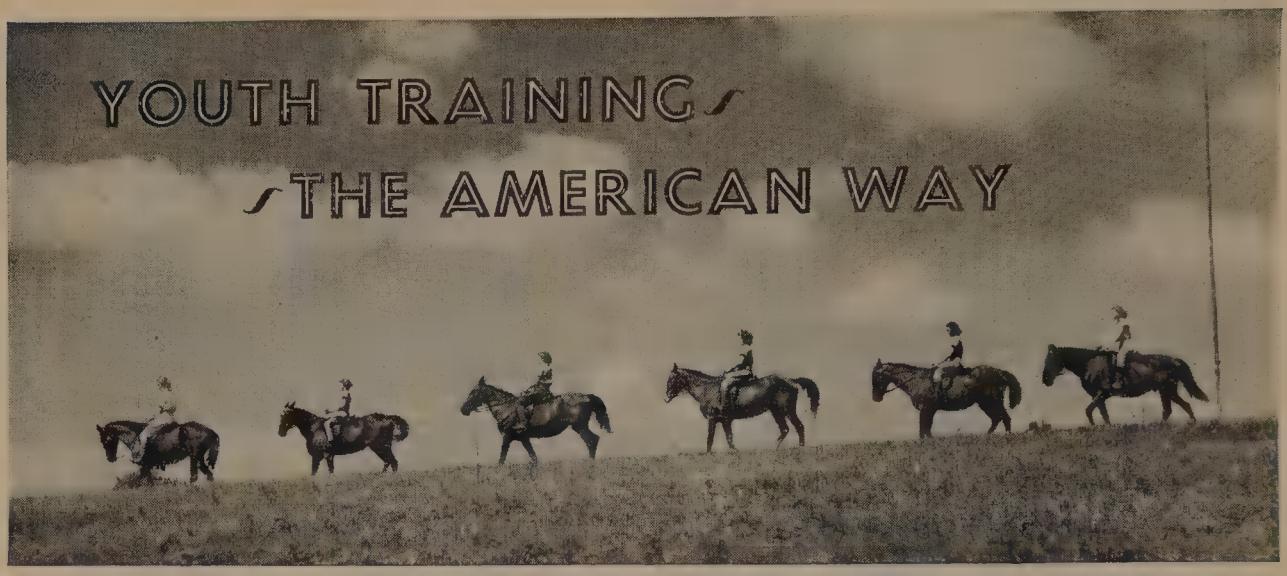
Out you go! For porch, terrace or wherever you laze outdoors, we've got a bumper crop of new ideas in lawn furniture. One of our stars is this swing version of an old-time porch hammock. Blue, green or rose canvas upholstery...adjustable back and fringe-trimmed canopy, $49.50.

Send for "Play Hours" Booklet!

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On Cape Cod. Juniors, Intermediates, Seniors. Counselor for every three girls. Sailing featured. Salt and fresh water swimming. Tennis. Canoe trips. Music, Art, Crafts, Dancing. Fee includes riding on famous Oyster Harbor's bridle paths. Booklet.

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Forty girls, 8–18 years.
All sports.

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Each girl rides every day at this camp in its private preserve of unbroken forest surrounding a large Adirondack lake. Excellent sailing. Trips of two days or more by foot, by horse and by canoe. Indoor playground. 6 hours from N. Y. C.

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For Girls 6–18. One-half mile shore on inland lake near Grand Traverse Bay, Michigan. 26th season. All camp sports and activities including swimming, sailing, riding, tennis, weaving, pottery. Trips by land and water. Two branch pioneer camps. Separate junior group. Moderate fee. For information write

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A CAMP FOR GIRLS

The facilities of our School Information Bureau are at your command for any additional assistance you may require in selecting the camp best suited to your demands. Address

School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE,
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Bird-banding expeditions with licensed counselors are one expression of a policy thoughtfully selecting for the children the best fruits of a vacation in mountains and woods. (Lake, farm, horses, too.) Boys, girls 8–13; Juniors 4–7. Near Lake Placid.

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Health, Scholarship, Character Training through guidance in life activities of the home, farm, classroom, studio. 100 acres. Private pond. High elevation. Old Colonial farmstead. Pre-school Grades. High School. College Prep.

LEONID V. TULPA, Ed.M. and Mrs. L. V. TULPA, Dirs.,
PLAINFIELD, Conn.

A SUMMER CAMP

If you have difficulty in making a suitable selection from among the large number of camps advertised in this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, giving full particulars.

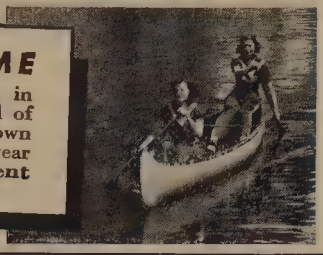
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SUMMER-TIME IS MAINE TIME

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A program blending education and recreation for boys who desire the advantages of a summer session in a camp setting. Accredited to schools and colleges. Complete activities program — all land and water sports — for junior and senior groups. It is not unusual for a student-camper to save a year in his preparatory course.

LLOYD HARVEY HATCH, Director, DEXTER, Me.

CAMP MARANACOOK

Readfield, Me. 30th year. Separate units, Juniors 7–11; Intermediates 12–14; Seniors 15–17. Mature, experienced counselors. Offers unusual leadership. Special care for younger boys. Cabins. Riding. Sailing. Trips. All sports. Shop. Infirmary.

WM. H. MORGAN, Director,
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The Sailing Camp for Boys. Orrs Island, Me., in Casco Bay. Riding, fishing. Pioneer camping with Maine guide. Mature staff. Log cabins. Mr. William Neufeld, Harvard Track Coach, in charge. T-Ledge, separate camp for girls. Booklets.

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The Sea Camps for Boys, Cape Cod. Superb sailing, swimming, canoeing, deep sea fishing cruises. Land sports. Riflery. Riding. Cabins. Tutoring. Camp Mother. Nurse. Junior Counselor's Training Course. Junior, Intermediate, Senior Camps. Booklet.

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HARRIMAN H. DODD, AUBURN, Mass.



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On Lake Fairlee, Ely, Vermont. High adventure for boys 7–16. Fee includes canoe and mountain trips, riding, golf, sailing, swimming, riflery. Music, hobbies. 3 age groups. Expert staff. Cabins. 125 acres. 27th yr.

DAVID R. STARRY,
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Private lake near Brattleboro, Vermont.

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For boys 7 to 14 in the northern Adirondacks. 3000 acres.

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Offshore cruises in 90-ft. auxiliary schooner. All sports. Private sea beach. Catalog.

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Unusually fine buildings.
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WE WILL INSERT

your camp advertisement in a space of this size, seven lines, at the following rates: one time, fifteen dollars, forty cents; three times, fourteen dollars, sixty-three cents each insertion; six times, thirteen dollars, eighty-six cents each insertion; twelve times, twelve dollars, thirty-two cents each insertion.

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GEORGE BUSHEE, Dir., 11 Richardson Ave., ARLINGTON, Mass.



Mr. Veteran on Going Away to School





Scene: A pleasant living room

MRS. SWIFT: I do wish you'd finish your tea. I want your advice on something important. It's about Jack's school.

MR. VETERAN: You mean you're not entirely satisfied. (*She nods*) What does his father think?

MRS. SWIFT: You know John. He's absolutely set on public schools. He's a public school product himself, and he thinks the institution is the cradle of democracy and the only great character builder. You've heard him!

MR. VETERAN: I have indeed. And I know John. He'd have got an education anywhere. But all boys aren't Johns, and I've wondered for some time if Jack wouldn't save time by going away to a good boarding school.

MRS. SWIFT: Save time?

MR. VETERAN: In a manner of speaking. If he wouldn't progress faster and go farther. The fact is — and I'll argue this out with John senior — I seriously question some of your husband's arguments. As a matter of practical democracy, how much does Jack know about different kinds of people — how many friends has he whose backgrounds are essentially different from this? (*With a gesture around the room.*)

MRS. SWIFT: None. His friends are all the children of our friends. It's one of the things his father complains about. He says Jack's crowd tend to be snobbish because they only go around with their own kind.

MR. VETERAN: That doesn't surprise me. One more point: how much freedom of thought and speech is Jack exposed to in high school?

MRS. SWIFT: I know what you're thinking of — the history teacher who was fired last year because some parents thought he was a red.

MR. VETERAN: On the strength of his voting the Socialist ticket. Precisely. As I remember, John was furious about it. Mind you, my dear Polly, I am not damning the public school system. I am merely suggesting that your son is not getting what, in theory, the public school is supposed to give him. Well, what about character building? Is Jack learning to extend himself, is he learning to stand on his own feet, is he learning to take blows on the chin, to assume responsibilities?

MRS. SWIFT (*troubled*): I don't know. I can't answer those questions.

MR. VETERAN: I think I can. Jack is not called on to extend himself. There are more than forty boys in his class. Jack's natural endowments put him in the first five, but the pace of the class has to accommodate the last five. Jack gets by without half trying, and so, I'm afraid, would I if I were in his place. He doesn't stand on his own feet, he stands on yours and John's. That's not his fault, it's the town's fault. By the same token, he doesn't get blows on the chin. Bright boys who belong to leading families aren't likely to in this school.

MRS. SWIFT: I see what you mean — only too well. And you think that boarding school would be the answer.

MR. VETERAN: I'm sure of it, provided you choose the right school.

MRS. SWIFT (*slowly*): Of course there's the question of money . . .

MR. VETERAN (*cheerfully*): Of course. There always is. But don't fall into the error of thinking that all boarding schools are highly expensive, or that the most expensive ones are inevitably the best for Jack. Besides, I know your financial set up. Remember, John has talked to me freely. And I know the feeling you both have about providing for the children. Let me ask you this — isn't a sound education one of the safest investments for the future that parents can make for their children?

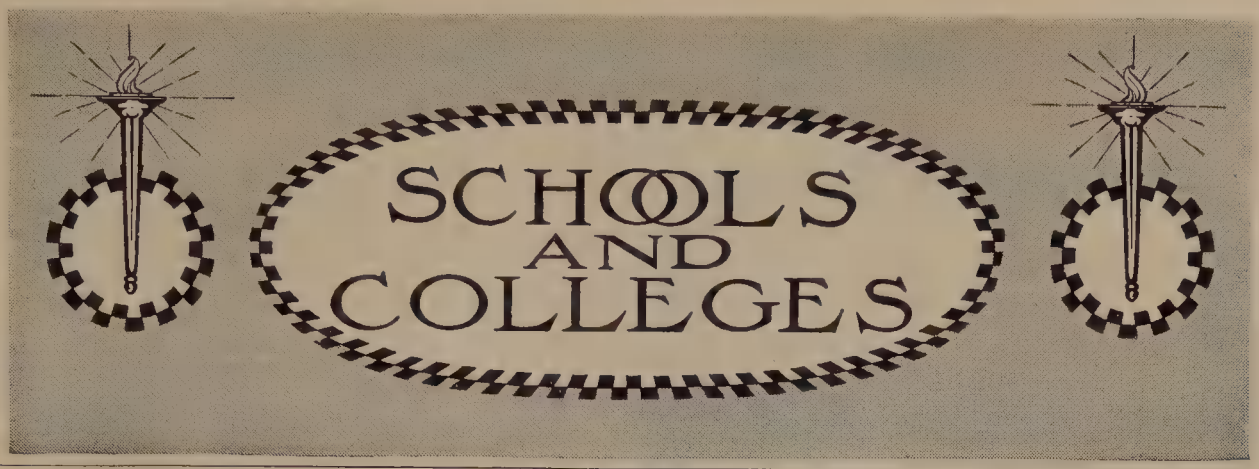
MRS. SWIFT: I know you're right . . . but isn't this business of choice going to be difficult?

MR. VETERAN: Not necessarily. I can think offhand of half a dozen schools where Jack would flourish like the bay tree. Schools where real democracy prevails and where brains and character make for an aristocracy; schools where the standard is so high that a fellow like Jack finds a challenge worth taking up, and where the competition is stiff enough to bring out the best that's in him, where his companions are a picked lot from all over the country who have never heard of you and John, and will judge Jack by what he is and what he can do, and, in particular, where Jack will be under the wise and sympathetic but unemotional guidance of men who, with all due respect to you, my dear, know far more about boys than you and John do.

MRS. SWIFT: Look, will you do something for me — will you stay to dinner and talk to John?

A. R. A.

Mr. Veteran will continue his discussion in the next issue.



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THE TUTORING SCHOOL OF NEW YORK

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15th Year.
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A small professional day, evening school, established 1921.
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Where farm, forest, and mountains enrich the lives of children. A residence elementary school for boys and girls. Sound academic program. Art, crafts, shop, music, rhythms. All winter sports. Riding. Elevation of 2200 feet.
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Exceptionally high type faculty prepares boys for all colleges. Regents accredited. Certificate privileges. Essentially a home school — classes small enough to meet individual needs. Lower school. All sports. Gym, golf. Suburban to New York. Limited enrolment. Catalog.
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"Character before Career." Aims to develop the whole boy — mentally, physically, spiritually. Seven buildings. Athletics and school activities. Spacious campus, on beautiful north shore of Long Island, 50 miles from N. Y. World's Fair. Address
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Emphasis on music, art, and other cultural interests throughout college preparatory and general courses. A small school in the Westchester Hills. 34 miles from New York. Riding, sports. Boarding dept. for girls over 12; country day program from nursery school up.
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Episcopal school for girls in the country 23 miles from New York. General and college preparatory courses. Graduates in all leading colleges. Separate Junior group for girls 10–14. Est. 1883.
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Thorough preparation for Smith and other colleges. Nine-acre campus. Outdoor life. Riding. Golf.

Write for booklet, *Entrance Requirements of the Major Colleges for Women.*

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For girls. Preparatory and general courses.

Excellent record with leading colleges. Music, art.

50-acre campus 17 miles from Boston's cultural advantages, 2 miles from Wellesley College.

All sports, riding, skiing. Founded 1893.

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Girls 6–18. Secluded location in suburban Boston.
Combining traditional standards with today's methods.
Thorough academic, cultural and elementary training.
Varied activities. Moderate rate.

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DANA HALL — College Preparatory and General Courses.
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Two, three and four year normal courses in Nursery School, Kindergarten and Elementary grades.

Dormitories.

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Three-year course preparing high school graduates for nursery school, kindergarten, primary, and playground teaching. Special one-year course for training children in the home. Limited enrollment. University credits. Founded 1898. Booklet.

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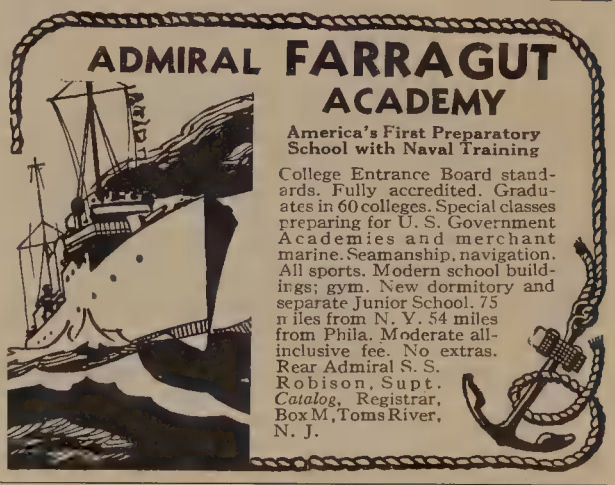
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UP IN Westport, Conn., almost within suburban reach of megalopolitan New York, Van Wyck Brooks is just now putting the finishing touches on his sequel to *The Flowering of New England*. If my spies are correct, the sequel will tell of an Indian Summer of the Yankee mind—the implication being that intellectual Winter has now clamped down in parts both north and south of Boston. There are signs, however, that the Winter may be over almost before it has started: New England is evidently in process of reconstituting herself from within. Last month an uncritical panegyric to Yankee adaptability, Lawrence Dame's *New England Comes Back*, hit the best-seller lists in Portland, Maine, and Boston. And now, as more acute testimony to a welling upsurge of energy in the Yankee towns, we have Jonathan Daniels' friendly, inquisitive travelogue, ***A Southerner Discovers New England*** (Macmillan, $3).

Mr. Daniels, who hails from Raleigh, North Carolina, spent several months of 1939 batting about the six New England states in a car of the appropriate make of Plymouth. He visited the thriving industrial centers, the depressed textile regions, the Maine potato country, the ski-train and summer-resort country, and the indwelling haunts of the past that may be found everywhere from Nantucket and Concord to the stony Vermont farms. Boston may be decadent, and there may be boarding houses in Louisburg Square, but Mr. Daniels found plenty of evidence that New England's mood is not to be judged by the old surface indications. In Maine the rugged individualists on Aroostook acres combine to grade their spuds (and so compete successfully with Idaho); and in the old, supposedly burnt-out textile towns of Manchester and New Bedford local small-time capitalists are pooling their resources to create small, diversified industries to take up the unemployment slack and spread the risks of future bankruptcy over a wider corporate area. In Hartford, Connecticut's capital, Mr. Daniels discovered the world's "white-collar" paradise, an antiseptic hive of office-workers who staff the big insurance companies and make their living out of canny bets placed on the incidence of other folks' troubles. Airplane motors and propellers come in an endless stream out of Connecticut's factories—though this business, which has its war-baby aspects, is nothing for the Yankees to count on forever. In Springfield, Mass., they still invoke the shade of Noah Webster to keep the dictionary business booming; and in the Vermont town of Brattleboro a young man from Maine and his Vermont wife capitalize on a reviving regional interest by publishing good New England books at their Stephen Daye Press. Since he comes from North Carolina, which might be called the New England of Dixie (indeed, the biggest Yankee in the U. S. Senate is North Carolina's shrewd, saving Joe Bailey), Jonathan Daniels is peculiarly fitted to understand the Vermont mind. He is also fitted to understand the modified States' Rights philosophy of Vermont's Governor Aiken—a philosophy that has prompted New England's Republican governors to promote interstate regional planning for New England as a counterpoise to Federal intervention from Washington. Mr. Daniels deals in particulars and localisms: he is entranced by fox farms and hitch-hiking CCC boys and French-Canadian consumer co-operatives and the tall tides of Quoddy and the even taller taxes on Beacon Street property and the conversation of newspapermen loitering on Nieman Fellowships at Harvard.

A Southerner Discovers New England is, in short, a joy to this reviewer, who happens to be a New Englander himself. Save for a visit to the shrines of Concord (the thing to do is to read *Walden*, not poke about in the cemeteries), Mr. Daniels happily eschews the

grooved, the antiquarian, the quaint. Mr. Daniels has a gift for catching the significant even as he flies by at forty miles an hour. And he is always sympathetic, tentative, unpretentious.

He is, if anything, a little too sympathetic, tentative and unpretentious. These qualities in a writer are so rare that they are never to be condemned. But as Mr. Daniels skips from the office of the Fall River Board of Finance out into the streets where men wait while their more nimble-fingered wives get the mill jobs, one wishes for more auctorial depth and dogmatism. Mr. Daniels had a travelling schedule; one wishes he had said to hell with it and stayed longer and talked more. For, in the end, we don't really know whether Fall River and Lawrence and Lynn and Manchester and New Bedford and Pawtucket are coming back for keeps or merely staving off disaster until the next post-war depression catches their old factories. Mr. Daniels has, in fact, served as an *hors d'oeuvre* to whet a New Englander's appetite for self-discovery. Although Mr. Daniels visited many factories, he skipped Connecticut's Naugatuck Valley—home of a brass industry that has its fascination for those who like to see their Pittsburghs in miniature. He failed really to get at the heart of modern Boston's troubles, which date back to the Irish potato famine of 1848. He should have hung around for a New England town meeting—if only to tell us that pure democracy is not always lovely as glimpsed from close up. He might have looked longer and harder at the central Europeans who make fairly fruitful livings on New England soil that has been decreed submarginal by office farmers. He might have had more to say about New England as a maritime phenomenon (they still make ships at Bath), or New England as an educator (there should be more to the subject of Yankee pedagogy than Exeter, Yale and Harvard). He might have read some revealing books by modern New Englanders—say, Edmund Gilligan's *Boundary Against Night*. But he was, after all, a traveller. Judged as such, he has done a first-class job. His book is a challenge to a New Englander to do better.

From New England to old England is a jump—but not too great a jump. For England, like New England, has been given up by many writers for lost; and now, under the grisly impetus of war, there are faint signs of a regeneration from within.

An American family team, Eugene and Arline Lohrke, have for some time been making a Sussex farm their base of operations for wandering about the world—and England. From the farm, which is set in "the fairest rural landscape the earth has known," they have watched England stagger through crisis after crisis, from Manchuria in 1931 to Munich in 1938. They are, quite frankly, Anglophiles, passionate pilgrims in the old Henry James sense. But as they have watched they have wondered. The England which has come immediately within their purview—the remnants of yeoman England, the four-square characters we associate with the novels of Thomas Hardy—has apparently made little connection with the top-dog England of Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain. Somewhere between 1918 and 1931 Britain seemed to have lost her inner convictions; she still had the power to grip, but the grip was like that of a miser clutching old treasure. Even so, the Lohrkes couldn't bring themselves to disbelieve in England. And their new book, ***The Long Watch in England*** (Holt, $2), is a long, sometimes eloquent, inner soliloquy about the object of their affection. Will she fail? Can she fail? The Lohrkes finally dodge the question by remarking that all animals must be resilient enough to meet change—or die. Meanwhile they have given us a book that is partly a prose-poem, partly a series of acute observations and generalizations—and partly rumble-bumble that invites an editor's blue pencil.

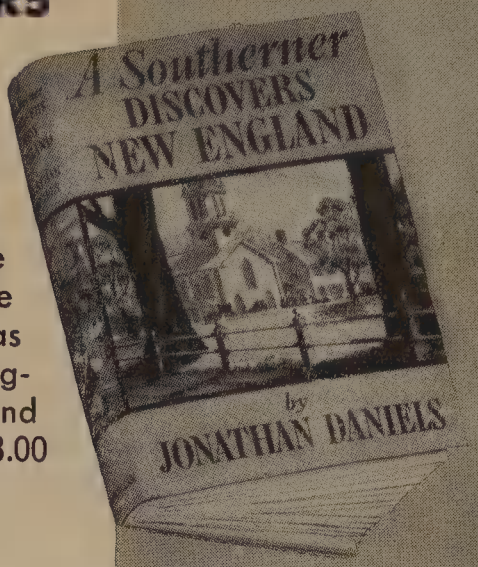
The poetry is of the English countryside—the wide parks, the fields that lie fallow as Englishmen, huddled town-dwellers for the most part, import most of their food and do a bad dietetic job in choosing what to buy. The observations and generalizations touch on the appalling decay of English teeth, the third-rate condition of English health, the failure of the British to build enough modern roads and electric power stations, the slatternly quality of recent British architecture, and the tendency of the top dogs to take a narrow, bank-director's view of the overseas empire. As for the rumble-bumble, that crops up when the poetry fails or becomes mechanically repetitive.

The net effect of *The Long Watch in England* is to leave you without much hope for the empire's ability to resist decay. Yet there are some things which the Lohrkes obviously

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missed. In looking for tender England, they failed to see tough England—the trawlermen of Grimsby and Hull, the sea dogs from the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. When the onshore Englishman was rotting on the dole or talking nonsense in Bloomsbury, the offshore Englishmen were busy hauling in the fish near Murmansk and putting the guns of the *Hood* through practice paces. These offshore Englishmen were invisible in the piping times of peace; now, sweeping up the mines and convoying the troops to Norway, they are Britain's great hope. The Lohrkes needed a motor boat, not a rattle-trap car, to discover the England of their dreams.

Sir Nevile Henderson's ***Failure of a Mission*** (Putnam, $3) doesn't do much to efface the impression left by the Lohrkes' elegiac pages. Sir Nevile was British Ambassador to Berlin from 1937 to 1939. He went to Berlin believing as Neville Chamberlain believed: that it was possible to appease the Nazis and so turn Adolf Hitler from conquest to domestic reconstruction once the Austrian and Sudeten Germans were safely incorporated within the Reich. When Chamberlainism failed, Henderson's mission failed; and Sir Nevile returned home last September a sadder and wiser man.

Failure of a Mission is perfectly candid within its limitations. Sir Nevile considered Germany's internal problems of 1937–39 to be her own—a proper view for an ambassador to take, even though it doesn't lead to the most pungent sort of writing. The character sketches in *Failure of a Mission* are good. Sir Nevile found Goebbels fair and logical in private conversation, but on the platform he became a "typical little Irish agitator." Goering was an amusing companion, a man of no personal resentments, quick to get the point and willing generally to see an opponent's argument. Hitler, to Sir Nevile, was a mystery; a man of hot-eyed and facile enmities, he apparently held his position because he reflected a mass hunger in a neurotic population. Ribbentrop and Himmler, the head of the Gestapo, were sinister, even loathsome: upon the heads of this precious pair Sir Nevile puts the blame for war.

All of this adds up to a key-man view of history: if Goering had prevailed over Ribbentrop and Himmler there would have been no war! But Sir Nevile only half-heartedly subscribes to his own view; elsewhere he seems to endorse the Rauschning theory that Hitler's revolution must move from excess to excess to an appointed end. On one page Sir Nevile is a free-will philosopher; on another page he is apparently preaching teleology. But the contradiction is less important to us than the revelation of the state of mind behind the appeasement policy. The book also provides a reasonable justification for that policy: Sir Nevile says that the British Empire would never have willingly gone to war before Germany had abandoned the



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principle of self-determination for the principle of master-slave *lebensraum*. In other words, the British had to wait until Hitler had taken the Slav city of Prague before they could wake up. If revolution has its irrepressible dynamism, then the curve of national regeneration in a peaceable nation must have its own dynamism, too. Besides, Britain needed time to arm.

Raymond Leslie Buell's ***Isolated America*** (Knopf, $3) is part history, part analysis of the U. S. position in a warring world, and part advocacy of a new world order that differs in degree, if not in kind, from the old League of Nations. Barring one or two assumptions, I think the history is excellent; and the analysis of the difficulties and choices with which we may be faced is pretty shrewd. But when it comes to advocacy, this department and Mr. Buell must part company.

In one way, Mr. Buell is too hopeful; in another way, he is too despairing. Since the battleship no longer reaches around the world, I lack Mr. Buell's faith that a world order is possible: the military-technological factors seem to me to dictate a choice between a number of regional orders and chaos. (If we come out of this war with a Danubian-Slav federation, a permanent Franco-British federation, and a Scandinavian federation, the world can consider itself blessed with luck.) But I have considerably more faith than Mr. Buell in the invulnerability of the United States. Mr. Buell's argument assumes an eventual European-Asiatic coalition against the U. S. at some future date unless an Anglo-French-U. S.-dominated Association of Nations can organize the globe. In other words, Mr. Buell is saying that the old process of balancing the power would cease forthwith once Hitler had won the war. But the process of balancing the power has never ceased: a victory by one side in a war merely causes a reshuffle of elements. In the very unlikely event of a British defeat, the U. S. would join in a hurried realignment; we would pick up allies in all countries that stood to lose from German domination. These allies would include the British dominions, perhaps Russia—and a new balance-of-power would shortly emerge to make war as hazardous for any war-maker as it generally is.

I wrote something of John Weld's ***Don't You Cry for Me*** (Scribner's, $2.75) last month after reading only a few pages of it. This fictionized narrative of the ill-starred Donner party that had such a ghoulish time getting through to California in 1846 is full-throated romantic writing of the new order that supplies realistic detail along with an emotional enhancement of the heroic and the villainous that is not part of modern realism. *Don't You Cry for Me* is one of the better novels of our Homeric era.

IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Trees of Heaven, by Jesse Stuart.

In the Kentucky poet's first novel about his Kentucky hills are many of the characteristics of his poetry; the uneven, simple speech of simple people mixing the matter-of-fact with the poetic till one becomes the other; and a directness in narrative flow (the story is told in the present tense) that keeps the reader in the thick of things all the time. Mr. Stuart tells the story of a strong, inarticulate people, who put their energy and self-expression in action rather than words and who become dangerous when action is denied them in the mumbo-jumbo of a politics-ridden courtroom. It is a picture of struggle between an industrious land-owner and a shiftless squatter family; of hill country love-making and hill country customs, and a very lively story too. If as a novel it seems to fall down because at the end a divine revelation completely changes the character of the wicked land-owner, one must not criticize too harshly. It's more than likely that divine revelation comes easier in the hills. Dutton, $2.50

The Brave and the Blind, by Michael Blankfort.

A tense, profoundly moving novel about the siege of the Alcazar. It is moving not only in the quick action and terrifying excitement of every moment—the piling up of incidents which bring suffering and love and death to the 2,000 souls shut up in the fortress for 71 days—but even more moving in its portrayal of how men may suffer in their minds over the questions "What Is Right? What Are We Fighting For?" Dying becomes easy, if only one could know what one is dying for. Mr. Blankfort has done a magnificent but quite heart-breaking dramatization of the tragedy of the men on both sides in the Spanish struggle who died heroic deaths for causes whose issues, even in their own minds, were often utterly confused. One is not likely to forget in a long while the talk of the hostages and the civilians in their respective dungeons. The thoughtful political and philosophical discussions held by these men and women striving desperately in the face of death to find the meaning of life, have an almost unbearable poignancy. And though these discussions are frequent and far-reaching they never take away from, but rather add to the reality and tension of the story.
Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50

Green Lies the Valley, by Barbara Webster.

A tale of the "Great Valley" of Eastern Pennsylvania which is still inhabited largely by the descendants of those who originally settled there. It centers in the lives of two families, different in background from the beginning, and the differ-

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The daughter of Thomas Mann writes a novel of Hitler's coming to power in Germany in terms of what it has meant to middle class people in all walks of life. Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50

This Is on Me, by Katherine Brush.

Miss Brush scatters her autobiography among some new short stories and the result is as amusing and vividly human as any story of the life and trials of an author that has come this way in a long time.
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Ten stories with the same background as her famous *Yearling*, but infinitely varied in theme. Many will remember *Bennie and the Bird Dogs*, here included. Scribners, $2.50

Non-fiction

I Married Adventure, by Osa Johnson.

Nearly everyone knows of the Martin Johnsons and their famous pictures taken in the wildest corners of the world. Most people know, too, of Mr. Johnson's tragic death in an airplane accident in a casual commercial flight in the United States, after years of the most dangerous kind of living among cannibals and wild animals. But few people know—and it's their loss—of the human story behind the filming of these exciting pictures. Mrs. Johnson tells it with no dramatics and one's affection and admiration for the two simple and devoted people grows enormously. They were young middle westerners, both. She married him when she was seventeen and they left for Borneo practically at once. All their life together they took gigantic tasks and dangers and disappointments and successes in their stride (though Mrs. Johnson doesn't say so) and always with dignity and a sense of humor. It's a real book about real people who have done an immensely important scientific work. It is full of information, excitement, and human feeling. Illustrated. Book of the Month, June. Lippincott, $3.50

This Is Our China, by Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

A rewarding book for all those who are interested in China's past and future, and also for those who never have been. It is a collection of essays, letters, stories and statements of belief. The troubles of the Chinese millions, too baffling and vague and far-away for the mind to grasp, suddenly become simple human problems which are our own immediate concern. The book suffers from the fact that there is no chronological order in the arrangement, and especially from the lack of a map. One is completely lost while trying to follow Mme. Chiang on her travels. The statement of her own religious belief and that of the New Life Movement

in China, her quiet acceptance of the huge tasks and dangers ahead, her Christian humility and courage, give the book an extraordinary dignity and effectiveness. Harpers, $3.50

The End of the Armistice, by G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton died in 1936, but between the end of the last war and the time of his death he wrote hundreds of brilliant and penetrating essays which illuminate nearly all the problems that are now facing us. Sifted and shortened the essays appear in a book which everyone may read with profit to-day. He was dealing with such subjects as *Prussianism*, *Hitlerism*, *Poland*, *Pacifism and Cynicism* and what our attitude toward all these things may mean in the world which is now being made or destroyed. Sheed and Ward, $2

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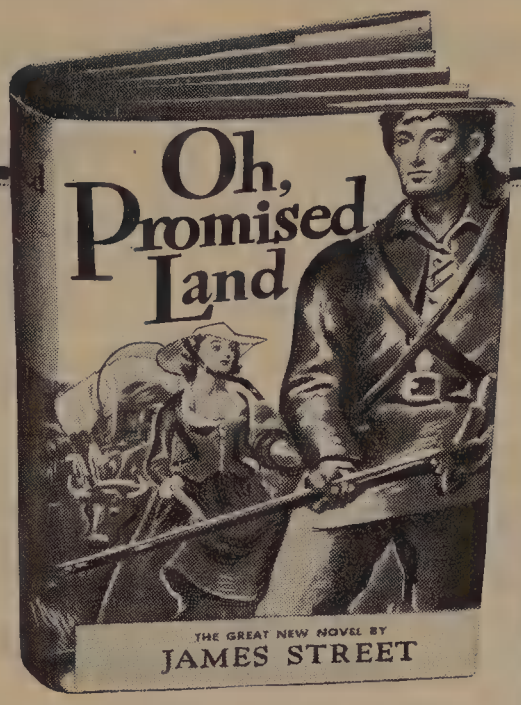
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ENTER ATOMIC POWER

BY JOHN J. O'NEILL

SCIENCE has won the first great objective in its quarter of a century struggle to release the vast store of energy locked up in the hearts of atoms and to make atomic power available to man. In revealing this secret it has presented to the human race a great problem and a great opportunity.

Out of the laboratory has come the announcement that there has been isolated a new strange substance of fantastic properties which can release tremendously vast quantities of atomic energy by a very simple self-sustaining process. This new substance has heretofore remained hidden in the same material from which radium is obtained. It is many millions of times more plentiful than radium and gives out billions of times more energy. Radium sputters like a damp fuse, but the atoms of the new substance explode catastrophically when disturbed in the right way, and each one that explodes sets off two others, thus providing the chain reaction that makes available a practical means for obtaining a steady controlled flow of atomic energy at a rate 5,000,000 times greater than that obtained by the burning of coal. It is the first step toward releasing the total-energy content of atoms which, weight for weight, is 18,000,000,000 greater than that yielded by any chemical combustion process.

Science has cleared the way on theoretical and experimental grounds and the course now lies open for the engineers to enter and make the practical application of atomic power which may open a new era for civilization. All that remains to be done in order to unleash the vast quantities of energy bound up in matter is to work out a practical method for separating the new substance from the material in which it is found. This has been accomplished on a laboratory scale and several processes for a larger scale production are now being worked out. The way around all obstacles now seems clear, although before they have been passed the engineers will undoubtedly gather some new observations about "The innate peversity of inanimate matter."

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The new substance which made possible man's first successful attempt to release atomic energy is called Uranium 235, the number indicating its atomic weight. It is a chemical twin to ordinary uranium, the heaviest naturally occurring chemical element, which has an atomic weight of 238. Isolation of this substance in experimental quantities was achieved by Professor A. O. Nier, thirty-year-old physicist of the University of Minnesota. He isolated only a few trillionths of a pound, but that was enough of the substance to permit the making of exceedingly important and significant experiments in a scientific laboratory at Columbia University, experiments that open up possibilities to stagger the imagination.

Professor Nier isolated not only Uranium 235 but he separated all three components of uranium, the third being Uranium 234. Uranium 235 occurs in nature in Uranium 238 to the extent of three-quarters of one per cent, the Uranium 234 being present to a little less than one-tenth of this amount. All three of these isotopes have almost identical chemical properties and differ mainly in their masses. Professor Nier used this difference to effect the separation. He passed the electrified vapor of uranium bromide through a combination electric and magnetic field which caused the three different kinds of atoms to traverse different paths and be deposited on different spots on a platinum plate.

The separation of these isotopes was not performed by Professor Nier as a happenstance experiment. The whole scientific world interested in nuclear physics had been on its knees for a year, pleading with every scientist who was in a position to attempt to separate these isotopes to make the effort, since it was obvious from earlier experiments that even small samples of pure Uranium 235 and Uranium 238 would make it possible in a single series of tests to get a clear-cut answer to the question of whether man would be able to solve right now the scientific problem of the release of atomic energy on a practical scale. He was one of the few men in the world competent to handle the difficult task, and he succeeded.

In January, 1939, an experiment was made on uranium atoms with startling results. Professor John R. Dunning, of Columbia University, and Dr. Enrico Fermi, Nobel prize winner of Italy, who had recently joined the Columbia staff, succeeded in splitting the uranium atom, and observed a tremendous release of energy—200,000,000 electron volts, from each atom disintegrated. This was a sufficient amount of energy to make the process a continuous one, since there was not only a great excess of energy produced but in addition enough secondary projectiles were released from each exploded atom to shatter at least two additional atoms. In later experiments, when large amounts of material were bombarded, the material should have, on theoretical grounds, completely exploded in the briefest fraction of a second with cataclysmic results. The material got hot but it did not explode. The reason the uranium did not explode was a mystery.

While Professor Dunning and Dr. Fermi were the first ones in this country to perform the uranium-splitting experiment it had previously been performed in Europe, but there was a delay in publishing the results and, as a consequence, experiments giving similar results were performed in three laboratories in as many countries within a space of about two weeks.

Drs. O. Hahn and E. Strassmann, in the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute in Berlin, and Drs. Frisch and Meitner in Copenhagen anticipated the Columbia results, and L. R. Hafstad, R. B. Roberts, and M. A. Tuve of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution of Washington followed a few days later. It was as if several armies all approaching an objective from different directions arrived at the predetermined goal at about the same time.

II

Splitting of the uranium atom was achieved with surprising ease. This is the heaviest of all atoms. From experience gained in smashing lighter atoms it was expected that it would be necessary to hit the uranium atom with a tremendously powerful projectile in order to crash through the 92 units of negative electrical fortification in the outer electron shell, and its 92 units of positive electrical fortification concentrated in the nucleus. Powerful electrical bombardment machines had been designed for this purpose. The most successful was the cyclotron, developed by Professor O. E. Lawrence, Nobel prize winner, of the University of California, which uses relatively low voltages but whirls electrified particles in a combination electric and magnetic field until they attain very high velocities and issue from the machine in a beam with energies equivalent to 25,000,000 volts. A new large cyclotron, the world's largest, is now being constructed by Professor Lawrence. It will produce a disintegrating beam of several hundred million volts and it is expected to be powerful enough to smash practically all atoms.

But these powerful projectiles proved to be unnecessary for the direct smashing of the Uranium 235 atom, although the cyclotron was used in securing the initial supply of neutrons necessary to start the process, analogous to a match in starting a fire. Instead of a powerful blow being required to smash the Uranium 235 atom, it was shattered by a relatively gentle blow. A tuning technic proved to be far more effective than brute strength.

When the neutron, an unelectrified particle and one of the fundamental building blocks of matter, travels at high velocities it shoots past atoms and acts as if it did not know they were there. The atoms reciprocate. But when the neutron is slowed down to a very low velocity, equivalent to about one-thirtieth of an electron volt, it and the nearby atoms become tuned to one another. The neutron then enters the nucleus of the atom with as much ease as if it were falling into a hole. The neutron and most atoms act as if they were enlarged with respect to one another when neutrons travel at slow speed. One element shows an enlargement of about 4000 diameters. Paradoxically, the slower neutrons are the more effective they become. This peculiar phenomenon is likely to play an important part in practical atomic-power-control processes.

When the ordinary uranium atoms were bombarded last year and only a certain number of the atoms responded with explosions and others appeared immune to bombardment, thus preventing the general release of atomic energy, it became apparent that the uranium being treated was not uniform throughout but contained some responsive and some non-responsive factors. It was known for a long time that uranium contained three isotopes, or chemical twins, 234, 235, and 238, and it was suspected that the 235 was the responsive factor and that the 238 prevented it from giving its full possible response. In order to test this theory it would be necessary to obtain samples of each of the isotopes entirely free from contamination by the others so that each could be bombarded separately and its individual response determined. This would be the critical test which would determine if the atomic-power dream could be translated into reality. But the isolated isotopes did not exist anywhere in the world at that time. When Professor Nier made them available in extremely tiny quantities the experiment was quickly made and it gave a clear cut and spectacular answer —it was the "Open Sesame" to Nature's treasure chest of atomic energy.

The two principal isotopes were tested separately. Professor Dunning and his associates at Columbia placed the small platinum plate containing the Uranium 238 deposit in the cyclotron and went to the control board in an adjoining room where are located the control apparatus

for operating the cyclotron and the recording instruments that tell what is taking place in the bombardment chamber. The cyclotron is almost entirely surrounded by tanks of water from floor to ceiling to protect the workers from the burst of neutron gas that comes from the bombardment chamber and goes through ordinary matter like water through a sieve, but is shut off easily by water. This is what makes remote control necessary.

When the cyclotron was started with the Uranium 238 in the bombardment chamber the recording instruments indicated a few spasmodic bursts of energy release per minute. The heavy uranium was taken out of the bombardment chamber and the cyclotron operated with the chamber empty. The recording instruments continued to indicate a few energy bursts per minute. The difference between the results when the chamber contained the heavy uranium and when it was empty was very slight.

When the light uranium, the 235 isotope, was placed in the bombardment chamber the situation changed completely. The instruments recorded intense activity. The counters attached to them that click for every ten bursts kept up a barrage of sound like a machine gun. The wavy line on the oscilloscope that recorded each energy burst stayed almost constantly at the 200,000,000 electron volt level. The Uranium 235 atoms were being smashed at a rate 10,000 times, and more, faster than the Uranium 238 atoms. Repetitions of the experiments under a variety of conditions gave the same results.

A series of auxiliary experiments checking up the results of the main experiments were made, and each gave additional evidence of the correctness of the conclusions indicated.

The experiment that marked the climax of twenty-five years of effort by scientists all over the world, to smash their way into the nucleus of the atom and release the tremendous stores of energy located there, had been performed. There are many gates to the reservoir of atomic energy and one of them had been opened. The story which this experiment told, in non-scientific language, is this: A new substance, Uranium 235, which releases atomic energy easily, has been isolated; one gram of its mass contains a total energy of about 11,700,000 kilowatt hours of electricity, of which about one-tenth of one per cent can be annihilated and released as the equivalent of 11,700 kilowatt hours of electricity, or about 5,000,000 times more energy than can be obtained from burning an equal weight of coal.

Until, however, certain very real technical problems are solved, atomic power must remain a scientific laboratory accomplishment. It must be kept in mind too that the experiments with microscopically small amounts of material must be repeated many times with successively larger quantities as they become available.

III

The knowledge gained from these recent Columbia experiments and previous experiments in universities in various parts of the world enabled scientists to understand why ordinary uranium in last year's experiments did not yield a continuous flow, or an explosive release of atomic energy, and also to gain an insight into the processes by which the practical utilization of atomic energy will be affected. They knew that ordinary uranium contains 139 atoms of the isotope 238 for every atom of the isotope 235, and 17,000 for every one of the 234 isotope.

The mixture was bombarded with neutrons slowed down by water. Some of the bombarding neutrons reached atoms of the 235 isotope and smashed them. Each of the smashed atoms gave off two or more neutrons which were slowed down by the surrounding water and returned to the uranium to smash more atoms in addition to those which

would be smashed by the neutrons in the primary bombardment from the cyclotron. Instead of there being a resulting increase in the number of atoms smashed, the process appeared to slow down slightly.

The new experiments at Columbia tell the story of what was happening, and point the way to success. The slowing down was due to the fact that the heavy Uranium, 238, had the ability to "eat" slow neutrons and digest them without much of an internal disturbance. It ate some of the slow neutrons coming in from the primary bombardment and ate still more of the secondary neutrons which came out of the explosion of the 235 atoms, and which should have been available to maintain a chain reaction and produce explosions at a tremendously rapid rate.

Atoms of the 235 isotope shattered with the greatest of ease and each one of them started an atomic energy conflagration; but the atoms of the 238 isotope acted as fire extinguishers by consuming the neutrons that would have spread the fire.

When the neutrons came out of the exploding 235 atoms they were traveling at high velocity, some with energies of more than 300,000 electron volts. Even this amount of energy was not sufficient to smash the atoms of the 238 isotope so it was immune to both fast and slow neutrons. These "fire extinguisher" properties of Uranium 238 may prove very valuable in the practical control of atomic energy processes.

Nature seems to show great foresight in the manner in which she gives combinations of properties to matter so that man can use them efficiently for practical purposes. The slowing down of neutrons by water is a case in point. It is a most fortunate situation that the atomic energy release process using Uranium 235 requires slow neutrons and that the hydrogen atoms in water offer the best means for this slowing-down process.

Hydrogen atoms and neutrons have about the same mass. This makes it possible for the rapidly moving neutrons to transmit the greatest amount of their kinetic energy to the hydrogen atoms when they meet in collision. Even when a neutron has been slowed down to a velocity of one-thirtieth of a volt, about the speed of molecules of air at room temperature, it is still traveling at a relatively high speed, about twice as fast as a rifle bullet.

When Uranium 235 is used as an atomic energy source the energy will be taken off in the form of heat. When an atom is smashed its fragments fly apart at high velocity. They strike adjoining atoms and create disturbances in them which are transmitted to all other atoms in the mass, the resulting vibrations causing a rise in temperature. As the slow neutrons smash great numbers of atoms the whole mass of the Uranium 235 becomes incandescent. The water in contact with it, for the purpose of slowing down the neutrons, is converted into steam which can be drawn off and used to operate a steam turbine or other form of engine. The uranium performs the same service as the fire under the boilers in the ordinary power-house process, but the water serves in two capacities, one similar to that of water in the power-house boiler, and the other the most unusual function of making the fire burn, just as if in ordinary practice the coal were kept under water in order to make it burn.

It is a most fortunate fact that the Uranium 235 atom is shattered only by slow neutrons. If the process should continue at the rate at which it starts the whole mass would be quickly transformed into energy in an amount too tremendous to utilize or control. In other words, an explosion would take place. But the Master Designer of the Universe installed an automatic control process at this point. When the uranium becomes incandescent the water in contact with it will be converted to white-hot steam. Water in this state will not slow down the neutrons. They will have the same temperature

velocity as the steam and will be traveling too fast to act as efficient atom smashers. With no slow neutrons available to maintain the disintegration process, it will be suspended until the neutrons are cooled down sufficiently to come again in the atom-smashing range, when the heating process will start again. This provides an automatic control that will make it possible to have the atomic energy processes operate continuously at some fixed temperature. This control process has an analogy in the governor on a steam engine. When the engine goes too fast the governor cuts off the steam, and if it goes too slow the governor opens up the steam valve causing it to speed up, thus enabling the engine to operate at a constant speed.

IV

Reference was made to the use of pure Uranium 235 in the atomic energy process. It may be that this substance will never be used in its pure metallic state because of the probability that it would be entirely too active. It is more likely that Uranium 235 will be alloyed with Uranium 238, as it is probable that a mixture containing as little as five per cent of the 235 isotope, or perhaps even two per cent, may prove to be a very useful and easily controlled atomic energy fuel.

A slab of the pure metallic Uranium 235 would have fantastic properties in the presence of a neutron gas. It would look like nickel and would be very heavy, about 22 times as heavy as water. Its activities would belie its innocent appearance. If a person should bring his hands near this block of metal to grasp it he would very quickly draw back, because the metal would become very hot, perhaps incandescent as he approached. The water in his body would act as a slowing-down agent for the neutrons present, and the slowed neutrons would start the atomic disintegration process.

If a slab of the metal were dropped into a tub of water, on the suspicion that it was a bomb and this was the best way to keep it from exploding, the result would be surprising, for there would follow an explosion like a volcano letting go. The water would slow down the neutrons and the atoms would start to explode in a chain reaction, making the metal incandescent and changing the surrounding water to steam in an extremely small fraction of a second.

It is obvious from the foregoing that if Uranium 235 is ever isolated in massive metallic form it is going to be highly desirable to keep it extremely dry and away from the neutron-water combination.

It is probably necessary to have a mass of Uranium 235 six inches or more in diameter if the chain reaction is to be maintained in it. With smaller masses it may be necessary to have a starting process in constant operation because too large a percentage of the secondary neutrons may escape.

There is every indication at the present time that it will be possible to control the atomic energy process so that power can be drawn off in such quantities as can be handled safely. But there is a possibility that if we use too pure a sample of Uranium 235 the processes may take place at such a rapid rate that all the energy in a mass of the material may be given off in an instant before control processes can become operative. If this condition were brought about intentionally we should then have not an atomic power source but an atomic energy explosive.

As an explosive Uranium 235 exceeds present explosives in destructive power to the same extent that this atomic power source gives more energy than is obtained from the burning of coal, or about 5,000,000 times as great, weight for weight. If we take into account only that small fraction of the mass of Uranium 235 whose mass is transformed into energy, more than 3,000,000 times as much energy is given out than comes from the burning of an equal mass of carbon in oxygen.

Annihilation of one gram of matter (there are 453.6 grams in a pound) would release 62,500,000,000,000 foot pounds of energy. This would be sufficient to raise the Empire State Building (weight 303,000 tons) 20 miles high. Or about a square mile of midtown Manhattan could be raised several hundred feet high with no provisions for cushioning the shock on the return trip. This amount of energy would be released from about two pounds of pure Uranium 235 which rapidly exploded all of its atoms in a chain reaction.

V

Speculating on the possible application of a discovery is not an idle pastime. It is one means of evaluating the significance of the new development. It is the means of tentatively testing the ground that lies ahead on the course of progress. Courage, imagination, and a sound grounding in facts are prime requisites for useful endeavors in this field.

It is unthinkable that we should fail to use constructively this new discovery of a way to release atomic energy. We should therefore thoroughly acquaint ourselves with its favorable and unfavorable aspects and, if the former exceed the latter by a sufficiently wide margin, prepare to utilize it to the fullest extent, making full provisions for all the adjustments that will be required in our economic, social, and political structures, national and international.

Our present civilization is dependent upon energy. The extent to which we use energy is one of the indices of the state of advancement of our civilization. We have been lax in the task of distributing justly the benefits accruing from the increased use of energy, and as a result our economic structure is under a variety of stresses and strains. The greater the extent to which we use energy the faster is the tempo of our civilization. This will undoubtedly be true of the era of atomic power which is now dawning. We should therefore make all necessary adjustments to put our economic structure on the soundest possible basis.

Power, energy, enters into almost every activity of our lives. Our principal primary sources of power are coal, oil, and gas. If we state all of them in terms of coal, then each individual in the United States uses the equivalent of 7.2 tons of coal per year, or 36 tons for the average family of five persons. Translating this into terms of electrical energy, at the average power-house order of efficiency of 1.44 pounds of coal per kilowatt hour, each individual in the United States consumes, or has consumed on his behalf, 10,000 kilowatt hours per year, or 13,400 horsepower hours. This gives each individual 36.7 horsepower hours per day or 1.5 horsepower hours working for him every hour of his life. Probably less than 20 per cent is used directly in the home and the remainder is used in operating trains, ships, airplanes, automobiles, farms, factories, and a variety of forms of services for his benefit. Our energy bill, in round numbers, is about $3,000,000,000 a year. The largest fraction of this becomes part of the cost of the goods we consume. If atomic power did nothing more than cut the cost of our energy bill in half it would be a very valuable development. But this is only one of the minor blessings which it probably has in store for us.

A relatively small quantity of Uranium 235 installed in a heating plant in the home might supply enough energy to keep that house warm in winter and cool in summer as long as the house stands. A more probable development would be heating and air conditioning by electricity bought at such a cheap rate that installation of a home power plant would be uneconomical.

Our automobiles might have installed in them at the time they are built a fuel supply that would last as long as the car. One might be able to travel as many thousand miles as he wished without having to bother about fuel bills. Oil bills might become a minor item, very much smaller than at present because the

present gasoline engines would be replaced by quieter and more easily maintained steam engines with an extremely small oil consumption.

Fuel costs for railroads, ships, and airplanes might be greatly reduced, thus reducing travel costs. Stratosphere travel might become common for airplanes, and we might make long journeys in much shorter time than is now possible. Railroads would probably stick to steam power because, with the fuel and smoke nuisance eliminated, it should be cheaper and more convenient than electricity.

Extensive sources of cheap heat might bring about great changes in our agricultural methods. In our homes we could use a great many electrical labor-saving devices. It should be remembered, however, that only 10 to 20 per cent of the present cost of electricity is due to fuel costs. The complete elimination of this item would reduce the cost of electricity in homes in New York City, for example, only from 5 cents to 4 cents per kilowatt hour.

Power might become a negligible cost item in our manufacturing establishments. Larger and more efficient machines, and more of them, might be used. Goods might become cheaper, though it must be borne in mind that electrical power costs now comprise only a very small fraction of the cost of goods. Engineering projects on a gigantic scale might become possible.

Central power houses should continue in operation. Many industries which do not now use electricity in certain operations because of the cost of the current should be enabled to do so. Among them would be the heavy chemical and iron and other smelting industries.

VI

What are the economic effects likely to be? The first effect will be psychological. Many industries face a tremendously important cycle of change. Some will be established on a sounder foundation and others will be eliminated. There are so many, and such great blessings for everyone in the coming atomic-power era that we should try to see that no one suffers unduly in the transition.

If atomic power can be developed cheaply, the coal-mining industry is going to suffer most. Should atomic energy come into general use, a necessary consequence would be that coal mining as an industry would cease. Coke production for by-products and the steel industry would presumably continue however as a part of the chemical industry.

The oil industry would be hit temporarily, but would thank its lucky stars that it has invested millions of dollars in scientific research. Oil as a fuel may pass out, but oil as a chemical raw material out of which an almost unbelievably vast array of materials can be made may be in greater demand than at present. Our home, furniture, clothes, and even some of our food may be pumped out of oil wells in the near future.

The railroads may pass through a very trying period. Coal comprises one-third of their revenue freight. If atomic power comes into general use this revenue will be lost. Railroads use about 80,000,000 tons of coal a year, one-fifth of the total amount mined. Atomic power would largely eliminate this expenditure, but this saving would hardly be sufficient to make up for the loss in revenue.

Extensive changes would have to be faced by the automobile industry. The motive power might be changed from internal-combustion to steam, assuming of course that a satisfactory small-size power plant could be designed. In this case the most important change in design would be elimination of the fuel tank. The fuel supply for the life of the car would be built into it at the factory. The roadside gasoline and oil stations would go.

The public utilities may have an intricate problem to solve. A new fuel that gives vastly more energy than coal, pound for pound, is bound to come

laden with problems as well as opportunities.

One of the interesting possibilities that is likely to come out of our studies of atomic physics is a new way of generating electricity without the use of rotating machinery. Under certain circumstances neutrons—the most plentiful material in nature—emit negative electrons and are transformed into positively charged protons. This might become the basis of a new method of generating electricity in tremendous amounts which would not require any apparatus for transforming heat into mechanical, and mechanical into electrical energy; in other words would eliminate boilers, engines, and dynamos.

There is another phenomenon which possesses equally fascinating possibilities in this field. Radiation of certain energy values can under the right conditions be transformed into material particles—positive and negative electrons which fly out of the point of transformation in opposite directions. An electric current is nothing but a cloud of negative electrons flowing through a wire, a dynamo merely moving the cloud. Any phenomenon which provides a supply of electrons, or other electrified particles, in sufficient amount has in it possibilities for becoming a means of generating electricity. We know of no way at the present moment of working out a practical method of making electricity under these plans. We can mark these down as unsolved, not insoluble, problems.

Other methods of releasing atomic energy are now in the womb of time. The process by which the sun and the stars generate enough energy to keep their giant masses in an incandescent state utilizes materials which are extremely plentiful on the earth—carbon and hydrogen—the chief constituents of coal and water. The carbon digests successive hydrogen atoms until its normal atomic weight is increased from 12 to 15, the increase representing three hydrogen atoms. When the fourth hydrogen atom is added, which would change the original carbon atom, plus the hydrogen atoms, into an oxygen atom of atomic weight 16 the combination breaks up, yielding two particles. One of the particles is the original carbon atom and the other is a helium atom. In the course of this process of building up a helium atom out of four hydrogen atoms a large amount of energy was released. The four hydrogen atoms lost 2.5 per cent of their total mass when they united to form the helium atom. This mass was transformed into energy. Such a transformation of 40 pounds of hydrogen atoms would result in the transformation of one pound of mass into energy, and this would produce the equivalent in energy of 11,700,000 kilowatt hours of electricity. The carbon (coal) remains unchanged to repeat the process, and the supply of hydrogen in the ocean is practically inexhaustible.

The period of gestation required for this discovery to be conquered on a terrestrial basis depends on the extent of the support given to our scientists.

VII

It would be unfortunate if the impression were given that atomic energy is going to be made available to us merely by the waving of a magic wand or the equivalent, in some minds, the undulating traverse of a fountain pen across a checkbook. There are many practical problems to be solved.

In the first place it should be understood that this first process utilizing Uranium 235 does not release the entire amount of energy represented by the full mass of the material, but only that portion of the total which is described as the binding energy of the nucleus and which amounts to about one-quarter of one per cent of the total mass. Even this, however, gives vastly more energy than the burning of coal of equal weight. The practical problem at the moment is the scarcity of Uranium 235 and the difficulty of extracting it.

Uranium 235 is obtained from the

ores of ordinary uranium, which contains three quarters of one per cent of Uranium 235. The principal source of uranium is pitchblende, a heavy rock that looks like tar, and which contains 65 to 92 per cent of the metal as a black oxide. Nearly all of the mines from which this ore is obtained were located and developed shortly after the discovery of radium, which is also obtained from uranium. The largest pitchblende deposit is probably that in northwestern Canada, discovered a few years ago. There are two mines in Germany, one in the Belgian Congo, one in Australia, and one in Colorado, the latter having the uranium in a secondary form as carnotite. There is such a small market for uranium compounds at the present time that the prices are abnoramlly high. Granite rocks contain a small amount of uranium, and if the demand for the material is sufficiently great, many concentrations of the ore material will undoubtedly be found.

Separation of Uranium 235 from Uranium 238 is difficult at the present time. It has about the same status now as did heavy water when Prof. Harold C. Urey, Nobel Prize winner, of Columbia University, discovered it a few years ago. It was then the rarest substance on earth but to-day it can be purchased in heavy concentrations and in large quantities from a number of commercial producers.

The cost of separating Uranium 235 from Uranium 238 may prove to be an economic barrier to the use of this substance as a means of obtaining atomic power on a practical scale. The reward for bringing down the price, however, would be so great that we can reasonably assume that this will eventually be done.

VIII

There is another important phase of the matter which requires a great deal of attention, and that is the effect of neutrons on the human body. Neutrons, in some respects, act like X-rays. When a living organism is subjected to neutron bombardment for a long period of time the particles appear to have a serious effect on the white blood cells, either stimulating the process in which the cells are destroyed or slowing down the process by which they are generated. Too great a destruction of these cells would lower the body's resistance to disease germs. Scientists who have been working constantly under the influence of neutron gas have thus far suffered no ill effects, but the periodic medical examinations occasionally show that they have a low white-blood-cell count, but still above the danger mark.

There is another possibility, of a beneficial nature, in the effects of neutrons on the human body. Recent experiments indicate that they may offer a means for effectively treating cancer, at least superficial types, and other observations indicate that streams of neutrons may offer a more satisfactory means of reaching deep-seated tumors than a single beam of X-rays.

The Uranium 235 process produces a great supply of neutrons and will be of great use to scientists in producing artificial radio-active substances far more potent than can be produced in any other way, and these may also have important medical uses, as well as supply an important laboratory tool for effecting the now routine transmutations of the elements, thousands of times more powerful than the cyclotron.

After due deliberation in balancing the blessings, the possibilities, and probabilities, against the handicaps and dangers, the net results appear to be an indication that the discovery of the Uranium 235 process for the release of atomic energy promises the dawn of a new era for mankind.

THE FUNCTIONS OF A TEACHER

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

TEACHING, more even than most other professions, has been transformed during the past hundred years from a small, highly skilled profession concerned with a minority of the population, to a large and important branch of the public service. The profession has a great and honorable tradition, extending from the dawn of history until recent times; but any teacher in the modern world who allows himself to be inspired by the ideals of his predecessors is likely to be made sharply aware that it is not his function to teach what he thinks, but to instill such beliefs and prejudices as are thought useful by his employers. In former days a teacher was expected to be a man of exceptional knowledge or wisdom, to whose words men would do well to attend. In antiquity teachers were not an organized profession, and no control was exercised over what they taught. It is true that they were often punished afterward for their subversive doctrines. Socrates was put to death and Plato is said to have been thrown into prison, but such incidents did not interfere with the spread of their doctrines. Any man who has the genuine impulse of the teacher will be more anxious to survive in his books than in the flesh. A feeling of intellectual independence is essential to the proper fulfillment of the teacher's functions, since it is his business to instill what he can of knowledge and reasonableness into the process of forming public opinion. In antiquity he performed this function unhampered except by occasional spasmodic and ineffective interventions of tyrants or mobs. In the Middle Ages teaching became the exclusive prerogative of the Church, with the result that there was little progress either intellectual or social. With the Renaissance the general respect for learning brought back a very considerable measure of freedom to the teacher. It is true that the Inquisition compelled Galileo to recant and burnt Giordano Bruno at the stake, but each of these men had done his work before being punished. Institutions such as universities largely remained in the grip of dogmatists, with the result that most of the best intellectual work was done by independent men of learning. In England especially, until near the end of the nineteenth century, hardly any men of first-rate eminence except Newton were connected with universities. But the social system was such that this interfered little with their activities or their usefulness.

In our more highly organized world we face a new problem. Something called "education" is given to everybody, usually by the state, but sometimes by the churches. The teacher has thus become, in the vast majority of cases, a civil servant obliged to carry out the behests of men who have not his learning, who have no experience of dealing with the young, and whose only attitude toward education is that of the propagandist. It is not very easy to see how in these circumstances teachers can perform the functions for which they are specially fitted.

State education is obviously necessary, but as obviously involves certain dangers against which there ought to be safeguards. The evils to be feared are seen in their full magnitude in Germany and Russia. In each of these countries no man can teach unless he subscribes to a dogmatic creed which few people of free intelligence are likely to accept sincerely. Not only must he subscribe to a creed, but he must condone abominations and carefully abstain from speaking his mind on current events. So long as he is teaching only the alphabet and the multiplication table, as to which no controversies arise, official dogmas do not necessarily warp his instruction; but even while he is teaching these elements he is expected, in totalitarian countries, not to employ the methods which he thinks most likely to achieve the scholastic result, but to instill fear, subservience, and blind obedience by demanding unquestioned submission to his authority. And as soon as he passes beyond the bare elements he is obliged to take the official view on all controversial questions. The result is that the young in Germany and Russia become fanatical bigots, ignorant of the world outside their own country, totally unaccustomed to free discussion, and not aware that their opinions can be questioned without wickedness. This state of affairs, bad as it is, would be less disastrous than it is if the dogmas instilled were, as in medieval Catholicism, universal and international; but the whole conception of an international culture is denied by the modern dogmatists, who preach one creed in Germany, another in Italy, another in Russia, and yet another in Japan. In each of these countries fanatical nationalism is what is most emphasized in the teaching of the young, with the result that the men of one country have no common ground with the men of another, and that no conception of a common civilization stands in the way of warlike ferocity.

The decay of cultural internationalism has proceeded at a continually increasing pace ever since the Great War. When I was in Leningrad in 1920 I met the Professor of Pure Mathematics, who was familiar with London, Paris, and other capitals, having been a member of various international congresses. Nowadays the learned men of Russia are very seldom permitted such excursions, for fear of their drawing comparisons unfavorable to their own country. In other countries nationalism in learning is less extreme, but everywhere it is far more powerful than it was. There is a tendency in England (and, I believe, in the United States) to dispense with Frenchmen and Germans in the teaching of French and German. The practice of considering a man's nationality rather than his competence in appointing him to a post is damaging to education and an offense against the ideal of international culture, which was a heritage from the Roman Empire and the Catholic Church, but is now being submerged under a new barbarian invasion, proceeding from below rather than from without.

In democratic countries these evils have not yet reached anything like the same proportions, but it must be admitted that there is grave danger of similar developments in education, and that this danger can be averted only if those who believe in liberty of thought are on the alert to protect teachers from intellectual bondage. Perhaps the first requisite is a clear conception of the services which teachers can be expected to perform for the community.

I agree with the governments of the world that the imparting of definite uncontroversial information is one of the least of the teacher's functions. It is of course the basis upon which the others are built, and in a technical civilization such as ours it has undoubtedly a considerable utility. There must exist in a modern community a sufficient number of men who possess the technical skill required to preserve the mechanical apparatus upon which our physical comforts depend. It is, moreover, incon-

venient if any large percentage of the population is unable to read and write. For these reasons we are all in favor of universal compulsory education. But governments have perceived that it is easy in the course of giving instruction to instill beliefs on controversial matters and to produce habits of mind which may be convenient or inconvenient to those in authority. The defense of the state in all civilized countries is quite as much in the hands of teachers as in those of the armed forces. Except in totalitarian countries, the defense of the state is desirable, and the mere fact that education is used for this purpose is not in itself a ground of criticism. Criticism will arise only if the state is defended by obscurantism and appeals to irrational passion.

Such methods are quite unnecessary in the case of any state worth defending. Nevertheless, there is a natural tendency toward their adoption by those who have no first-hand knowledge of education. There is a widespread belief that nations are made strong by uniformity of opinion and by the suppression of liberty. One hears it said over and over again that democracy weakens a country in war, in spite of the fact that in every important war since the year 1700 the victory has gone to the more democratic side. Nations have been brought to ruin much more often by insistence upon a narrow-minded doctrinal uniformity than by free discussion and the toleration of divergent opinions. Dogmatists the world over believe that although the truth is known to them, others will be led into false beliefs provided they are allowed to hear the arguments on both sides. This is a view which leads to one or another of two misfortunes: either one set of dogmatists conquers the world and prohibits all new ideas, or, what is worse, rival dogmatists conquer different regions and preach the gospel of hate against each other, the former of these evils existing in the middle ages, the latter during the wars of religion, and again in the present day. The first makes civilization static; the second tends to destroy it completely. Against both the teacher should be the main safeguard.

It is obvious that organized party spirit is one of the greatest dangers of our time. In the form of nationalism it leads to wars between nations, and in other forms it leads to civil war. It should be the business of teachers to stand outside the strife of parties and endeavor to instill into the young the habit of impartial inquiry, leading them to judge issues on their merits and to be on their guard against accepting *ex parte* statements at their face value. The teacher should not be expected to flatter the prejudices either of the mob or of officials. His professional virtue should consist in a readiness to do justice to all sides, and in an endeavor to rise above controversy into a region of dispassionate scientific investigation. If there are people to whom the results of his investigation are inconvenient he should be protected against their resentment, unless it can be shown that he has lent himself to dishonest propaganda by the dissemination of demonstrable untruths.

The function of the teacher, however, is not merely to mitigate the heat of current controversies. He has more positive tasks to perform, and he cannot be a great teacher unless he is inspired by a wish to perform these tasks. Teachers are more than any other class the guardians of civilization. They should be intimately aware of what civilization is and desirous of imparting a civilized attitude to their pupils. We are thus brought to the question: what constitutes a civilized community?

II

This question would very commonly be answered by pointing to merely material tests. A country is civilized if it has much machinery, many motor cars, many bathrooms, and a great deal of rapid locomotion. To these things, in my opinion, most modern men attach

much too much importance. Civilization, in the more important sense, is a thing of the mind, not of material adjuncts to the physical side of living. It is a matter partly of knowledge, partly of emotion. So far as knowledge is concerned, a man should be aware of the minuteness of himself and his immediate environment in relation to the world in time and space. He should see his own country not *only* as home, but as one among the countries of the world, all with an equal right to live and think and feel. He should see his own age in relation to the past and the future, and be aware that its own controversies will seem as strange to future ages as those of the past seem to us now. When taking an even wider view, he should be conscious of the vastness of geological epochs and astronomical abysses; but he should be aware of all this, not as a weight to crush the individual human spirit, but as a vast panorama which enlarges the mind that contemplates it.

On the side of the emotions, a very similar enlargement from the purely personal is needed if a man is to be truly civilized. Men pass from birth to death, sometimes happy, sometimes unhappy; sometimes generous, sometimes grasping and petty; sometimes heroic, sometimes cowardly and servile. To the man who views the procession as a whole, certain things stand out as worthy of admiration. Some men have been inspired by love of mankind; some by supreme intellect have helped us to understand the world in which we live; and some by exceptional sensitiveness have created beauty. These men have produced something of positive good to outweigh the long record of cruelty, oppression, and superstition. These men have done what lay in their power to make human life a better thing than the brief turbulence of savages. The civilized man, where he cannot admire, will aim rather at understanding than at reprobating. He will seek rather to discover and remove the impersonal causes of evil than to hate the men who are in its grip. All this should be in the mind and heart of the teacher, and if it is in his mind and heart he will convey it in his teaching to the young who are in his care.

No man can be a good teacher unless he has feelings of warm affection toward his pupils and a genuine desire to impart to them what he himself believes to be of value. This is not the attitude of the propagandist. To the propagandist his pupils are potential soldiers in an army. They are to serve purposes that lie outside their own lives, not in the sense in which every generous purpose transcends self, but in the sense of ministering to unjust privilege or to despotic power. The propagandist does not desire that his pupils should survey the world and freely choose a purpose which to them appears of value. He desires, like a topiarian artist, that their growth shall be trained and twisted to suit the gardener's purpose. And in thwarting their natural growth he is apt to destroy in them all generous vigor, replacing it by envy, destructiveness, and cruelty. There is no need for men to be cruel; on the contrary, I am persuaded that most cruelty results from thwarting in early years, above all from thwarting what is good.

Repressive and persecuting passions are very common, as the present state of the world only too amply proves. But they are not an inevitable part of human nature. On the contrary, they are, I believe, always the outcome of some kind of unhappiness. It should be one of the functions of the teacher to open vistas before his pupils, showing them the possibility of activities that will be as delightful as they are useful, thereby letting loose their kind impulses and preventing the growth of a desire to rob others of joys that they will have missed. Many people decry happiness as an end, both for themselves and for others; but one may suspect them of sour grapes. It is one thing to forego personal happiness for a public end, but it is quite another to treat the *general* happiness as a thing of no account. Yet this is often done in the name of some supposed

heroism. In those who take this attitude there is generally some vein of cruelty based probably upon an unconscious envy, and the source of the envy will usually be found in childhood or youth. It should be the aim of the educator to train adults to be free from these psychological misfortunes, and not anxious to rob others of happiness, because they themselves have not been robbed of it.

As matters stand to-day, many teachers are unable to do the best of which they are capable. For this there are a number of reasons, some more or less accidental, others very deep-seated. Most teachers are overworked and are compelled to prepare their pupils for examinations rather than to give them a liberalizing mental training. The people who are not accustomed to teaching have no idea of the expense of spirit that it involves. Clergymen are not expected to preach sermons for several hours every day, but the analogous effort is demanded of teachers. The result is that many of them become harassed and nervous, out of touch with recent work in the subjects they teach and unable to inspire their students with a sense of the intellectual delights to be obtained from new understanding and new knowledge.

III

This, however, is by no means the gravest matter. In most countries certain opinions are recognized as correct, and others as dangerous. Teachers whose opinions are not correct are expected to keep silent about them. If they mention their opinions it is propaganda, while the mentioning of correct opinions is considered to be merely sound instruction. The result is that the inquiring young too often have to go outside the classroom to discover what is being thought by the most vigorous minds of their own time. There is a subject called civics, in which, perhaps more than in any other, the teaching is expected to be misleading. The young are taught a sort of copybook account of how public affairs are supposed to be conducted, and are carefully shielded from all knowledge as to how in fact they are conducted. When they grow up and discover the truth, the result is too often a complete cynicism in which all public ideals are lost; whereas if they had been taught the truth carefully and with proper comment they might have become men able to combat evils in which, as it is, they acquiesce with a shrug.

The idea that falsehood is edifying is one of the besetting sins of those who draw up educational schemes. I should not myself consider that a man could be a good teacher unless he had made a firm resolve never in the course of his teaching to conceal truth because it is what is called "unedifying." The kind of virtue that can be produced by guarded ignorance is frail and fails at the first touch of reality. There are in this world many men who deserve admiration, and it is good that the young should be taught to see the ways in which these men are admirable. But it is not good to teach them to admire rogues by concealing their roguery. It is thought that the knowledge of things as they are will lead to cynicism, and so it may do if the knowledge comes suddenly with a shock of surprise and horror. But if it comes gradually, duly intermixed with a knowledge of what is good, and in the course of a scientific study inspired by the wish to get at the truth, it will have no such effect. In any case to tell lies to the young, who have no means of checking what they are told, is morally indefensible.

The thing, above all, that a teacher should endeavor to produce in his pupils if democracy is to survive is the kind of tolerance that springs from an endeavor to understand those who are different from ourselves. It is perhaps a natural human impulse to view with horror and disgust all manners and customs different from those to which we are used. Ants and savages put strangers to death. And those who have never traveled either

physically or mentally find it difficult to tolerate the queer ways and outlandish beliefs of other nations and other times, other sects and other political parties. This kind of ignorant intolerance is the antithesis of a civilized outlook, and is one of the gravest dangers to which our over-crowded world is exposed.

The educational system ought to be designed to correct it, but far too little is done in this direction at present. In every country nationalistic feeling is encouraged, and schoolchildren are taught, what they are only too ready to believe, that the inhabitants of other countries are morally and intellectually inferior to those of the country in which the schoolchildren happen to reside. Collective hysteria, the most mad and cruel of all human emotions, is encouraged instead of being discouraged, and the young are encouraged to believe what they hear frequently said rather than what there is some rational ground for believing. In all this the teachers are not to blame. They are not free to teach as they would wish. It is they who know most intimately the needs of the young. It is they who through daily contact have come to care for them. But it is not they who decide what shall be taught or what the methods of instruction are to be.

There ought to be a great deal more freedom than there is for the scholastic profession. It ought to have more opportunities of self-determination, more independence from the interference of bureaucrats and bigots. No one would consent in our day to subject the medical men to the control of non-medical authorities as to how they should treat their patients, except of course where they depart criminally from the purpose of medicine, which is to cure the patient. The teacher is a kind of medical man whose purpose is to cure the patient of childishness, but he is not allowed to decide for himself on the basis of experience what methods are most suitable to this end. A few great historic universities, by the weight of their prestige, have secured virtual self-determination, but the immense majority of educational institutions are hampered and controlled by men who do not understand the work with which they are interfering. The only way to prevent totalitarianism in our highly organized world is to secure a certain degree of independence for bodies performing useful public work, and among such bodies teachers deserve a foremost place.

The teacher, like the artist, the philosopher, and the man of letters, can perform his work adequately only if he feels himself to be an individual directed by an inner creative impulse, not dominated and fettered by an outside authority. It is very difficult in this modern world to find a place for the individual. He can subsist at the top as a dictator in a totalitarian state or a plutocratic magnate in a country of large industrial enterprizes, but in the realm of the mind it is becoming more and more difficult to preserve independence of the great organized forces that control the livelihoods of men and women. If the world is not to lose the benefit to be derived from its best minds it will have to find some method of allowing them scope and liberty in spite of organization. This involves a deliberate restraint on the part of those who have power and a conscious realization that there are men to whom free scope must be afforded. Renaissance Popes could feel in this way toward Renaissance artists, but the powerful men of our day seem to have more difficulty in feeling respect for exceptional genius. The turbulence of our times is inimical to the fine flower of culture. The man in the street is full of fear and, therefore, unwilling to tolerate freedoms for which he sees no need. Perhaps we must wait for quieter times before the claims of civilization can again override the claims of party spirit. Meanwhile it is important that some should continue to realize the limitations of what can be done by organization. Every system must allow loopholes and exceptions; for if it does not it will in the end crush all that is best in man.

SCORN AND COMFORT

A STORY

BY CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

It's nearly four years now since Jimmy Massell left us. I get letters from him at regular intervals from Middlefield School in Connecticut, where he's the physical director. That is the sort of job he should be doing—working with young boys, not laboring on my little farm. He got the job for himself, and in spite of his pride—first he got the Cottrellton High School, and then, because he was so obvious a choice, Middlefield.

What his letters reflect is a man who, having found a way he had lost, is now happily occupied. That makes me happy too, for I grew to be very fond of Jimmy, and I shall never forget what he was like when he came to work for us in 1935. He had a battle to win in those days, and now he has won it; but it was a hard battle.

The day he turned up was Day Out—my wife and I always sent the servants out in a body once a week in summer, so as to leave the decks clear for the rest of the week. That day Missy was canoeing with the three children on Naius River and I was in the kitchen, tired from a day's good work, getting things ready for the children's supper.

He didn't knock at the kitchen door, because it was open. He just appeared at it. One minute there was nothing there but the July sun on the lilac bushes and the next, there was a large man in dirty clothes with a face very clean though unshaved. It gave me a start, because the farm is rather off the beaten track and tramps don't drop in there as they do near the Post Road.

"How de do," he said.

"Hello," I answered him, and set the top of the double-boiler with the soup in it on the kitchen table. "What can I do for you?"

"Is the owner of this place hereabouts?" he asked.

"I'm the owner," I said.

"Oh, so?" he said, and sort of nodded his head. "You couldn't do with a little work, could you?"

"No," I said. "We're in good shape here." It wasn't true, but I've never much liked handing out odd jobs to strangers with so many of the local people wanting work.

"Those pines," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "The ones that blew down. If they're yours I could clean them up. I'm handy with an axe and a saw."

"They went in the ice-storm last winter," I said. "Worse than usual here. Yes, they're mine but I figured to let the local boys clean them up. I'm sorry. Want something to eat?"

He shook his head but I saw him swallow. "No, thanks," he said, standing still and not shifting his feet. "I'm no bum. It's just I haven't a nickel."

"For a cup of coffee?" I said and smiled at him. I wanted to see if he'd try a touch.

He didn't smile back but nodded his head and said, "For a cup of coffee.

That's it." He had his hat on all this time, a wider-brimmed felt hat than one sees in Rhode Island. He raised his hand to it in a rather grand salute and said, "Well, O.K. I'll be going." Then he turned away at once.

"Sorry I can't help you," I said. "There's plenty of food here. Better have a bite before you go."

"No, thanks," he said and didn't turn back but kept going.

There must have been something about his walk and his manner that moved me (and I'm not too easily moved by bums), for I couldn't just stand there and watch that big man go. I went out after him into the hot sun and I called out, "Wait a minute."

He stopped and turned round, but slowly—it reminded me of someone in a car with bad brakes, trying to stop while going down hill. He didn't just stop and turn: he slowed down and made a wider turn than most men do and then stopped. "Yeah?" he said.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"Idaho," he said.

I couldn't resist it—it had been used on us so often in the West that it had become a family joke—I said, "You're a long way from home."

"Yes," he said, and he added, "That's it." Still he didn't smile.

I thought to myself, You're a solemn sort of bloke. I looked at him again. He had clear gray eyes and a long, straight nose. I rather like people with long noses, it's an idiosyncrasy of mine. His face under its stubble, now that I saw it out of doors, had an unhealthy color. I made up my mind to help him although it occurred to me then that Missy might be upset by having a complete stranger on the place. Still I could put him in the Old Room in the barn, and Fred was up there with his wife and his brother in the tenement. I'd never done anything like this before and it made me nervous.

"Listen," I said. "Come back now and get some coffee and something to eat. Then we'll talk of work."

"O. K.," he said, "and thank you."

I led the way back into the kitchen and gave him a chair. He sat on it, holding the wide-brimmed hat in his hands and saying nothing. I put on some coffee, got the leg of lamb out of the ice-box, and set a plate and knife and fork and spoon for him. I set out a half-loaf of brown bread and a cup and saucer and some butter on a plate. "Draw up to the table," I said. "You can begin on these and the coffee won't be long. Want some soup?"

"I don't mind if I do," he said and rose and hung his hat on a peg and pulled his chair up to the table. "Could I use the sink?" he asked.

"Help yourself," I said.

He went over to the sink and washed his hands with the yellow soap and dried them on the roller towel. Then he sat down again. The water in the bottom of the double-boiler was boiling and it didn't take long to heat the soup. He waited for it. I noticed that he sat very still, never twiddling his hands, and that he swallowed constantly. Now that his hat was off I saw his hair was so blond as to be almost white.

I didn't try to talk to him while he ate. I gave him his soup and coffee and finally remembered the sugar, and when he'd had one helping of the meat, cut him some more. He ate rapidly and silently. With very little urging he finished all the bread and the butter and there wasn't much left of the meat. He had three cups of coffee. Then he wiped his mouth with a surprisingly clean but crumpled white handkerchief out of his hip pocket and said, "I sure am obliged."

"Not at all," I said. "Have a cigarette."

"Thanks," he said and took one. He didn't even have a match, so I pushed over the kitchen box. He lighted his cigarette and said, "I sure feel better now."

"Yes," I said, "food helps."

"Yep," he said. "You bet."

"You're good with an axe, you say?"

"Done plenty of that sort of work," he said. "Plenty."

"Well," I said, "we'll try it out and see how it goes. They get three-fifty a day hereabouts. Some get four. But they feed themselves."

"All right with me," he said. "Job's the thing."

"Trying to get home?" I asked.

"No," he said and shook his head. "No, sir."

"Like it East?"

He looked straight at me and he said, after a brief pause, "No. Don't like it any place. But you got to live."

"Yes," I said.

"My name is James Massell," he said. "Pocatello."

"I'm Jonathan Walters," I said.

"Pleased to meet you," he said, and nodded his head. "That your wife and kids in the canoes down yonder?"

"That's right," I said.

"You needn't to worry about me," said Massell. "I'm no bum."

"That's right," I said. "I figured you weren't. Let's go up to the barn now and I'll show you where you can sleep and introduce you to the farmer here." There was a certain dignity about him that made a lot of questions seem impertinent. Some people carry their dignity with them very palpably: he was one of them.

He rose and took his hat from the peg and put it on. Then he said, "Want I should help you clean up here?"

"No," I said. "The servants will do that later."

"You bet," he said.

As we came out the kitchen door we ran into Missy and the children, carrying cushions and backrests and paddles, and the littlest boy, Edgar, was dragging a ginger-ale bottle behind him on a long string. Missy looked slightly surprised but she smiled and said, "Hello."

"Missy," I said, "this is Mr. Massell, from Idaho. He's going to help clean up the down pines. This is my wife."

He took off his hat, and said, "How do you do, ma'am?"

"How do you do?" she said and offered her hand. He shook it politely.

George, who was thirteen, said, "Gee, do you come from Idaho?"

Massell turned to him and then for the first time he smiled. "Yes, sir," he said. "Plumb all the way from Idaho."

"Gee," said George, and then, as though it had been prearranged, all three of the children said in chorus, "You're a long way from home."

"Yes indeedy," he said. "Sure is a long way."

Elizabeth sidled up to him and said, "Oh, Mr. Massell, did you ride your horse here?"

"No. Didn't ride no horse." He smiled at her and said, "I left my horse at that home that's such a long way."

"Oh," she said, and giggled. She had noticed, as I had not till then, that he wore Pendleton trousers.

"Well," I said. "Come along. I'm taking him up to the barn to see Fred. Are there blankets in the Old Room?"

"Yes," said Missy. "The bed's made up, I think."

I started off and Massell followed me. Edgar called out, "Good-by, good-by," and the other two said, "See you soon."

"You bet," said Massell. He waved his hat at them and smiled. As we walked up toward the barn, he directly beside me, I took a look at his face. I don't ever remember having seen a man wear an expression of such pain.

"You're not ill, are you?" I said. I couldn't help it.

"No, sir," he said. "I'm O.K."

You couldn't ask questions of a man that looked like that, so I shut up. I'm glad I did.

It took just about three days to find out all you'd ever need to know about Jimmy Massell as a worker: he was magnificent. Fred Warder, who's a worker himself, took to Jimmy on sight, and Fred is hard to please. Jimmy knew more about horses and cows and sheep than Fred did, and as Fred is the sort of man who is born to learn, that was fine, for he could learn from Jimmy. By the end of September we didn't any

of us know how it was possible we'd run the place all these years without him. I put him on permanent wages and he bought himself a few shirts and necessaries, and the only bother we ever had with him was to get him to come in for his dinner. But no one except the children could ever make him smile.

I don't mean to say that he was surly. He wasn't, he was just solemn and permanently sad-looking: a serious man, who avoided all intrusion on himself. With the children, whom he never avoided and who seemed never to be able to annoy him when they were with him, he was uniformly pleasant and kind though not very talkative. He'd show them how to make the things children are forever busy at—huts in the woods and flag-poles and additions to the hen-house and laying-boxes and bows and arrows, and a rudder for the skiff—which last seemed to me a surprising accomplishment for an Idaho man. They asked him countless questions but he never answered any that were personal, and George was full of curiosity about him. George would ask me about him, but I knew little more than the boy did.

"What makes him so sad?" George asked.

"I don't know," I said. "Some secret of his own."

"Something bad?" said George.

"I doubt it," I answered. "Of that man."

"Why?"

"Do you think he looks like a bad man?"

"Oh, no!" said George. "He's nice. He's a good man. Anyone could see Jimmy was a good man."

"How do *you* figure that out?"

"Well," he said, "it's just he looks good. Doesn't he look good, Daddy?"

"Yes," I said. "He's a good worker too."

"He's so strong," said George. "I wish I knew why he looks sad. I wish he'd tell me."

"That's his business," I said. "Don't go asking questions of grown-ups about what isn't your business."

"O.K.," said George. "He knows all about all kinds of games. Lizzie thinks he looks sad too."

"All right," I told him, "but you tell Lizzie what I've said to you: it's none of your business, do you understand? I'll not have you children bothering Jimmy Massell."

"O.K., Pop," he said. "I'll tell Lizzie. I'll see she doesn't bother Jimmy. But you know what?"

"What?" I said.

"When Fred went out to shoot the crows he asked Jimmy if he wanted to come too and Jimmy said 'No' and Fred said why didn't he and Jimmy said he didn't shoot no more—I mean any more—and I said to Jimmy 'Why not,' and he said just 'Never no more guns,' and so I said 'Oh yes a farewell to arms'—you know that book you said I'm not to read till I am more mature?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well," said George, "he looked at me and he said what's that and I said it's a book that my father said I was not to read till I was more mature, I said, it's a quotation, a farewell to arms. Then Jimmy said, 'Oh, quotations,' he said, 'Eh, oh quotations again,' and he turned round and went away looking sad again. Isn't that funny?"

"Yes," I said.

"Why did he do that?" asked George.

"I haven't the faintest notion," I said, but after George had gone his way I thought it over. Later I reported all this to Missy and we speculated about it, but I can't say we got very far with it.

One day late in October, when the two older children were away at school, Edgar escaped from Nurse. Edgar was the member of the family who had to find out everything, good or bad, for himself. At his stage then he was experimenting with string. Jimmy had diverted his mind from the experiment of swinging bottles on the end of a long string into stone walls, to see how much force it would take to break them; he had fixed

for the boy a tin can on a string and had got him started on the experiment of how fast must the can be swung, when full of water, to retain most of the water, and at what point in the proceedings did it soak the swinger. It was better than the bottles, but Nurse disapproved of it. Now Edgar had run away and Nurse, intelligently, asked me where Jimmy was working that morning. I said I had to see Jimmy and Fred and that I'd find the boy and send him up to her. I knew the men were repairing the stone wall back of the oak grove.

When I got near where they were working, I heard Jimmy speak. He said: "You do that so good, son, that it's a pity not to show Nurse how good you do it."

"Yipee!" cried Edgar. "Lookit! Yipee!"

"How strong is the string?" said Fred. He was a cautious man.

"Plenty strong," said Jimmy.

I came round the trees and out to the clearing by the wall. Edgar was there. He was swinging the can; it was full of water, and he wasn't spilling a drop—but when he saw me it distracted him, and he tried to slow it down too quickly and it soaked his legs and shoes.

"Hi!" I said. "Now then, young man, off with you. Nurse wants you." Edgar was already headed for a pool of rain water to refill his can.

"I'll just fill it up once more," he said.

"No," I said. "Go now, Edgar, do you hear me?"

"I'll just do it all once more, and as soon as it spills, I'll go," he said. "I promise." He was busy filling up the can.

"Edgar," said Jimmy.

"Yes," said Edgar, looking round from where he squatted by the pool. Jimmy jerked his thumb toward the house and winked. Edgar rose, emptied the can neatly back into the pool with the remark, "We might need that water some day," and rising, said, "So long. Be good," and started off toward the house, swinging the empty can round him. It made a whooshing noise. "Yipee!" said Edgar.

"All the way to the house?" said Jimmy.

"You bet," said Edgar. He disappeared. Fred laughed. He has children too.

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"We get on fine," said Jimmy.

"I see you do. But I have to argue, always. Why not you?"

"I'm not his," said Jimmy.

"That's true," I said, "but it's not all of it."

"Practice," said Jimmy. "I worked with kids." It was the first time he had made any reference to his past. As he said it I had an idea: the possible answer to a problem that had bothered me for weeks.

"Look," I said. "Did you really work with kids?"

"Yes," he said. "Five years of it."

"Like it?"

"I liked it fine."

"Ever done camping and that sort of thing?"

"Plenty of it. Plenty."

"We need you then," I said. "See here. There's no one to take the Boy Scouts here. The troop is going to pieces. It would mean just about one full day a week. There are ten Scouts here. Would you take that on?"

"And the work here?"

"It wouldn't cut into your pay," I said. "I'd be glad to keep that up as usual, sort of a contribution; I haven't done what I should have about it. Isn't that a good idea?" I asked Fred.

"Might be a fine idea," said Fred.

"Who'd appoint me?" said Jimmy.

"Why, I don't know," I said. "If you'd just tell us what you'd done, working with boys and like that, and who to write to, we could get you appointed easily enough."

"No," said Jimmy.

"It's just a formality," I said. "I'd vouch for you really. And you, Fred?"

"Surely," said Fred. "Any time."

"No," said Jimmy.

"It wouldn't add to your work," I said, "and it would mean a little more money."

"That's not it," said Jimmy.

"Don't like the work then? Working with the Scouts?"

"The Scouts are good," he said. "You get someone else."

"No," I said, "I'd like you."

"No," said Jimmy. It was obviously final. I should have accepted it, but it had been such a good idea: he had a wonderful hand with the young. I could see too that Fred agreed with me.

"Damn it, Jimmy," I said, "that's too bad. I've offered to keep up the pay, you'd get whatever small sum they give, and I'd be willing to make that up too, and you'd do a fine service here. A fine service. Badly needed. Can't you see that?"

He looked at me for a minute without speaking or moving.

"Listen," he said. "This is Rhode Island."

"Yes," I said.

"I come from Idaho," he said. "Once you said to me, 'You're a long ways from home.' Yes sir, it's a long way. In Idaho I worked with kids. Here I work for you. I aim to work good—" he paused just a second, "for you."

I could see he was not to be moved. "Too bad," I said. "Let it go. But it's too bad. If you change your mind let me know, will you?"

"I won't," he said.

I dropped it then, as I should have done before, and we spoke of the work on the wall and other matters of that sort. As I walked back to the house I puzzled the matter over in my head and could make but little of it. Some trouble of course, but with a man like that it was hard to guess what trouble it could have been. It wasn't till mid-November that I got the answer to it.

It was one of those fine, still days, cold in the shade, warm in the sun, that come in November after a northeaster. Unfortunately for me, Fred had promised to go over to the Island to look at a stud-ram, and the only other two men left in South County who knew a woodcock from a woodchuck were busy. Remembering George's story of the crows, I didn't ask Jimmy to go, but went shooting by myself. The birches and alders had lost most of their leaves and the sumachs were already a dark brown, their boughs leafless too. I was fairly lucky and I shot three woodcock and four snipe. By the time I got home it was dusk, and I was good and tired and so was the dog. I came in through the new pasture we were fencing for sheep, and I found Jimmy there, still digging up the patch of sheep-laurel that grew beyond the south hill overlooking the river. You can spot the green of the sheep-laurel easily at that time of year when the low huckleberries are red. It was all uphill from that spot to the house, so I said "Hello" to him and sat on a tuft of broom-sedge to rest for a minute and pass the time of day. I had that lovely feeling of being tired and triumphantly burdened with birds and I had to talk about it. He said, "Hello, Jonathan," and went right on digging.

"How are you doing?" I asked.

"O.K.," he said. "Plumb O.K. I've got just one more of these patches to go."

"Good," I said. "It's going to make a good pasture."

"Yes," he said, "it'll be a fine run."

"I had a good day," I said. "I'm tired now."

"Yes?" he said.

"I found plenty of birds," I said. "But it's hard alone. They always get up the other side of something. Woodcock and snipe."

"Snipe?" he said. "Yes, they do."

"I got three woodcock and four jacks," I said. "One of the jacks is very big." I fished in the game pocket and pulled out the birds and sorted them over. I put the rest back and held up the big snipe. "Look at that. You know these birds, these snipe?"

"Yes," he said.

"Ever see a bigger snipe than that?"

"He's sure big," he said, glancing at it. He stood with one foot on the spade and both hands on the handle.

"And heavy," I said, holding it out to him. "Heft it."

"Don't need to," he said, never moving. I looked at him. Perhaps it's the green light of dusk, I thought, or else he looks plain common or garden ill.

"Are you all right, Jimmy?" I asked. "You look sick."

"No," he said. "I'm all right." But his voice sounded choked and remote. He stood too still.

I took my courage in both hands—because I was already fond of this big man—and I said, "You've got something on your mind and it eats you. We don't know what it is, but from time to time we raise it up, so to speak, without meaning to."

He said nothing.

"Like the Boy Scouts," I said.

He didn't answer me.

"Too bad to tell of?" I asked. "I'd like to help."

"Talking don't help," he said, his voice hard.

"Oh," I said, "that's not so!" I have never known why I should have said then what I did, for I have never been a great hand at quotations. Nevertheless I quoted then, for the lines leaped into my mind: "Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak whispers the o'erfraught heart."

He made a slight movement of his body and grunted the way a man does when you spar with him and hit him lightly on the button, just enough to let him know you can do it. It was getting so dark now that I couldn't see his face clearly. His voice was still hard.

"You saying that, or someone else?" he said.

"Someone else," I said. "Shakespeare, to be exact."

"Why not say your own says?" he said.

"He said it better than I can. A long time ago. And it's still true."

"Snipe," he said. "First kids and then snipe and then quotations. It would happen that way."

I said nothing at all, having nothing to say. He was silent a moment or two. I wondered what I should do. I was beginning to feel chilly as well as uncomfortable in his presence in this evening darkness.

"Listen," he said suddenly. "Just listen to this, pal. Once I knew a man, a married man with a wife that liked me plenty, and two small children, and he was a great man for quotations. He taught the school and I taught the games. He never opened his face without he quoted something at you. One day I shot him as well as a snipe, with one shot. Now you know. Now I've told you. What good does it do you to know? What the hell good does it do me to have you know? Do I go around the rest of my life saying to folks, 'See here, don't quote to me, you literary bastards, and don't say nothing to me about snipe?'"

There was a pause. I said then, "I'm sorry. It was none of my business."

"It's O.K.," he said. I had just made the first move to rise and go home when he said, "It was an accident. Which don't help so much."

"No," I said and sat still.

"I didn't mean to be so tough about it," he said.

"No," I said. "That's all right."

"You pay me wages. I pay you work. We don't neither of us owe the other for anything. I don't owe you but work."

"That's correct," I said.

"It's just that these things are your own."

"As you choose," I said. He stood there, a huge man against the fading light of the southwest. I sat still then. After a little he spoke again, but his voice was less harsh than it had been.

"I used to kid him about it," he said. "Always quoting this and that at me. I'd say, 'Why in hell don't you say it in your own words, eh? Can't you speak

without you get someone else to speak for you?' I didn't like him so good. That's it. I didn't like his kind—soft, a borrower; but there wasn't anyone else, like here, who would hunt snipe. It's like you said, it's tough alone. Two can work it. He wasn't even a good shot, but even a woman would do to spook a snipe out your side half the time anyways. I used to go longer than I meant to just because it amused me to see how tired he got, and how pooped out he was when we got back to the car at the end of the day. He'd a hated so to say he was too tired to go on. I didn't like him, and I shot him, by accident, and now all my money's got to go to his widow and the kids. It isn't that I liked her so much, it was just a cheap-jack stunt. Someone else's wife when your own is dead and no children. The kids I liked plenty, they might as well have been my own. It's a mess. See?"

"Yes," I said.

"So I left," he said, "after it was over. Pulled out. Sold what I had—she didn't have a nickel. But I don't want now to see her again, not ever. No, sir. And I can't see those kids."

"No," I said.

"It happened in the willows," he said. "There was a small dam there, a good place. We took it both sides. He had farther to go than me, so I took it slow. What does he do but get ideas —maybe they was quotations—into his head, and he run, must have, and he made a circle back of the willows and got out onto a piece that run plumb out into the pond the dam made. Jesus! he was standing right in willows, nobody could have got a shot there. So when I spooked up this snipe it flew at him, but I didn't think he was a hundred yards of that place, and so I shot and it got him, fair in the chest, at fifteen yards. He had on a brown coat, in them brown willows."

"God!" I said.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy, in the darkness now, being just a black silhouette. "Yes, by God! We'd argued all the way there, forty-five miles by car: him quoting, me kidding him. He liked to talk big. He was telling me all about how a guy should die; *he* was telling *me!* And why people died well or badly and why people always got off fine cracks before they passed. He was too educated. I'd just say, 'Nuts!' from time to time and laugh at him. I could afford to. He was thin and weak and he didn't shoot so good, and his wife liked me better than him, in spite of his education —which is just one of those things. I hadn't have ought to gone out with him. But I got a funny memory, I never forget things. I remember just what he said going over, one thing in especial. He said, 'The tongues of dying men enforce attention like sweet harmony.' Sweet hell. Sounds nice. Means nothing."

I didn't dare to speak.

"So what does *he* say when *he* dies? I tried to bind him up, but hell, it was a mess; he'd bled too much. We was a mile and a half from the next ranch. I made a bandage sort of, of a shirt, but he bled. He said just exactly nothing till he was pretty close to the end. Then he says just this and he was sort of breathless: 'The hazards of the chase.' I suppose that was a quotation too. I went to get help, but he was dead when we got back to him. I hadn't dared to try to carry him, he was light, but he'd a bled worse. Hazards of the chase! Jesus Christ! Now you know."

"Yes," I said. "Thank you for telling me."

"Oh," he said, and I heard him give a big sigh, "I guess I had to. Boy Scouts and references."

"That was fine, what he said."

"How do you mean, fine?" he cried out. "How do you mean?"

"Just that," I said. "What he said before he died."

"I suppose it was a quotation," he said. "Even at the end he had to use somebody else's words."

"I don't think it's a quotation," I said. "A saying."

"What the hell difference does it make? It was somebody else's words, wasn't it?"

I got up then and I faced him in the dusk, and I felt the beginnings of anger. He was too big a person to have let something like this sour inside himself with private keeping. "Listen to me," I said. "Listen to me, Jimmy Massell. To-day is the fourteenth of November. Is that right?"

"What of it?" he said. It was the nearest to absolute rudeness I ever had from him.

"I give you till the fourteenth of December," I said. "Oh, hell, what's the use of a time limit? Time is made for slaves. That's probably a quotation. You can have till hell freezes over, if you're so stubborn you need it. But one day you come to me and tell me in your own words—in your own fine, personal words, a better way of saying what that man said. You tell me in . . ." I counted on my fingers, "five words, something pluckier, something better calculated to comfort a man who killed you, by accident, oh, yes, by accident. 'Never mind, dear old pal,' or 'It was only just an accident,' or 'It was my fault, old man,' or something fine like those? Five words. Let's see you do it."

He said nothing at all.

"Now I'm going up," I said. "I'm chilly. I'm going up to the house. You better come along. Fred's wife'll be waiting supper for you." I turned then, aware suddenly that I was still holding the big snipe, and I put it hastily in my pocket, and he walked up the hill behind me in the darkness. Neither of us said a word. He turned off at the barn, and I went home. But I didn't tell Missy about it then; it wasn't my story.

In the latter part of February of that winter I motored down to the farm from New York. I'd had the two pointers shipped to Rhode Island from Georgia, and I wanted to see what sort of shape they were in, and talk to Fred about them and about the spring planting. I spent a useful afternoon with Fred, but it was raw and cold and misty and thoroughly disagreeable weather. I got Fred's wife to give me hot tea at five and then said good-by to her and to Fred. I was going to motor up to Providence for the night. But I had a bone to pick before I left.

"Look here, Fred," I said. "I hear from Henry Kelley that Jimmy has taken on the Boy Scouts."

"Oh, yes," said Fred. "Seems he has. He wants to see you."

"Oh, does he?" I said. "When did he begin the work?"

"Must be near a month now. He does it evenings."

"Why in hell didn't someone write me of it?"

"Dunno," said Fred, and grinned at me. It was typical of him that in all his competent letters about the farm he'd not said a word about this.

"Going well, is it?" I asked.

"They say so," said Fred. "Folks hereabouts are real pleased. Henry Kelley's boy's joined up."

"That's fine. But for God's sake, let a man know about such news next time."

"Well," said Fred. "Maybe he wanted to tell you."

I'd have pursued the subject farther except that Fred's brother Willie came in just then, with an old pump-gun over his arm. He looked cold. He said, "Good evening, Jonathan," and went straight to the stove after he'd set the gun in the corner.

"Good evening, Willie," I said. "How are you?"

"Fine," he said.

"You look cold," I said.

"Shootin' crows," he said.

"Any luck?"

"We got eleven," he said. "He's rigged a fine owl on a pole like. Plenty crows around."

"Who rigged the owl?"

"Jimmy done it," said Willie.

"Was he shooting too?" I asked.

"Him and Arthur Fletcher," said Willie.

I looked at Fred and I said, "Is there anything else now you haven't told me?"

Fred laughed. "Guess not," he said. "I don't call anything to mind."

"Where's Jimmy now?" I asked.

"Gone to the Old Room," said Willie, "last I saw. He said he was real anxious to see you before you left. We stopped early."

"Well!" I said. "Good-night, you uncommunicative Rhode Island clams."

"Good-night," they said, smiling at me.

"I'll be down again in a week or so," I said and left them.

I went downstairs and out of the wing of the barn and round to the Old Room at the west end. There was a light in the room and I knocked at the door. I heard Jimmy's voice call out, "Come on in." I went in.

"Hello, Jimmy," I said. "How are you?"

"Cold as hell," he said. "Hello, Jonathan. I got a cold too. You have a terrible breed of weather in these parts."

"That's too bad," I said. "Fred said you wanted to see me. So did Willie."

"You seen Willie?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "And Fred. And Fred's wife. And Henry Kelley."

"Yes," he said.

"I suppose if I could talk to Henry's boy, and to Arthur Fletcher, and had time to visit all the rest of the rural free delivery box-holders of Chog's Cove, Rhode Island, I'd begin to find out the news about you."

"You might, at that," he said. "I meant to of written you." He took off his leather wind-breaker, hung it up on a nail, poured water into the basin, and began to wash his hands.

"Why didn't you, Jimmy?"

"Too easy," he said. "And too hard."

I knew what he meant, but I was still piqued because I had heard of the Scouts from Henry Kelley and the shooting from Willie. It was small of me, but I'd thought of the whole pattern of it as something personal to Jimmy and to me.

"And the crow shooting?" I said.

"That too," he said.

"So the farewell to arms is off?"

He lathered his hands and rubbed them over his face and neck. I waited till he was through, but he said nothing. I waited for what seemed a long time. It's funny how fond you can be of someone and how angry you can be at him all at the same time, wanting to hurt him.

"Did you get your cold going shooting for crows?"

He took his towel and dried his face. When he had lowered the towel he looked at me. "May be," he said.

"Yes," I said. "The hazards of the chase." It was an inexcusable remark. I wished immediately I hadn't made it.

He looked hard at me and he said, "That could be too." Then he finished drying his hands in silence, hung up his towel on its rack, and started to comb his hair. He finished that, still in silence, and put on his wind-breaker again.

"They go together," he said. "Not doing them, shooting and the Scout job, or doing them. I meant to tell you."

I had nothing I could say.

"If I go on with the Scouts next summer," he said, "is it still good about the day a week?"

It was an unexpected question. I said, "Why, yes of course."

"You don't have to pay me for it," he said.

"That's all right," I said. "You know I want to pay."

"I've been doing it evenings," he said, "on my own time. I recollected you said you wanted to contribute. They wrote to Idaho."

"Oh," I said, "well done!"

"I was going to let you know," he said. "But I waited to see you. You were right about what you said."

"About what, Jimmy?"

"What you said about me putting it in other words. I couldn't do it."

"Oh," I said.

"I see what you meant. You were right. I've thought about it plenty. I see what he meant. He was right too—in five words."

"That's good," I said. "That's damn good. I didn't mean to be so small about it just now."

"You bet," he said.

"Thanks for telling me and thank you for doing the Scouts."

"I should do the thanking," he said.

"No," I said. "It's the doing of it that counts. There's even a quotation for that, Jimmy."

"Is there?"

"Yes. 'Words are but empty thanks.'"

He looked at me, shaking his head. There was the shadow of a smile on his lips. "I could comment on that several short ways," he said. "Short words too."

"But not original?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Not original. Only the arrangement. But that's life, pal."

I felt warm and comfortable inside myself, though it was his doing, and I smiled at him. "Yes," I said. "That's life. But we can wash the whole thing up now I guess."

"Yes," he said. "We can wash it up now."

"So long," I said. "I've got to go."

"So long," said Jimmy. "Remember me to the kids. I'm glad I got to see you. I'm glad I happened in here, first off."

"So am I," I said. "You might have missed this farm too. It's so off the road."

"It's off the road," he said. "But so was I."

"Yes, but not now. And not again," I said. "So long. Will you go hunting with me next fall?"

"Sure will," he said. "Even for quotations." But he never did. He had the school job at Cottrellton then.

HE FLEW IN 1883

BY WINSOR JOSSELYN

The first flight on wings by an American—possibly the first flight on wings by anybody—was made on an August morning in the year 1883, over twenty years before the Wright brothers flew in a powered plane at Kitty Hawk. It is true that John Joseph Montgomery, the twenty-six-year-old Californian who made this first flight, had no engine in his plane. He was operating what we should now call a glider. But he soared for six hundred feet—and his achievement took place eight years before Otto Lillienthal made his glides near Berlin in 1891, supposedly the first controlled glides in modern history.

No headlines in the newspapers of San Diego, California, acclaimed Montgomery's feat, in spite of the fact that the event took place only a dozen miles to the southward, at the edge of Otay Mesa. No headlines anywhere acclaimed it for that matter. The reason is easy to find. The neighbors thought that John Montgomery was crazy to be monkeying with flying machines, and John and his brother James had got up before daylight on that historic August morning and gone to the brow of Otay Mesa under cover of darkness because they didn't want anybody to see them. Remember that in 1883 the Edison electric light was only four years old, the phonograph six years old, the telephone eight years old; the safety bicycle and the automobile were still years away. Men who experimented with controlled flight in those days were naturally objects of ridicule, and John Montgomery had stood enough snickering without openly adding to it.

Nor to this day can any adequate account of what happened be found in history books or in Montgomery's own writings. John Montgomery himself is dead—killed in a glider flight near San José in 1911. As for the pioneer glider of 1883, no splinter or shred of it remains; it was washed into San Diego Bay when the Otay Dam burst in 1916, demolishing the Montgomery ranch buildings. The story which follows has been pieced together from Montgomery's own written record, from the references in air histories, and from the living memories of his younger brother James (who helped him that morning) and his sisters, Mary Clotilda Montgomery and Jane Eleanor Montgomery. James Montgomery is authority for the statement that the flight was made in August of 1883, although some historians fix the time as being March of 1884.

The Montgomery boys lived on an eighty-acre ranch near the southerly tip of San Diego Bay. Their father, Zachary Montgomery (subsequently Assistant Attorney-General of the United States under President Cleveland), practiced law in San Diego; and John, as the eldest son, was thus in charge of the ranch, serving as foreman, carpenter, field-worker, and general handyman. John held the degree of Master of Science and put in every moment he could spare upon engineering experiments: remaking a second-hand gas engine for pumping well water, building an earthquake

recorder in the basement, making a working replica of Edison's tinfoil-record talking machine, stringing a web of wires in the yard to study the tilting of the planets; but time for such things was not plentiful. Especially he was consumed with interest in the riddle of flight. As a small boy he had teased his busy mother to make kites for him; when he saw his first man-carrying balloon at the age of eleven he started making hot-air miniature balloons; and in later years he had not only studied the flight of buzzards, pelicans, and sea gulls but was constantly experimenting with bits of feather floating in the air currents, and had built a "whirly-go-round" arm so that he might study surfaces as they moved through the atmosphere. Early in 1883 he had built a manpower flying-machine with flapping wings, copied exactly after the birds, which didn't work. Now he had built a glider and was ready to test it out.

A slim, intense, quick-moving young man, John Montgomery had wiry dark brown hair, a wide, full brow, and dark, deep-set eyes beneath level eyebrows. His intense emotions found an outlet in his work. Quick to flare to anger, he was just as quick to apologize and return to good humor. Cringe though he might from ridicule of the neighbors, he was convinced that flight was possible, and he resolved to get down to perfection the secret of the bird's wing, and also the knack of operating a gliding machine, or rather a soaring machine, as he termed it: of achieving equilibrium, and then complete control, and then long-continued soaring flight. It was not just the thrill of flying that he was after, but the test of his theories and mechanical principles.

On that eventful August morning in 1883 John and James Montgomery were up at three o'clock. John cooked breakfast in the kitchen while James took a lantern and went out to the barn to feed and water the mules. After finishing breakfast the boys cleared away the dishes, and John said, "Jim, we'll take along the deer rifle to-day and if anybody asks questions we'll say we're hunting."

The boys put on their soft, sun-faded ranch hats and went out toward the barn, looking in the lantern-light like anyone but men who were about to test America's first successful wings. Their coats were worn and wrinkled, their shirts and overalls were faded from many washings, their brogans were scarred from field work. At the barn they hung the lantern upon its bracket on the wall. Its light shone on the big hay-rack with its high-perched driver's seat, and upon something else, over against the wall.

This was the huge, blunt-winged effigy of a sea gull. It rested tail-up against the wall, the tip of its tail extending higher than a man could reach. Its wings spread out as long as the wagon itself. John had built it; his sisters had sewed the taut fabric on its wings.

First the boys cushioned the bed of the wagon with hay; then they lifted the gull-machine on to the wagon and laid it with wings extending along the bed. So light was it—weighing hardly forty pounds—that it scarcely matted the hay beneath it. On the hay they laid also the rifle, a box of lunch, a supply of water, and a coil of rope. Together the boys harnessed the mules to the wagon and set out into the night, John driving, James standing beside the seat and balancing the soaring machine.

Out through the yard they went, and along the road that led up Otay Valley; and then, after perhaps three miles, they turned sharp to the right and followed a narrow winding canyon road toward the brow of the Mesa. At last the grade of the road eased off. They were at the top of the Mesa. Far to the east, dawn gave dim outline to the San Ysidro Mountains. John drove on a short distance and stopped the mules.

"We'll unhitch here and tie the mules for the day," he said.

As the sun came up beyond the blue mountains it disclosed every detail of

the narrow, spearlike Mesa, rough-edged from where canyons took pieces out of its sides. Red-branched manzanita grew there in clumps; so did tall, gray greasewood, silvery sagebrush, stiff mesquite, and sprawling green cactus and cholla; the grass was short and dried out a tawny yellow.

By now the brothers had fixed the mules for the day and had lifted the gull-machine down from the wagon bed. Holding it high, they carried it through the clumps of brush to the brow of the Mesa, and laid it down facing the broad Pacific Ocean, not six miles distant, a flat, steel-gray expanse that went far out to a pale horizon. Off to the left, down-coast, the border of Mexico was only two miles away, with the white-walled buildings of Tia Juana, the border customs station, standing beside the river. Off to the right, upcoast, the quicksilver surface of San Diego Bay stretched up to the protecting arm of Point Loma, low and blue against the sky. The budding city of San Diego was just inland of the Point, hidden by intervening hills.

Directly in front of the gull-machine the land dropped away abruptly at first, then at a gentler slope of about ten degrees it ran on down to a smaller mesa nearly a mile away. John had previously stood there on the brow of the Mesa and felt the wind from the ocean take on a quickening lift as it topped the long slope, a quickening lift that buoyed up buzzards and hawks as they hovered and wheeled on motionless wings in search of food.

In the full light of day the details of the machine were clear. A sea gull? A very stubby-winged sea gull, indeed, with a tail set close against the trailing edge of the wings. And yet a sea gull in the underneath arch of the wings and the taper of the wings toward either end.

The top sides of the wings were covered with unbleached muslin cloth that was tan from the oil that had been applied to it. Underneath, the exposed wooden framework of each wing showed several thin, ashwood ribs that were four and a half feet long, ribs that had been steamed and curved to a gentle arch; the ribs were fastened to two stout ashwood crossbeams that ran across the full twenty feet of the wingspread. The wing-cloth was held to the ribs by loops of heavy linen thread, securely knotted. The supporting surface of the wings was about ninety square feet in total area. Where the wings centered, there was enough empty space for a man to get in, with two fore-and-aft handrails for him to grasp, and suspended from the handrails was a little saddlelike seat for him to sit on.

The flat, half-moon tail with its muslin-covered, fanlike framework was attached to hinges at the rear ends of the handrails. From beneath the tail's rear edge a control cord ran through pulleys to the front of the handrails.

John had designed the tail as a rudder, for going up and down. He intended to keep balance by swinging his body to right or left and hoped he could even steer the machine that way.

John picked up the coil of rope. "We might as well begin by tying this rope to the front crossbeam." This done, he explained to James, "Now, when the wind is right, you'll take this rope and go down the bank as far as it will reach, which will be about forty feet. Then I'll get into the machine like this," and he stepped between the handrails and lifted the wings waist-high, "and when everything is set I'll call, 'Ready . . . pull!' and you pull as hard as you can and start running down hill. When I get in the air I'll holler, 'Let go!' and you do it. The rope will take care of itself."

Now began the long wait for enough wind. John wanted at least a ten- or twelve-mile-an-hour breeze. Time passed. Eight o'clock . . . nine o'clock . . . nearly ten. The Mesa became aromatic with sage in the morning warmth, and this same warmth brought a strengthening wind to whisper past the wings of the gull-machine.

At last a strong gust of wind came up the slope and lifted one wing of the machine free from the earth. John saw it and knew the moment had come.

He got between the handrails and lifted the wings. Jim took the rope and went down the bank as far as the rope would reach, then braced his feet on the rough, hard ground.

John, still wearing his hat and coat, looked down over the Mesa's rim and called, "You ready, Jim?"

"Yes!"

"All right—here's a good wind . . . *ready . . . pull!*"

John saw the rope stretch taut, felt the rope tug hard. He bent his legs and gave a great leap into the air. He was going forward . . . he was leaving the Mesa . . . he was going out . . . away! He was flying!

What happened then is best told by Jim, the living member of the pair.

"I pulled on the rope and then began running down hill as fast as I could. Suddenly the rope went slack and I nearly fell on my face. I looked back over my shoulder and there was John in the soaring machine right above me. He was so high that the rope was barely touching the ground as it went along. He soared over me like the biggest bird you ever saw and kept on going.

"I was so excited that for a few seconds I just stood there. Then I began running after him, shouting as I ran. Through clumps of brush and around patches of cactus I went, my eyes on John and the machine. John was flying! The nearer he got to the ground the more he kicked his feet and swayed his body to keep balance. Toward the very end of his flight he veered to the right to miss a clump of brush, and when he landed he came down so lightly that he hardly bent his keeds."

Breathless, the younger brother got to where John stood, still holding his wings. Before the younger lad could speak, John lowered his wings to the ground, and raised his arms and shouted, "Jim . . . I've got it . . . I can fly!"

James put questions as fast as his breath would allow. Yes, said John, it was wonderful! Yes, he had been frightened at first, but the next instant he felt safe. "I felt as if I were being supported by something firm, and yet at the same time by something that had a cushiony softness. When I found that the machine would follow my movements, I felt that I was self-buoyant. It was like floating in water, only like being lots lighter. I can't put it in words, Jim!"

Back up to the brow of the Mesa the brothers carried the machine. But before the next test John took time to pace back down to where he had landed. The machine had carried him fully six hundred feet. How many seconds had the flight taken? The brothers couldn't guess. It was no time at all—and it was forever.

The rest of the day was put in making glide after glide down the face of the Mesa, but that very first attempt ranked along with the best of the flights.

What did it matter if, toward mid-afternoon, ill luck overtook them? Jim, tired from pulling on the rope and running down hill and then helping to carry the machine back for another trial, finally held onto the rope too long and it tangled with John's legs in the machine, pulling rider and machine to earth hard enough to break the machine's framework and tear its cloth.

What matter if they waited until dusk and drove back home under cover of darkness, still pursued by memory of ridicule?

John Montgomery had ridden the wind!

SOCIAL SECURITY—WHERE ARE WE NOW?

BY ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

On the 8th of June, 1934, President Roosevelt startled the nation with a promise to undertake "the great task of furthering the security of the citizen and his family *through social insurance.*" This was a sudden and unexpected move on the part of the Administration. Whatever the experience may have been with social-insurance systems abroad, in this country ignorance on the subject was abysmal. For years American business leaders had delighted in maligning the British social-insurance system, our universities had shown no interest in the subject, and our own labor movement had bitterly opposed social insurance.

But the crash of 1929 and the depression years shook the country to its foundations. The care of the destitute, at first the task of private charity, became a desperate problem. Presently many persons, in their alarm, feared for the stability of the state. The question of social insurance began to attract respectful attention. Still nothing was done, though a number of States had experimented in a small way with pension systems. What finally forced the Administration to act was alarm for its own political survival. In the West the Townsend movement was attracting more followers by the hour; in the East Huey Long was rapidly organizing a political movement using share-the-wealth slogans. It was essential that these movements be somehow sidetracked. Political expediency and a decent concern for the country's fate made action imperative. Very few knew anything about social insurance nor how it should be organized and set up, but there was a determination to act anyway.

A little more than a year after his first statement President Roosevelt, on August 14, 1935, signed the Social Security Act. The ceremony was performed with great pomp; the President described the Act as laying the "cornerstone in a structure . . . intended to lessen the force of possible future depressions" and providing for the United States "an economic structure of vastly greater soundness." Everybody acclaimed this laudable purpose although hardly anyone knew just what was in the Act. The ambition of individual politicians, the needs of the hour, and magnificent ignorance merged together to bring forth a huge omnibus bill into which were crammed ten different programs based on three different theories of governmental operation; it provided for fifty-two separate Federal, State, and territorial tax systems and levied the greatest tax in the history of the nation. "I want to confess," said Congressman Samuel B. Hill, "it is difficult for the members of the Ways and Means Committee who have studied it for weeks and weeks to get the full purport and understanding of all its provisions and ramifications." After long hearings and a great deal of turmoil Congress passed the bill which the New Deal wanted. While the Act included ten separate social measures, the two major programs were the insur-

ance systems for old age and unemployment. That was nearly five years ago.

Having signed the Act, the President turned his attention to other things. The nation at first hailed the Act almost universally as "the advent of a new social order" and as "humanity's greatest boon." Gradually, however, as the administrative machinery was set up, the legislation was discovered to be a maze of pitfalls and booby traps. Serious attempts were made to revise the Act and get some order out of the chaos. In this effort HARPER'S has proved a powerful lever. The articles "Our Social Insecurity Act" in December, 1935, "Killing Old Age Security with Kindness" in July, 1937, and John T. Flynn's "The Social Security 'Reserve' Swindle" in February, 1939, were of great influence in helping to clarify thinking on at least the old age insurance program of the Act. Few people know that this most important phase the Social Security Act is altogether different now from the one established in 1935. Still less known is the fact that the unemployment insurance systems—the second most important phase of the Act—remain not only unchanged but of little social value. What were the faults? Where are we now? What is left to do?

Three reasons make social security legislation imperative to-day. One is the civilized desire to feed and shelter the helpless and destitute in the least degrading manner. Another is the sound political instinct that, unless a minimum of economic protection is established, the suffering masses may become politically dangerous. That was one of the reasons why Queen Elizabeth adopted the poor law system and it holds as good to-day as it did ages ago. The third reason is that social security is regarded as the best medium for underpinning the purchasing power of the masses which is essential to the maintenance of production and the stability of the national economy.

Instead of seeking to achieve these aims, the 1935 Social Security Act unwittingly set out to do the reverse. Its stupendous insurance system offered no protection to the aged for a generation to come because it geared its benefits not to social need but to previous total earnings. The result of this was that real protection went only to those few who had earned a lot, those who could most reasonably be expected to have saved for the proverbial rainy day. It left the great mass with minute sums, far below the subsistence level. A $50,000 a year executive was eligible for a pension of $85 monthly, but those who earned under $25 weekly had to work for over twenty years to qualify for a pension of about $30 a month. Although even relief systems have always realistically considered dependents as a part of the social problem, the 1935 old age insurance program ignored even the aged wives and widows of the insured, let alone other dependents. The objective of a minimum of economic protection in order to meet the social problem of old-age dependency was entirely ignored.

As to increasing mass-purchasing power, the Act did completely the opposite. For instead of creating a better balance in the national economy by increasing mass consumption, the 2 per cent tax on wages paid by the worker and the employer, coupled with the fact that very little of this money was paid out in benefits, led to the withdrawal of huge sums from circulation and to the undermining of purchasing power. The figures tell the disastrous effect of this taxation upon the national economy. Between January, 1937, and January, 1940, the total collected in old age insurance taxes amounted to $1,533,946,100, while the amount paid out in lump sum benefits was only $25,227,800.

The pivotal error here was that the Act confused the principles of private with social insurance. In private insurance individuals voluntarily pay premiums. All these individuals—and there are millions of them—either give up a part of their purchasing power for the purpose of getting it back later or can easily spare their premium costs. The

larger part of these premiums is set aside by the insurance company in the *reserve*. Each individual has his *reserve*, and when his policy matures it is largely that reserve which pays the face value of the policy. The insurance company invests the reserve in railroad and utility bonds, in real estate and other ways, and the interest payments, which come from sources other than the policy holders, go to swell the reserve. As a result, the bonds in the insurance companies' portfolios remain company assets at all times.

Social insurance, however, cannot operate in this manner. The taxes paid do not come voluntarily and are not always easily spared. Moreover, we have just seen that for the first three years the Federal Government received more than a billion and a half dollars from wage and payroll taxes in the form of premiums over and above its expenditures. What was done with this sum? We know how an insurance company would invest it. But the United States Government does not invest its money in utility bonds or real estate. The American people are against such investments. Indeed, the Social Security Act instructs the United States Treasurer specifically to invest the money only in the government's own bonds. This was one of the worst blunders made by the draughtsmen of the Act. But as Mr. Flynn pointed out in "The Social Security 'Reserve' Swindle," this means only that the owners of the old age insurance policies pay interest to themselves on their own bonds. At the same time, while the government is able to spend their contributions at once, the "reserves" accumulated for them as policy holders are not assets but liabilities which they will have to meet in the future as taxpayers. Only gradually did it dawn on Washington that social insurance cannot operate like private insurance because the principle here is not individual protection but the insuring of the economy as a whole, for which purpose full reserves are unnecessary and the pay-as-you-go method the only feasible one.

II

Persistent agitation and education finally won the day. A special representative committee was appointed by the United States Senate to investigate the old age insurance program and in 1939 its recommendations were incorporated into law. To the credit of the Administration it may be said that, though it stubbornly defended all the 1935 fallacies for over three years, it fully supported the recommendations of the National Advisory Council, headed by Professor J. Douglas Brown of Princeton University, which followed the recommendations outlined in the HARPER'S articles. The changes made last year in the old age insurance program were drastic.

First, the private-insurance principle of an absolute relation between contributions and benefits was thrown out of the window. The formula for basing old age pensions on *total accumulated earnings* was entirely cast out. Instead, it is now based on *average earnings* and is realistically *weighted in favor of the oldest and poorest people*. It is true that even under the revised Act those who have earned more still get more. From a social standpoint this may not be entirely sound, since the more highly paid may reasonably be expected to provide for themselves, and pensions to former high-salaried executives are of little aid to purchasing power. But the important thing is that even the poorest insured are now granted a minimum of protection. For the new Act allows 40 per cent, or $20, a month on the first $50 of average monthly wages and only 10 per cent for the balance of average monthly wages up to $250 monthly. What is of equal importance is the fact that the protection of the system was extended to the aged wives and widows of the insured, to their surviving widows with minor children at any age, to their orphans and, in some cases, to their dependent parents.

In addition to making the benefits serve social needs, Congress also removed the menace of the contemplated huge

reserves. This was accomplished indirectly by the dual process of keeping the contributions stationary for a while and speeding and enlarging the disbursements. The benefits were not only increased but began this year instead of in 1942, while the scheduled rise in the tax from a total of 2 to 3 per cent for the years 1940–1942 was halted. As a result, the contemplated awe-inspiring $47,000,000,000 "Reserve Swindle" of the old law was completely wiped out.

Next, the provision to pay a lump sum to the survivors of the insured was canceled. This had been a laughing stock. The lump sums very often were no more than a few dollars, not even enough to provide a decent burial and "subsidize the undertakers." Instead, the number and classification of persons eligible under the old age insurance program was expanded and about 1,100,000 workers added to the list of those insured. (Domestic servants and agricultural workers are still left out and that job remains to be done.) In this way the new old age insurance program is really setting out to face the problem it is supposed to solve: to provide for the workers and for those who are dependent upon them.

It may, indeed, surprise many readers to know that these new annuities are now in effect, and whether they live in Cleveland, Sacramento, Oklahoma City, or elsewhere, if they are 65 years old they will be well advised to consult the nearest office of the Social Security Board. For the fact is that the biggest, most ambitious, and most generous old age insurance system ever set up by any country has just started operating in the United States. If you are 65 years old and earned no more than an average of $100 a month for the past three years, you can now receive $25.72 a month for life. If your wife is also 65 years old you are entitled to $38.62 monthly. If you should die and leave minor children your widow will receive $19.31 monthly for herself plus 50 per cent of your $25.72 for each dependent child until he reaches the age of 16, or 18 if in school. No monthly pension can be higher than $85 nor lower than $10.

The following table shows the difference between the classes of beneficiaries and the size of pensions as they were under the 1935 Act and as they are now:

Monthly Benefits in 1940 (3 years of coverage)

1935 Act		1939 Act						
Average Monthly Wage	*Monthly Benefit*	*Single Person*	*Couple*	*Couple and One Child*	*Widow 65 yrs.*	*Widow and One Child*	*Widow and 2 Children*	*Each Dependent Parent*
$ 50	None	$20.60	$30.90	$40.00	$15.45	$25.75	$36.05	$10.30
100	None	25.75	38.62	51.50	19.31	32.18	45.05	12.87
150	None	30.90	46.35	61.80	23.17	38.62	54.07	15.45
200	None	36.05	54.07	72.10	27.04	45.06	63.08	18.02
250	None	41.20	61.80	82.40	30.90	51.50	72.10	20.60

Monthly Benefits in 1950 (13 years of coverage)

1935 Act		1939 Act						
Average Monthly Wage	*Total Monthly Benefit*	*Single Person*	*Couple*	*Couple and One Child*	*Widow 65 yrs.*	*Widow and One Child*	*Widow and 2 Children*	*Each Dependent Parent*
$ 50	$19.00	$22.60	$33.90	$40.00	$16.95	$28.25	$39.55	$11.30
100	25.50	28.25	42.38	56.50	21.19	35.32	49.44	14.13
150	32.00	33.90	50.85	67.80	25.43	42.38	59.33	16.95
200	38.50	39.55	59.33	79.10	29.66	49.44	69.21	19.78
250	45.00	45.20	67.80	85.00	33.90	56.50	79.10	22.60

These are the federal old age insurance annuities which are given to the insured without prying into their means. All persons working for a wage or salary, except the exempted classes, are entitled to these annuities. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., may draw this pension. So may Henry Ford. Gerard Swope, I believe, is already drawing it. While the inclusion of highly paid executives may be of questionable wisdom, the new old age insurance system showed some comprehension of human values. It no longer requires absolute retirement from all work as it did in 1935. Old people so fortunate as to find work are permitted to earn up to $15 a month in employments covered by the Act and may earn any amount in non-covered classifications. This provision, while a difficult administrative one, is a happy compromise. For since the system must consider the health of the economy as a whole, competition for paying jobs must be restricted. On the other hand, human pride, dislike of idleness, and the satisfaction of earning money must not be denied entirely.

In addition to the federal annuities described above, there are the State old age assistance systems in every State in the Union. The amounts here vary from State to State. A married couple 65 years old may receive as much as $80 a month in California and, theoretically, as much as $90 monthly in Colorado. In Mississippi, however, the pension so far is not permitted to go higher than $15 a month per person. These State pensions are payable to everybody at 65 and over in need of aid. They are financed out of State funds, but the Federal Government makes a contribution of one-half of the State pension up to $40 per month. These payments are called grants-in-aid and constitute the only contribution the Federal Government makes for the aged, the federal insurance benefits being paid entirely from wage and payroll taxes.

In order to receive the federal grants-in-aid the States must see to it that pensions go to those who need them, and not merely to the politically eligible. The supervision of the Social Security Board is becoming commendably rigorous in this respect. Changes introduced last year require the States to set up the merit system for their employees in both the State and local administrations of their systems. Also the lists of pensioners will no longer be open to the public—and to political candidates. Now the elderly couple in Ashtabula know that their pension is a confidential business transaction between them and their government and not subject to examination and discussion by either the neighbors or the ward heeler. In the revision of the Act the grants-in-aid were increased not only for the aged but also for the dependent children and the blind.

The progress this nation has made in providing for the aged during the past decade is indeed remarkable. Only a little more than a decade ago pensions were frowned upon as un-American and as destructive of all our valuable traditions. By the end of this year, however, nearly 3,000,000 persons 65 years and over will be in receipt of old age assistance or annuities from either the Federal or the State governments. These 3,000,000 will represent about 40 per cent of our population of that age.

III

So little understood was the original Act, so slight was the comprehension of the revisions of the Act, that the public in general has no idea of what has really happened. Only a few months ago the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* ran a long story on the Townsend and other pension panaceas, seemingly unaware that the United States Government at that very moment was making ready to pay out enormous sums in old age annuities.

If the general public is largely ignorant of the great expansion of old age benefits, it is even less aware of how this program will have to be financed fifteen years

hence. For by then a crisis will have been reached which will have to be met. Government actuaries estimate that by 1955 not only will the reserves be exhausted but the payroll taxes, even if they rise to 6 per cent of wages as now contemplated, will not suffice for benefits unless other sources of revenue are tapped. The expanded insurance program, together with the old age assistance systems, will involve a total annual expenditure of perhaps $2,000,000,000 within another decade. These demands will not be met by discarding improvements made or by cutting the number of those entitled to pensions. On the other hand, you can pay no more than you can squeeze out of the orange. What must be done?

There is only one way in which our old age insurance system can be put on a stable basis in terms of the future needs. Despite the 1939 revisions, the Federal Government does not contribute one cent to the federal pensions paid to the insured aged (or the unemployed). The whole amount available for benefits comes from wage and payroll taxes. But when you are devising a system which chiefly aims to underpin mass purchasing power you obviously do not achieve your end if you confine the tax to the mass itself. Such a tax only distributes poverty among the poor. The aim can be attained only by a governmental contribution raised by a tax upon those whose purchasing power would not be affected by the tax. In other words, to get the needed funds requires a contribution from a third party—the better-to-do and indirect beneficiaries of the whole economic system—as the English discovered long ago.

From the experience of two other nations—England and Germany—we have before us clear and cold illustrations of the significance of the government's role in social security. The first great system of social insurance was set up by Bismarck in 1889 in order to take the wind out of the sails of the socialists. Bismarck's system depended, as ours does, on wage and payroll taxes. And so long as the German economy was expanding the system worked. But when, after the War, Germany was economically prostrated and the system had to deal with the hitherto unknown problem of *unemployment*, its backbone was broken. It is now universally admitted that the failure of the German social insurance program was one of the factors that brought social demoralization and opened the way for the Nazis. England, however, avoided these pitfalls by making the government itself pay a contribution from the beginning. And the English social insurance system is not only functioning better than that of any other country to-day, despite all the battering it has received, but has helped the British economy keep on a more even keel than the rest of the world.

While the great handicaps in our system must be corrected soon, so much has been done already for the American aged that the threats of the Townsendites and "Ham and Eggers" are not very important. Our peace and calm must not be disturbed by the recent panicky alarm sounded by a college professor as to the inevitability of Townsendism or "Ham and Eggism" and the devastating war looming between youth and old age. This is on a par with the roseate academic prophecies in the 'twenties of a new era of bliss when all workers would turn into capitalists. The old age pension panaceas that have got their start in the West—Townsendism and all the others—depending on currency manipulation of one sort or another, may be the natural direct descendants of the cheap money dreams of Populist days. But they should wither as the old age insurance system develops. The cash-drawer old age pension rackets also seem to have lost their punch. These schemes—promising old age pensions and hoping to pay them somehow—which have been the stock in trade of ambitious politicians are declining as the grandiose promises of such States as Colorado and Texas have failed to mature.

So much for old age. Though the basis of taxation must be altered before the system can be regarded as fully wise and constructive, the new old age and survivors insurance program represents a colossal achievement of which we may well be proud. The 1939 changes cleared up a lot of the hopeless confusion of the 1935 Act and definitely introduced a system of protection for the aged, widows, and orphans on a more generous scale than of any other country.

IV

The rest of the story of social security is not so cheerful. The unemployment insurance system continues to remain hopelessly inadequate and unrealistic. Operating under 52 separate tax systems —1 Federal, 48 State, and 3 territorial— its basic administrative machinery is the most cumbersome and faulty in the world. Instead of one tax, it requires all employers to pay two taxes for the same purpose. Every covered employer must split his tax dollar and send 90 cents to his State collectors and 10 cents to the Federal Treasury. The State administrator must promptly forward the 90 cents to the Federal Treasury. Since the whole dollar is now in Washington, the State administrator must then ask the Federal Treasury for the 90 cents and beg the Social Security Board for as much of the remaining 10 cents for administration as it will allow him.

Those who designed our unemployment insurance system made no attempt to face existing conditions. When our program was set up in 1935 America's problem was that of mass and prolonged unemployment. But instead of following the revised English program adopted after the World War, we copied the original British program of thirty years ago when mass unemployment was unknown. As a result, our topheavy array of 52 systems of insurance with their limited benefit duration and small payments fails to make a dent in our nation-wide problem of unemployment.

In the second place, our unemployment insurance system is pitched on the same hopeless private-insurance principle which characterized our original old age annuity plan. That is, the benefits are based on the exact amounts that the workers had previously earned. The system operates in a social vacuum because it takes no account whatever of the size and status of the worker's family or of his minimum requirements. Our laws give most to those least in need and little, if anything, to those most in need. The best our laws can do now is to give an average of about $85 a year to unemployed workers. Hundreds of thousands of workers receive checks below $5 and $6 a week for total unemployment. One of the better systems is that operating in New York State. Even there, however, 34.9 per cent of the payments made in the third quarter of 1939 were under $10 a week. You cannot support a family on that. Moreover, since the highest benefits go to those who earned the highest wages, the biggest insurance checks go to a group that has never needed governmental support.

As a result, the avowed aim of unemployment insurance—to institute a method more adequate and more dignified than relief to help the unemployed —is frustrated. The disbursements for unemployment insurance which amounted to $400,000,000 in 1938 had no effect whatsoever on the costs of relief. In fact, relief payments that year were actually greater than they had been in 1937. In 1939, when unemployment insurance benefits increased further, relief expenditures rose to even higher levels than during the previous year.

Not only do our unemployment insurance laws fail to provide subsistence grants to the jobless given benefits but they ignore the unemployed completely once the short insurance period is exhausted. In most States an insured person who is unemployed can receive payments for only 16 weeks, while the average duration is only about 10 weeks. After that the unemployed worker be-

comes non-existent so far as the unemployment insurance administration is concerned.

Last of all, the money here, as in old age insurance, comes entirely from regressive payroll taxes. Neither the Federal Government nor any of the States contributes a cent to this insurance program. As a result, the operation of the unemployment insurance system in the United States has actually lessened purchasing power. From January, 1936, through November, 1939, $2,547,160,700 were collected in wage and payroll taxes for this program. But only $805,069,000 were disbursed. What happened to the rest? It is in "reserve" as investments in government bonds while our unemployed are on relief!

Many grave problems thus still remain to be solved. While the 1939 changes have definitely turned our old age insurance program toward the path of security for aged industrial workers and their dependents, nothing has yet been done to make the future of the system secure. As it stands now, the new program cannot underpin the security of the nation as a whole. Not only must the existing unemployment insurance laws be completely overhauled, but social protection against illness and invalidity is still non-existent. Indeed, although the need for social action against the hazard of illness has been poignantly demonstrated by the most exhaustive studies of the subject, our thinking on this issue is as confused as ever. Judging by last year's tremendous accomplishments, however, hope is warranted that in the future we shall face the remaining problems of social security more realistically than in the past.



"THEY WRITE WORSE AND WORSE"

A TEACHER OF ENGLISH ANSWERS THE CHARGE

BY ADELINE COURTNEY BARTLETT

"FROM all sides, academic and non-academic, we hear complaints of the inability of the average Harvard graduate to write, either correctly or fluently." This old familiar statement, lifted from President Conant's report for 1938–1939, stared at me from the editorial page of the *New York Times* for January 25, 1940. There too was its inseparable companion: "Why is this decline and fall-off? There are English courses to burn."

With a change of one word, President Conant's sentence (with its Siamese twin from the *New York Times*) will serve me as text, as it has served so many thousands before me and will unfortunately serve thousands after me. For *Harvard* read *college*. Now the sentence has become an extract from the report of any college president in any year, a springboard for an editorial in any newspaper on any day of the year. And it is now the text of magazine articles to burn.

What should boys and girls learn in their high-school and college English classes? How to express themselves "correctly" and fluently of course, snort the complainers. That is a very simple thing, they add.

No. Expressing one's self in writing is a very complex operation. It never has been simple since the first scratches were made on the cave walls of the Dordogne. To be sure, back in the days when I was in high school and college our English work was relatively uncomplicated. There was no public demand that we should learn in our English classes all sorts of things only remotely connected, if at all, with writing and English literature. Yet even then there were some who could write passably and some who could not. Those who could, oftener than not, could also read Latin and solve geometry. Those who could not, oftener than not, also gave a mediocre performance in Latin and geometry. Boys and girls of 1940 are not entirely different from those of my undergraduate days.

Long ago the complaint that students do not write so well as they used to write began to seem to me a mere variation on the *Ubi Sunt* theme. ("*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!*") In almost twenty-five years of teaching, chiefly English, but now and then a Latin class, in various schools and colleges in Tennessee, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, the Orient, and New York City, I have found students at all times and in all places to be by and large the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Some are amazingly good. Some are unspeakably bad. The vast majority are, as I rather imagine they always have been, just indifferent, indifferent in both senses.

Who makes this double-barreled complaint that students cannot write so well as they used to write? A competent judge? Not always. I hear it almost as often as I hear the wind blowing, and chiefly from the Academic World and the Business World, hereinafter to be

known by their first initials as Professor A and Mr. B.

When Professor A was an undergraduate he was an excellent student. He majored in mathematics or in history or in physics, but he also and somewhat incidentally, I am afraid, acquired the habit of writing in conventional form, with some ease, and with a certain degree of clarity. Professor A had not only a good brain, which enabled him to acquire whatever mental habits he cared to acquire, but also subjects of study in which he was thoroughly interested. Whether young A understood what was happening to him or not, he must soon have become aware that he had something to say to others and that the task of communication was his responsibility, not theirs. But nowadays Professor A, as a college teacher of mathematics or history or physics, finds in his classroom hordes of students who write in anything but conventional form, with evident unease, and with a muddiness of thought that drives Professor A to drink. He goes about shouting openly that students are not so good as they used to be, and less openly—though very little less—he whispers that the English department is not doing its duty. Why can't these students be made to write "correctly" and fluently?

For the same reason, Professor A, that your teachers could not make some of your classmates do it. When you were an undergraduate a class of twenty-five to thirty members might have had two A students, five or six B students, eighteen to twenty-three C, D, and F students. The classes you teach divide in much the same way. What you seem to forget is that back in the good old days you read your own paper and possibly that of another A student. Few C, D, and F papers are read for their entertainment value. Is it not likely too, Professor A, that in twenty-five years you have attained to a higher degree of discrimination, a keener feeling for style? We cannot throw away our mature taste if we would—but we can be honest. We can set the A students of 1915 up against the A students of 1940 and the D students of 1940 up against the D students of 1915. Like many other college teachers, I was an A student when I was an undergraduate, but I am sure that some of my best students to-day write better than I did then. And I firmly believe the slipshod habits and muddled thinking that exasperate me—and Professor A—in the work of our poorer students were equaled if not surpassed in the D and F papers of our contemporaries.

Professor A, although he writes clearly and "correctly" himself, is the victim of the common delusion that the English language is a science, its content as orderly and as immutable as the multiplication table or the dates of the Punic and the Peloponnesian Wars. Yet words are fluid and unstable things, and English usage and idiom shift too, in most instances with the slow movement of a glacier but in some with a speed more suggestive of an avalanche. Few persons not actively engaged in the study of English realize how many of their notions of "correctness" and "incorrectness" were established by eighteenth-century grammarians, none too well qualified for the work they did. To lexicographers and grammarians to-day the eighteenth-century worship of fixed laws and regularity at the expense of truth is almost as amusing as it has been mischievous. A grammarian or lexicographer to-day would not set down in print that the best English usage (for he would not use the word "correct") is thus and so unless his careful research proved that the best writers and speakers of English actually do use thus and so. More important still, if such research should prove that some of the best writers and speakers use "thus" but that others undeniably use "so," he would not make his personal choice between "thus" and "so" and attempt to impose that choice on the public, with its naïve faith that grammars are "correct," no matter who writes them. Eighteenth-century grammarians were seldom so inhibited, or rather, most

of them cared far less what people actually say than what people, in their judgment, "ought" to say. They were classically trained, and they knew little (and understood less) of the Germanic origins of English syntax and idiom. They seemed to feel snobbishly that English, an unkempt and sprawling tongue, might come to be as well-groomed and respectable as the Latin of Cicero *if* they could only get English into a straitjacket and keep the unruly thing there.

They succeeded admirably. The teacher of English to-day, fully appreciating the difficulty and trying in some small measure to free students from the straitjacket and to release their pent-up fluency, is met by puzzled questions. "But Professor A told us the other day in history class that a split infinitive is always and absolutely 'incorrect.'" "But Professor A marked my physics quiz down because I ended a sentence with a preposition." "But Professor A says it's always wrong to begin a sentence with *and*."

It never enters Professor A's head that I may be more liberal in these matters than he is, for the rules are "correct" and I presumably know the rules. Presumably. Professor A sometimes stops me in the corridor or as I lift my teacup in the faculty room at four o'clock. "Tell me, you're an English teacher, you ought to know. My students put adverbs between the parts of verb phrases—like this, 'I should never have gone.' That's not right, *is* it?" "I wish you'd settle something for me. My daughter says, 'Dad, that tie looks good on you,' and I tell her she ought to say, 'That tie looks well.' Good's an adjective and well's an adverb." Then there is that time-honored triad, "I feel ill," "I feel bad," and "I feel badly." *I* sometimes feel as if I could devote all my time to teaching Professor A instead of the students, except that he would never pay me the slightest attention, and just now and then they do. He never believes a word I say, despite his invariable preamble that I'm an English teacher, I ought to know. Instead he believes what he remembers of what he learned from Woolley's *Handbook of Composition* twenty-five years ago.

Just let me tell Professor A that English usage in many instances has never been rigidly fixed, that semantic change goes on forever, and that much of the spelling foisted on the English-speaking world by the "correct" and classical minds of the eighteenth century is unhistorical, illogical, and, worst of all, unnecessary. What happens? Either he does not listen or he blinks at me suspiciously and departs to wonder to the president if I am a fit person to be teaching English, I seem to have very radical ideas, and he doubts that I hold my students to any sound standards at all. Nevertheless, I am only uttering what, to a philologist, are elementary truths.

Mr. B, on the other hand, may not have been a good student in high school and college, assuming that he was exposed to such influences. In that case Mr. B wants a girl to take his stuttering and incoherent dictation and effect its metamorphosis into clear and "correct" English. He does not, naturally, expect to pay liberally for such simple work as that, although he may be a trifle more liberal toward the ghosts who write his after-dinner speeches and his addresses for the XYZ convention and his signed magazine articles. But whether he went to college or not, whether he was a good student or not, Mr. B springs to action in behalf of outmoded and never-too-securely-based rules of English usage just as quickly as Professor A does, and if possible a bit more arrogantly.

Some years ago the National Council of Teachers of English sponsored a study of English usage made by the late Professor Sterling Andrus Leonard of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Leonard and his associates consulted authors, editors, teachers of English, specialists in English philology, and business men, with reference to such matters of divided usage as: "it's me" or "it's I"; "the chapter whose contents" or "the chapter the contents of which"; and "go

slow" or "go slowly." *Current English Usage*, a statement of the survey findings, would seem to indicate that the business men were the most—shall we say conservative?—of the group. They were also, significantly, the only ones who would not allow their names to be used in the published results.

It is certainly Professor A and Mr. B who make this familiar complaint to me. It is they, I believe, who reiterate to the *New York Times* and to President Conant that students of to-day cannot write "correctly" or fluently. As if anyone genuinely interested in anything, from the nebular hypothesis to artificial eyelashes, could escape fluency on that subject—unless afflicted by a speech impediment or tormented by the self-conscious fear of being "incorrect."

II

Is the complaint justified? Yes and no. It is double-barreled, I said. The first barrel I think amply justified, except that I prefer "The average student does not write correctly or fluently" to "The average student cannot write correctly or fluently." Even the average student, I fancy, could write much better than he does, but I am handicapped by a lack of acquaintance with the average student. My own students vary in native ability and in acquired habits of precision quite as much as do workers in any field in the outside world. Even my C and D students have their own individuality, sometimes admirable, very often charming.

Therefore they do not always write alike. They show indeed remarkable ingenuity in the changes they ring on stereotyped blunders. Teachers of English composition are at their wits' end, moreover, to devise some way to make a mark register discrimination between Mr. (or Miss) Jones, whose ideas are feeble and obviously second-hand but who rarely commits a major crime against the handbook and the spelling-book, and Mr. (or Miss) Smith, whose ideas are vigorous and fresh and entertaining but who is not yet convinced that attention to form and mechanics is worth the sacrifice of time better spent at the movies or on the tennis court. Mr. Smith knows that he is going into business and will ultimately, if not immediately after leaving college, turn those piffling details over to a stenographer, who had better know her stuff or else. He is aware that his father, a successful manufacturer of rubber bands, and his father's friends have little truck with margins and commas, pronoun reference and dangling participles. Miss Smith, if she plans a career, may wish to be a dancer or to model furs and evening gowns. Professor A and Mr. B should know as well as I do how much stress is put on good writing in her chosen professions. However others may feel about it, I cannot altogether condemn the Smiths. They are young, they take the world as they find it. If the world honored and rewarded "correct" and fluent writing as the world honors and rewards tennis and dancing and rubber bands, you may be very sure that the Smiths would write "correctly" and fluently.

As a matter of cold fact, the Smiths write abominably—just as the Smiths have always written abominably—not only because they don't care but also because they have never had from their overburdened English teachers the individual attention that is essential for good results in teaching composition to a Smith. Any competent English teacher (by which I do not mean the athletic director who is assigned a class in English composition because anybody can teach English) knows that a student will often hear and heed a piece of advice given in individual conference, even though the same piece of advice given in the class hour will pass in at one ear and out at the other. That is why the teacher of composition should have fewer students than other teachers, instead of more. In many colleges, composition classes are so large that little individual teaching can be done, and that little—little only from the students' point of view—is

a back-breaking load in addition to the instructors' regular schedules. If the world were really concerned about the way the Smiths write, teachers of composition would be given opportunities more nearly commensurate with the difficulties of the task.

There is something else that adds to those difficulties. Now and then a hard-won sixth sense warns me that Smith's theme was prepared for him by some student service at nine cents a page or was copied from a book in the college library or was bequeathed to him by a sister at Barnard or a cousin at California State. It is, however, one thing to be aware that Smith is cheating and another thing to prove it to the satisfaction of Smith himself, the college administration, and Smith's family, who by some quirk of fate often seem to know the right people. If Professor A and Mr. B, hearing that such lapses from honesty are frequent, growl that this is indeed a disheartening state of affairs, they only faintly guess how sick it makes me. Nevertheless, even here I cannot think Smith primarily to blame. When his mother pays her ghost to write club papers and his father pays more than one ghost to write after-dinner speeches and business addresses, who is Smith to criticize the family ethics? The holier-than-thou attitude is almost as distasteful to me as dishonesty is—perhaps not quite. I think that Smith is logical, that he has as much right to his ghost as his father and mother have to theirs.

As for the other barrel of the complaint, it must be more than apparent that I think the students of the past are overrated by Professor A and Mr. B. The Smiths, I believe, do as well as they ever did. To me, students of to-day seem quite as alert and quite as able as they were a generation ago, and quite as well informed. They do not always know the things we thought we knew a generation ago, but they sometimes know things that we did not dream of.* I find them, on the whole, satisfactory young men and women, and I find their English, in particular, not notably worse than that of my own college generation.

Why is it that anyone who points to a college class of twenty-five years ago, or one hundred and twenty-five years ago, invariably points to the brilliant members of the group and the brilliant members alone? Thoreau, mentioned in the *Times* editorial as representative of the good old days when students were writers, was certainly not the only representative of Harvard, 1837. How well did the others write? Furthermore, several young men and young women able to write "correctly" and fluently, if not with distinction, have graduated from college since 1837, even since 1937. And such a reputation as Thoreau's is not made in the years immediately following graduation, is not always made in the writer's own lifetime. Thoreau's, for instance, was not. How can Professor A and Mr. B know what posterity will have to say of the young now writing?

Oh, they reply, we don't mean the professionals. We mean, says Professor A, the students in our advanced classes. We mean, says Mr. B, the boys and girls who want jobs with us. They are the ones who cannot write "correct" English.

Are they? I repeat that you, Professor A and Mr. B, often seem to have no adequate idea of "correct" English yourselves, and that you, Mr. B, get from your young jobhunters an English that is quite possibly as good as your own and quite certainly as good as you deserve.

Remember, Professor A and Mr. B, that there is no other subject of so-called study in college that Smith is obliged to have on parade in his intercourse with you, his judges. If he is a C student in mathematics, do you detect his mathematical weakness in his letters and his conversation? Luckily for the reputation of mathematics classes, social demonstrations of the binomial theorem and parabolic curves are rare. Nor do most prospective employers demand, as a

* I did that on purpose.

prerequisite for their twenty dollars a week, absolute accuracy in the dates of the kings of England. I have never heard of Mr. B's requiring a young jobhunter to sit down and discuss in masterly fashion the industrial revolution or the fourth dimension. Until I have definite evidence to the contrary, I am willing to wager more dollars than I shall ever see that Smith's English is just about as good, on a percentage basis, as his history or his mathematics.

III

If you retort, Professor A and Mr. B, that the history and mathematics percentage is not good enough for English, I quite agree. If you argue that English expression is not, like mathematics and history, a matter of content to be learned, but a matter of fundamental skill and power, on which all other subjects of study ultimately depend, I agree with even greater fervor. And if you insist that you *must* have better English from Smith—as you could have—there are three simple aids to his improvement that would, without any conscious cerebration, immediately occur to the mind of almost any teacher of English composition.

It would help somewhat, Professor A and Mr. B, if you yourselves learned more about the English language. If, for instance, you should ever grasp the fact that some of the usages you dearly love are, in the opinion of competent philologists, not merely not the only "correct" locutions, but sometimes actually "incorrect," you might have more charity when some expression on the lips or the paper of a new student or a new stenographer happened to conflict with your own pet notions. You might even learn to see the spacious confines of the wood, which you have heretofore missed, because you have always been so busy pruning the trees.

It would help rather more if you both, as taxpayers, saw to it that the English departments in your high schools and colleges had programs at least no more burdensome than those of other departments. Any English teacher is flatteringly assumed by most boards of education, high or low, to be capable of handling twice as many students in class as a teacher of biology or mathematics, and of dealing with a cartload of weekly themes besides. After sitting up all night to criticize and mark the themes, she—a composition teacher is nearly always she—must use any and all free hours in her day for conferences with students who misunderstand the criticism or resent the mark or both. She then misses promotion because she is not a "productive scholar" with a learned book each year, a learned article each month. It is possible that a lighter load for the teacher of composition would produce more satisfactory results in the students' writing. At least, it might be tried.

But it would help most, Mr. B, if you discouraged cheating in academic work, even that done by your own sons and daughters. If you had, instead of a half-contemptuous lip service, a genuine respect for scholarly standards and scholarly achievements, my students—your young jobhunters—would have it too. They would write "correctly" and fluently.

In short, the millennium would have arrived.

J. D. ROSS, PUBLIC POWER MAGNATE

BY CARL DREHER

On March 15, 1939, Franklin D. Roosevelt issued a formal statement beginning, "It is fitting that every American should know of the passing of one of the greatest Americans of our generation." J. D. Ross had died the day before. Who was Ross? While he was alive his name would have stumped any of the professional quizzers who were diverting the radio audience with nightly displays of informational fireworks. When he died the headline on the obituary page of the *New York Times* read: "James D. Ross, 66, Power Engineer," followed by a scant half-column of type. Among others who died that day, the retired lady secretary of a local asphalt and building products company rated a picture; Ross, in Eastern eyes, did not.

Yet Ross was as important as the President had said, and elsewhere the news of his death brought streamer headlines, mass demonstrations of grief, and, in certain business circles, more relief than regret. How large our country is, how diverse its activities, how unevenly distributed the floodlights of its publicity! The cognizance of even our foremost intellectual mentors is exceedingly spotty. Among the thousands of names in the Beards' *America in Midpassage*, ranging from Charlie McCarthy to Herbert Hoover, that of J. D. Ross is unrecorded. But in the Pacific Northwest many golden hopes will have to end in defeat and resignation, many towering dams will have to crumble into their component limestone and gravel, before that name is altogether forgotten. And in every part of the country where the advocates of public power clash with private interest the shade of Ross will hover over the battle and perhaps exert a decisive influence on the outcome.

What were the sources of Ross's magnitude? He was a first-rate engineer, but a country like the United States turns up a good many of those in every generation. He was a business organizer of high ability, but so is Tom Girdler. He was an evangelist of public power, but evangelists are usually stronger on ends than means. The remarkable thing about Ross was the merging in one man of the driving qualities of all three of these callings and much besides. Defying an austere tradition of his craft, he mixed humanitarianism and technics and did it successfully. His love of mankind expressed itself in kilowatts, and as his love was great, kilowatts had to be generated and distributed gigantically so that everyone could share in the resulting benefits. Convinced that private ownership could never fulfil this aim, he fought for public power with religious zeal and hardheaded financial strategy. He was indifferent to money for his own use and pleasure: he built up a sixty-four-million-dollar business which paid him seventy-five hundred dollars a year, and although it was as much of a one-man concern as the Ford Motor Company, he owned none of it. He could be fired, and on one occasion was. Thus unhampered by pecuniary self-interest, equipped with boundless energy, a sunny disposition, and contagious enthusiasm,

he swept aside every obstacle and at the end was engaged in projects and plans so vast as to raise the question of how they could be carried out within the confines of the going economic order. The primary tenets of private business he had never disputed; he had defied its tabus in his own sector of industry and nowhere else. But before he had to face that fundamental conflict he passed abruptly from the scene.

II

In March, 1902, the citizens of Seattle voted a bond issue of $590,000 for a municipal electric plant. The city already owned its water supply, which came from the Cedar River, in the mountain range to the east. The same water could generate electric power to light Seattle's streets, and later perhaps homes and stores. A power site had been selected and the problems of building the generating plant and transmitting the energy thirty-seven miles to Seattle awaited solution.

A young man walked into the office of R. H. Thomson, the city engineer, and applied for the job of designing and building the power system. He was tall and strongly built, his manner was calm, his eyes alert and confident. He gave his name as J. D. Ross.

Thomson asked the usual question: "What experience have you had?"

"None," the young man replied. "But where will you find anyone that has? Before you start this project let me show you my plans."

By academic standards the applicant's qualifications were unimpressive. Born in Chatham, Ontario, in 1872, he had begun to dabble in electricity and chemistry as soon as he was old enough to read. He fashioned a battery from the zinc apron under the kitchen stove and the remains of a copper kettle, and at the age of eleven repeated Franklin's experiment with lightning, adding the alarming innovation of bringing the electricity into his basement laboratory. His formal education was limited to the elementary schools of Chatham and two years of high school. When he was twenty he got his first regular job—teaching school for thirty-five dollars a month—and that was his occupation for six years. But he was always experimenting and reading on the side. Early in 1898 he developed a serious case of lung trouble. In the face of warnings that he would be dead in six months, he joined a party of young men setting out on foot for the Yukon gold fields. Tramping week after week with his belongings on his back, carrying a canoe over portages, and sleeping in the snow at night, he regained his health but failed to find gold. He worked in a salmon cannery, beat his way down the coast, and reached Seattle.

The town suited Ross to perfection. Scarcely a generation removed from the frontier, it was already a thriving seaport seething with energy, fight, and optimism. "The Seattleites," it has been said, "are a people of magnificent conceptions," with a record of living up to them. Ross stayed in Seattle, working as an electrician and looking for a magnificent conception to hitch on to. The municipal power plant was the first that offered.

By the yardsticks of 1902 it was no small undertaking. The electric-power industry was only twenty years old: Edison's pioneer Pearl Street station, with its clumsy belt-driven Jumbo dynamos, had started supplying direct current to lower Manhattan in 1882. The range of direct current was limited and for long-distance transmission it was soon supplanted by alternating current at high voltage. The major alternating-current development of the nineties was the Niagara Falls plant; the Canadian portion especially must have been a nuclear technical and ideological factor in Ross's subsequent career. His Cedar Falls station, with its two 1,200 kilowatt generators—a power roughly equivalent to forty modern motor cars—had only a fraction of the capacity of the first Niagara installations and, coming eight

years later, was scarcely comparable as an engineering achievement; but the transmission line to Seattle, designed for operation at the daring potential of 45,000 volts, attracted considerable attention in engineering circles. Construction was completed in 1904 and the success of the tests confounded the local skeptics. Early in 1905 the street-lighting circuits were taken over from the Seattle Lighting Company.

The municipality and the residential consumers had been at loggerheads with the company for years over the question of rates. Residential consumers were paying 20 cents per kilowatt hour, two or three times as much as would bring a normal return on the investment. The company had got hold of a good thing and, like other utilities, it was making the most of it. Why cut rates in half and gamble with additional investment in the hope of extending the market? Let those who could not pay for electricity burn kerosene. Why pass the economies of engineering progress on to the consumer? They were not his, they were the company's.

Of course State regulation was in the offing but first it could be fought in the courts and then it could be whittled down by other methods. Municipal competition, then? That was recognized as a more tangible menace, but it could be held off as long as the voters were persuaded that it could never succeed because of "lack of incentive," which resulted in "lack of initiative," which resulted in "the inefficiency of government." But in Seattle these reliable goblins, even the super-goblin of "socialism," vanished into thin air. The city was normally Republican by a safe margin, but the Republicans of the Pacific Northwest were a queer breed. Men who would reach for their rifles at the mere mention of an assault on private property hated the power companies as much as they hated the anarchists. They voted 9,968 to 1,511 to extend the municipal plant's service from street lighting to general sale, and at the same time, to avoid any misunderstandings, they amended the city charter to provide for the recall of elected officials.

When the company saw that nothing could be done to stop the operation of the municipal plant and that the self-taught engineer knew his business, company rates dropped precipitately from 20 cents per kwh to 12. But the city quoted 8½ cents for the first 20 kwh and dropped in steps to 4½ cents for all over 60 kwh per month. The company had no choice but to follow suit: even the big business interests were sensitive to the moral superiority of a privately generated kilowatt hour only as long as it did not cost more. Even at equal rates the trend among residential consumers was strongly toward city power. The municipal plant ordered more generators and kept on expanding, and as it sold more power it gave further rate reductions. Yet nobody was ruined. With all the reductions, the expensive duplication of plant and service, and the splitting of the load, both concerns were making money.

In the conventional pattern this contention would have ended at a given point with a political upset, which in the turmoil of municipal government could sooner or later have been arranged. The private company would have bought the city's plant, and a return to the normalcy of cost-plus—plus being now somewhat reduced—would have followed. The chief obstacle to such a consummation was Ross. In 1911 he was promoted from electrical engineer to superintendent of the lighting department. He had his own ideas of normalcy, expressed in maxims like "The market for electricity is what you make it," and "The union of the people in promoting the use of electricity is the condition we wish to reach," and he was building up an organization to carry them out. His co-workers worshipped him. These City Light employees were the same men as those in power construction, maintenance, and operation elsewhere, but it was unnecessary to pump up a factitious loyalty among

them; the character of the enterprise and its management generated its own esprit de corps. Ross was efficient and exacting, but a large and full-blooded humanity permeated his relations with individuals as well as his ultimate objectives. His love for human beings was spontaneous and unaffected, and it evoked the same sentiment in those round him. This rapport spread beyond the organization and, built up on a solid economic foundation, made him immensely popular among the common citizens. In accordance with a sociological law analogous to some of his electrical formulas, his popularity increased in inverse ratio to the cost of domestic power.

His personal life was unassailable. He was a Republican and a churchgoing Presbyterian. He did not smoke or drink. In 1907 he had gone back to Chatham and returned with a bride; he was living in happy and decorous wedlock. Coming from the same hotbed of public-power agitation, Mrs. Ross was as ardent a believer in the cause as her husband. His salary as superintendent was $4200 a year, and careful checkups, including the planting of spies in his organization and tapping of his telephone lines, disclosed that this was all he was getting out of it. Had he been the usual type of careerist the solution would have been simple: offer him $10,000—$15,000—whatever was necessary, to work for the private company instead of the city. But Ross identified himself with the city plant and considered himself a success already. Neither he nor Mrs. Ross had social or pecuniary ambitions. Something had to be done about him, but what?

And it was clear enough that the longer he stayed on the harder it would be to do anything. By 1912 he had the cost of electricity down to 6 cents for the first 60 kwh and 4 cents for all beyond. In that year City Light, after all charges for bond interest, amortization, and operating expenses, showed a surplus of $191,696. The following year the surplus was $274,657. The city plant had 32,000 customers and 240 employees, the investment exceeded 5 million, the annual receipts were over 1 million, and the business was returning what would have been in private hands a profit of 8 per cent after all charges.

True, to finance this expansion Ross had borrowed over 4 million in general lien bonds, and an uproar could be raised about the "staggering" debt loaded onto the city's home owners. But the amount was not quite staggering enough for 260,000 Seattleites still imbued with magnificent conceptions, and as the interest was being paid easily out of income the citizens remained calm. By 1914 he was no longer borrowing on city credit, or even on the property of the municipal plant. City Light's own credit rating had risen so high that he could raise money for plant extensions with revenue bonds, which were a lien only against earnings. It began to look as if the theory of lack of initiative might have a flaw in it, at least when there was a Ross in the equation.

III

The private power companies of the nation were being co-ordinated—or at least linked together financially—under the auspices of Eastern capital, and by 1912 the western Washington situation, except for the City Light excrescence, was under the domination of Stone & Webster, the powerful holding company of Boston, and its operating subsidiary, the Puget Sound Power & Light Company. From the beginning no love was lost between Stone & Webster and City Light, but the first major collision did not occur until 1917. Ross had been looking round for years for a suitable hydroelectric site to supplement Cedar Falls, which was developed to capacity, and a steam plant which he had in operation. The steam plant was efficient but Ross hated to spend money for fuel except for emergency service; he could always do better with water power. "The best

sites," he remarked in 1913, "are being quietly taken up by private interests faster than the public has realized." He made a survey within a radius of 150 miles from Seattle, and the best site he found was on the Skagit River, the largest stream tributary to Puget Sound. Here, in the Mt. Baker National Forest near the Canadian border, a hundred miles from Seattle, the Skagit rushed from the Cascade peaks through a gorge between towering granite walls, dropping 1,220 feet in twelve miles. Ross must have looked at it with glistening eyes, but it was a formidable undertaking, even for the "one-generation city." That might not have stopped him, but a more compelling reason was that Stone & Webster already had the power rights, under license from the Federal government. So he turned elsewhere.

After much reconnaissance work he narrowed the choice down to three sites: Lake Cushman in the Olympic Mountains west of Seattle, the Hebb site on the White River, and Sunset Falls on the Skykomish. He called for bids on all three. A few days before the closing date he learned that Stone & Webster had bought the White River site for 1 million and the Skykomish site for $200,000, and Lake Cushman was tied up in litigation.

Ross saw the opening and struck. The time was auspicious; the 1917 wartime boom had rocketed the demand for power in Seattle, and Woodrow Wilson, who was no tool of the corporations, sat in the White House. Ross filed personally on the Skagit, incidentally borrowing $400 from a fellow-employee to finance his trip East. Mayor Hiram C. Gill supported him—one of the few occasions on which Ross received unstinting co-operation from a Seattle mayor. But the City Council was divided, and Ross had two fights on his hands, one against Stone & Webster in Washington, and one against his opponents at home. A year and a half of maneuvering followed. Ross could be a clever politician when necessary, and one of his tricks was to wire each councilman from Washington, thanking him cordially for his support, when he knew perfectly well that half of them were opposed to his plans. It is said that two councilmen switched as a result of these telegrams, giving Ross the necessary majority. At the hearings in Washington before David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, who had jurisdiction over the forest preserves, Ross demanded a federal permit for Seattle to develop the Skagit on the ground of public necessity. Stone & Webster fought the proposed transfer, representing that they had spent a great deal of time and money in preliminary work, but they had no installation and no plausible answer to Ross's contention that their commitments at White River and the Skykomish vitiated their claim on the Skagit. The Secretary upheld Seattle and on December 25, 1918, wired Ross that he could go ahead with the Skagit development, "A Christmas present to Seattle," Ross announced jubilantly, "which will grow in value as the years go by."

Ross was in the power business now on a grand scale. The Skagit was big-time, in the million horsepower class. It had one fortunate characteristic, in contrast to sites of the same and greater magnitude on the broad Columbia River, where prodigious quantities of water swept unutilized to the sea. The Skagit, with its narrow gorge and high heads, could be developed piecemeal, with borrowing and building spaced in proportion to the city's capacity and requirements. Several schemes were considered; a three-step development was finally chosen. The sites, going upstream, were the Gorge, Diablo, and Ruby. The cost of penetrating the fastnesses of the Cascades was a heavy item, hence the lowermost site was developed first. A 23-mile standard-gage railroad was built by the city from Rockport, Wash., to the Gorge site. A temporary wood crib dam backed up the water and fed into a concrete-lined tunnel through granite, 11,000 feet long and 20 feet in

diameter. Two 30,000 kw vertical turbo-generators were installed, designed for operation under a head of 375 feet to be provided ultimately by a high dam; under the 270-foot head of the temporary dam they gave 39,000 kw together. A 165,000 volt transmission line carried the energy to Seattle. This 11 million dollar project was put in operation—a slightly ironic touch—by President Coolidge on September 27, 1924, by remote control from Washington. Later a third unit, of 33,000 kw capacity, was added and the plant developed 56,000 kw and, with the high dam, would be good for 240,000 kw with full machine installation. And that was only the first of the three Skagit developments. The eyes of power engineers, financiers, and the advocates both of public and private ownership were turned to the Pacific Northwest. The Skagit made Ross one of the emergent figures of the power world. Neither side had any illusions. The scores to be settled in this sector now transcended local importance.

IV

It is only fair to say that during the Coolidge era the Stone & Webster organization was one of the best-behaved of the holding companies. Its write-ups were relatively moderate, it retained a degree of engineering integrity, it was no Insull outfit. That this relative decorousness did not fully extend to all its managers and the officials of its subsidiaries will, however, shortly appear. The tension flared into open warfare again in 1923. The city of Tacoma, twenty-six miles south of Seattle in a straight line, was the *casus belli*. Tacoma had acquired the plant of its private company as early as 1893 and, being close to its power sources and not having to bear the expense of duplicate facilities, enjoyed rates even lower than Seattle's. By 1922, however, it had outgrown its plant and was buying considerable surplus power at wholesale from Stone & Webster. Then, according to Ross, the company suddenly cut Tacoma out, claiming that they were short of power on their Washington network. Ross, with the first unit of the Skagit well on the way to completion, proposed a tie-line between the two cities for interchange of power, and this was built in 1923. The Puget Sound company attacked the project in the courts. The "Bone bill" (the present U. S. Senator, Homer T. Bone, Dem.) to legalize the inter-city connection and to permit Washington municipalities to sell power outside their corporate limits, was defeated in the legislature. It went to initiative in November, 1924, and was again defeated. It did not become law until 1930. In the meantime, however, some legal means were found to permit operation of the tie-line.

The company spent $126,000 in 1924 to defeat the Bone bill. It could afford to; its gross profit that year on its Seattle business was $2,660,164. It organized speakers' classes in opposition to Ross and others who were campaigning for public ownership. Its advertising expenditures (newspaper, motion pictures, radio, etc.) were never less than $100,000 a year after 1926, and the total reported to the Federal Trade Commission for eight years (1926–33) was $1,205,431. It contributed $60,000 a year for three years to the "Voters Information League," which unremittingly attacked the municipal plants. It conferred constantly with the National Electric Light Association, which agreed that the "Seattle situation is of national importance" and set up a special committee to deal with it. The company levied on the resources of Hollywood, in the form of a film made by the Metropolitan Sound Studios, in reference to which the producer wrote, "I believe if the Puget Sound Power and Light Company show this picture in any community that is thinking of putting out a bond issue for a municipal project, they will think a long time before they actually put out such an issue after seeing this picture." This film, a three-reeler, cost $14,518.

In 1930, when matters were coming to a showdown between Ross and his

enemies, the company spent $154,000 for political propaganda. At the same time it was striving to earn good will by distributing largess to school and college athletic funds, Y.M.C.A.'s, high school bands, etc., a typical example of a small contribution being sweaters for the members of the Olympia High School basketball team ($119.85), and of a larger one, a capital fund of $5,000 for a scholarship at Whitman College in Walla Walla—all charged to operating expense.

Ross's answer, in the form of his own version of propaganda by the deed, was a further reduction in rates to 5½ cents for the first 40 kwh, 2 cents for the next 200, and 1 cent thereafter. The more he lowered rates the more power he could sell; Seattle had more electric ranges than any other city in the world. In 1927 he began developing the second unit of the Skagit, starting with the arch-gravity Diablo dam, 389 feet high. He promised to deliver Diablo power in Seattle at $65 per horsepower, the lowest construction cost of the kind in the United States. By that time City Light was approaching 90,000 customers, against some 25,000 for the private company, and the gap was widening. His counter-attacks were increasingly damaging. Answering the lost-taxes argument, he pointed out that the consumers were saving 10 million a year through the lower rates, a sum greater than the total of municipal taxes. "A customer in Seattle," he said, "may pay $2 for what a man in East Washington would pay $6. The $4 excess certainly represents a tax levied by a private concern and over which the public has no control. . . . We have failed to control the taxes of power companies; we will always fail, *for monopoly is government.*" He showed that at the city limits of Seattle the company was charging twice as much as City Light across the street, that rates in general increased with the distance from Seattle, and that even with Seattle rates as a yardstick, some districts still suffered from rates as high as 16 cents per kwh. He appealed to the business interests, pointing to reductions in commercial rates. "Seattle with its million horsepower Skagit should not be heckled by the political intrigues of Stone & Webster if she is to be the industrial city of the West Coast." Finally his aggressiveness reached a climax. He demanded that Puget Sound Power admit defeat and sell out to City Light. Then, he promised, he would show the city a real reduction in rates. With duplication eliminated, rates could be halved, and the yearly savings would more than cover the cost of buying out the city's competitor. He stood on his record and demanded a monopoly of Seattle power.

The corporate brows of Stone & Webster beetled ever more menacingly at this provincial upstart. Its assets aggregated almost 400 million, its installed capacity was 666,926 kw, it served over 2 million people all over the United States. Mr. A. W. Leonard, the president of the Puget Sound subsidiary, received $50,000 a year, making him by normal pecuniary standards seven times as good a man as Ross. And yet Ross, together with the depression, was making severe dents in Stone & Webster's income in the region. In 1930 the rate of return on the 21 million investment, disregarding changes in the equity in surplus, was 5.15 per cent. In 1931 the investment was almost 28 million, and the dividend was no more. This drop in the financial barometer foretold the approaching storm.

The mayor of Seattle at this time was Frank Edwards. Several mayors had itched to fire Ross, if only because he had become a civic figure overshadowing mayors of Seattle, even governors of Washington. Mayor Edwards was the first to try it and the last.

On February 24, 1930, Mr. Leonard wrote a letter to George H. Clifford of Stone & Webster. Part of the letter read, "I hope you had a chance to meet Mayor Edwards while he was in Boston. He has been extremely busy on his primary campaign since returning to Seattle, but I understand he had a pleas-

ant time while in Boston and was very well pleased with the attention shown him while there."

On March 12th Leonard wrote: "The city election in Seattle yesterday went very satisfactorily. Mayor Edwards was elected by a large majority and two of the old members of the city council were defeated by two better men from our standpoint. I hope now that Mayor Edwards will feel that he is justified in carrying out some of the suggestions that he has previously made relative to personnel, etc., of the lighting department."

But it was another year before Edwards felt justified in carrying out his own suggestion. He crossed the political Rubicon on March 9, 1931, when he dismissed Ross on vague charges of extravagance, professional incompetence, and building up a political machine in his department.

Outwardly Ross displayed his usual serenity. He packed his bags and went East. The citizens of Seattle, however, witnessed his departure with less equanimity. A first-class civic tumult arose. Marion A. Zioncheck, the young liberal attorney who was later elected to Congress, took charge of a move to recall Edwards. The citizens flocked to sign the petitions. This campaign was acrimonious even for Seattle. Ten days before the election Ross returned and made speeches contending that the issue was municipal ownership versus the power trust. The usual charges of communism fell flat. Even one of the Edwards papers said editorially, "His (Ross's) long service in the city's lighting department and his national reputation among advocates of public ownership seem to remove him from any connection with communism." Edwards was recalled by 125,000 to 15,000. The new mayor, Robert Harlin, a former trade union official, restored Ross to his post. The *New York Times* commented, "Mr. Edwards is out, Mr. Ross is restored to utility control, the power trust has a flea in its ear, and the Moscow papers will have a good story."

Shortly thereafter Mr. Leonard retired as president of the Puget Sound company. An Eastern official, wiring to Frank McLaughlin, Mr. Leonard's successor, referred to "your retirement from offensive politics." The company went so far as to dismiss its lobbyist at Olympia and, when he returned to his old haunts, paid him $200 a month until he could find another job, under a written agreement that he would stay away from the State capitol.

V

Ross's trip East during the recall campaign was not a vacation. If the world is guaranteed to beat a path to the door of the man who makes a superior mousetrap, a governor, destined soon to be President of the United States, may summon a man who builds a better municipal power plant than anyone else. It was Franklin D. Roosevelt who called Ross to Albany to get his advice on the St. Lawrence public-power project. For the time being not much resulted. Niagara Hudson and Mr. Roosevelt were evenly matched, and have remained so; the St. Lawrence plan has never been realized, nor is it abandoned. The Ross-Roosevelt discussions were to bear fruit elsewhere, in, for one thing, the formulation of the Democratic power policy in the presidential campaign of 1932. In the meantime Ross returned to City Light to push the building of Diablo and to pound the groggy Puget Sound company with further rate reductions.

But if the company was groggy, Ross was a little short of wind himself, and no wonder. The depression was grinding the faces of the just and the unjust alike, and Diablo was a heavy undertaking. It was not that the demand for city power fell off disastrously: the drop was only 16 per cent from the all-time high in 1930 to the bottom in 1933. Ross had expected it to rise at the same rate as heretofore; as an extrapolator he was always on the sanguine side. Even that would not have mattered so much, but

who wanted to buy bonds—even bonds as good as City Light's—in the latter part of the unhappy year 1931? The dam was finished in 1930 and the machinery for the power house, including two 95,000 hp turbo-generators, had been ordered. The amount owed was $1,854,000, and another 5 million or so was needed to finish the Diablo unit and its lines and substations. Ruby Dam upstream, the key to the entire Skagit project in its ultimate form, designed to equalize the flow at the Diablo and Gorge plants and to store three million acre-feet of water in a lake thirty miles long—that was not even to be thought of for the time being. Then there was a twenty-six-storey City Light office building which had been planned when people were still planning such things; luckily actual construction had got only as far as the foundations. And more than a thousand City Light employees were facing a payroll reduction of 25 per cent.

Ross managed a good deal better than most corporations. No employees were laid off; the slack was taken up by rotating the men. The office building plans were cut down to three storeys to house the Department of Lighting alone. The Diablo contractors agreed to accept six per cent Lighting Construction Fund warrants until bonds could be sold. And Ross went round looking for money with which to complete Diablo and the office building and a few transmission lines.

Only the government had money to lend, and Ross could not see why some of it should not go to his healthy enterprise instead of to toppling national banks and moribund railroads. He applied to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for $7,500,000. The RFC thought it over and at the end of 1932 offered $1,625,000 to finish Diablo and build two storeys of the office building, provided other means were found to finance the outstanding warrants. These terms were impossible, but Ross could never be accused of faint-heartedness. The PWA was hardly formed in 1933 when he was in the office with the first application. This time he wanted 26 million for the Ruby project. Between 2,000 and 3,000 men would be employed, he argued, and the project was self-liquidating. Secretary Ickes considered the matter and at the end of 1933 rejected the application on the ground that the State of Washington had already received more than its share of Public Works money in connection with the two great federal dams on the Columbia River—63 million for Grand Coulee and half of the 31 million allocated to Bonneville. So Ross, who had devoted his life to public ownership of power, was stopped in his tracks because the Federal government was now in the power business itself. He could claim some of the credit for what the government was doing, he could still point to savings of 12 million annually to the people of Seattle and to rates half the national average, but he couldn't get any money from Washington.

So he went back to Wall Street. He had a current report of the engineering firm of Ford, Bacon and Davis, saying ". . . it is apparent that the Department's organization is well managed and effective. . . . The property was found to be in first-class operating condition. . . . The Department operates with smaller overhead costs than many if not most privately owned utilities of the same character and corresponding magnitude." He took his story to Guy C. Myers, the investment banker. Myers had been a utility engineer before he became a banker, he had seen the Insull crash and much else, and he knew what the score was. A syndicate was formed, bonds in the amount of $4,956,000 to yield 5.77 per cent were sold on May 1, 1934, and Ross went ahead with the Diablo and the City Light building. Later, in 1937 and 1938, he got about a million and a half in Federal grants.

While he was working up at the Skagit he found another use for it. The Mt. Baker National Forest contains some of the most superb mountain scenery in America. Seattle had a communal pow-

er plant, why not a communal Vacationland at the same time, and—Ross had never overlooked the importance of publicity to his enterprises—a perpetual advertisement for City Light? Down at the Gorge he had an abandoned construction camp with bunk houses and mess halls. All it needed was some renovating. He had the railroad twisting up from Rockport. His men went out and bought the coaches of a bankrupt interurban line, repainted them yellow with "City Light Lines" lettered on the sides, and organized "Skagit Tours," a department of City Light. The idea caught on with astonishing success. To-day it is unadvertised because more people throng to it than can be accommodated. Twenty-five thousand people a year visit the resort, and on the big week-ends in July and August as many as 2,500 applicants have to be turned away. The camp is operated on a non-profit basis: $4.05 for adults, $2.05 for children covers the ride from Rockport and back, overnight lodging, first-class meals with no limit on helpings and snacks between meals, movies, dancing, a loud-speaker concert in a canyon, a ride up to Diablo dam on a huge lift, and a boat trip on the lake behind the dam. Only one class of accommodations is offered, and Joseph P. Kennedy and the WPA worker fare the same and like it. And the Seattleites see their power plants and go home confirmed in their magnificent conceptions.

VI

Seventy-five years ago, before Seattle was, men had gone from the Olympics and from Puget Sound to the Civil War. Even then the region had not been sufficient unto itself, even then it had been part of a nation and in time of crisis had recognized itself as such. In a later crisis, almost as grave, the Cascade wall and the Great Plains were still less of a barrier to the centripetal forces reaching out from the nation's capital. During 1934 and 1935 Ross was dividing his time between Seattle and Washington, D. C., as a consultant on the Federal Power Commission's national power survey and the power division of PWA. He made a final rate reduction at City Light, figured on the cost of buying out the Seattle properties of Puget Sound Power & Light, coyly receptive now but holding out for its price, and then Federal matters took him over almost entirely. Late in August of 1935 the President appointed him to the Securities and Exchange Commission: he was to administer the measures contemplated under the Public Utility Holding Company Act of 1935.

Ross came out of the West, but he was no longer young and he was no Lochinvar. Thirty-three years of grinding work and bitter struggle had left their mark. The smooth-cheeked, clear-eyed young engineer of the Cedar Falls plant wore glasses now, the face was broader and heavier, the two lines from the nose to the corners of the mouth had deepened to give a touch of grimness to the kindly features. Physically he was big—he weighed two hundred pounds—and in spite of his joviality and good nature he was a formidable figure. The Eastern papers, which had never paid any attention to him before 1931, played him up now. The nickname "Jaydee," by which he was known throughout the Northwest, came East with him, and the legends which had gathered about his name, some false, some true.

The holding companies moaned like ravished virgins at his approach. They might have saved themselves the trouble. In the first place, the legal basis for bringing order into the anarchic holding-company maze was still lacking. The Supreme Court did not uphold the constitutionality of the Holding Company Act until March, 1938, and by that time Ross was no longer with the SEC. In the second place, neither Ross nor the law held any threat for holding companies with a plausible claim to functional and financial sense in their make-up. The law was aimed solely at the

sprawling, unintegrated, inextricably tangled aggregations which had existed chiefly for plunder and now, having exhausted even that, were left with no reason for existence except their officials' desire to hang on to lucrative jobs. If the purpose had been destructive, Ross would not have been the man to carry it out. He was no corporation baiter, no enemy of capitalism. All he was after was common honesty and, above all, cheap electricity and plenty of it. There he certainly meant business and was ready to knock anybody out of his way, but if Stone & Webster could have distributed 100 kwh in Seattle for $2.12 he would have worked for Stone & Webster, and as for Wall Street, he had been borrowing money there for thirty years and paying it back with interest. His attitude is summed up best in his own words, uttered on an earlier occasion. "My job is to get something done for the people of the West. I can't do it by laying down to the power companies. Neither can I do it by fighting them for malice or spite or a few final pennies."

His principal service during his two years on the SEC was educational. He was teaching again, as in his youth. Public speaking was the least of his talents, and his performances on the platform were uneven. He moved people by his sincerity and honesty, which stood out all over him whether he was talking to one man or a thousand, but in extemporaneous discussion he often mired his audience in technicalities far above their heads. His friends in the engineering world were men like Einstein, Edison, Steinmetz, and Morris L. Cooke, and he seemed to feel that somehow he could make the facts as clear to laymen as they were to technicians, if only he tried hard and talked long enough. But when he had his lecture organized in advance he made his points with clarity and force.

In one of his 1935 speeches, "How Long Is the Yardstick?" Ross corrected some fundamental confusions regarding the cost of electricity. He likened the generating plant to the foundation of a skyscraper, the distribution system to the superstructure. Only 4–5 inches of the yardstick measured the cost of generating power, the other 31 inches measured the cost of distribution under private ownership, and that, he said, could be cut to 10–12 inches by efficient operation under public ownership. Generating costs were reckoned in mills, meter costs in cents. Distribution, Ross argued, was not a task for the Federal government or the States, but for the people themselves. He urged the formation of power cooperatives by municipalities and counties. Where distribution facilities already existed they could be taken over by paying the investors a "fair depreciated value" for their stocks and bonds, and the company a reasonable amount for its rights and franchises. Payment would be in revenue bonds, with redemption and interest coming out of earnings. If necessary, condemnation might be resorted to; duplicate facilities would be built only as a last resort.

"You can handle your own affairs cheaper than anyone else," he told his audiences.

"You can control your own rates.

"You can put your own people to work and fire those that do not prove honest and fit.

"Think it over. Can you accomplish these things in any other manner, or by any other agency than yourselves?"

Addressing the 1936 national convention of the Investment Bankers Association of America, he explained, not for the first time, that he was not trying to reduce power bills, but to give people more power for the same money. He presented tables like the following:

1937	*Average Rate (cents)*	*Average Yearly Consumption (kwh)*	*Average Yearly Bill*
All private power concerns in U. S.	4.39	793	$34.81
Seattle municipal plant (public-private competition)	2.55	1,268	32.38
Tacoma municipal plant (public monopoly)	1.62	1,698	34.20
Twenty-six cities in Ontario (public monopoly)	1.26	2,134	26.96
Winnipeg municipal plant (public monopoly)	0.827	4,765	39.41

Mr. C. W. Kellogg, chairman of the board of Stone & Webster's Engineers Public Service Corporation and president of the Edison Electric Institute, successor to the NELA, replied that, as the cost of electricity for the ordinary householder was only two per cent of his budget, the importance of public ownership had been overemphasized for "political reasons."

VII

The lower of the two Federal Columbia River dams, Bonneville, forty miles east of Portland, was getting well along. On July 26, 1937, the bill creating a Bonneville administration passed the House without a record vote. It provided for operation and maintenance by the Army engineers, and reserved 50 per cent of the power for sale to public bodies until January 1, 1941. An administrator at $10,000 a year was to manage the project and promote the sale of power at rates to be approved by the Federal Power Commission. Ross was the obvious man for the job. He was opposed by the private utilities, the Portland Chamber of Commerce, and Governor Charles H. Martin of Oregon; but the President appointed him on October 4, 1937.

Ross was glad to be home. The Diablo plant was almost finished and the great generators were being tested. The anxieties and triumphs of early days were still in his blood and he had never been happy far from City Light. The Washington correspondents had noticed that no matter what they went to see Ross about, the conversation always veered round to the Skagit. "Mr. President," he had said before he went to Washington, "the great United States government is back of those jobs you want me to do. It can protect them well. But that plant in Seattle—I've just got to stand by it or the wolves will eat it up." And, even when he turned over the day-by-day operation to others and no longer received a Seattle salary, he never relinquished control of City Light and to the end of his life he remained the power behind its management.

In effect Ross was now the one-man TVA of the Northwest. He was not only in charge at Bonneville, but he spoke for the Federal government on power questions and made plans, not alone for Bonneville, but for the future tie-up of Grand Coulee, Bonneville, the Skagit, the Tacoma plants, and others—the tie-up which he had been urging since the beginning of construction on the two Columbia River dams. Beyond that his imagination soared to a nationwide power web starting from the Columbia River basin and spreading east and south. But that was not yet to be, and for Ross never. Congress shelved the regional power plan, a decision which may be reconsidered one of these days. For Ross there was no reconsideration. But neither individual death nor legislative fiat can stop the rain from falling and the great waters from running to the sea, and in the Northwest only the death of a nation's spirit can stop what has been begun and what Ross had a hand in beginning.

The Northwest contains about 40 per cent of the nation's undeveloped water power. That means, in energy units, the astronomical figure of 110 billion kilowatt hours per year, or, in power units (power is energy divided by time), 12.5 million kilowatts. About 11.5 million of this is on the Columbia River. The installed electric power in the United States to-day is approximately 37 million kw, so that a potential increase in the national electric plant of about a third is awaiting development in the Northwest. The four States of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana have this immense power reserve within their borders—and a population of 3.5 million. Out of such a combination—a population density of eight to the square mile, one-fifth of the national average, and a potential hydro kilowattage of 12.5 million, social history can be made. Some sort of immensity is in preparation here—either a major de-

bacle or a major step forward in American civilization—for a sizable portion of that power is being developed. The plans are made, one of the Columbia dams is built, another is two-thirds completed, the money is being spent. Not all of it yet, but enough so that it is hard to see how there can be any turning back. Possibly, now that Ross is gone, the projects can be sabotaged by corporations which would like nothing better than to have the government generate power at low cost provided they get the power. But that will not be done quietly; not all of Ross is dead, and there are those in the Northwest who will speak for him. And George W. Norris is still in the Senate.

While Ross was still alive a Republican representative denounced Grand Coulee as a "colossal imposition on the American people . . . there is no one to sell the power to except coyotes and jack rabbits." He called for the election of a Republican House and a Republican President to put an end to such waste. Of course Boulder (or Hoover) Dam, no picayune project either, was started under a Republican President, and it was argued that the one million horsepower of Boulder Dam was "no more needed by the American public than would be a million bushels of wheat grown at public expense." To Ross such statements were sheer nonsense. "We have just scratched the surface in the use of electricity" was his stock phrase. He had not the slightest doubt that all the Grand Coulee and Bonneville power would be sold, that all the *ten* dams on the Columbia River surveyed by the Army engineers would soon have to be built (Grand Coulee and Bonneville are only two rungs of the ladder), and that after all the hydro energy of the Northwest was harnessed we should have to resort to the lignite fields of Dakota and Texas and develop steam power on an equal scale. He expected that eventually Columbia River power would be frying eggs in Chicago and even turning factory wheels in New York.

But who had ever heard of electric power being transmitted thousands of miles? Ross's answer was expressed in a truism: "The first thing to do is to make up your mind as to what should be done, and the next thing is to do it by one means or another." If the economic range of alternating current transmission was only about 300 miles, another mode of transmission must be evolved to supplant it. Back to Edison, then, with his direct current of the eighties, but with its voltage multiplied thousands of times by modern methods. Ross did not originate the idea; electrical engineers had been talking about it for a number of years, and he gave credit to General Electric and Allis-Chalmers for its development. It was based on the use of vacuum tubes working on the same principles as those found in radio transmitters, to convert AC at the transmitting point into DC for the line and then back to AC for distribution as at present. In "Electric Power of the Future," a technical paper delivered before the Engineers Club of Seattle on July 28, 1938, he foreshadowed transmission lines encircling the nation, tying the Western plants to TVA and St. Lawrence and other great plants built and unbuilt, taking advantage of peak loads three hours apart from coast to coast, low water in one region and ample storage in another, and shifting around tremendous blocks of power like checker men. In place of 3-phase, 3-wire AC lines, he foresaw 2-wire DC lines delivering 43 per cent more power for the same size conductors and the same insulation. The possibilities, he said, "stagger the imagination. Transmission for 1,000 or 2,000 miles becomes a comparatively simple engineering problem. All America can be intertied with currents of one-half or one million kilowatts."

He presented design data, with costs per mile, complete down to clamps and hardware, for a 500,000-volt line to carry 1 million kw with 10 per cent loss from the Columbia River to Chicago, and at 700,000 volts to deliver in New York the

present total load of 1,500,000 kw, at a cost of 1 mill per kwh. He expected that many in the audience would see the demand for electric power grow in such measure that the Columbia River would have to supplement the local generating facilities in New York. Electric power output had doubled on an average of every five and one-half years between 1885 and 1938, and even if the rate of growth slowed up somewhat it would still increase in geometrical ratio and sooner or later the prophecy would be fulfilled.

Whether this was an insubstantial thing or fact foreseen, he had his immediate problems at Bonneville. There he had no such organization as in Seattle, where a group of devoted and able coworkers—W. J. McKeen, Glen H. Smith, Robert W. Beck and, above all, Mrs. Ross—had helped him build up a personnel machine that functioned almost as efficiently as the City Light generators. It takes time to create such an organization and executives who, like Ross, find it hard to delegate responsibility, are slower about it than others. Ross, even before Bonneville, always carried too much of the load himself. "Do not forget that I am entirely responsible in this," he wrote to his assistant when too many requests came in from people who wanted him to talk on Bonneville power. "There is no possible way that I can share my responsibility. In past years when I could share some responsibility my success was still through saying little or nothing, and getting action instead." He had not only Bonneville on his back, but Seattle still took some of his time, and when the public-ownership movement in Nebraska called on him for assistance he did not refuse it. In addition, his health was not what it had been.

Under the circumstances his accomplishments were remarkable. It was largely through Ross's efforts that the Roosevelt policy of making government power available in small quantities to residential and rural consumers prevailed at Bonneville over the opposed "zoning rate" policy. The latter, sponsored by the Chambers of Commerce, the large business interests, conservative Democrats, and anti-New Dealers generally, called for cheap power at the dam and higher rates in proportion to distance. The "postage stamp rate" advocated by the agrarian interests, labor, and liberal elements put the countryside on a parity with manufacturers near the dam. The rates Ross finally set offered prime power at the dam at $14.50 per kilowatt *year*, and he intended to limit this to 20 per cent of the total; the cost over transmission lines was to be only slightly higher—$17.50 per kilowatt year, regardless of distance. As for interties, Ross managed to get an appropriation for a 230,000-volt backbone line between Grand Coulee and Bonneville. He planned to develop the Grand Coulee market with Bonneville power and to turn it over to Grand Coulee on the latter's completion in 1942. The Skagit and other tie-ins had to wait.

On the retail distribution problem he could only make a start. "The union of the people in promoting the use of electricity" remained his objective. He had a profound sense of the cohesion of society, and he expressed it not only in words but in his whole life.

Ross died suddenly on March 14, 1939, of a coronary thrombosis, when he seemed to be recovering from an operation for intestinal obstruction at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. The news shook all Seattle. At the City Light offices work stopped short, many employees collapsed, and almost all were in tears. But in the great generating stations on the Skagit the alternators whirled on with unceasing energy, and upstream concrete was being poured on the third and last dam of the project.

So Ross returned to the Skagit. His ashes are immured in the granite at the Gorge, a few hundred yards from the plant. Attenuated by distance, the thunder of the turbines becomes here a

low, powerful hum, merged with high singing overtones and the rush of water. The music of power which Ross heard during his life is sustained over his grave. Nor does he lack visible memorials. There are the power stations and transmission lines, the mountain itself bears his name, so does the dam which is now being built, and the President has written the inscription for the bronze tablet which will mark the crypt.

Along the Skagit one is permitted to forget for a while that one lives amid the bitterness and humiliation of a failing economy. It was inconceivable to Ross that America should stop growing, should fail to find employment for willing hands and heads, and on the Skagit he left his answer to the gravediggers. The exhibit is of limited scope; it is, as it were, hemmed in by the canyon walls, but it is profoundly impressive. Every well-built power plant is inspiring in a certain sense: it represents a triumph of one phase of the human spirit, the triumph of functional, analyzing, scientific mind. It approaches perfection of form and function, it has its peculiar beauty, and it is enduring; as the machines are now built they can operate almost indefinitely. All this is as true of other great power installations as of the Skagit; for that matter Insull built some of the same interior excellence. But when one looks at most of them admiration is tempered by the thought of the fraud and victimization which accompany their building and use. The machines have been bent to purposes alien to the spirit of Faraday and Steinmetz and the thousands who labored for a century to bring them into being. But not the machines of the Skagit. By his purpose and character Ross gave his plants social dignity as well as technical splendor. As far as he could he created physical abundance and spiritual health in one organization and locality, and he died in the effort to extend the use of power for these ends. The country's problems will not be solved by cheap electricity alone, nor by Ross's example of good engineering, boundless energy, and a warm heart. But he left it a visible testimony of the strength of public enterprise under disinterested leadership which every American should note and remember.

ANDY AND THE VILLAGE VIRUS

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THEORETICALLY Andy Payson was one of those men at whom civilization should frown. Except for an almost forgotten year or so in the family steel-tube business and except for one Herculean walking trip through the Bavarian Alps, his entire life had apparently been devoted to the single aim of avoiding every possible form of physical effort. Even when he settled permanently in West Gosset he took up none of those hardy pursuits by which men of his sort, living in the country, are supposed to add color and purpose to their existences. He did not shoot, he did not fish, and when some doctor scared him about his liver he merely trudged one mile straight up the road, turned and trudged back again, as if to get the nasty business over as soon as possible. If left to himself he would have gone every day from breakfast to his favorite armchair and stayed there, with brief intermissions, until one or two o'clock the next morning. He did not even collect stamps.

Yet, oddly, everybody liked Andy, even the roaring, back-slapping sportsmen and the restless, unsmiling business men who during the house-party seasons flowed in and out of West Gosset. Possibly they secretly envied him his talents. More likely, they were never really conscious of any great lack of motion in the Payson household, for Molly Payson had enough energy for five or six people. After one of Molly's cocktail parties, with forty or fifty young-marrieds all clattering at once, it offered a charming contrast to come down the next morning and find Andy sitting in peace and silence alone in his armchair.

Yes, so far as men were concerned, Andy got along very well, but with the women of his acquaintance he was constantly having trouble. Women as a race hate to see anything unused or idle, especially masculine energy, and most of Molly's friends, like Molly herself, were incessantly prodding Andy to get out and do something. That by itself never bothered Andy, but they were also constantly "organizing" things—weird complicated parties, laborious picnics, and bustling, highminded affairs of community interest in which it would usually develop somehow or other that Andy was expected to do most of the work.

The result was that Andy had developed a tortuous technic to ward off these assaults on his rest periods. He never, for one thing, refused point-blank. He had learned long ago that that would only mean a two-day, tight-lipped silence from Molly. Nor could he, any more, depend on the crass and obvious device of buying exemption by offering to subscribe fifty dollars or to furnish all the ice cream. His favorite method was to agree loudly and enthusiastically at first but then to slip a gradual and subtle little series of monkey wrenches into the machinery of the proposition until even its original progenitors got tired and

abandoned it. He would discover just in time, for example, that the day scheduled for the Mountain Top Players was also the day of the Hambletonian race, and so of course everybody would be too tired to come. Or it would happen with uncanny precision that Andy's loudest and most intolerable aunt would decide to run up for a visit during the very week in which Molly had planned to open her house to the garden clubs of western Massachusetts. The fact that Molly was superb as a wide-sweep organizer but rather weak with a memorandum pad and a calendar made such devices almost childishly easy.

From years of this kind of border warfare Andy, like Wellington, had learned that no one device would fit every emergency, but, also like the Great Duke, he had learned not to wear himself out between alarms. For days and even weeks he could sink back into his beloved philosophic meditation, but his trained intuitions were always on guard, ready to signal to him the first signs of anything that sounded like public welfare.

In such a frame of mind Andy was sitting in his library one morning early in March, but possibly he had allowed his vigilance somewhat to relax, because it was from his point of view an absolutely ideal day. Outside it was raining sheets, great curtains of wintry water that rattled like hailstones on the piazzas and blanked out the half-frozen lake at the foot of the lawn. It was, moreover, one of those unimportant seasons of the year that Andy particularly loved. The snow was gone and so were the house parties. Not even the pussy willows had dared show their heads, while all the roads except the main highways could be depended upon to be hub-deep in mud. It was, in short, exactly the sort of day when other people might be expected—if ever—to stay at home and mind their own business.

Lulled by the happy little crackle of the steam radiators and the periodic rumble of the oil furnace in the cellar below him, Andy had begun to feel once more that the world was good and great, when suddenly the trained sentinels of his instincts set off their alarm and at once he was tense and waiting. A car had been heard coming up the driveway and, judging by the sound, the operator was someone unfamiliar with its bumps and gullies. Glancing to see that the door to the hall was an inch or two open, Andy listened and, scene by scene, began to construct the panorama of what was happening.

The doorbell rang—yes, it must be a stranger. The reluctant Monday-morning feet of Edwin, the colored butler, padded out from the dining room, but when a woman's voice spoke Edwin answered in his best stage-butler manner. Andy swallowed cautiously, for this always meant danger. Edwin's feet went up the stairs. Molly's feet came down. There was a moment of puzzled silence, then a chorus of squeals and embraces. This might mean much or it might mean little. There was still a chance that the caller was only one of Molly's old friends who had stopped in to lunch on her way back from Placid. On the other hand, Molly was free with her squeals and embraces. You could never tell to whom she might award them.

The voices passed on into the living room, where Molly's voice, which told nothing, became merely a series of approving ejaculations—"Well, isn't that wonderful!"—"I haven't seen her for ages!"—while the voice of the visitor, which might have told all, remained only a vague, although well-sustained, murmur. Outside, a fresh swirl of rain made the windows look like an aquarium. Reassured, Andy was about to settle back when abruptly all the bugles sounded. The visitor's voice had come to a stop and, clear as a bell, came Molly's favorite words, "We'll go and ask Andy."

Andy moistened his lips, pulled down his waistcoat, and took his feet off the little box ottoman. He was just warning

his cheek muscles to get ready for a smile when the door swung inward and Molly pushed into the room ahead of her—well, what Andy had to admit was the most unexpected vision that had ever been blown in by a March rainstorm. The visitor, in brief, was one of those slender, tallish, yellow-haired young women who manage to look extremely well-bred, extremely clever, and yet slightly racy all at the same time. Her plain tweed suit was impeccable; she wore not an atom of jewelry, even on her hands; her gray eyes were frank and humorous; yet Andy was conscious that, spicing the permanent leather and tobacco smell of his library, there was now a faint wisp of something not unassociated with a stage dressing room. From any or all of these things the visitor might still be one of Molly's ex-Junior League friends, but Andy had an instant feeling that in some way or other she was also a public figure.

He was right, as Molly was already bursting to explain.

"Andy, you remember hearing me talk about Fay de Rel. We spent that marvellous week-end together at Susan Steiner's—the time all those opera people were there."

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed," lied Andy. "How do you do, Miss de Rel?"

The gray eyes opposite him mocked frankly back at his obvious fiction. "How do you do, Mr. Payson?"

Miss de Rel's voice was just what might have been expected. It was low and contained but had a rather captivating husk at unexpected moments.

"And then," Molly rattled on, "you remember that we tried to hear her speak over the radio, but someone had taken out one of the tubes."

"Yes, I remember very well," replied Andy. He also remembered—now—who had taken out the tube.

"I was positively shattered," mourned Molly, "because really, Andy, she's the most marvellous person."

"Oh, please, please," begged Miss de Rel. "I'm nothing of the sort."

"But you simply are!" insisted Molly. She turned back to Andy. "She organized a social-information bureau all of her own and, practically singlehanded, she organized the national independent association of women's clubs. And now she's come up here specially to organize—"

"Oh," said Andy. "Suppose we sit down." He was beginning to feel a little faint.

Miss de Rel and Andy sank with equal willingness into leather chairs but Molly, still rigid with excitement, could do no better than perch herself on the edge of the ottoman.

"Honestly, Andy," she continued to exclaim, "I think it's the most marvellous idea I ever heard of! You know that people who live in the country have nothing to do in the wintertime—"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," protested Andy, cautiously. "We have to keep putting chains on our cars and taking them off again."

"*You* don't," laughed Molly. "You just leave the car in the mud and send for a wrecker. But, seriously, Andy, take a day like this. What in the world is there to do except go to a movie or hang round the house?"

"But you *like* the movies," said Andy. "And—er—what's the matter with the house?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," flared Molly. "I've heard you say it yourself a dozen times. Sooner or later everyone who lives in a place like this gets infected with the village virus. Some days we don't do one single thing except go for the mail. Now if people around here had something cultural in their lives—"

But Molly herself had not passed years in border warfare for nothing. She recognized perfectly well the lines of cloddish resistance that she saw developing in her husband's face and figure. Her voice trailed off and she turned to her expert for help.

"You tell him, Fay. You do it so wonderfully."

Miss de Rel's laughing eyes had not missed a hair's weight of the scene that was passing before her. Possibly she had seen the same sort of thing many times before. Tactfully she dallied until the musketry fire could die down. Reaching for a silver box on the table, she suggested, "May I?" and watched the first smoke from her cigarette drift up in slow, horizontal bars in the heavy heated atmosphere. When at last she turned to Andy it was with the easy, understanding air of one man of the world to another.

"It isn't really as dreadful as it sounds," she began. "And—forgive me, Molly, but the word 'culture' was the very first thing that was banned by unanimous vote of the central committee."

Andy relaxed slightly, but only slightly. All his outposts still remained on duty.

"You see," continued Miss de Rel, "what with income taxes, high city rents, new forms of transportation, and so forth, there are certain farsighted people in New York who believe that the social future of America—the real social and—and—"

"Cultural?" suggested Andy.

Miss de Rel laughed with him. "You almost caught me. Let's call it 'productive.' These people believe that the real social and productive life of America is going to be found more and more in the rural regions. And, assuming that that is so, they are interested in seeing that it develops in the right directions—that people in the country are shown how to build the right kind of houses, preserve their own local folk traditions, yet become aware of the most modern and vigorous thought of our times."

"Well, isn't that rather a long day's work?" murmured Andy. "Suppose they won't listen."

"Oh, they won't—at first," agreed Miss de Rel. "It will take years and years of the most subtle campaigning. We don't know yet whether it can best be done through books, through lectures, through movies, or what. In fact, my job at the moment is merely to make a first, informal survey. I am going round just looking things over, to find out what people in the country are doing *now*, what they are talking about, what they are thinking about."

"And what are they?" asked Andy. "I've often wondered."

"Well, to tell the truth," confessed Miss de Rel, "this is the first place I've tried. I only agreed definitely to take up this work last Thursday, but I remembered that Molly had talked fascinatingly about what she and her friends had already done to enliven rural life, so I decided that this might be an ideal place to begin."

"And it certainly is," agreed Molly, stoutly. "We need it badly." For some minutes she had been giving signs that the action was getting a little too slow for her tastes, so she gave it a shove. "You see, Andy, what Fay wants is to talk to a lot of different kinds of people—a leading farmer, a leading merchant, a leading minister, a high school teacher—"

"Key people?" suggested Andy.

His wife looked at him with something like awe. "Why, Andy, how did you guess? That's just the word that Fay used."

"Oh, I don't know," said Andy, modestly. "I suppose I was born for this sort of thing."

He looked at the windows and, as if the storm had been waiting to get his orders, about five buckets of water rolled down the panes.

"Of course," volunteered Andy, "I'll be delighted to do anything I can, but isn't this rather a poor sort of day to go looking for key people? They'd be hiding under stones or in hollow trees."

Miss de Rel was now laughing outright. "Don't worry. My one thought at present is to find some nice little inn where I can put up until I get my bearings."

"My dear, good girl, you'll do nothing of the sort," protested Molly. "After

that wonderful week-end do you suppose that I'd let you stay anywhere except here? I'll go right now and have them bring in your things."

She was already on her feet but, since the campaign was apparently on, Andy saw no reason why he should not begin to pick up a few of its spoils and perquisites.

"As for that, Molly," he suggested, "Miss de Rel must have had a cold, damp ride. Don't you think it would be an act of simple mercy to offer her a cocktail before lunch?"

Molly hesitated, for, lavish as she was with wine and spirits at her regular parties, she had never encouraged Andy's individual experiments in that direction, especially before lunch. Still, a guest was a guest and the great Fay de Rel was the great Fay de Rel.

"Why of course," she assented weakly, "if Fay would like one," but Andy had already seen the expression in Miss de Rel's eye and was half way out of the room.

"I'll get the ice," he called from the hall, "while Edwin brings in the bags."

When he returned with his tray Miss de Rel was alone and apparently content to remain that way indefinitely. Her head was resting luxuriously on the low back of her leather chair, her feet were crossed and extended comfortably in front of her, while her eyes were gazing thoughtfully at the unlighted fireplace. At the sight Andy paused and a sudden warm feeling began to come over him. It was strange—it might be just his imagination—but never in his life had he seen anyone who sat in a chair so exactly in the way in which he did himself.

Not even while he mixed the cocktails with subdued dexterity did the visitor speak or look up. Only when he had set her glass on the table beside her and lifted his own did she rouse herself, dutifully. She took one sip, then set the glass down again.

"Mr. Payson," she said, "I'm afraid that you don't like me very much."

"But I do!" protested Andy. "I was thinking about it just now. I was thinking that I had never seen anyone with a more natural talent for chair-sitting—complete relaxation without sloppiness, contentment without indolence. With proper training you should go far."

Miss de Rel smiled. "I take it that that opinion comes from an expert. But, anyway, you don't like my work."

"Do you like it yourself?" ventured Andy. "A born chair-sitter like you?"

Miss de Rel took another sip from her glass.

"A girl must live," she answered, "and occasionally buy a new pinny."

This side of the matter had apparently never occurred to Andy. "Do you mean to say," he asked, "do you mean to say that people pay you for it?"

"Of course they do. If I didn't have my living to make do you suppose that I'd ever stir out of my own apartment on a day like this? I'd simply put my feet on the radiator and make faces at the rain."

Andy brushed his hand nervously over his hair. "Why, that's pathetic!" he exclaimed. "That's what I call real human tragedy! I never realized that people went round organizing things because they had to. I thought it was just something funny in their blood—the way they might raise tropical fish or write letters to Hitler."

"It is with some of them," admitted Miss de Rel, "but they're mostly the people who put up the money. They get people like me to do the real work. Oh, please don't think," she added hastily, "that I don't do a good job once I've started. And I will admit that there are certain sides of it that are pleasant."

"You're very sporting," blurted Andy, looking down at the carpet, "but to me it still seems just sheer, stark tragedy."

"What seems to you to be sheer, stark tragedy?" demanded Molly, coming in the doorway.

"Oh, just a sad story that Miss de Rel was telling me," replied Andy, "one of those hidden bits of human heroism that you only find out about by accident."

Molly looked suspiciously from one to the other and then at the cocktail shaker.

"Your phrasing is good," she remarked, judicially, "but your tone is the one that you use when you're trying to lie to me. Well, anyway, finish up your drinks. Lunch is on the table."

Andy seized the shaker with a great show of good will. "But aren't you going to have one?"

"Just a tiny sip," said Molly, "just about half a one," but, as she always said that, Andy began to breathe normally again and, as usual, poured her a full glass.

The unexplained incident seemed to have slipped off into oblivion, for at the luncheon table Molly and Fay de Rel plunged at once into a vast sea of reminiscence: "What ever became of So-and-So?" or "Didn't you read in the papers what happened to *him?*" while Andy was glad enough to be left in silence, for he found himself facing a new and not unamusing situation. If this had been one of his ordinary skirmishes, if, for example, it had been merely a case of Sylvia McGregor or Helen Perrier trying to persuade him to dress up as Santa Claus at the Christmas celebration, he would have known already how to act. But he could no longer regard Fay de Rel as one of his natural enemies. Her strange confession had shown that she was, in reality, one of the enslaved minority, just like himself, forced by necessity to be jerked hither and yon by the bustlers and organizers. At the same time he could not afford to encourage her hideous trade. If Molly ever found out how good he was at rooting up key people she would have him do it the rest of his life.

Happily he was not forced to make a decision. As Wellington could have told him that it *would* be, his plan of campaign was tossed right into his lap and tossed, of all people, by Molly herself. After lunch Andy had gone up to his room and was fumbling round in his clothes closet when he became aware that Molly had followed him. Furthermore, although his back was toward her, something in the atmosphere told him that she had not come up looking for postage stamps. For a moment she remained staring blankly at the apparently empty room, then heard the rustling movements in the clothes closet.

"What in the world," she demanded, "are you doing in there?"

"I'm looking for my little black pipe with the long stem," replied Andy. "I had an idea that I left it in my evening clothes."

He fished the pipe out of a pair of braided trousers, which were hanging upside down on a rack, and walked into the open, displaying it on the palm of his hand. The completeness of his proof left Molly disarmed for a moment but she still did not leave the room. Instead she gazed morosely at the broken lines of water which were dropping past the windows from the eaves.

"I wonder," she mused, "if it's ever going to stop raining."

"I hope not," said Andy. "The farmers need it. And, after all, we've got pleasant company here, so what's the odds?"

This was all the introduction that Molly required.

"You and Fay," she hinted, "seem to have got pretty chummy before lunch."

"I wouldn't have thought of that word," answered Andy, "but I do agree with you that she's a remarkable person."

"And she's not exactly hostile to you," pursued Molly, cautiously. "She said that she had never known anyone who could size up a person so quickly. She also said that there was a certain something in this house that she had never found anywhere else."

"Well, that's very nice of her," replied Andy heartily. "For, you know, Molly, I suspect that life has not been any too easy for that young lady."

"Not too easy!" exclaimed Molly. "What are you talking about? Why! people all over the United States are just clamoring to get her."

"That may be so," admitted Andy, "but, just the same, from what I gather

she still has her own way to make in the world."

Molly laughed rather grimly. "I wouldn't worry about that. Susan Steiner tells me that she's one of the highest-paid women in New York. She has an apartment like something out of the movies."

"Yes, she told me about that apartment," said Andy dreamily. "It sounds very snug."

"Yes, I imagine it would—to a man," replied Molly.

She spoke so sharply that Andy looked at her in amazement.

"But, dearie, what's the idea?" he asked. "I thought you *liked* Fay de Rel."

"So it's got to the 'Fay' stage, already?" suggested Molly. Without waiting for an answer, she added, "Oh, I do like her—in a way, but she seems sort of different up here—kind of actressy."

Andy smiled to himself. "But one doesn't mind that. In fact I'd call it rather attractive."

Molly started to say something more, but Andy, with an air of intense preoccupation, was blowing through his empty pipe. He slapped the pockets of his jacket.

"*That's* brilliant!" he announced. "Now that I have my pipe I seem to have left my tobacco pouch in the library. Are you coming down?"

Again Molly started to speak but Andy was waiting gallantly at the door and there seemed to be nothing to do but pass out ahead of him.

In the library they found Fay in the same chair and in the same position in which Andy had found her before lunch, except that her head was a little farther back and her feet a little more extended. As the others entered she opened one eye in blissful content.

"I'm afraid," she announced, "that I'm getting the village virus. I don't want to move, I don't want to stir, I don't even want to lift a finger—ever."

Andy looked down at her with a kindly professional air.

"For two or three hours of just ordinary resting," he commented, "that position is all right, but if you are going into this thing seriously—here, let me show you."

With one hand he dragged over the ottoman. With the other he lifted Fay's ankles and placed them on it. He stood back to survey his work.

"There!" he explained. "That is the position that is favored by all the Grade A sitters in the world, both chair and porch. It leaves the head at ease, the fancy free to roam, yet at the same time it gives perfect support to the femur and the tibia."

Fay opened the other eye and looked up at him adoringly.

"*Maestro!*" she murmured.

A deep, mid-afternoon silence began to settle down, enriched rather than broken by the pleasant tinkle of the raindrops on the piazza roof. With as few motions as possible Andy slipped into his own chair and lighted his pipe, but Molly began to walk restlessly round the room. She straightened an ornament on the mantel, plumped up a cushion, then wandered to the window, where she stood, looking out.

"I've got an idea," she said without turning.

Furtively Andy allowed his eyes to wander toward Fay but found that her eyes had already wandered toward him. A look of mute agony passed between them.

"I suppose," continued Molly, "that it *is* too stormy for you and Fay to go riding round the country, but why couldn't we get three or four selected people to come up here? It might be better anyway. We could map out some sort of campaign."

Fay covered a yawn. "I'm in your hands, darling, but please don't take all that trouble just for me."

"It isn't any trouble. I'd be glad to do it."

Molly's words were honestly meant to be hearty but into her tone Andy's practiced ear could detect that the first, faint loss of enthusiasm had begun to

creep. If this were true the battle was as good as his. Furthermore, it would be the quickest victory that he had ever won. Still, it wouldn't do to push it too fast. Cautiously he signalled for his light cavalry to advance.

"Just whom did you have in mind?" he asked cautiously. "Whom were you going to ask?"

"Well, as a representative farmer," said Molly, "we ought to have Mr. Paige."

"Excellent!" agreed Andy. "Nobody else would do. But, unfortunately, he's in the legislature this winter and won't be home until Thursday night."

"Well, then, for a merchant," said Molly, "how about Sam Black?"

"Ideal!" said Andy. "The only trouble is that his son is at home with a broken ankle and so poor Sam can't leave the store."

Molly's voice had begun audibly to falter but she still kept valiantly on. "Then how about Mr. Lemore?"

"Only fair—for a proposition of this kind," said Andy, but before he could think of any genuine disability for the poor hardware merchant, Fay came galloping to his aid.

"Molly, dear," she interrupted, "it's terribly sweet of you to plan all this just for me, but, if you want me to speak frankly, it really wouldn't serve my purpose. What I want is to see these people in their own backgrounds—the farmer on his farm, the merchant in his store; see their buildings, their equipment, the other people who come and go. If we asked them up here all at once they would become stiff and formal, just like any other committee.

"I see," said Molly, listlessly. "If it really wouldn't be of any help . . ." She turned back to the window, stood silent a moment, then pulled herself sharply together. "Well, if we can't do anything for Fay this afternoon why wouldn't it be a splendid time to hang those new curtains in the sewing room?"

"It would," agreed Andy. "Perfectly splendid! I'll go up and help you."

Molly looked at him with an expression in which astonishment was followed by delight, for if there was one thing that Andy hated more than serving on a committee it was climbing up on chairs and nailing things to the walls. Nevertheless, his offer was perfectly honest, for, like all great generals, he knew how to treat a conquered people. He wasn't going to have any second Versailles.

When Andy came down, alone, it was already dark. In fact it had been dark for some time. The hall lights were on and in the library there was a glow from a single shaded lamp. Fay was in the same chair, but now she was sitting bolt upright, thumbing through a copy of *The Spur*.

"And how is it going?" asked Andy.

Fay looked up at him and this time both eyes were wide open.

"I'm afraid that I've got to disappoint you," she answered. "As a chair-sitter I shall never be ranked in Grade A. It was wonderful for an hour or so, but now, all of a sudden, I've begun to feel criminally active. I want to talk and laugh and generally do things."

"You needn't be discouraged," said Andy, "because that is one of the curious phenomena of the sitter's art. I myself have frequently noted that when the artificial lights go on I seem to become strangely alive, not to say ambitious. It may be a throw-back to some ancestor who was a night watchman. More probably it is because when the day is over all the other people are willing to sit down and be sensible."

Fay laughed softly. "Andy, you are absolutely priceless. You make me sorry that I am leaving to-morrow."

"Not to-morrow!" exclaimed Andy. "Why! to-morrow we're going to burn up the roads, pin down merchants and farmers, and come back with big bags stuffed full of data."

"Oh, no, we're not," replied Fay. She rose slowly from her chair. "I've thought up an excuse that will be perfectly smooth and plausible and I'm leaving the first thing in the morning."

"But why?" insisted Andy. "Is it because we didn't 'co-operate' enough?"

"No, it's not that," said Fay. She glanced over her shoulder, then took hold of both lapels of his coat. "Listen," she said. "I may be a professional pep woman but I'm not a monster. In fact, I like to think of myself as a bit of an artist. When I see something that is absolutely perfect of its kind I know enough to leave it alone. If I ever saw you addressing rallies or filling out questionnaires it would be a nightmare that would haunt me to the end of my days."

"That's a very decent way to put it," murmured Andy, "but Molly will be disappointed not to have you stay."

Fay smiled a bit wickedly. "I'm not so sure. You see, Molly has known me only when I was on vacation, with a bunch of saps. This is the first time she has ever really seen me at work."

Andy also smiled a bit wickedly. "At work at what?"

Fay patted the lapels of his coat, then dropped her hands. "What do you care?" she answered. "In any case it got you out of this mess."

She stood a moment and listened but, although no steps were heard in the hallway, she turned away almost gayly.

"Didn't someone say something about dinner at seven? I'd better go up and see how beautiful I can make myself."

"I'll observe with interest," replied Andy, "but make it a quarter *of* seven, if you don't mind. The true chair-sitter loves to linger and dream over his cocktail—not guzzle and hop."

For several seconds after she had gone he stood without moving and again he was conscious that there was something in the room beside tobacco smoke and leather. He walked to the window and, as Molly had done, stood looking out. Fifteen feet from the house was a black wall of darkness but at the end of the piazza a small arbor vitae tree could be seen in the light from the room, bending steadily away from him. The wind was still strong. It was still from the northeast and in New England that meant only one thing.

Andy chuckled happily, as his knee touched a warm radiator. To-morrow also would be a rainy day.

THE MILLIONTH MAP

BY EARL P. HANSON

As a poor map is a shabby collection of dangerous lies, so a good one is a thing of beauty and rugged integrity—especially to those who love the country that it depicts. There is, therefore, sheer poetry in a note in Desmond Holdridge's *Escape to the Tropics* in which he pays tribute to a map and to his wife, all in one breath. "It's a great pity," he writes, "that I'm not wealthy; were I, I would give handsome sums to the American Geographical Society of New York because it turns out fine maps, and to Smith College because it turns out fine women."

The great cartographers of the past have been honored as men who summed up the world's geographical knowledge of their day, charted its progress, paved the way for further advances, and showed again and again that the map is one of man's most beautiful inventions and most indispensable tools. To-day the place of the individual cartographer is taken by numerous organizations; maps are turned out by the thousands; we Americans have largely lost our "feeling" for them, except as we follow the oil companies' publications from one service station to the next, and "decorate" our homes with cartographic caricatures that are for some unfathomable reason considered picturesque. Only rarely now does a map appear that stands out above all the rest, commands respect for its beauty and adequacy, and paves the way for further advances, cartographic, economic, political, cultural. Of such the outstanding example of our time is the American Geographical Society's "Millionth Map of Hispanic America," to which Holdridge referred in his lyrical passage.

Conceived and begun in 1920 by Dr. Isaiah Bowman, then Director of the American Geographical Society, the map is a major effort to sum up the accumulated knowledge of the centuries about the topography and human geography of the vast area extending from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn—an area twelve million square miles in extent, or more than three times the size of the United States and Mexico together. It is called the "millionth" map because it is drawn to a scale of one to a million—about sixteen miles to the inch. Eighty-eight of its one hundred and seven sheets have been published; the rest are nearing completion. Completed and assembled, they would combine into one great map thirty-five feet high by twenty-eight at its widest.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the publication of a new comprehensive map was an exciting event of world importance, for it often affected the destines of nations in many ways. It summed up the results of past explorations and so shaped the course of future ones; often it divulged geographical secrets, such as sailing routes to the fabled East, that had for years been carefully guarded in the archives and secret sailing directions of this nation or that.

Similarly, the millionth map is to-day recording the progress and indicating the future advance of a new movement

of "discovery." In the present realignment of world affairs, the nations of the Western Hemisphere are drawing closer in a thousand ways. Talk of inter-American goodwill is in the air everywhere; thousands of North American tourists, business men, statesmen, and newspaper editors are delightedly discovering what had previously been a great *terra incognita* to the south of us. But the complex processes of such a continental acceleration of relationships cannot proceed by oratory alone. Facts are needed for international osmosis in all its many manifestations; and a map is the clearest and most concise method ever devised for the presentation of a multitude of regional facts. Much is hoped, for instance, from the construction of the Pan American Highway from Alaska to the Straits of Magellan; but even that one isolated venture cannot proceed except as adequate maps are in hand or made available.

It is not that there weren't enough maps of Latin America before the American Geographical Society began to compile a new one. The catalogue of such maps that was published by the Society as a byproduct of its cartographic venture fills four volumes and includes some 15,000 items, every one of which has had to be examined critically in the search for data acceptable for the millionth map. Some of those 15,000 maps served local areas well but were too restricted; some had once been excellent but were out of date; some were based on good surveys, some on bad, and some on poetic fancy. Taken by and large, Hispanic America had simply outgrown its cartographic representation. All that is changed to-day. *For no other continuous area of comparable size is there now a uniform map of such large scale and such quality of compilation and workmanship as the Millionth Map of Hispanic America.*

II

On every hand public, private, and commercial organizations are busily compiling and disseminating information about Latin America in the effort to speed up the "drawing together" of the Western Hemisphere. Through its millionth map the American Geographical Society has made itself perhaps the greatest of all assembling-plants for such information.

Only some of the needed data were found in the 15,000 maps referred to above; more were found in some 400 periodicals and numerous travel books in all languages, some of them running back for nearly a hundred years, that were searched for published surveys and regional descriptions. But the area in question includes 20 independent nations and some 14 colonies, dependencies, and the like, and all those various governments had invaluable cartographic materials in their files that had never been published or incorporated in any comprehensive map. Hundreds of oil companies, mining companies, construction companies, trading companies had, moreover, made surveys of specific areas which had never been published. Obtaining that material meant making the whole venture a co-operative one in which all interested parties were invited to participate.

In addition, explorers of one kind or another were constantly invading less-known and often unmapped portions of South America. They had to be persuaded to bring back cartographic loot; sometimes they were trained technically by the Society before they went out, in the effort to improve the reliability of their work.

"Surveying" new country means almost anything: beginning with the mere task of looking round and writing general descriptions of nature and topography. Men who travel in a hurry are sometimes able to make compass-traverses of their routes, keeping their eyes on their compasses as they go, noting directions, taking bearings on such landmarks as mountains, and estimating distances. Where larger parties go into the field for longer periods they may make "plane

table" surveys that cover greater areas than traverses and are the quickest means—aside from aerial photographs—of sketching topography with any degree of measurement and detail; and there are many other more exact methods, ranging all the way to the most highly precise geodetic surveys that take into account the curvature of the earth.

Assembling a vast multitude of such surveys, made by various methods and with varying degrees of skill and accuracy, is a major task in itself. Detailed maps of two adjacent areas may look beautiful, but when you try to put them together they simply don't fit. Rivers and mountains are cut in half at the borders, and the two halves often don't meet, either in the horizontal plane or the vertical. Cumulative errors have crept into one or both surveys; one or both must be skewed about—but which, and how much? There a search must be made for all available astronomical positions that tie as many specific sites as possible into the rigid worldwide grid of latitudes and longitudes. On the basis of a great network of such specific positions, fixing a number of isolated points in their proper places, it is often possible to adjust surveys of the areas in between.

Ordinarily, organized mapping should proceed the other way round, from the large to the small. In the United States, for instance, numberless astronomical positions are fixed *first* with the greatest degree of accuracy, and details in between are filled in by various means. But generally the funds for such work are not available until the region is already well known and has been exploited and developed to some extent. In more backward regions mapping proceeds more haphazardly, to worry the compiler who has to fit it all together into one unified picture.

Only recently I had an example of the diligence with which the A.G.S. searches for and examines its material. In 1932 I was making a magnetic survey of South America's interior for the Carnegie Institution of Washington. In Iquitos, two-thousand miles up the Amazon, the prefect asked me to measure the latitude and longitude of the city's plaza. Peruvian and Colombian boundary commissions of a few years before had been unable to agree on those co-ordinates, and his request was a *post facto* bid for arbitration. I adjusted my theodolite, got radio time-signals from Arlington, checked my chronometers, shot the sun mornings and afternoons, computed the results, gave them to the prefect, and forgot about the matter. Four or five years later, in New York, I had a telephone call from Mr. Charles B. Hitchcock, the present editor of the millionth map, asking for full details on how I had done the work. He had found my results in a Peruvian publication; they hadn't checked with others that he had found elsewhere; he wanted to discover what faith he might have in the accuracy of my work. The choice between the various sets of co-ordinates meant merely shifting Iquitos, at the most, an all but unnoticeable quarter of an inch on the map, dragging the Amazon River along, and adjusting other data to correspond. Yet no possible source of information was too obscure to be searched, and no lead was too insignificant to be checked in detail.

Pulling all the various governments and private agencies together in one cooperative undertaking was in itself a major task in diplomacy. Some of the governments responded from the very beginning with data, labor, and even with money; some held back for reasons of military secrecy, bureaucratic rationalization, or both; some resented "Yanqui interference" in matters that they felt themselves quite capable of handling alone. At the time of the map's inception Latin America was the scene of an intense rivalry among industrial concerns for oil, mineral, and other concessions; those who had spent an aggregate of millions of dollars for surveys were guarding the results as carefully as Spain had once guarded her sailing directions

to the Moluccas, to keep them from falling into the hands of her English rivals. Such widespread resentment and suspicion could be overcome only slowly, through a veritable bombardment of letters, telephone calls, and personal visits.

In 1924, when R. R. Platt, who was then the editor of the map, went south to present the problem in person to various governments, he was met with widely varying receptions, ranging from enthusiastic co-operation to obdurate refusal to have anything whatever to do with the scheme. His experience with one nation is indicative of the manner in which all have by now come round. There the refusal to co-operate was brought about by the unrelenting stubbornness of one high official, and there was nothing that Platt could do but return empty-handed to New York and begin writing letters. Eventually, however, there was a change in government. As often happens in the United States also, the dissenting official was sent abroad on a pleasant mission. He appeared in New York with the title of Assistant Secretary of War, accompanying a case of maps, survey notes, and similar things, and under orders to stay there until the A.G.S. had made full use of the cartographic material that he had once refused it so stubbornly. There again was displayed the fine sense of humor that Latin Americans so often show in the management of their public affairs.

In the archives of Puerto Rico Platt discovered excellent topographic traverses that had been prepared in secret by the Spanish army about 1880. In many other government offices the international search has similarly brought to light hundreds of long-forgotten documents in old files and packing cases, some of them historically priceless.

By now all opposition has disappeared and every government concerned has co-operated in varied ways. For instance, in 1927 the Society sent O. M. Miller to fill in a glaring gap by mapping some of the sources of the Amazon River in the Central Andean range west of the copper-mining district of Cerro de Pasco. At that time the Peruvian Government not only gave him all the transportation he needed but a military escort as well.

The resistance of a large number of commercial concerns was similarly broken down as they were brought to see that the new map would benefit all concerned and that they could trust the Society not to use information they wanted kept confidential. As an indication of the wealth of new material that was dug out by such means, I quote from the *Geographical Review* of April, 1927. "The unpublished surveys received by the Society in 1925 include 61,000 square miles of high grade topographic surveys, 32,000 square miles of less accurate topographic surveys, and 8,200 miles of traverses of various sorts; in 1926 there were received approximately 60,000 square miles of high grade topographic surveys, 30,000 square miles of less accurate surveys, and 7,500 miles of traverses." That means that in two years various public and private organizations had dug down and contributed new surveys of varying accuracy of an area about as large as Sweden, and linear traverses aggregating a distance equal to three-fifths of the way round the earth at the equator. And those were only two of the twenty years that the map has now been in preparation.

In my personal capacity as an explorer, I can whole-heartedly join Desmond Holdridge in his expressions of gratitude. I know not only that several rivers are now drawn in solid instead of dotted lines as a result of Holdridge's work in the field, but also that when he was in the interior of Dutch Guiana, his Djukka canoemen came to hate the millionth map cordially because its representation of the Tapanahoni River was so accurate that they couldn't get away with the well-known trick of stalling for more rest and longer employment by constantly warning of the dreadful dangers ahead.

Individual explorers have contributed

relatively little to the millionth map in terms of areas covered. The map, on the other hand, has contributed a great deal to the course, the encouragement, and the standards of exploration in South America.

It is axiomatic that the most important part of the work of any explorer is what he does in the library before he ever starts for the field. From that point of view the map represents one of the greatest single exploration jobs ever undertaken, to save explorers the bother of duplicating one another's cartographic work. There is the story, for instance, of the enthusiastic young man who announced that he was going to map "the unknown quarter" of Honduras and wanted to know if the A.G.S. was interested in publishing his results. "What unknown quarter?" one of the editors asked in some surprise. The visitor pulled out a map. "See?" he said, "there it is. It's blank on the map. I'm going to fill in that blank space." The editor said: "You ought to know that that map was published in 1904" (or whenever it was). He reached into his desk drawer. "Here," he said, "let me give you a new one where the unknown quarter is all filled in." That incident occurs again and again with many variations.

As the term is known through the widely heralded efforts of the numerous free lances who go afield for no other reason than just to go expeditioning, exploration has lower professional standards than perhaps any other legitimate pursuit. That is not because explorers have no brains; it is because exploration, unlike literature, painting, medicine, or engineering, is not bedeviled by any organized body of criticism, internal or external. Largely through the millionth map, the American Geographical Society is doing a great deal to change that state of affairs.

Explorers have discovered that there is kudos in having their observations accepted for the map, but also that the cartographers of the A.G.S. are not as gullible as most newspapermen. There are certain older but obscure maps of parts of Hispanic America that those cartographers have come to know very well because various explorers keep bringing in tracings or copies of them as their original contributions. On the other hand there are a number of men who find themselves held in high regard by various governments because their survey efforts were good enough to rate inclusion in the millionth map.

The wider implications of the map as an instrument of goodwill were ably summed up a few years ago by Isaiah Bowman. In his address before the second general assembly of the Pan American Institute of Geography and History he said: "It is one of the largest and probably also one of the most fruitful co-operative undertakings in science. It bears witness to the fact that the nations of the Western Hemisphere have the knowledge and the purpose to work together in advancing neighborly relations, in gaining information about their respective countries, and in consulting together as to how they shall advance from this point in a common effort to create and disseminate useful knowledge."

III

In 1493 Spain and Portugal divided the world between them, with the able help of Pope Alexander VI. The difficulty was that in those days there was as yet no sure way of determining longitude. Distances east and west depended on the judgment of individual mariners; Spain and Portugal were at loggerheads for decades over the position of the Moluccas, variously depicted as belonging to either nation, according to who did the mapping.

The baleful mistrust with which participants in modern South American boundary disputes often regard one another's maps bears witness that the same kind of ill-will can still be engendered by the same kind of nationalistic cartography. In the past twenty years,

however, more boundary disputes have been settled in Latin America than in any similar period in history, and undoubtedly the fortuitous availability of a new map in which all contestants could have faith was very helpful.

When Chile and Peru, for instance, undertook in 1925 to settle their long-standing controversy over the nationality of the Tacna-Arica area—a dynamite-laden problem that had hung fire ever since the War of the Pacific in 1879–83—the one cartographic basis for negotiations that both nations were willing to trust was the A.G.S. millionth map. Again it served in 1929 when Bolivia and Paraguay took steps toward the arbitration of their Chaco boundary dispute. When Peru and Colombia became embroiled in 1932 in a potentially bloody war over the Amazonian hamlet of Leticia both immediately sent for sheets of the millionth map, which were presumably used first for the fighting and then for the amicable settlement. In 1931–33 Honduras and Guatemala settled their often-turbulent boundary differences peacefully, on the basis of an A.G.S. map and such additional information as was obtained by a special boundary survey. To date the millionth map has been used in the arbitration of no fewer than seven boundary disputes.

In that rich but turbulent empire of the Upper Amazon that is often called the powder-house of South America, there remains to-day only one unsettled boundary problem, that between Peru and Ecuador, which has for years been flaring in hot feelings and bloody border clashes. In 1927 the Peruvian government issued a decree to the effect that no map or textbook would be admitted to the country unless it showed its boundaries as its government claimed they should be. The American Geographical Society protested on the ground that a scientific organization could take no political sides and could only show all boundaries as all contestants claimed them. As a result President Leguia issued a special order exempting the millionth map from the terms of the decree. A few months ago the Society issued the "Iquitos" sheet, showing the area that is so hotly in dispute between Ecuador and Peru; and now the betting is that Lima and Quito will soon sit down at the conference table, the new sheet before them, to iron out their differences.

On several occasions the compilation of the map has itself involved the diplomatically dangerous task of shifting boundaries. For a hundred years, for instance, the border between British Guiana and Brazil had been mapped on the basis of Sir Robert Schomburgk's surveys. In its office research the A.G.S. discovered flaws in those surveys and new data to replace them; as a result the Essequibo River was shortened and the border shifted to the loss of Great Britain and the gain of Brazil. Not only did nobody object, but a recent new boundary survey proved the map essentially correct.

But not alone in the matter of boundary disputes has the millionth map aided the cause of international relations. Latin American aviation, which has done so much toward "opening" South America and drawing the American nations together, has benefited. When James Doolittle made his first trail-blazing flight to Chile some fourteen years ago he used the map for guidance; when the old New York, Rio, and Buenos Aires Line was making aerial history along South America's east coast it used the same map. Whether Pan American Airways uses it to-day I do not know. Probably not. On long-established regular airlines maps give way in importance to radio beacons and the pilots' memorized knowledge of the country.

In U. S. road travel bus drivers do not need maps because they know their routes. That doesn't mean, however, that the oil companies are wasting their money in publishing their thousands of special road maps. Similarly the growing needs of aviation are now calling for large numbers of special maps to serve

the special needs of pilots. When the U. S. Hydrographic Office prepared its aviation maps of Mexico and the Caribbean areas it used the millionth map as its principal source of basic material. Again, when Brazil recently decided to prepare an aviation map of its country, one of its first steps was a request for sheets of the millionth map.

How important a good map is for aviation was demonstrated some time ago when a U. S. Navy flier was on leave in New York from Panama and stayed over an extra day for the express purpose of thanking the American Geographical Society. He had been in difficulties on a flight over Panama, had been caught over strange country with night coming on, and was faced with the prospect of a forced landing and overnight wait—with the possibility of a crash. On his map he had seen one possible way out—a gap in the mountains. He had headed for it, with a recklessness that amazes those who have worked with some of the older maps. Much to his delight he had found that it not only existed on paper but actually in nature as well. Multiply that instance by a thousand, project it into the picture of aviation as a rapidly growing world industry, and you can see the importance of trustworthy maps to pilots and passengers alike, along airways that are not equipped with beacons.

Many are the ways of peace and war that require maps for their guidance. When, for instance, the Texas Oil Company opened the now-famous Barco concession, against innumerable difficulties from the wild Motilone Indians and the sometimes wilder existing knowledge of the country, it not only contributed generous shares of facts to the millionth map but used it too. When I ascended the Amazon in 1932, the captain of the steamer *Victoria* begged me for the sheets of the millionth map that the A.G.S. had given me with the request that I check them against realities and that I tear the work of its cartographers to pieces if I could. He claimed that they were better than his own navigating charts.

So, just as the history of cartography in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was in a sense the history of man's geographical achievements in the age of discovery, the varied history of the Millionth Map of Hispanic America has been that of Latin America's present "opening," and of the growing international solidarity in the Western Hemisphere.

IV

The mapping of a country is never finished. Not only are some of the millionth sheets out of date even as they are published, in view of new surveys made and new facts made available, but any good map is in a sense only a preview of the next. "Science," says Isaiah Bowman, "recognizes no terminal points in investigation. Each advance furnishes a springboard from which to make a further leap forward." Already there is talk of another co-operative project, to map, for all Hispanic America, "comparable data in meteorology, water resources, economically important mineral deposits, soils, rock structures, culture and landscapes, archaeology and anthropology, plant and animal life, population, and the like."

As I write, my mind harks back to the grand crusading days in Washington in 1934, when "planning" was to save the nation and we planners struggled against the inroads of politics and time to gain some comprehensive understanding of regional conditions and problems. Some excellent special atlases of the United States were available, published by the Department of Agriculture and other agencies. Nevertheless we worked day and night, mapping everything pertaining to our quest, in order to get into digestible shape the facts that were needed for planning. Often a map is the only adequate bridge between facts and ideas. We mapped populations and changes in populations, farm tenancy and changes in farm tenancy, climate and changes in climate to which social problems could be traced, standards of living, navigating

problems and their social implications, and the like. Hurriedly we began what could, if ever completed, become an atlas invaluable for the understanding of the United States and what makes it tick.

The United States has its excellent U.S.G.S. maps, based on original surveys but too large in scale and too detailed for a number of important purposes, and not completed for the whole country. I am told that the Coast and Geodetic Survey is preparing a new nationwide aviation map on a scale of 1:500,000; while extremely valuable, it will be designed for the needs of one special purpose to the exclusion of others—like automobile road maps. Excellent general maps of a few States have been issued on a scale of 1:500,000. But the traveler who comes to-day to the United States and wants a good map to pore over as he goes along can find nothing equal in all-round utility to the millionth map that is now available to the traveler in Hispanic America. For the next-best thing he is referred, for the important qualities of beauty, accuracy, and clarity, not to an American atlas, but to the sections devoted to the United States in the German *Stieler's Handatlas*, *Andree's Handatlas*, or the excellent *Atlante Internazionale della Consociazione Turistica Italiana!*

The A.G.S. millionth map has to date cost some $400,000; a similar one of the United States would cost very much less, partly because we have only one-third of the area, partly because we have three times as many facts much more readily available. Our Federal and State governments, our map publishers and other interested organizations, might do worse than to follow the lead of the pioneering scientific society on New York's upper Broadway, which has not only produced one of the most competent and beautiful cartographic jobs of our day, but has, in so doing, brought together some thirty nations and many hundreds of commercial concerns and individuals in co-operating toward a mutually beneficial end.

AMERICAN SUMMER

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

In the early eighteen-hundreds Thomas Jefferson sent abroad the skeleton of a giant moose to prove to a skeptical Europe that animals (including man) did not always degenerate in the climate of the New World. We in America have always been subject to misconceptions like that, and still are. In a battling Europe no one now doubts our power and resources, but they do suspect our nerves. They think of us as a restless nation constantly driving ourselves in the attempt to get rich, always pushing ahead with no clear idea as to where we are going, and therefore deficient in judgment and fixed purpose, and easily influenced toward any course of action which promises excitement and a release of energy.

I am paraphrasing in these sentences a dozen foreign books written in the past twenty years about America. Indeed, this conception of America is a journalist's idea, picked up from reading, or from seeing the United States in its go-getting days, or from more recent visits to the great cities in the strenuous time of the year. But there is, or was, a great deal of truth in the opinion nevertheless. As one looks back to the get-rich-quick period which began after the Civil War, or reads the biographies of the promoters, industrialists, politicians, and financiers in the robber-baron age, it is impossible not to observe a neurotic strain in American history. These would-be millionaires who never relaxed were setting a direction for the country which could only lead toward some kind of a nervous breakdown. Among the leaders there was no time for domestic happiness, no energy left for the pleasures of culture or education, no objective except more power. And the industrial and financial part of America was geared to their ideals. All this Henry Adams saw clearly, and it accounts for some of the pessimism of his famous autobiography.

That a change has come no one will deny. The fact that the go-getting predatory age has become somewhat legendary, and is having books written about it, would be proof in itself. Whatever else may be true of this country, it is not now living on its nerves.

The reasons for this psychological change are numerous—some economic, some educational. I propose to discuss here only one, but that one, in spite of its obviousness, is the least discussed of all the changes in American life. In the books on the social history of the United States which have been written in the past decades, I do not remember a single mention, except in passing, of the deep influences upon American *mores* of our new way of life in summertime. I believe that American summer is a factor of first-rate importance in understanding America as it is to-day.

The great change in our habits of living, and, as a result, in our psychological attitudes, has come, first, from a gradual, then, a rapid sharing of the way of life of a few by thousands and hundreds of thousands. Thanks to the automobile, thanks to a slow adaptation to climate, thanks to a wide increase in prosperity,

and thanks to the unprecedented growth of our cities, something very important has happened to the life of the average American.

Summer in America in, let us say, the eighties and early nineties, was still a climatic rather than a psychological experience. Whatever may have been true of the rich in Boston or Chicago or New York, or of college professors with a three months' holiday, the average American in a small town or city did not much change the routine of his life. Summer was just an arc in the year's cycle of routine, the season of cotton underdrawers, straw hats, and vacations. On some hot day in early June the American house of the class that regarded itself as typically American began to prepare for summer. Upholstered chairs and sofas were dressed in their summer pajamas of holland striped in cool colors, the tall parlor mirrors and the chandeliers were draped against flies, and over each bed a great canopy of mosquito netting was hung from a hook in the ceiling. Back and front doors were set ajar on chains, shutters were barred from morning to evening, and the house became a grotto of shaded light, smelling faintly of cool drinks, moth balls, and palm-leaf fans.

Yet this domestic change had little effect upon the routine of American life, which was not then represented by the rich with villas at Newport, or the small professional class in the great cities or the intellectual centers, who were already spending their month to three months in "summer homes," or in trips abroad, or on excursions into the woods like that famous earlier one of Emerson's into the Adirondacks, when he was said to have carried a gun that threw a ball from one end and shot from the other. Vacations for the vast majority of both men and women in these years were brief. A week was the usual allowance for a business man, and two to three weeks were the measure of the family's absence from home. These were spent usually at a "summer hotel" on the beach or a mountainside, where mother rocked in the long line on the columned porch and learned with surprise that home life in Michigan was much like her own; and father hurried up for a week with his outing shirt and a basket of spoiled peaches, and was back again before he had time to get sunburned. But for all the rest of the long summer, neighborhood life in city or town went on in summer as in winter, with no sharp alterations in its rhythms. Most people were at home most of the time. I find in my own memories of summer in the eighties and nineties a vivid recollection of the glories of the summer hotel, with its darky waiters, but this was an interlude only in the hot routine of summer life at home. Except for the climate, we were still Europeans in those days, thinking of summer as the time for a brief vacation, *les vacances*. It was scarcely a change in life.

II

The change began in my own youth, just before and during the early nineteen-hundreds when, in spite of panics, price levels and wages and distributed income were all steadily rising. It was then that what had been the luxury of the rich and the opportunity of professors, ministers, and specialists in medicine began to be adapted to American middle-class life in general. It was in these years that working hours for the white-collar class (literally white-collared then) as well as for laborers began to be sensibly shortened. As late as the winter of 1908, in an industrial New England city, I would hear the tramp of thousands of workmen before daylight on their way to a great factory, and know that the office force too were on their way to their desks. My father in the eighties was at his mill by seven and came home after six. But by 1908 this was an anomaly and recognized as such. Hours were shortening everywhere, and the one week's vacation was lengthening to two. As a result of increasing leisure, nearby beaches and

lakes which the trolley could reach were being looped with flimsy wooden cottages. Until the hurricane blew them down there were thousands along the New England coast whose architecture and decoration dated them as of the 1890–1910 era. It was in these years that summer "clubs," like the famous Lake Placid Club, and Onteora and Twilight in the Catskills, began to flourish for families who wanted to live in a summer community which was not a row of rocking chairs on a garish hotel piazza but a replica of the companionship of home.

The great shift came, however, with the automobile, which made access to the summer country possible for everyone. It can be dated roughly from the middle to the end of the war of 1914–1918, when the automobile ceased to be a luxury and became a public utility. In the rural Connecticut valley where I spent the summers of the first war years, we could still be called to the windows by the cry, "There's an automobile passing." By 1919 a car (still stored in winter) had become a familiar necessity even for people of moderate incomes.

The first result was a wide extension of summer opportunities. The semi-rural life of the commuter who had to live near a railroad station became available to hundreds of thousands who could spread into the adjoining country and give to all of their summer life some of the attributes of vacation. Around the smaller cities, the motor suburbs, reached by car only, began to crest the hills and fill the valleys beyond the city line and outside of the area of tense living.

The country regions beyond the commuting areas responded to the new transportation with what must have seemed, to old inhabitants, incredible changes. Inns sprang up or were revived everywhere—Tumble Inn, Come Inn, Uneeda Inn, as well as the more dignified Berkeley Arms or Lion's Head. These were for the tourist, as also were the wayside cabins, by thousands, which, in a favored region like Cape Cod, filled nightly in summertime. The old homestead was brought back to paint and a hard prosperity as a tourist home. Ma kept it clean and cooked the meals for the nightly visitors. Pa cultivated the garden and, in shirtsleeves and collarless, told stories of old times to the guests, when "Americans ran this town" and Vanderbilts or Astors drove four-in-hands down the street. And so it went, except for the four-in-hands, all across America.

But much more significant for the slackening of tension in American life was the transformation of great areas, sometimes whole counties, into residential property. This was most marked in New England and in parts of the Middle States where the process had begun long before, but the habit spread westward from the Atlantic and eastward from California until every city had its hinterland within easy automobile run. In the plains States, such as Nebraska, where there was no country suitable for cool summer life, this hinterland became the Rockies, a long day's journey at top speed, but still a summer suburb of Lincoln or Topeka.

Most noteworthy was Connecticut. Its shoreline, easy of access by boat, train, or trolley, had filled up long before with the first increase of leisure for the small-income class. But now all western Connecticut, from the hills just back of the Sound up the Housatonic valley and on into Massachusetts, changed its character from a region of deserted farms and a declining agricultural life to a deer park, forest reserve, and region of converted farmhouses and new summer homes, some tiny, some immense. Land values in the back country, which had averaged about seven dollars an acre in 1920, began a slow and steady rise until, by the thirties, they had reached sixty dollars an acre for good residential sites with available water and a dirt road. In populous and easily accessible districts the increase was much greater. In Bucks County, Pennsylvania, in the North Carolina mountains, on the

Michigan lakes, on the dry heights of the Southwest, summer homes appeared where there had been only shacks or wilderness before. Thanks to the automobile, increased wealth, and more leisure, the American of the middle class began to have two homes instead of one and to adapt his life accordingly. Curiously enough, the financial cataclysm of 1929–1932, instead of ending this pleasant way of life, furthered it. There were thousands out of a job who found that they could live more cheaply, at least for most of the year, in their adapted farmhouse or forest cabin. They had kept their cars when so much else was swept away, and, with a car, summer life in simplicity could be stretched from April to November.

The summer habits of the Americans who thought of themselves as typical had definitely changed. Vacation, even for the bread-winners, came at least every week-end, if not every night, and was spent on the road, or pottering about a woodland cottage, or on the beach. Activity, unless the activity of motion on wheels, or a round of leisurely golf, was not what most of the new summer Americans were after. They had taken off their suspenders and put on their belts, or exchanged stockings for socks, and, though it would have seemed incredible to an earlier generation, were seeking just relaxation. While the English were still taking their weeks off to climb or shoot or travel, the American, in a hot climate, was changing for the season from coffee to iced tea, from stiff shoes to crepe soles, from a fast walk to a slow one, from a plastered house or apartment to unsealed walls and a porch by a lake, most of all, from a taut mind to an easy one. He had discovered the nature of his environment, as Thoreau urged him to do nearly a century ago, and was playing with the American climate instead of against it. For we have throughout most of this country an atmosphere which, from September or October to April or May, is perhaps the most stimulating in the world; and, from late spring to earliest fall, surely one of the most relaxing. When the American began to relax with his weather American summer became a national characteristic of great social importance.

III

The customs of this new summer life are more familiar than its significance. Yet I doubt whether the extent and variety of the change is realized. I know one hard-working family—these are college people and the husband is free from routine all of the summer months—who load a flat-bottom boat in June with bare necessities and pole up an old logging backwater in Maine to an island on a remote and trailless lake, where they live like their immigrant ancestors until the frosts. And I know a woman in a publishing house, with only two weeks of actual vacation, who keeps her car ready packed at the door, and every week-end, and many afternoons in summer, points north, east, west, or south through the late afternoon until some tourist home attracts her for the night. Men who, in winter, would telephone an electrician to come to put in a double plug, tinker their free days through in the summertime, shingling, rolling logs for cabins, brushing paths, hanging doors, or drifting in sailboats off the beach. Women whose social and intellectual calendar leaves, in other seasons, no hour free between ten and midnight, in summer can be found in cottage kitchens, or bottoms up in a sparse mountain garden, nursing seedlings and pulling weeds.

Of the pathology of leisure and relaxation I do not write here. That rambling population on wheels, chugging from Michigan to Florida in search of cheap living and an occasional job, with no home but a trailer or a tent—this is as much the evidence of an economic disease as of a psychological escape from too much intensity. Nor am I trying to describe the American summer of the proletariat, on Long Island or New

Jersey beaches or the Chicago lake front, which deserves a chapter of its own. The changes here are just as significant but they do not, to the same extent, represent the American character, which is still typically middle-class. Nor do I forget the farmer. For him American summer means only more work and a much needed addition to a shrinking income. I write of the Joneses —the business men, lawyers, professors, doctors, club women, bridge players, Rotarians—the three thousand dollars to fifteen thousand a year folk, who are to be seen in hotel corridors, who shop in the big department stores, live in apartments or single houses, go occasionally abroad, and are still what most writers, and especially Europeans, mean when they talk of the American.

And parallel with this new summer life which the automobile, increasing means, and greater leisure made possible, are two other characteristics of American summer which help to make it different from any other summer in the world. The first is the children's summer camp, which, beginning in a small way in the eighties, has become a national industry. It is probably safe to say that if the Boy Scouts, who spend only a week or two in their camps, are included, over a million American children, perhaps nearly two million, go to camp every summer. Porter Sargent's handbook listed, in 1933, 3,485 organizations and private camps for children, and of these a large number were of the now familiar variety —organized communities with counsellors, usually on a lakeshore, where children live in tents or cabins from six to eight weeks in the summer. For the children, this is just an extension of the privileges of the child of the very rich who had a lake and a cabin, fishing and sailing, on his father's private place. For the parents, it means of course a different summer life—a slackening of tension, more freedom to tour, to live away from home, to rest in farmhouses too quiet, too remote for children's happiness.

IV

It was not the extension of leisure which caused this summer development, although the increase in American wealth made it possible. Nor was it the automobile. The children's camps are clearly a result of the growing urbanization of America. The pleasant summer life I knew as a child, in a town of shaded houses and deep back yards, with the country at the back door, and freedom to ramble, has changed for hundreds of thousands of middle-class families into packed existence in a high-built city, surrounded by suburbs, where the typical life is in an apartment or a tight-squeezed house. No place for the children there in summer except the streets, and so off they go, when their parents can afford it, to a cabin settlement in a spruce grove, with play and competition all day long and stories at night. But this is a development in *mores*, as striking in its way as the education of Persian youth, or the grand tour of the young English aristocrat of the eighteenth century. Strange that sociologists have made so little of it.

Another characteristic of American summer is the summer school, which now may mean anything from a summer session of a great university to a school of writing or dancing set up on a mountain top or in a pine grove. As the college population began to increase by incredible numbers, it was natural that the summer period should come to be used for education. Economic pressure no longer necessarily sent the youth of sixteen and over to work when school closed. And there were thousands of adults, teachers many of them, who wanted more education and could not take time for it in the busy seasons of the year. Hence the summer school, which has now become another national industry. I do not propose to enter into the complex task of describing its ramifications, but wish to note here a characteristic of all summer schools, except, possibly the "fourth term" of great urban

universities. Summer-school life is a summer life. Its education is usually a relaxed education, conducted in relative leisure, amidst pleasant surroundings, with, usually, an organized social life. It is essentially a blend of work and vacation, and thus another instance of the release of tension, the psychological change, which comes with American summer.

I said the American summer is important psychologically. It might be more accurate perhaps to say that it is important physiologically. Our European visitors are right—the rush and strain of life in American cities, the noise, the constant telephonic interruptions, the incredible engagement lists of middle-aged women, the harassed rush-about of young mothers trying to give their children every advantage, the artificial tension of go-getting salesmen, the shrieks of newspapers, the sensationalism of the movies—this kind of life seems, and is, impossible of long continuance in anything approaching real sanity. Inner life subsides to a murmur, thoughts never range free. Of those three great physicians recommended by a medieval philosopher, Dr. Repose, Dr. Temperence, Dr. Jollity, the first never gets inside the door, the second has changed his dose to cocktails before every meal, the third sounds more like hysteria. I have lived much for many years in New York, and never remember noting in the busy seasons but one thoroughly relaxed man in a public conveyance, and he was a Negro laborer, just from the South, who began to laugh at his own thoughts, and soon had a carful of people giggling shamefacedly with him.

But this life does not have a long continuance. Our busy year, thanks to American summer, has become a nine months' year and tough nerves can stand a good deal for nine months. Nine months of strenuosity, three months of let down, if not of actual vacation, that is the standard experience now of the middle-class American—perhaps of all urban Americans.

V

There is a curious bit of evidence that in spite of the increased tempo of our nine months of bustle we are showing fewer physical signs of nervous strain than did the last generation. If there was one thing upon which Americans and their foreign writers were agreed in the nineteenth century, it was that our national disease was nervous dyspepsia. But dyspepsia is evidently subsiding, indeed it is questionable whether the youngest generation knows what the name means. The typical American is no longer lean and ribbed of face, like Uncle Sam—a sign of dyspepsia. He has become typically as paunchy as the Germans, though, fortunately, not so thick about the neck. He is round-faced and of good color. Nor are the women pinched-faced and sallow like the New Englanders of earlier years, who got their complexions from nervous tensities and not from pie. Colic, hangover, flatulence, constipation are still common, to judge from the advertisements, but that gnawing of the vitals and constant malnutrition which comes from lifelong pushing to be rich, to be successful, to keep up with the Joneses, is no longer an American plague. We lunch on the cold horrors of a soda-water counter, and still keep plump of body and active in nerve. Soda mints, which used to be kept in every vest pocket and lady's reticule, have given way to sedatives, which are intended to slow down the car before the oil gives out. We stop just short of dyspepsia now, and if our nerves suffer it is from more specialized ills.

I have little doubt that the chief cause is American summer. Reading a recent French book on America, I reflected, as every French reader must have done, that no type of man or woman could last under such compulsions to be active day and night as were described there. The answer is, that for most Americans the compulsions lose half their driving power in the summertime. The French-

man had gone home too early. He did not wait to observe us when the summer life had let down the tensions, soothed the nerves, and brought most of us back to consciousness, at least, of the quieter rhythms of nature. Even the motorist in the summer country feels the slow curves of the hills, sees the drift of the clouds, and hears when he stops—as stop he must sometime—the quiet of fields and woods. Even the most energetic of women lets down when it is too hot to dress, too humid to play bridge or go to lectures, too relaxing to be anything but easy in body and comfortable in mind.

New York is certainly not America, but it is certainly the emphasis of America. Whatever is stirring in the American consciousness gets expression there, which is why writers and artists are drawn to a city which was never built to make them feel at home. And I think the phenomena of American summer can be seen in New York as significantly as on the highways, woods, or beaches. New York is never on vacation, yet it changes for summer like a woman for a love affair. Clothes, faces, movements, voices, thoughts, all go through a seasonal alteration like the easy oncomings of middle-age. I have often amused myself on Piccadilly in London by turning the eyes of the mind to Fifth Avenue or 57th Street. Invariably my pace accelerates, I draw abreast of my fellow-walkers with a compulsive stride that leaves behind legs longer than mine. But it was a winter or autumn New York of the imagination that increased my tempo. In summer, even at the noon hour, the pace of the city relaxes. The cars on a half-empty Park Avenue burr instead of roar. On the side streets the children, in wisps of garments, have taken the sidewalks for their own, the janitor sits on his steps in his undershirt, the doorman at the apartment house has no collar under his coat, and along the window sills of the tenements the housewives lean lazy breasts. The country, so remote in winter, comes back to town on the plodding feet of horses drawing wagons of flowers for window boxes, and green vegetables. But the most noticeable evidence of American summer in the city is the outward tide toward beaches and country cottages, recreation, refreshment, and rest that, at four o'clock, begins to suck a vast population into subways, trains, and boats. It is indescribably different from the commuters' rush of wintertime, as different as is the return tide in the morning, of brown, vigorous men and women, smelling of fresh air and flowers. In their nightly absence Fifth Avenue becomes a lover's strollway, and idlers hang on the railings of Radio City and the park. And this city-wide mood of pleasant yielding to humidity, heat, and evening opportunity lasts from June to Labor Day. It is the poppy and mandragora, the bromo selzer and alka selzer, the soft music and mental healing of our over-strenuous American life.

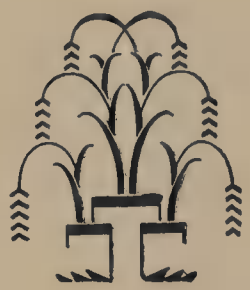
And now, to prove that this change in American *mores* is no reversible phenomenon but a real change from the old philosophy of the Americans of whom many died but none retired, comes the American winter holiday. The winter vacation in the South, once a luxury of the rich, then a necessity for vagabonds on wheels escaping a coal bill, has become an aspiration for most Americans. Indeed, with many it has been substituted for the summer vacation, and for very apt reasons. With life in the summer now relaxed, even in the cities; with long week-ends (Friday to Monday in many industries); with the car at the door and the family at the cottage, it seems better to keep at work through the pleasant summer life, and break the hard, go-getting winter with a week or two of complete vacation on a Southern beach. Millions already do it. And week-end vacationing has spread also to the winter. Here the point is toward north instead of south. The ski-train and automobiles, ski-loaded, take youth by tens of thousands to the snowy hills each Saturday and Sunday, and already

new types of inn and tourist home have spread north of the snow-line to accommodate escapists from routine.

Skiing is for youth, and to call it relaxing is perhaps a contradiction in terms. And winter vacations in the tropics are likely to remain always a luxury. In our climate it will be summer, properly lived and played with, that will chiefly serve to ease the tension in American living. When I was a boy a soft-collared shirt was called a baseball shirt, and was *infra dig.* for adults in business or the home. A belt was something to be worn on a bathing suit, and Saturday afternoon was like any other afternoon, except for boys and girls. There was something a little indecent about a turned-over collar, even when stiff, and ladies' black, ribbed stockings showed a lumpy circle above the shoe tops, even in mid-summer. Only the children made an American summer for themselves.

Now most of the country turns young and easy-going in summer. Or, to put it less romantically, we relax into the yielding attitudes of youth at the end of every spring in a reaction against the nervous strain of winter, and in preparation for a new year. Psychologically, New Year in the Eastern and Midwestern United States comes on the day after Labor Day—a little later in the South—on the Pacific coast, perhaps at the end of the rains. January 1st is an arbitrary date; early September is when most Americans pull their zippers, tighten their neckties, take a long breath, and begin to hustle. New jobs, new expectations, new thoughts begin for them in September. Our energies, relaxed and restored in the long summer, revive with the first red leaves on the swamp maple, and the first flocks of southward moving birds.

If the foreigners who visit us will stay until summertime, as they never do, they will learn why we still survive, grow fatter not leaner, and actually, after three centuries of pursuing manifest destiny toward the Pacific and back again, seem to be developing an experimental philosophy of life. American winter—old-style—nearly extinguished the immigrant pioneers of our first century. American summer, new-style, will quite certainly save their descendants from the nervous disintegration prophesied by every European critic who has never seen us when the nights and days are hot.



A SMALL BOY IN A FEMALE COLLEGE

PART II

BY JOHN ANDREW RICE

I BECAME a college boy at the age of seven, suddenly jerked from childhood into an adolescent world. (All colleges are essentially adolescent. That is why they are uninteresting to adults, and get endowments from arrested alumni.) My father having become president of Columbia Female College, I was living under the same roof with some two hundred girls. I now endured school with lofty patience and minor application; the tasks were easy and my age-fellows, from whom I drew away to enlightened company, were not half so knowing as I —except in regard to certain matters of course, as to which we pooled our misinformation. As soon as the leaving bell rang I raced back to college, thirsty, if not for knowledge, at least for attention.

I was unpleasantly precocious if I can trust those who knew me then, sticking my nose into everything with tranquil insolence and relying upon the general fear of my father as fortification. When these did not work I became a child again and blubbered. But underneath my arrogance I was really very small and scared and curious. I went to some of the college teachers in my hope of learning, quite unprepared for the attitude I found, the assumption that no one really wanted to know what they had to teach, and I began then to suspect that they had never wanted to learn anything themselves. And I have never yet become inured to the shock of rediscovery that most teachers are mere jobholders.

I tackled music. Professor Brockmeyer, who spoke with a German accent and wrote a capital B with a flourish, both novelties to me, received me with official interest and took me into a practice room where there was an antique piano with keys the color of Uncle Melt's tobacco-stained teeth. He gave me a piece of paper with horizontal lines printed on it and elliptical notes that all looked alike. These also were something new, for I had never looked carefully at any music except hymn books with shape notes, such as were used at singing school in the country. I was told to look at certain notes and hit certain places on the keyboard; then the professor went away and left me to become a musician. I tried it several afternoons and was about ready to give up and become something else, when he came into the room looking for a piece of music he had lost and found me in tears. I told him I was sure that was not the way my cousin Gaston had learned, and besides the piano sounded funny. "Funny!" he roared, "Funny! I don'd know whad you mean," and he shoved me off the stool and took my place. Then he pushed back his coat sleeves and assaulted the old piano, making it groan and squeak and spit strange noises under the fury of his attack. When he had finished with a savage blow that left him gasping he turned to me and squeezed out, "Brahbs! You call dad funny."

When I had learned from the music

teacher how to make a capital B I took up art. The fluttering teacher specialized in charcoal and water color; I tried both. I drew horned stags at bay, though I had never seen one, and castles, which of course I had known only from illustrations to *Ivanhoe*, and bunches of grapes in midwinter, all invisible or invised. When memory and imagination lagged she had us draw plaster casts of antique feet and other seemly parts of the human body.

The use of water color was taught in the same general fashion: we always painted what was not there, and it was this pedagogical principle that finally caused me to give up art, not disappointment; for by this time—I was about eight—I had begun to regard all methods of teaching as belonging in the special classification of "Acts of God," untouched and untouchable by reason. I gave up art because it led me into the sin of theft.

Miss Vance told us to paint an iris. They were of course out of season, but I remembered exactly how the iris in Lynchburg looked. I quickly sketched one in and got ready to color it when I found that I had only a bright blue left, my red was all used up, and I could not get the purple I wanted. The teacher saw I was in trouble and solved the difficulty instantly, to her own satisfaction. "Why!" she said gayly, "I think it would be nice to paint a bright blue iris, don't you? Try it." I painted it for her, bright blue and monstrous; but when class was dismissed in the late afternoon I hid in a nearby closet until everyone was gone, and then I sneaked back into the studio and stole some red from a neighbor's box, and made that iris a deep rich purple, the way it ought to be. But in the moment of elation terror struck into me, for I realized that I might be asked next day how it had turned purple over night. Inside I felt morally and æsthetically right, but I knew I could never bring myself to attempt public explanation, so I never went back.

A tentative approach to the French language became nothing more; life itself was irregular enough; I wanted something fixed. I found it in botany, but I found also, what most botanists do not yet know, that it was in the main name-calling, really the study of another language. Cowslip and jimson weed, familiars of mine, issued from the thin lips of the thin young instructor confusingly translated into Latin. To him plant and flower were not to be looked at and smelled and felt, but grimly dissected and classified. I gave up; this was no better than school.

There was, however, unsystematic knowledge to be got through eye and ear and nose. I developed an unerring nose for the contents of packages which the girls received from home. Whenever mailman or express wagon came with them I was on hand to inspect and whiff and choose new friends from among their owners. As soon as a girl had taken hers upstairs I followed and knocked on the door about the time I judged the lid would be off the box. Casually and with the look of one on nothing bent, I entered, and thereafter was a steady visitor until the box was empty; then I found another friend. Once or twice, early in my career, I got fooled: the package held clothing or some other inedible, and conversation was strained; but this was before I became perfect.

Sometimes I went for an honest visit and sat in a corner while the girls, two or a room full, talked, taking my silence for inattention. In their homes they were accustomed to having children under foot, and thought nothing of my presence; for in the South generally children, allowed and expected to live in a world of their own, were ignored as long as they did not presume to take part in the conversation of the grown-ups, were "seen and not heard." Occasionally one's elders had a twinge of discretion and talk was stopped in mid-flow with, "Little pitchers have big ears," and one had to guess the rest; but discretion was not the rule. The college girls could not know that I was a seasoned listener.

One day, about a year before we came to the college, I was sitting on the floor in the parsonage underneath the sewing machine, waiting for the signal from my mother to start the treadle and meanwhile letting the talk of the women, cousins and aunts and my mother, flow by half-unnoticed, when suddenly she spoke openly of her unhappiness with my father. From that day I was never inattentive to my elders' talk.

The talk of the girls was narrow in its range, having to do usually with their being women, and edged with consciousness of men. Otherwise it was the talk of women generally, which is something of its own kind, obedient to its own law and no other, and as incommunicable as the taste of caviar or the smell of skunk. Words, the dull mattocks that men use to grub their way through thought, are to them the tools of artists, with which they paint and etch and chisel; logic, man's invention for tying himself in knots, is a pair of wings on which to get somewhere, or simply soar out of the reach of reason; reason itself, a beating of swords into plowshares and back again. There is only one law, the law of irrelevancy. It is no accident, I think, that America, where woman has had a measure of self-expression, has been the nursery of pragmatism.

Sometimes the girls let me take part in the conversation, inviting me with gentle teasing, how did it feel to be a man, now that my curls were gone, who was my girl; but as a rule I was content to listen, and I let no day pass without a visit. Then my father noticed that I was growing up and declared upstairs out of bounds for me; thereafter I was to stay on the ground floor. For a few days I considered obeying, but I found life on the lower level of grown-ups uninstructive and began to sneak upstairs, for which when I got caught I was soundly thrashed. I was not resentful, not very; this was justice according to my father's lights, and also evidence that he was aware of my existence. Sometimes I even welcomed punishment.

There was one room whose tenants and visitors were different from the rest. One of the girls was large and full-bosomed, with the splayed feet of a farm girl and the skin of a scraped porker. When I read *Gulliver's Travels* I found her like again. The other was small and wiry and her hair stuck out like that of a freshly combed negress. She came off no farm, she was the granddaughter of a South Carolina novelist, and never let it be forgotten. Cat and rattlesnake, scorpion and toad, they and others who gathered in their room spat and clawed and stung in a language I had never heard, but the words were curiously able to carry their own meaning. I sat and looked and listened with flushed face, and when I finally crept away I was relieved if my father caught me coming down the stairs.

II

Preparation for love started early and never let up. Psychologists from cold climates say there is a period of latency, between the age of five and the time of puberty, when the male and female in children goes to sleep. It was not so in South Carolina; we were kept awake. "Who's your fellow?" "Who's your girl?" were conventional greetings to the young of all ages. One might make denial, but even if it was true, and it sometimes was, it was simpler to satisfy the curiosity of older people with invention rather than seem queer. In the home, girls were never unaware that some day they would be women, being assigned such women's tasks about the house as they could perform, while boys were encouraged to be as helpless and domestically out of place as older males. In school, separation began in classroom and on playground, girls on one side, boys on the other; by the time we were of an age to go to high school it was complete. Outside the home generally we were not only unequal, we were allowed to believe that we were unlike. Women were weak and frail and willing, men were dangerous. The common vocabu-

lary carried these implications. "The purity of Southern womanhood" was an expression of hope rather than belief; "a woman's honor," which was understood to be in the keeping not of herself but of her nearest male relative, gave a hint of the shaky doubt within. One day my father came home perturbed and indignant, and said indiscreetly in my presence that he had just refused to perform the ceremony in a "shot-gun wedding." I asked what that was, and he became silent in confusion; but from the way he looked at my mother I knew. We, boys and girls of all ages, needed to have put into words what we already knew; the air was charged. The cavalier tradition, the new freedom of the descendants of slaves, and the exigencies of the climate were our hereditary tutors.

In a hot climate a period of latency would jeopardize the future of the race; if no one beat the tom-tom there might be no awakening. A lot of misplaced praise has been heaped upon the passionate male in the lands where the sun's ray strikes direct—the Latins even write books about their prowess. It is nonsense. The brave, in love as in war, never boast. The glimpse of an ankle can set a Swede off to greater excesses than a strip-tease can arouse in a Southerner. (At least it was so before the installation of central heating, which changes the mores, and literature, of cold countries.)

Until I was about ten years old I had to rely upon the tradition of the gutter, but one day enlightenment came from authority. I was driving along in a buggy wedged in between a young man and the girl he was to marry (he never did, but that is another story) when suddenly I felt a mutual recognition between him and two women in a passing carriage. When I asked who they were he became confused and avoided the eyes of his girl. Later he explained to me, in detail. Regard for one's health, he said, demanded certain relaxation, and the occupants of the carriage were the instruments provided by society. Fifteen, he told me, was the age to begin. While his girl was paying a call we sat outside waiting in the buggy and he instructed me. As the lesson proceeded my teacher glanced from time to time at my burning face and trembling hands and smiled with satisfaction.

On the edge of the town, he said, near the Negro section, there was a street where at night the darkness was broken by red-globed gas jets on the porch or shining through the glass of the front door. Here lived the white pillars of society. In the daytime their houses were indistinguishable from others until the late afternoon, when women in twos, never more than two at a time, came down the steps and entered their carriage, gayly dressed, like the ones we had just seen, and with bright red cheeks. Rouge was their proclamation, for no respectable woman ever used it—or so the men were led to think. The carriage was required by custom and the police were exacting on this point. One other requirement was strictly enjoined: they must never greet a man while showing themselves in town—not openly at least.

The dark pillars, Negro women of the same status, were never allowed on the streets, in carriages or out—a mirthless drawing of the color line. All this, and more, my friend told me while we were waiting for his girl to come out and rejoin us. Afterward I was to find that his beliefs and acceptances were common in the South. Presently when his girl came he put his arm round her and kissed her, and we drove away.

From early childhood I had been conducting researches into the nature of sin, with special references to certain sins known as deadly, which were often mentioned with disapprobation, and circumlocution, from the pulpit. I had no way to doubt that I was a sinner, any more than that I was a liar, for "All men are liars" was freely quoted, and "original sin" was a tenet of our faith. My curiosity in respect of other deadly sins—they were seven, I was told—was not yet stilled, but at last I knew what one of

them was, and I began to understand why the word that contained the secret was spat out at his congregation by one kind of preacher while another rolled it furtively round his tongue before letting it ooze out through wet lips. I had tried to get my father to tell me what the word meant, but he put me off; then, while he was absent, I sneaked into his study and looked up "fornication," but the dictionary was equally evasive, chastely referring me to another word and then in turn to another and another. I raced back and forth through the alphabet, my excitement increasing with every snub, and finally landed where I had taken off. It was like working with algebraic formulæ, all of which contained *x*, when I didn't know what *x* was. Nor had my playmates been much help; they used short pungent words that weren't even in the dictionaries, where one finds a language carefully sifted by lexicographical Galahads. I wonder what future professors of American literature will make of Caldwell and Steinbeck.

There were moments of satisfactory excitement in the college. One morning before breakfast I heard a dreaded word shouted, rushed out into the yard in my nightshirt, and saw a roll of black smoke pouring out of a round window in the gable. Others came running, in all stages of pull-on. I was used to the early-morning look of members of my own family, but this undress parade was startling and disillusioning. The college beauties showed up worst of all, with wrappers—not yet linguistically elevated into kimonos—incompletely concealing rumpled nightgowns—no pajamas yet—and with their hair in curl papers or simply stringy; and of these the blondes were the most cindery. An early-morning blonde is something not to forget. I remembered this morning of the fire on another morning years later in Oxford, at a "commem" ball, when the inevitable picture of the dancers was to be taken and the blonde beauty of the night before came out, reluctantly I hope, into the truthful dawn.

Presently the fire engine came down the street at a good ten miles an hour, flanked by troops of small boys who, like the Cadmeans of old, had sprung full-bicycled from the earth. The horses were unhooked and led away, their singletrees dragging behind them, and the hose attached to the hydrant, with all the fumbling of ineptitude in a hurry. Fire-fighting, like policing, engine-driving, or any other public service, was still an amateur's game. At last steam was up in the boiler and the hose snaked out over the grass. Then the happy firemen proceeded to wet everything in sight except the fire, which leisurely gutted the attic, and when they finally got round to putting it out, left behind the dead smell peculiar to water-soaked burnt wood. The rest of us scurried about in Lilliputian terror, saving what we could from the firemen, wading along the corridors and in and out of rooms, rescuing something, something or other, anything. Zeal outdid judgment. I remember one slender girl tugging a big trunk down the dripping stairs, followed by a huge policeman who carried in his great hands a tiny vase. Some girls stood outside and let the whipping wind make sculptors' models of them, afraid, they said, to go into the burning building and exchange their garments for some clothes; others had to be kept out of the attic. It was field day for a Freudian.

III

My father was becoming less and less of what he wanted to be—a teacher—and more and more of everything else; he grew restive and restless when he found what the job of a college president really was, manipulation of man and thing rather than dissemination of ideas. Some of it he liked, for it gave room to satisfy his love of action and ingenuity. Rushing to catch a train and swinging on to the back platform as it pulled out; issuing and re-issuing orders; raising money and spending money, making the last penny do the work of a dollar; preach-

ing unfettered by a medieval congregation, speech-making, leading his world toward the twentieth century and salvation in his time; planning sewage systems, water works, courses of study, people's lives—all these he loved; buying in quantity, coal by the carload, bed linen by the gross, grits and rice, dozens of bags at a time, whole carcasses of pork and beef—a left-over passion, I think, from his meager childhood in a home where there was not always enough to eat. (Visitors to America from leanly fed countries sometimes try to eat everything on the table.) Once he bought hundreds of cases of canned fruit, a novelty in the nineties, and since that time Sunday night supper has recalled to me green plums swimming in sweet water.

He showed one element of greatness: he never acknowledged his own mistakes however overpowering the evidence. Predilection for the new led him into installing a recommended privy that had to be burnt out once a week, when, among other inconveniences, it made the whole neighborhood smell like a slaughter house. We went about holding our noses; he never even sniffed, and calmly went on to plan a cistern that also did not work.

He was admired as a man of action, but it would have been more accurate to call him a man of motion, unless action be understood to mean getting others into action while doing nothing with one's own hands or body; for in this he was awkward. He had grown up on a farm and yet could not wield an axe without danger to himself and the bystanders, and a hammer in his hand went straight for his thumb. It was not so much that he lived in a world of ideas as that everything was potentially hostile. All nature was either a hindrance or a nuisance. With animals he wanted nothing to do. A dog was a capricious footstool, the more likely to get in the way; a cat something to be removed from a chair. A horse was an instrument, to be used and abused. No livery man would hire a horse to him more than once; the poor beast came back exhausted.

There was no inanimate nature. A door knob that came off in his hand, a faucet that would not turn on, a desk drawer that stuck, all these were treated as if they acted out of evil intention. Nature had no business playing tricks on a serious man. When automobiles came in he was convinced of the conspiracy against him. A flat tire was a personal affront. When the car broke down his first act was to get out and shake it, and then if it still would not go give it a kick. The funny thing was that it sometimes worked. I remember the satisfaction with which he made the lights come on by this simple procedure and his climbing back into the driver's seat with all the assurance of a superior moral being.

People were not so simple in their response. His dropping of "Female" from the title of the college, making it bare "Columbia College," left a gaping doubt as to whether he had proper respect for the sanctity of Southern womanhood, a doubt that had sprouted when he removed the wooden fence which sheltered the college grounds from the street. He put up another in its place, this time intellectual, in the form of entrance examinations; other college presidents recognized it as a criticism of themselves, and parents, who knew what they wanted, were annoyed to learn that it now took more than a tin trunk and a roll of blankets to get their daughters into college and off their hands; nor could he meet their demand that the college should be a temporary burying ground, from which graduates ought to be handed back as they had been handed in, innocent of thought or idea. The students thought of him as stern, never knowing how often he acted as a foil between them and sadism, an occupational neurosis among teachers.

There was not much time left him to be a husband and father, and we saw him so seldom that we came in time to form a close circle from which he was shut out.

Sometimes he put our four rooms to the uses of a home, loosing there the pent-up irritations of the day, but rousing in his children not sympathy so much as fear. Occasionally he tried to play with us, but it usually ended in tears, for he did not know how to play, with us or in any way at all. A caress was a blow, and when he tried to tease we slunk away in shame at his clumsiness—our Uncle Ellie had set a high standard. Even when we were ill and he stood worried above the bed we felt that somehow it was our fault. Sometimes he would come into the room when we were having gay and happy laughter with my mother over some foolishness; silence clamped down on us as we waited for the inevitable question. How could foolishness be explained to one who had no folly?

Loneliness came to him in another way, making him an alien where he wanted most to be at home. The foundations of his faith were beginning to crack—not his faith itself; of that he was never unsure—and he had to find new premises for old truth. (Like all true believers, he never confused premise with conclusion: conclusion was beginning.) Rumors were heard from the outside world of new ways of looking at God and man. William James, while holding firmly to Puritanism with one hand, was tentatively sketching with the other a disturbing picture of the children of God. In faroff Vienna a really dangerous inquirer was preparing to frighten the whole Western world with one word, but as yet Adam and Eve and the literal apple explained and explained away the vagaries of the human spirit, and Southerners had not even heard of the man with the ironic name. But Darwin, who gave man and even God a new history, had brought into speech another ominous word, and a man had to take his stand. Many found an easy way out by following the bent of their ignorance; some could not.

From German universities came the report of a new attitude toward the Bible, a scientific method known as the "higher criticism," which was being applied to the sacred word by scholars who thought themselves dispassionate. No one took the trouble to inquire "higher than what?" or to ask whether the methods of biological research were indiscriminately applicable to everything under the sun. At the time all scholars were crowding into the big tent, where it was assumed that one thing was as good as another providing it worked. The Bible, these German scholars said, was itself a record of evolution, and there was no refuting them on their own ground; or they called it "literature." (Professor Frye, a colleague of mine at the University of Nebraska, used to say that as soon as people heard that the Bible was literature they quit reading it.) Most defenders of "the faith to the fathers once delivered" did not take the trouble to find out what it was all about; they resorted to abuse. Bitterness such as only the faithful can distil began to divide the church, which was my father's real home, and fundamentalism was set aflame. Argument was answered with epithet, and no honest man was safe.

Only those who have lived close to enraged piety can know the lengths to which it can go. Bishop Warren Candler, "da' man wid de waffle-iron jaws," as Uncle Melt called him, whose brother was in my time to float a university on Coca-Cola, was using honest words like "free-thinker," "agnostic," "skeptic," as missiles with which to protect his apostolic see, which included all ignorance, from the new, or any, learning. The center of the higher criticism in this country was at the University of Chicago, where John D. Rockefeller had early begun to make his peace with an evolving God by setting up a fountain of heresy. Within a few years it would be said of my father, "Oh, he's gone to Chicago," as to say, "gone to Hell."

I didn't know the higher criticism from Adam's off ox, and had never heard the word Psychology until one day my father sent for me to come to his office, where I

found him surrounded by a circle of tittering school teachers. I asked him if he wanted me, and he said, "Yes, I want you to bring me a carving knife." I was startled, as I was evidently expected to be, but before I could answer he swept his audience with a confirmatory smile and told me that was all right, I could go now. I went, and straight to my mother. When I told her what had happened and asked what it meant—I knew I did not dare ask my father—she laughed unsweetly and said, "Oh, that's that child-study business, what he calls his class in psychology." Then when I looked more puzzled she said, without smiling—and I knew I would learn nothing more—"Studying children with a lot of childless women; tell him if he wants to learn about children he might begin with his own."

IV

Children will accept anything if it lasts long enough, and I had so taken for granted my mother's critical attitude toward him that I was unprepared for the change in her when he became ill, this time really ill. At first she gave him perfunctory attention and sympathy, for he had used this trick before to find a way to her heart; but after a few days the doctor said it was serious, that he must be moved into a room by himself, where he could have a night nurse. Then my mother forgot all about my brothers and me and everyone else. I wandered in and out of her room and up and down the hall, trying to catch her attention, and feeling like an orphan when she gave me a curt word. Why, if he was such an ogre, should she care?

On the day he was moved I stood disconsolate outside their bedroom when, supported between a nurse and my mother, he tottered across the hall. In that moment he became in fact a complete stranger to me, for his hair and beard had been shaved and his head covered with a yellow transparent coating that looked like dried molasses. If the disease reached a certain point on the crown of his head, I was told, he would die. From the time I heard this I was in the grip, not of affection or even sympathy, but of abstract curiosity, as I awaited reports of the race between him and death, and when at last the doctor said he would get well I felt cheated out of an exciting game.

Death meant nothing to me then, not so much as an intimation of mortality; but soon it would, and childhood would be gone. For not long afterward my mother herself was dead. That is the only way I can say it, for I remember nothing, not even her illness. My next brother, who at the time was about eight years old, has told me in detail, remembering everything; but all has gone from my memory, all except one thing, its beginning. I see my mother staggering across the hall with a mattress on her shoulder. Some relative, Uncle Charlie, I think, had come for an unexpected visit, and she was dutifully preparing a bed for him, lifting the weight that was to cause her death, for she was soon to bear another child—but of this I learned long afterward.

The next thing I remember is the giving away of her clothes, to relatives, friends, and servants, who chose in priority of relationship, pawing over the dresses and things that had been hers. Among the dresses was one I remembered well, black lace over orange satin, the one on which she had been sewing the day I sat underneath the machine and started the treadle, and became a listener.

The disposition of her three children was not so quickly made. My father was completely lost, and for a while we lived together in strained intimacy. He tried fumblingly to do for us what he could hardly do for himself, choosing our clothes in the morning and trying to button us up with nervous fingers, while we stood dreading the moment when he should come to the collars, for he always pinched our necks. Not long afterward we were distributed among relatives. My days as a co-ed had come to an end.

GERMANY—THE VOICE FROM WITHIN

BY HANS SCHMIDT

THE tragedy of Europe, as I witnessed it from within Germany during the critical August days of 1939 and into the spring of 1940, was an overwhelming experience. To talk and write about it, and to present some of the thoughts and conclusions that observations in Europe had forced upon me seemed a compelling personal need. Not that I was of the opinion that I had something new or particularly striking to report, something that might not be known to Americans from news reports or magazine articles; but the unique opportunity I had in experiencing and discussing this war and its outcome with officers and diplomats, peasants and workers, teachers and students and, most important of all, with housewives and soldiers, convinced me that I had a contribution to make.

When I found myself in the United States again, all of this seemed but a bizarre dream. The more I talked to American friends the more puzzled I became. They spoke of mediation and early peace; I thought in terms of twilight and world catastrophe. They listened to my stories of food rationing and rabble-rousing Joseph Goebbels as one listens to good college stories. I had come to think of the Nazi chieftains as half demons, as were Genghis Khan, Nero, or Ivan the Terrible. Most Americans appeared excellently informed as to facts and factors, and some of them had figured it all out—on paper. But few, if any, seemed capable of sensing the tremendous tension that is hovering over central Europe and of grasping the awesome gloom that has taken possession of millions of Europeans. Or was I wrong? Was I being carried away by personal emotions and disappointments? Had I become so spoiled during many years in America that the hardships of Europe at war appeared unbearable?

I had, after all, spent my childhood in Germany during the first world war, when there were turnips and watery milk and many air attacks. Turnips did not taste so very bad then—and in 1940 the food was distinctly better and more plentiful in Germany than in 1917. Watery milk and substitute coffee? Well, I never cared much for milk or coffee anyway. And as to the air attacks—there really were none in 1939–40; in 1917 they seemed "fun" to us children, as well as to many grown-ups. And yet—why were these last months in Europe so unbearable, so unforgettably bitter? Why was there nobody who did not envy me when I finally left for America—engulfed in utter gloom and sadness and a feeling of frustration?

In order to talk intelligently on events in Germany to-day and to-morrow it is imperative to eradicate one misconception widespread in America: This is no phoney war! Events will probably have dissipated the phoney-war concept by the time these lines go to press.* But even if the rulers of Europe should withhold, for the time being, the order for the most terrific ordeal of mankind to begin, one fact cannot be underscored

*This article was finished before the German invasion of Scandinavia.

heavily enough: This is a very real, a very grim, and a very destructive war, and it has been such from the beginning. I remember well the August days of 1914. We children were lifted up so that we could touch the golden buckles on the soldiers' helmets. There was an abundance of flowers, songs, marches, tears, and smiles. During the last days of August in 1939 I saw no smiles anywhere in Germany and I know there were no smiles. There was some hard nervous laughter; it broke out of faces that were pale, bitter, and determined. But it ceased as suddenly as it came. It hurt. There were few flowers. A horse-drawn artillery battery came dashing past us down a village street. A man with a steel helmet on a motorcycle cried: "*Bahn frei!—Bahn frei!*" and then came the horses in a furious gallop; they had red and yellow chrysanthemums behind their ears. It was the late afternoon of August 26, 1939. Many anxious faces looked westward, where the sun was setting over the Rhine Valley and France. The guns were to be in position at 8 p. m. on the Westwall. The red and yellow chrysanthemums looked utterly out of place.

This is no phoney war! Statistics on men under arms, on armaments, and on daily expenditures may not mean much to the distant onlooker. But if you had seen the faces of the men who stood guard at the bridgeheads; if you had heard the sighs of those evacuated from a border city at a few hours' notice; if you had walked through the empty ghostlike streets of the evacuated towns; if you had stood up, night after night, swaying in overcrowded trains; if you had been compelled to sit in your home evening after evening in your overcoat because there was no coal—you would not think this is a phoney war! True, the slaughter of millions and the bombing of cities have not yet started. But there are few who think that it will not start. Everybody in Europe knows: the second great war is on and it will be decided. When and how? These are interesting questions for the bystander to discuss over a cup of tea. But for millions in Europe these questions mean life or death, and these millions forget it not for *one* moment. They think and speak of nothing else. Or do they? Yes, their thoughts mill about one other question, though they rarely mention it. This question is: "Why?" In the minds of some this question hovers, only dimly veiled, behind the official Nazi slogans ("*Dieser uns von England aufgezwungenen Krieg*"—"this war forced upon us by England"); in the minds of others it has attained a cruel clarity. This question is a constant companion; more than anything else, it lies at the root of suffering in Germany. I heard dozens of people say: "We would gladly do without butter; we would not mind giving up our Sunday excursions; we would give up our silver, our savings, our homes, our sons if there were only some sense, some meaning to it all." "Don't you think this senseless war will be over by Christmas?" was the final sentence in most of the conversations I had last autumn, even with intelligent and "informed" Germans. "But it will be over by next Christmas, at least—if we are still alive." With this remark a soldier friend took leave of me at the station, just a short while ago.

II

What is the attitude of the German people toward the war? The answer to this question may well be one of the most decisive factors in the future of Europe. It is of course extremely difficult to answer. The reactions of a single man to complex world phenomena are complex manifestations of hopes, fears, convictions, prejudices. A nation's "mind" or "temper" is even more complex. It may be divined by intuition but never ascertained scientifically with full accuracy. The answers that I try to give must, therefore, be taken with a grain or two of salt; they are necessarily oversimplifications; that they may appear inconsistent in themselves is no argument

against them, the lack of harmony and logic in national sentiments being one of the outstanding problems in modern mass psychology. That they can neither be proved nor disproved increases only the responsibility of him who states them.

The outstanding trend in German sentiment during the first half-year of the war was, beyond any doubt, a trend away from Hitler and National Socialism. *The large majority of the German people to-day would gladly sacrifice Hitler, his entourage, and most of National Socialism if by doing so they could obtain peace, that is, an economically sound and morally justifiable peace.* Before qualifying this statement in several directions and adding a warning note against any rash peace dreams, I should like to say that I was never one of those who during the past seven years predicted an early overthrow of Hitler. On the contrary, I maintained—and it was a very unpopular truth in America—that, by and large, Hitler had gained the support—if not the confidence—of the vast majority of the German people. Had the truce of Munich developed into a strong Four-Power-Pact and been made a stable basis for peace in western Europe, had the Nazis in consequence relaxed the tension in which they held the nation spiritually and economically, the attitude of the German people toward Hitler personally as well as toward his regime would certainly be very different from what it is now.

A Swiss paper once stated that among the Germans there are from 10 to 15 per cent fullfledged National Socialists, men who would go with Hitler "*durch dick und dünn.*" On the other side of the scale there are from 10 to 15 per cent equally determined anti-Nazis: Catholics, liberals, communists, monarchists. The "people," that is the remaining 70 to 80 per cent, fluctuate back and forth according to the seasons. This is probably as good an analysis as any, though one has to keep in mind that within each single German—including even many German Jews—the "pro" and "anti" elements are in a state of constant conflict and fluctuation. The spring and autumn of 1938 were especially good seasons for Hitler; there was something saintly and miraculous about "this man who harvests so much and so peacefully." The fall of 1939 and the spring of 1940 were bad, very bad seasons for Hitler, and if one looks through the weekly "*Stimmungsberichte*" (reports on political feeling) that are drawn up by the Gestapo in minute detail for each district and village one realizes that the Nazi high command is fully aware of the trend of public opinion. Where once there was enthusiasm for Hitler it has decreased and, in many instances, died down completely. Where there was once suspicion or hostile feeling against him it has now grown and spread by leaps and bounds.

There has been much speculation as to whether the National Socialists "staged" the *Bürgerbräu*-explosion on November 9th as they had staged the Reichstag fire seven years ago. I doubt it, for one good reason: If the Nazis put the time bomb in the pillar in order to arouse public sentiment to a high pitch of fury against the "plutocratic English warmongers" they would have shown themselves far below their usual standards as clever mass psychologists. There were no indignant outbursts of any sort—except for the official outbursts on the radio. There was, however, especially in the trenches, an ill-concealed relief and joy when the word of the *attentat* got around. A friend, who had been with the German army in Poland from the very first day up to the bombardment of Warsaw and who was then shipped to the *Westwall* with his regiment (a man, incidentally, who is a member of long standing in the Nazi Party), told me that "the boys in my bunk were never so sad as when they heard that the bomb had not got him." I vouch for the authenticity of this report as well as for the fact that it represents a very widespread, if not general, feeling among soldiers and officers. I walked among the crowds that gathered near the débris of the ill-fated *Bürgerbräu;* here were the solid,

stocky, beer-drinking folks of Munich. None of them showed any excitement or anger. During these past twenty-five years they have lived through so much, the world war, the revolution, inflation, depression, and the various spring and fall crises and then war again. They have seen people going off to jail for mentioning that there were German soldiers in Spain—and then have had to put out their flags to welcome the Condor legion home from Madrid. They had learned to detest the Moscovites as the incarnation of all evil—and now read about the deep and lasting friendship between Germany and Russia. They diligently saved every empty tube and razor blade in the "national battle against waste" and, little more than a year ago—saw typewriters, furs, goods, and furniture being tossed out of the windows of Jewish stores under the eyes of the police in a spasm of destruction. And so now these people looked upon the sagging, ragged roof of the *Bürgerbräu* as on an exhibit from a distant land—with a skeptical and slightly disdainful curiosity—and walked on, wondering whether they should use their meat tickets on Saturday or on Sunday, or whether Karl or Hans or Fritz might get his leave from the army soon. "*Uns ist alles Wurscht*"—"we don't care a damn—as long as we live and eat." This is the basic and potent formula of living to which twenty-five years of frantic activity, worry, and suffering, including seven years of totalitarianism, are tending to reduce the *Weltanschauung* of a people that once upon a time was called a nation of poets and thinkers.

III

The sentiment toward Hitler and toward the war varies greatly of course from region to region, from class to class, from age group to age group. And as varied as the sentiments are the reasons for them and the emphasis with which they are pronounced. In Austria, for instance, where, at the time of the "Anschluss" a majority of the people, according to my impressions and the judgment of qualified observers, were for Hitler, sentiment is now outspokenly hostile. Even the local police cannot in all instances be relied upon. There was a great inscription one early morning at the entrance to the Opera House in Vienna:

Lieber ein König von Gottes Gnaden
Als den Tyrann von Berchtesgaden!

("Better a King by the Grace of God, than the tyrant of Berchtesgaden"), and thousands of Viennese gleefully whispered the little verse during the weeks to follow. Munich too and its general vicinity are considered rather hostile territory for the Nazis; many refer to Munich, upon which Hitler officially bestowed the beautiful title of "Capital of the Movement," as the "Capital of the Counter-movement." Whereas the popularity of the Nazis has decreased most in the big cities and in the Catholic rural areas of the south, it is, obviously, still very great in the cities and towns of central and eastern Germany. Hitler's particularly strong position in the industrial, atheistic cities of Saxony seems significant in view of the powerful position the Communists held there prior to his rise. The proletarian districts of northern Berlin, on the other hand, equally strongly Communistic under the Weimar Republic, have—according to the Gestapo's own reports—preserved their hostile attitude toward the Nazis, even after the Moscow pact, which should prevent us from drawing any too definite conclusions. It is not so generally true either, as many assume, that Hitler's word is law with the young people. There is often a surprisingly critical and even cynical attitude among youth between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. There is among the young, however, considerably less tendency to oppose Naziism for reasons of principle than among the older generation that had formed a political philosophy before Hitler came to power.

As it was a combination of spiritual

and economic factors that enabled Hitler to rise, so it is a combination of these factors that now tends to make him unpopular. On the material side the hardships of the war: the dreadful blackouts, the rationing of food and clothes, the almost complete sell-out of non-rationed consumption goods, from harps to shoestrings, the uncomfortable traffic and travel restrictions, the prolonged working hours, the increasing taxes, the growing threat of inflation, the complete disruption of ordinary community life by the holding of five or six million men under arms—all this is too well known to need description in detail. What weighs more heavily, however, are the spiritual forces—and this is perhaps the only encouraging message I took out from Germany. The blackouts and food rationing are not the things that make people really bitter; they tend only to make them think and turn their minds towards some fundamental questions. During these many months in Germany I became convinced of one thing and it is this one conviction that enables me to go on hoping for a German and a European future: Liberty—Christianity—Decency are the three fountains, from which springs the force that is already to-day gathering against Hitler and that some day will defeat him. Personal liberty, sheer human decency, Christian charity and love—these are non-existent in the Nazi totalitarian state; millions of Germans have begun to yearn for them since Hitler's spell as a miracle man of peace and eternal prosperity is dissolving. "Remember—the Führer is always right" is the last of ten commandments posted in every restaurant. To half of the Germans it is positively revolting. They remember the Reichstag fire, the Roehm killings, the concentration camps; they feel ill at ease, especially in the Catholic rural South, about the Soviet pact (though many are still inclined to admire the Leader's machiavellian cleverness). Whatever temporary success the propaganda tirade against England may have had, a good many people realize, and reluctantly confess, that Hitler had given his word at Munich to leave the Czechs alone, and that he broke this word on March 13, 1939. The impression that Chamberlain and Daladier made on the Germans who saw or heard them in September, 1939, could not be erased completely; it was an impression of decent and reasonable, sincerely peace-loving men.

As long as things went well in Germany people did not say much about the moral standards of the Nazi élite. But now that things have become tight, thousands whisper in genuine disdain about the ludicrous orgies prevalent in upper Nazi circles; they worry about the deteriorating moral standards in the Nazi youth organizations, and, in contrast to their feelings even as late as half a year ago, they do not halt at criticizing Hitler personally. His impotent lust for naked dancers, his psychopathic outbursts at conferences with subordinates who voice doubts concerning the wisdom of certain policies are discussed by a great many Germans who begin to see him as what he really is: a neurotically ferocious, pervertedly ambitious, unscrupulous adventurer.

But, let us not deceive ourselves: this growing anti-Hitler sentiment in the German nation is as yet almost entirely unorganized and scarcely able to make itself felt in any practical way. Much has been written in America about underground organizations in Germany. I am inclined to disbelieve all sensational stories about them. I took part myself in a small group that was active in various ways. We went out at night to post little stickers on walls or trees. We sent "literature" round by mail. I shall never forget the moment when suddenly one night an automobile drew up beside me, just after I had pasted on a wall one of those stickers: "Peace and down with Hitler," and a man leaned out of the car to ask—for the right road! The Gestapo works so efficiently on the whole, and there is so much distrust among individuals because of the many *agents*

provocateurs whom the police have placed in factories, offices, restaurants, and lecture halls, that, thus far, any underground organizations have been discovered and destroyed before they could accomplish much. There have been conspiracies of various kinds; but Heinrich Himmler has always kept them under control. Heinrich Himmler, the pale bureaucrat with the eyeglasses, "Reichsführer S. S. and Chief of German police," and his terrible machine constitute probably the major reason that the dissatisfaction and anger of the German people are not yet heard. It will, in the future, be interesting to remember that one group of S. S. guards is sworn in on Himmler's person, because, as they were told, Hitler may be kidnapped some day and give certain orders under compulsion—then Himmler's men would be there to rescue him. Since the days of Robespierre, when the crowds watched the ox carts go by laden with duchesses and princes to be guillotined, probably no man has been more genuinely hated and feared than this modern Fouché. The Nazis realized that, with the outbreak of war, the political power of the army was bound to grow, so they increased the S. S. Guards, the special black troops under Himmler, by possibly as many as several hundreds of thousands. It is on the loyalty or rather the desperation, of these desperadoes that the fate of Germany and of Europe hangs.

IV

There are of course several other important reasons, besides the power of the S. S. and the secret police, why the strong feeling of discontent, bordering often on hatred toward the Nazis, does not and probably for some time to come will not break through and why the German army may even prove to be any day, at any moment, now the most terrible and destructive weapon in the hands of the Nazi leaders. One of these reasons is the lack of private courage (*Zivilcourage*) among the Germans, especially where the state or a uniform is concerned, a trait by which even Bismarck was angered and amused. Another reason is the loyalty and soldierly discipline that is deeply inbred in the German nation. The full weight of Prussian-German traditions comes to Hitler's aid in a moment when he as a person and as a symbol for a movement has already ceased to command the admiration of the people. The Nazis believe that this side of the German character will make them win the war, just as Hitler once before, in January, 1933, won a decisive struggle, although his star had been on the decline for some time. Yet the traditional soldierly loyalty to the state would probably quickly give way to more practical considerations if the majority of Germans could be convinced that there is a basis for an economically sound and morally just peace without a struggle to the bitter end.

I have talked with a large number of Germans about what is to be considered a just and sound basis for peace, and systematically have tried to test out their feelings. On most points I found a remarkable unanimity, though I should add that, thus far, Germans, left to themselves, seem to have spent little time in thinking over a constructive peace program for Europe. Although surprisingly many people in Germany listen regularly to the British and French propaganda broadcasts, few put great faith in them, because they offer nothing concrete concerning the war aims of the Allies. I shall attempt to summarize the points on which I found the majority of persons interviewed to be in sympathetic agreement. I do believe sincerely that the entire German nation would wholeheartedly support such a peace program once Hitler's spell or rather his physical power has been broken. A peace program, as it appeared to be acceptable to the majority of the German people, could be built about the following specific points:

A. *Germany's Contribution toward European Peace:*

I. *Restitution of Poland* as a completely independent state, with Danzig and the basically German regions of the Corridor and Upper Silesia remaining with Germany. Poland should be granted access to the sea by an extraterritorial rail and autoroad and a free port in Gdynia. Poland should be indemnified for losses sustained through the change of borders. A program of reconstruction should be worked out for Poland jointly by the European powers with German participation.

II. *Restitution of Czechoslovakia* as one or two completely independent states, according to the will of the Czech and Slovak populations, the basically German Sudeten regions remaining within Germany. Czechoslovakia should maintain a free port at Hamburg.

III. *A plebiscite in Austria* as to whether the Austrians wish to form an integral part of Greater Germany or an independent state. (In the latter event possible establishment of a federal *Habsburg* empire, comprising Austria, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia.

B. *The Allies' Contribution Toward European Peace:*

I. *A recognition in principle* of Germany's right to her former African colonies (see also IIIe below).

C. *Joint Undertaking: The Formation of a European Union.*

I. The heads of the governments of all European nations (including Great Britain as a European power, regardless of her overseas empire, but excluding Soviet Russia as a non-European power) should meet immediately to work out a program for a European Union.

II. The *organization* of the European Union, according to German views, might look somewhat as follows:

(a) A *Council*, composed of the heads of the governments of the four (five) great powers (Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and possibly Austria-Hungary) plus the heads of three smaller nations from different regions of Europe alternating every two years, should be the directing organ of the Union.

(b) An *Assembly*, composed of one or more representatives from every European nation should be the organ of parliamentary control, to which the power of ratification in important instances should be reserved.

(c) A European *High Court*, composed of eminent jurists, proposed by the Council and elected by the Assembly, should be the juridical organ.

III. As to the *powers* and *functions* of the organs of the Union, German opinion appeared to tend toward extending rather than restricting them, in view of the failure of the League of Nations.

The *major functions* of the European Union, carried out largely by the Council and its permanent staff, would be:

a) The carrying through of *disarmament* and subsequent arms supervision in *all* European nations.

b) The organization, maintenance, and command of a joint European *defense force* on land, sea, and in the air to which all states contribute.

c) The guaranteeing and safeguarding of internal European *boundaries* and their revision, in case of need, through peaceful means.

d) The supervision of the rights of national *minorities*.

e) The establishment of a joint system of European *mandates* in Africa, in the administration and development of which all European nations have a share.

f) The lowering of European *tariffs*.

g) The preparation of a comprehensive *Economic Plan* for Europe with the final aim of a unified credit and currency structure, joint supervision of raw materials and basic industries, joint undertaking of public works, joint development of backward regions, and a system of international loans.

h) The working out of a comprehensive *cultural* and educational program that will, however, respect fully national cultures.

IV. Concerning the League of Nations, the Court of International Justice, the International Labor Office, people in Germany, on the whole, seem to feel

that it would be possible to establish friendly *co-operation with these universal organizations* along the lines indicated in the Briand Plan.

It would go considerably beyond the limits of this article to analyze and discuss the problems and difficulties inherent in such a peace plan. It suffices to state here that such thoughts and plans are discussed in Germany, and I repeat that it is my sincere and well-founded conviction that the German people on the whole would joyfully accept such a plan if it were put before them in the right manner and if they were permitted to voice their opinions. I might add that I found considerable sympathy for such a plan not only among businessmen and officials, but also in higher army circles where a "European conscience" is still alive. The enormous difficulties presented by a European Union are of course fully realized. There is the British Empire, tied together through preferential tariffs and the British Navy. How can England participate in a European Union? There are age-old rivalries, jealousies, and suspicions among the nations of the Continent. How can they be overcome? There will be dreadful economic chaos to be faced when this armament race and war will have ended. How can it be mastered? Germans do see the difficulties, but they argue, quite rightly, that whereas a drastic step toward Union in Europe might and most probably will solve them, a continuation of the old policies will most certainly bring about the final and catastrophic collapse of all Europe.

Many Germans are strongly impressed by a tendency toward the formation of large politico-economic world regions which they are inclined to consider inevitable. The Americas, Europe, East Asia, the British Empire, and possibly the Soviet Union are such world regions. There is great skepticism, therefore, toward all plans for *universal* union; universal schemes appear utopian to most Germans. Toward the Soviets sentiment in Germany is very mixed. More than once I heard the opinion expressed that one of the first tasks of European Union must be the rectification of the Finnish and Polish boundaries to the east and possibly the liberation and incorporation into the European system of the Soviet Ukraine. If this is done, and Europe's boundaries are pushed eastward, a political and economic balance of these large world regions would be achieved, and the vision of a long peace might at last be entertained. I found few people, including officials, with whom a war against the Soviets would not be popular.

State control of production and distribution has advanced to such a stage in Germany that nobody can imagine that it will ever be rescinded without throwing the entire national economy into turmoil. It is rather imagined that England and France will during the course of the war adopt most of Germany's devices of economic control, and the optimists believe that after the war the nations of Europe will find themselves together on a plane that is short of complete socialization, but considerably beyond a "free" economy. The same line of thought is frequently directed toward a synthesis between the liberal-democratic and the authoritarian forms of government. There is, however, also a very real and, according to my observations, justified fear among many Germans that the trend toward national bolshevism, so obvious now in Germany, will be accelerated and become an avalanche if the war continues and the economic situation, as is to be expected, deteriorates while the Nazi chieftains succeed in holding power. One high-placed officer explained the situation to me in the following way: "Much as we would have liked to make peace in the West, in order to turn against the Soviets, the refusal of the Allies to make peace forces us into a new dynamic evolution, which, in the end, may mean a very far-reaching melting together with Russia and of course an internal radicaliza-

tion. Hitler wrote *My Battle*," he added, with a sad smile, "Stalin's book will be called *Your Battle—My Victory*."

In the discussion of all projects for European union great interest is centered on Eastern and Southeastern Europe. Many Germans are inclined to think that Hitler's policy of political hegemony in the Southeast will eventually lead to bankruptcy, just as France's corresponding Balkan policy of the twenties has led to bankruptcy. Germans feel that a more integrated organization of the Danubian basin or of all southeastern Europe is needed. Why not federate the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Hungarians, and, if they choose to join, the Austrians into a federal constitutional monarchy under the House of Habsburg? The Habsburg family, it is widely felt, at least in the southern Catholic parts of Germany, is the only force strong enough to give stability to southeastern Europe. Should Germany be completely defeated in this war many are inclined to see the Habsburgs even as the saviors for the states of south and west Germany. A Habsburg federal empire to the southeast of Germany—possibly constituting a fifth great European power—would lend balance to the European Union and would form a spiritual bulwark against any menace from the East. As for the internal organization of the Reich, I found people in the South and along the Rhine rather in favor of reinstituting some degree of federal autonomy, whereas the Prussians, quite naturally, are advocates of centralization. But everywhere, especially among the young people, was noticeable a strong and determined conviction that a foreign power should not be permitted to decide how much decentralization there should be within The Reich, but that the question of internal management should be answered by the German people themselves.

Whatever the detailed difficulties of European organization may be and however large the obstacles, Germans feel that the task can be accomplished, if it is undertaken in the right spirit. Though the most difficult problems may be fundamentally economic in nature, they must be tackled from the spiritual and political angle. *Now*—that is, immediately at the end of this war—*or never* is the time to achieve union for Europe. To do *much* may not be more difficult than to do *little*.

These then are the points on which I found little disagreement, if any, among those who were at all willing to enter into a discussion about peace terms short of a complete Hitler victory.

V

There is on the German side only one obstacle in the way of a speedy realization of European peace and union: Adolf Hitler and the things he stands for. Whereas in the days of Munich it was felt that a European four-power pact might have developed into a sound basis for European collaboration, if the Allies would have given Germany leeway in the East and if Hitler just had not been Hitler, everybody in Germany now realizes that a peace by compromise, with Hitler or any of his lieutenants at the helm, is no longer possible. The consensus is: we must either fight it out to the bitter end—complete defeat or complete victory (and nobody except for a small fanatic group of Nazis really wants to fight to the bitter end) or Hitler must go. In their most inner hearts only a few Germans would now earnestly object to Hitler's going. But in speaking with people about Hitler's removal (a topic that entails concentration camp at the least or the ax at the most) one usually encounters hesitation, doubts, and objections that center about two points. The first question in the minds of many patriotic Germans is whether a change in regime in Germany would really bring about a sound and lasting peace, or whether the Allies would simply interpret Hitler's removal as a sign of Germany's internal weakness and press on even harder, striving for a com-

plete defeat, and the dismemberment and "enslavement" of Germany. After the experience the Germans had with Wilson's Fourteen Points, this fear can easily be explained, especially since the full force of Hitler's propaganda is directed towards this contention. The second question is simply: who can be the pilot of the boat if Hitler should disappear? The two questions of course are intimately interwoven, and it is at this juncture that the problem of European Union and world peace becomes really a problem of domestic German politics.

A fundamental difference between the internal conditions of Germany in 1918 and conditions to-day becomes evident immediately. In 1918 there existed a number of powerful political parties with their presses and affiliated organizations. There were trade unions, political and industrial clubs. There was considerable decentralization in all walks of life. There were eminent and widely known personalities to whom the various factions of the nation could turn in their search for an alternative to the Hohenzollern monarchy. A few months after the outbreak of the revolution—a remarkable achievement—Germany had a government enforcing order and a constitutional convention. To-day? There are no parties, trade unions, or clubs that could serve as a nucleus for a new order. The personalities who achieved enough prominence to stand out in the public eye as possible successors to Hitler are in exile, in the hands of the Gestapo, or—if they happen to be generals—they die in ambush fighting in Poland. There is, at present, complete bewilderment in the minds of the German people as to who could succeed Hitler. Everybody, furthermore, realizes that an exchange of one or several persons at the top would hardly bring about a solution, but that a more fundamental change must be achieved in order to wrest power from the Nazi hierarchy and transfer it to another body. This in the minds of many means a terrific civil war. In any event, little doubt can be entertained concerning the truth of a frequently repeated statement. There is one and only one organization in Germany to-day that might be able to play a decisive part in an internal reconstruction of the country, and that is the German army.

If an alternative to Hitler could be shown to the German people that would be acceptable to the army, and if binding assurances would be given by the Allies that would remove the fear of the Germans that, once they give up fighting they would, politically and economically, become the helpless prey of the victors, if, in other words, there would be neither victor nor vanquished in this war, Hitler's internal position would be greatly weakened and a large step forward toward European union would be made. How difficult it is for the Allies to make any commitments at this stage of the struggle, even in a conditional form, is of course fully realized, though prominent Englishmen, among them, Captain Liddell Hart, for instance, have demanded a concrete and binding statement from the Allied governments as to what constitutes a just and sound peace and a firm basis for European organization.

Undoubtedly a number of German personalities could be found whose ability and integrity are beyond reproach in the eyes of the German people and particularly the German army. If these men were to establish on neutral soil, preferably in the United States, a German national committee in exile, to serve later on perhaps as nucleus for a future Reich government, and if to them the solemn promise would be given that a European peace and union, as outlined in the preceding pages, were acceptable to the Allies, then the "peace-front" in Germany would be greatly strengthened. The days of Hitler and Gestapo terror might well be numbered. If a solution along these lines is to be attempted, however, it should be attempted soon. Too great optimism seems unwarranted. But in view of what is at stake, no opportunity should be missed. If the attempt

is not made or if it fails the next opportunity for European union will present itself only after millions have died on the battlefields or through starvation and cities lie in smoke and ashes. Does anybody think that it will then be easier to reach a just and durable peace among the peoples of Europe?

Germany's voice is terrifying when the radio carries it round the globe through Hitler's mouth. There are in every nation, as in individuals, likeable and unlikeable traits. Everything that is unpleasant and un-lovely in the German character has been brought to the foreground and thrice underlined by Hitler. The positive achievements of National Socialism do not make up for this injury to Germany and to Europe. But in spite of all evidence to the contrary, there is another Germany calling to-day. The Germany of reason, of Christian understanding, of decency, the eternal Germany of Luther, Goethe, and Kant, of Bach and Beethoven, and Albrecht Dürer. It is for her that I plead.

LETTER TO HEROES

BY ROBERT NATHAN

WHAT do you love, you heroes—
life or liberty?
Here on this earth, sons and daughters of captains,
Cousins of martyrs, children of lonely riders,
Whose fathers troubled the world, praying on mountains,
Falling in battle under a light of heaven,
What do you love?
Or have you forgotten the answer?
Life is the taste of honey, the song and the singing,
The kiss of a mouth, the orchard smell in the spring,
The thunder of summer seas, and the winey autumn.
Life is the taste and touch, aroma of sweetness,
Heart and body, the laughter, the good companions,
Peace and the dewy hour, the fire at evening.
What do you love?
For liberty is another
Lonelier choosing. Not the much but the little,
And not the heart but the soul, the clear, the unhindered,
Stands under heaven free, forever unchanging,
Beautiful still and strong, the stone of the spirit,
Hard and bitter and dear—too long forgotten,
Under the fingers of love, under the tender
Comfort of earth, under the snowy blossoms.
What do you love, you heroes, crying and running,
Running and crying over the redolent orchards,
Tasting the honey, filling the heart with sweetness—
Sons and daughters of captains, cousins of martyrs?

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

6:45 p.m.

AT OUR feet the small boy on all fours studies a copy of *Life* while we listen to Lowell Thomas on the sale of bombing planes to belligerents. It seems that an Army expert has testified that such sale will strengthen our own military position by enabling American factories to step up their production. In fact, says the expert, it is vital to our national health that we sell fighting planes to warring nations. Here is a gloomy program for the world—a crescendo of internal well-being, maintained by stimulating other people's glands of destruction. The boy, meanwhile, exploring the depths of his magazine, has found a picture of cannibals roasting parts of a human being on a spit. A studious family, mine, at this twilight hour, absorbing life in the raw—or in the medium-well-done!

Invasion

I WONDER whether Orson Welles or the Columbia Broadcasting Company ever sent a pair of black shoes, size 9-B, to the unskilled laborer in Massachusetts who, on the night of the Martian invasion, took his entire savings amounting to $3.25 and bought a railroad ticket to get away from the end of the world. This fellow traveled sixty miles before he learned that the catastrophe was an invention of H. G. Wells and the Mercury Theater. When he got back to where he belonged he had used up the money that he had saved toward the purchase of a pair of black shoes (size 9-B). I trust Mr. Welles has kicked through.

I've just been reading Hadley Cantril's book on the CBS invasion from Mars—that memorable All Hallow's Eve of 1938. It seemed to me at the time, and still does, that the radio panic was the meatiest news event of that year. The book contains the complete script of the broadcast, case histories of persons who were scared and of persons who weren't, and some conclusions and observations of a psychological nature. It is full of choice bits of information. When you read the script over you see what a particularly ingenious hoax it was. It managed to combine two themes which have long captivated the imagination of men—the possibility of life on Mars, and the possibility that some day the world will come to an abrupt, noisy, and disagreeable end.

An interesting part of the book is the testimony of persons whose faith in radio was damaged and who felt injured on that account. These people were shocked at the program. Hitherto they had believed everything they heard on the air, and now their confidence was shaken. They resented this and felt a sense of loss. One of them stuck to his religion to the bitter end. He said: "Even after this I still will believe what I hear on the radio."

My Day

THIS is a day of high winds and extravagant promises, a day of bright skies and the sun on the white painted south sides of buildings, of lambs on the warm slope of the barnyard, their forelegs folded neatly and on their miniature faces a look of grave miniature content. Beneath the winter cover of spruce boughs the tulip thrusts its spear. A white hen is chaperoning thirteen little black chicks all over the place, showing

them the world's fair with its lagoons and small worms. The wind is NW and the bay is on the march. Even on the surface of the watering fountain in the henyard quite a sea is running. My goose will lay her seventh egg to-day, in the nest she made for herself alongside the feed rack in the sheep shed, and on cold nights the lambs will lie on the eggs to keep them from freezing until such time as the goose decides to sit. It is an arrangement they have worked out among themselves—the lambs enjoying the comfort of the straw nest in return for a certain amount of body heat delivered to the eggs—not enough to start the germ but enough to keep the frost out. Things work out if you leave them alone. At first, when I found lambs sitting on goose eggs I decided that my farm venture had got out of hand and that I better quit before any more abortive combinations developed. "At least," I thought, "you'll have to break up that nest and shift the goose." But I am calmer than I used to be, and I kept clear of the situation. As I say, things work out. This is a day of the supremacy of warmth over cold, of God over the devil, of peace over war. There is still a little snow along the fence rows, but it looks unreal, like the icing of a store cake. I am conducting my own peace these days. It's like having a little business of my own. People have quit calling me an escapist since learning what long hours I put in.

Last Trip

EVERY year or so one reads about a railroad conductor on a suburban train making his last run and being fêted by the passengers, most of whom know him well. This sort of farewell celebration seems to be peculiar to railroad men. All sorts of other people step out of harness and nobody thinks much about it, but a railroad man finishing his work excites the populace unduly. I think this is probably because commuters see, in conductors and brakemen and engineers, the personification of their own frustrated transit—a man who has ridden far and got nowhere. Journey's end for a conductor on a commuter's run is an occasion of unequalled sadness, a sadness so poignant that it usually must be drowned in gin if there is a club car on the train. Somebody has reached the end of the strange run, from here to there and back again.

Black-Ash Tea

LAMBS come in March, traditionally and actually. My ewes started dropping their lambs in February, were at their peak of production in March, and now are dribbling into April. At the moment of writing, thirteen have lambed, two still await their hour. From the thirteen sheep I have eighteen live lambs —six sets of twins and six single lambs. April is the big docking and castrating month, and since I have named all my lambs for friends, I wield the emasculatome with a somewhat finer flourish than most husbandrymen. Tails come off best with a dull ax—the lambs bleed less than with a sharp instrument. I never would have discovered that in a hundred years, but a neighbor tipped me off. He also told me about black-ash tea, without which nobody should try to raise lambs. You peel some bark from a black ash, steep it, and keep it handy in a bottle. Then when your lambs come up from the pasture at night frothing at the mouth, poisoned from a too sudden rush of springtime to the first, second, and third stomach, you just put the tea to them. It makes them drunk, but it saves their lives.

British Poise

THAT peerless organ of British pastoral life, *The Countryman*, published at Idbury, recently printed a list of ancient Celtic sheep-counting numerals. I was so moved by this evidence of Britain's incomparable poise during her dark crisis that I gave the antique names to

my fifteen modern ewes. They are called Yain, Tain, Eddero, Peddero, Pitts, Tayter, Later, Overro, Covvero, Dix, Yain-dix, Tain-dix, Eddero-dix, Peddero-dix, and Bumfitt. I think Yain is rather a pretty name. And I like Later too and Pitts. Bumfitt is a touch on the A. A. Milne side, but I guess it means fifteen all right. As a matter of fact, giving numerals for names is a handy system; I have named the ewes in the order of their lambing, and it helps me keep my records straight. Peddero-dix and Bumfitt are still fighting it out for last place.

Shepherd's Life

When I invested in a band of sheep last fall (they cost seven dollars apiece) I had no notion of what I was letting myself in for in the way of emotional involvements. I knew there would be lambs in spring, but they seemed remote. Lambing, I felt, would take place automatically and would be the sheep's business, not mine. I forgot that sheep come up in late fall and join the family circle. At first they visit the barn rather cautiously, eat some hay, and depart. But after one or two driving storms they abandon the pasture altogether, draw up chairs around the fire, and settle down for the winter. They become as much a part of your group as your dog, or your Aunt Maudie. Our house and barn are connected by a woodshed, like the Grand Central Station and the Yale Club; and without stepping out of door you can reach any animal on the place, including the pig. This makes for greater intimacy than obtains in a layout where each farm building is a separate structure. We don't encourage animals to come into the house, but they get in once in a while, particularly the cosset lamb, who trotted through this living room not five minutes ago looking for an eight-ounce bottle. Anyway, in circumstances such as ours you find yourself growing close to sheep. You give them names not for whimsy but for convenience. And when one of them approaches her confinement you get almost as restless as she does.

The birth of a mammal was once a closed book to me. Except for the famous "Birth of a Baby" picture and a couple of old receipted bills from an obstetrician, I was unacquainted with the more vivid aspects of birth. All that is changed. For the past six weeks I have been delivering babies with great frequency, moderate abandon, and no little success. Eighteen lambs from thirteen sheep isn't bad. I lost one pair of twins—they were dropped the first week of February, before I expected them, and they chilled. I also lost a single lamb, born dead.

A newcomer to the realm of parturition is inclined to err on the side of being too helpful. I have no doubt my early ministrations were as distasteful to the ewe as those of the average night nurse are to an expectant mother. Sheep differ greatly in their ability to have a lamb and to care for it. They also differ in their attitude toward the Shepherd. Some sheep enjoy having you mincing around, arranging flowers and adjusting the window. Others are annoyed beyond words. The latter, except in critical cases, should be left to work out their problem by themselves. They usually get along. If you've trimmed the wool around their udders the day before with a pair of desk shears, the chances are ten to one they will feed their lambs all right when they arrive.

At first, birth strikes one as the supreme example of bad planning—a thoroughly mismanaged and ill-advised functional process, something thought up by a dirty-minded fiend. It appears cluttery, haphazard. But after you have been mixed up with it for a while, have spent nights squatting beneath a smoky lantern in a cold horse stall helping a weak lamb whose mother fails to own it; after you have grown accustomed to the odd trappings and by-products of mammalian reproduction and seen how

marvelously they contribute to the finished product; after you've broken down an animal's reserve and have identified yourself with her and no longer pull your punches, then this strange phenomenon of birth becomes an absorbingly lustrous occasion, full of subdued emotion, like a great play, an occasion for which you unthinkingly give up any other occupation that might be demanding your attention. I've never before in my life put in such a month as this past month has been—a period of pure creation, vicarious in its nature, but extraordinarily moving.

I presume that everything a female does in connection with birthing her young is largely instinctive, not rational. A sheep makes a hundred vital movements and performs a dozen indispensable and difficult tasks, blissfully oblivious of her role. Everything is important, but nothing is intelligent. Before the lamb is born she paws petulantly at the bedding. Even this is functional, for she manages to construct a sort of nest into which the lamb drops, somewhat to the lamb's advantage. Then comes the next miraculous reflex. In the first instant after a lamb is dropped, the ewe takes one step ahead, turns, and lowers her head to sniff eagerly at her little tomato surprise. This step ahead that she takes is a seemingly trivial thing, but I have been thinking about it and I guess it is not trivial at all. If she were to take one step backward it would be a different story—she would step on her lamb, and perhaps damage it. I have often seen a ewe step backward while laboring, but I never remember seeing one take a backward step after her lamb has arrived on the ground. This is the second instinctive incident.

The third is more important than either of the others. A lamb, newly born, is in a state of considerable disrepair; it arrives weak and breathless, with its nose plugged with phlegm or covered with a sac. It sprawls, suffocated, on the ground, and after giving one convulsive shake, is to all appearances dead. Only quick action, well-directed, will save it and start it ticking. The ewe takes this action, does the next important thing, which is to open the lamb's nostrils. She goes for its nose with unerring aim and starts tearing off the cellophane. I can't believe that she is intelligently unstoppering these air passages for her child; she just naturally feels like licking a lamb on the nose. You wonder (or I do, anyway) what strange directional force impels her to begin at the nose, rather than at the other end. A lamb has two ends, all right, and before the ewe gets through she has attended to both of them; but she always begins with the nose, and with almost frenzied haste. I suppose Darwin is right, and that a long process of hereditary elimination finally produced sheep which began cleaning the forward end of a lamb, not the after end. It is an impressive sight, no matter what is responsible for it. It is literally life-giving, and you can see life take hold with the first in-draught of air in the freed nostril. The lamb twitches and utters a cry, as though from a long way off. The ewe answers with a stifled grunt, her sides still contracting with the spasms of birth; and in this answering cry the silver cord is complete and takes the place of the umbilicus, which has parted, its work done.

These are only the beginnings of the instinctive events in the maternal program. The ewe goes on to dry her lamb and boost it to its feet. She keeps it moving so that it doesn't lodge and chill. She finally works it into position so that it locates, in an almost impenetrable jungle of wool, the indispensable fountain and the early laxative. One gulp of this fluid (which seems to have a liberal share of brandy in it) and the lamb is launched. Its little tail wiggles and satisfaction is written all over it, and your heart leaps up.

Even your own technic begins to grow more instinctive. When I was a novice I used to work hard to make a lamb suck by forcing its mouth to the teat. Now I just tickle it on the base of its tail.



The Easy Chair



NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

THE Fox sisters, a pair of accomplished hysterics, held seances at Barnum's Hotel through June of 1850. The fashionable and the literary attended them in throngs; among those who reported themselves impressed were Cooper, Bryant, and Bancroft. The printers were on strike in New York and elsewhere. Horace Greeley, who had been a compositor but was now a newspaper proprietor, advised them to use peaceful means only to improve their estate; virtue and frugality, he thought, would get them farther than violence could. Many other trades were on strike throughout the industrial East, notably the tailoresses, who were cheered on by various conventions which met to assert the rights of women. The workers were defending themselves, unsuccessfully on the whole, against a national dislocation caused by the discovery of gold in California more than a year before. The first year's production had cheapened bullion, and commodity prices were climbing in a steep curve. But by the fifth of this June 12,000 men and 3400 wagons had passed Fort Laramie in continuation of last year's stampede to California. Thousands more were moving westward by the southern trails, and other thousands had shipped to the same destination by way of the Isthmus or the Cape. Then the clipper *Sea Witch* dropped anchor in San Francisco Bay, ninety-seven days out of New York. She had cut the passage by a full two months and had begun a new, brief era in transportation which had its beauty and has its romance still.

The gold seekers and the *Sea Witch* were shifting farther out of balance a social system already perilously close to disruption. Europe looked bad enough that June, with armies marching and treaties collapsing as efforts to restore what the revolutions of '48 had overturned came to nothing (and with trouble in Schleswig-Holstein again); but the United States looked worse. In this same June delegates from nine Southern States met at Nashville in a convention whose purpose was to assert what were called "Southern rights" at whatever cost might be necessary. At the moment "Southern rights" meant the right of political dictation by a minority and the extension of property in slaves to the lands taken from Mexico by military conquest. The plan of those who had called the convention was to use first the threat and then, if need be, the fact of secession—in other words, to break up the Union in its sixty-second year. They did not succeed and the convention adjourned without going beyond oratory. For by June the ground swell of public sentiment had turned to the support of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. Through the late winter and the spring Congress had debated the issues with unprecedented violence, and North and South the compromisers were widely held to have betrayed the nation. What Clay and Webster saw, what history has since confirmed, was that if the Union could be held together for ten years

more, by any device of craft or surrender, then it could endure the irrepressible conflict. In September they were to get what they wanted, the measures that would last for just ten years, and the Union was, by an eyelash, saved. But in June anyone who thought that the United States was done for had as much evidence as that opinion has ever needed.

In that chaotic June of 1850, Harper and Brothers brought out the first number of *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*. The edition went to 7500; six months later the print order had reached 50,000; it had climbed to 200,000 by 1860. For the "*New*" of the title (which was maintained till 1900) was accurate and a need in American journalism was being served. Several aspects of *Harper's* were new. Mr. Mott's analysis in his *History of American Magazines* stresses the fact that it was the first great middle-class magazine, but more significant is his further observation that it was also the first national magazine. Up to that time only the saccharine *Godey's* had been able to extend its appeal beyond the sections; no monthly or quarterly had tried to satisfy the serious literary and intellectual tastes of Americans everywhere. *Harper's* at once made inroads on the circulation of those that came nearest to doing so, *Graham's*, whose decline its arrival accelerated, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*, which lasted only a few years more. But the greater part of *Harper's* phenomenal circulation represented an audience that our journalism had not previously reached, an audience that was truly national. Mr. Mott is able to quote Anthony Trollope, whose dismay of America was even more fastidious than his mother's, as saying in 1862 that he found "Harper's everlasting magazine" (an impatient adjective for a journal that bought his stuff) in the humblest cabins in the West, and Theodore Tilton, in 1866, as calling it "the pioneer of civilization at the West." The magazine went west, northwest, and southwest in emigrant wagons, and many a man and woman in frontier huts cherished it as a symbol of a fineness that must be established in the new country as soon as possible. But also it went north and south, to libraries and colleges and homes which responded to a feeling of nationality. *Putnam's*, which was founded in 1853, was never a real competitor and many years passed before the *Atlantic*, which followed it in 1857, felt any desire to stand for more than a purely New England culture. *Scribner's*, which was to become the *Century*, met it head on in 1870 and this competition produced one of the great eras in American journalism.

The earliest numbers were exactly "magazines" in the antique sense that they were digests and anthologies. They rested also on a basis of English fiction. President Zachary Taylor, who was to die a month later and bequeath his troubled government to Millard Fillmore, may have begun a serial by Charles Lever in that issue of June, 1850, and may have read there Dickens's "Child's Dream of a Star." The editors were experimenting with and were soon to adopt a revolutionary practice of paying English writers, whereas the established custom was to pirate them. Only English novels were to be serialized till after the Civil War—understandably, since few American novels of the time were worth serializing. If President Taylor did indeed read Charles Lever in the first number, so President Lincoln may have read Mr. Trollope's *Small House at Allington* late at night when the armies were groping for each other at Gettysburg (his elegant secretary, John Hay, certainly did) and may have glanced at the first installment of *Our Mutual Friend* a day or two before Good Friday, 1865. *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit* had come before that and the durable tradition gave first American publication to Thackeray's *The Newcomes*, *The Virginians*, *The Adventures of Philip* and *Dennis Duval* (as well as *The Four Georges*); to George Eliot's *Romola* and *Daniel Deronda;* to Hardy's *The Return of the Native*, *The Laodicean*, and (bowdlerized, alas) *Hearts Insurgent* which

was later called *Jude the Obscure;* to DuMaurier's *Peter Ibbetson* and (one of the smash hits of the century) *Trilby;* to much of Conrad, Maurice Hewlett, Kipling, and on down to Mr. Huxley's *After Many a Summer* of last year.

Part of *Harper's* continuing success thus came from the fact that it gave its readers the best English fiction of the time. Yet from the beginning the short fiction had been mainly American, and following the Civil War, when the short story flowered into a typically American form, the index of *Harper's* authors became a checklist of our literature. The magazine was a main support and in some degree a begetter of the second great period of American literature. And now American novelists were worth serializing. The list is much too long even to be fairly sampled here but you will find on it nearly any good American writer you have heard of. President McKinley, for example, could have read one of Stephen Crane's Whilomville stories in the issue of January, 1900, when the century turned, and President Wilson doubtless read the first installment of Booth Tarkington's *The Turmoil* in the last days of peace at the beginning of August, 1914. Before that there had been Hawthorne, Melville, Howells, Henry James, J. W. DeForest, Lafcadio Hearn, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Thomas Nelson Page, James Lane Allen, Richard Harding Davis—whom you will. There has been a similar succession of our poets, from Longfellow (who at least twice received a thousand dollars for a poem) through Whitman on down to Robert Frost and Edna Millay. Lowell wrote his studies of Elizabethan dramatists for *Harper's* and Howells, in "The Editor's Study," a since abandoned department, for many years wrote the most influential criticism in America.

Howells is the most distinguished example of the "*Harper's* author," the writer so closely identified with the magazine that he seems to belong to it primarily. Beginning with *Indian Summer* in 1885, the bulk of his writing—novels, short stories, criticism, poems, editorials, travel pieces—appeared in the magazine. In the middle Nineties Mark Twain also became a fixture, though his great work was over and the magazine could serialize only such lesser books as *Joan of Arc* and *The Mysterious Stranger*. Mary E. Wilkins and Constance Woolson were other representatives of the type, and it has continued down to to-day.

Harper's principal reputation was for fiction, but from the beginning it was strongly interested in the American scene. In its second year it began to report on the West and it has been reporting on all the sections, and on the trades, businesses, manners, customs, beliefs, institutions, problems, religions, politics, and fads and fashions of America ever since. Always more interested in the contemporary than in the historical (though it published Parkman and Motley and John Fiske, it left the great Civil War histories and biographies to the *Century* and *Scribner's*), it has described the national life so extensively that no one will ever be able to write American history without it. In this topicality and in the equally persistent reporting of science one finds the strongest continuity with the magazine as it is to-day.

And one must not ignore the glorious age, roughly from 1880 to 1915, when a quality magazine could be lush and lavish—when it could be two hundred pages long, publish as many articles in one issue as it does to-day and in the same issue publish an equal number of stories and parts of two serials, when (to the envy of their successor) George William Curtis could have from seven to ten thousand words for the Easy Chair and Howells almost as much. And when, forced by the *Century's* competition to develop another field in which it had pioneered, it brought magazine illustration to the highest excellence ever known. The list of *Harper's* artists is a list of the greatest illustrators there have ever been, whether one thinks of Felix O. C. Darley far back, of Winslow Homer, Edwin A. Abbey, C. S. Reinhart, John W. Alexander,

and A. B. Frost later on, or Howard Pyle and Charles Dana Gibson still later. Throughout that happy time it was as distinguished for its art as for its literature.

Meanwhile the mass-circulation magazines had developed and had begun to use the instruments that *Harper's* had shaped. In effect, there has always been for *Harper's* approximately the same audience it had reached by 1860, and it had neither the desire nor the capacity to compete in a field where circulation is measured not by a few hundred thousand but by the million. So in 1925 it once more changed its format, abandoned illustration, reduced the proportion of fiction in its contents, and became the magazine of ideas, free and tranquil discussion, and editorial comment that it has since remained.

Harper's is ninety years old this month. It is junior to the *North American Review*, which has experienced violent transformations in its lifetime, and to the *Saturday Evening Post*, which has experienced even more violent ones; but no other magazine has survived so long and so continuously held a position of leadership in American journalism.

Not only excellence but suppleness, adaptability to circumstance, and willingness to change with the times have been responsible for that survival. They are characteristics of youth rather than of age, and at ninety *Harper's* has no feeling of antiquity. But whatever changes there have been, for ninety years it has been edited for exactly the same audience, has maintained the same editorial standards, and has existed on the highest level of journalism. From its first issue on to to-day it has always been one of the best American magazines, which is to say one of the best magazines in the world, and it has frequently, by universal acknowledgment, been the best. (In the days when Andrew Lang edited an English edition, a patriotic Englishwoman once remarked with the finality of her type, that of course, American culture could show no such magazine as *Harper's*.) It is the audience that counts. Its tastes and interests have shifted as the currents of American life shifted but it has always consisted of the educated, the discriminating, and the liberal—in a worn but realistic phrase, the intellectual aristocracy. *Harper's* has always been edited for such people, and always will be.

There was fighting in Schleswig-Holstein and social upheaval in America when the first issue appeared; headlines carry the same burden to-day; doubtless they will be paralleled when the issue of June, 1950, hits the stands. From the ninetieth anniversary one looks backward over an extraordinary pageant of violent change. A good deal has happened to America in those ninety years, and to American journalism too. Most of it has been reported in these pages—reported, analyzed, and discussed by the best minds available—and one feels that *Harper's* has been not only a large part of American journalism but a not unimportant part of America as well. It has been repeatedly expected during those ninety years that something—the secessionists or the abolitionists, the Republican party or the Populists, the trusts or the unions or the Ku Klux or the anarchists or the fascists or the communists—would bring the Republic down. It has been repeatedly expected that something—the big weeklies or the muckraking magazines, the pulps or the keyhole weeklies or the magazines that transpose their verbs and merge their adjectives—would bring *Harper's* down. But the Republic has gone on its way and *Harper's* has described and analyzed it. It is confidently expected in this office that both will still be performing their proper functions ten years from now when the current Easy Chair or his successor reviews the first century of an American institution.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

Personal and Otherwise



IN THE CYCLOTRON LABORATORY AT COLUMBIA

Dr. Dana Mitchell, Dr. Enrico Fermi, and Professor Dunning with their backs to the atom smasher

POWER BEYOND BELIEF

ONE day Matthew Boulton, manufacturer of steam engines and partner of James Watt, was taking James Boswell through the little factory near Birmingham. "I sell here, Sir," roared Boulton, "what all the world desires to have: Power!" But he did not say where Watt's ideas about steam engines had been developed—in the University of Glasgow. Watt was mathematical instrument

maker to the University. "My attention was first directed, in 1759, to the subject of steam engines, by Dr. Robison, then a student in the University of Glasgow." Subsequently Watt spent many hours discussing steam power with Joseph Black, the discoverer of latent heat, who was then lecturer in chemistry.

John J. O'Neill's "Enter Atomic Power," which traces the recent history of the experiments which culminated in the splitting of the uranium atom, is about a sort of power infinitely greater than any dreamed of by James Watt, but the story comes from a university, just as it did in the eighteenth century.

Mr. O'Neill, who has followed these experiments closely, is the Science Editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. He conducts a column in the Sunday issue and reports the national conventions of the leading scientific societies. A member of a number of these societies, he was formerly Chairman of the Board of Managers of the American Institute. In 1937 he was co-winner of the Pulitzer Prize in Journalism and in 1938 was awarded the American Society for the Control of Cancer Medal.

☛ As we go to press we learn that the scientists in the General Electric research laboratories at Schenectady have succeeded in separating the three isotopes of uranium. When these were tested by Professor Dunning at Columbia they gave results identical with those obtained from the isotopes separated by Professor Nier, thus verifying the first atomic power experiment.



EMBATTLED PEDAGOGUE

FOR the past few weeks ***Bertrand Russell,*** author of "The Functions of a Teacher," has been the center of an academic storm in New York City. Recently he has been teaching at the University of California in Los Angeles. On February 26th he was appointed by the Board of Higher Education of New York City to teach the philosophy of mathematics and of science at the College of the City of New York. Mr. Russell's career in the sciences has been both long and distinguished, so has his interest in social questions. His first book, published in 1896, was *German Social Democracy*, his second, a year later, was an *Essay on the Foundations of Geometry*. His reputation is world wide. Scarcely had the New York appointment been announced when a fight began. Bishop Manning opened the attack with a vitriolic letter to the newspapers in which he condemned Russell in scorching terms as "a propagandist against religion and morality." Leaders of other religious bodies joined in; the Baptists vituperated, so did the Lutherans, and finally the Catholics. Meantime eminent educators from the whole country issued spirited endorsements of Russell, enumerating the distinguished achievements of this world-renowned scholar.

In the midst of the tumult the City Council voted, 16 to 5, to rescind Russell's appointment. The Board of Higher Education stuck to its guns and confirmed Russell in his job. At this juncture a Mrs. Jean Kay, the wife of a Brooklyn dentist, filed a taxpayer's suit in the New York Supreme Court to oust Russell on the ground that he was an alien and an advocate of sexual immorality. Mrs. Kay was moved to this effort, she said, because she had a daughter who might attend the College. The burden of the accusation depended on citations from four books out of the more than thirty volumes which Russell has written. These were *What I Believe*, *Marriage and Morals*, *Education and the Good Life*, and *Education and the Modern World*. Justice John E. McGeehan, before whom the case was brought, revoked Russell's appointment and wrote a seventeen page decision to clinch it. He asserted that the Board of Higher Education had, in making the appointment, established a "Chair of Indecency" at the City College. There followed further jockeying and the American Civil Liberties Union announced that Mr. Russell had asked them to assist him in appealing the case. As we go to press, the Board of Higher Education is independently pressing the case to appeal.

Mr. Russell is a descendant of one of the group of famous English Whig families which, about the time of the Industrial Revolution, took over the management of the Empire and ran it for several generations. Mr. Russell's grandfather, Lord John Russell, was prime minister several times and was foreign minister in Palmerston's cabinet during the Civil War. It was with this Russell that Charles Francis Adams, our minister to Great Britain, carried on his long and devious battle to prevent the sailing of the ironclads that the Lairds had built for the Confederacy. Bertrand Russell, the author of the present article, was born in 1872. Left an orphan when he was three, he was taken to Lord John's where his grandmother brought him up.

(*Continued on second page following*)



The most costly moment

IF YOU ARE a competent driver, this message is for you.

You appreciate the wisdom of never risking all the advantages gained through countless hours and innumerable miles of careful driving—in *one little moment* of carelessness or chance-taking.

That's the most costly moment! Turning to chat with someone in the car . . . fussing to get a smoke started . . . admiring the scenery . . . taking chances at ■ corner, or in trying to get around the fellow ahead.

There are many temptations to let that costly moment sneak in! The happiest, most accident-free motorist, however, doesn't indulge in those moments. You may be sure that throughout his motoring life:

- He attends to the business of driving—every moment.
- He doesn't seek alibis for speeding.
- He never tolerates alcohol at the wheel.
- He is doubly careful when driving in snow or on slippery, dangerous roads, in fog, rain, or at night.
- He checks the condition of his car regularly—especially brakes, tires, lights, vision.
- He knows and uses the correct hand signals.
- He observes traffic and right-of-way rules.
- He has courtesy and consideration for other drivers and pedestrians.
- He is careful to have young folks taught to drive properly.

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Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

After he left Cambridge in 1894, Russell was attached for a short while to the British Embassy in Paris. This sort of a career didn't last long. At the Mathematical Congress in Paris in 1900 he became interested in the Italian mathematician Peano, and after a study of Peano's work, Russell wrote his first important book, *The Principles of Mathematics*. This was presently followed by *Principia Mathematica*, which he wrote in collaboration with Dr. Alfred North Whitehead. Russell was a conscientious objector during the World War and was fined £100 for publishing a pamphlet on the subject. Trinity College at Cambridge cancelled his lectureship, and when Russell attempted to come to America where he was to give a course at Harvard, he was prevented by the English authorities from leaving. Finally he was jailed and while in prison wrote his *Introduction to Mathematical Philosophy*.

Thereafter he lived around the world. He went to Russia and wrote about it. In 1920 he lectured on philosophy at the University of Peking. In 1922 and 1923 Russell stood for parliament as a Labour candidate. The famous nursery school which he and his second wife, Dora Russell, undertook was started in 1927 and proved "a success in every way except financially." When his brother died in 1931, Russell succeeded to the title but has never used it.



DON'T QUOTE

"Scorn and Comfort" is the first story of ***Christopher La Farge's*** to appear in *Harper's*. Mr. La Farge started out to be an architect. His father, Grant La Farge, had been one before him and his grandfather, John La Farge, was an eminent mural painter and worker in stained glass. After study at the Harvard School of Architecture and the Pennsylvania Architectural School, Mr. La Farge went to work as a draughtsman and designer for McKim, Mead and White and for Ferrucio Vitale. He was engaged in this work from 1924 until 1927. After that he was a partner with C. Grant La Farge in the architectural firms of La Farge, Warren and Clark and, later, La Farge & Son. The last named firm was dissolved in 1932. Meantime Mr. La Farge had been writing and publishing poetry and short stories. He has published two novels in verse, *Hoxsie Sells His Acres* and *Each to the Other*. The latter was a Book-of-the-Month selection in April, 1939. Oliver La Farge, the novelist, is his brother.

FIRST FLIGHT

"He Flew in 1883" is the story of the first glider flight of John Joseph Montgomery, one of the great pioneer figures in aeronautics. Montgomery was a Californian and so is the author, ***Winsor Josselyn,*** but Mr. Josselyn says that in his own childhood in San Diego in the late 90's and early 1900's he had never heard of the glider. Mr. Josselyn knew about airplanes, though, and was present at the Harvard-Boston air meet at Squantum, Massachusetts, in 1910 at which Claude Grahame-White performed in a Farman biplane. More recently he has been the sports editor of a Monterey paper, giving much of his time to flying. He hopes to have his private pilot's certificate before very long. In recent years he has written numerous articles about aviation for *The Sportsman Pilot* and various California newspapers and magazines.

OLD AGE UNDERWRITER

On the 13th floor of an old and cramped building at 22 East 17th Street, New York City, a stone's throw from Union Square, you will find the offices of the American Association for Old Age Security and in the rear of the front offices, surrounded by mounds of pamphlets, is the man who is supposed to know more about social insurance than anybody in the United States. This man is ***Abraham Epstein,*** the author of "Social Security—Where Are We Now?" Many a thundering business success has confessed that along with his aptitude there was luck; he got in on the ground floor. Mr. Epstein has accumulated small gold but he certainly was in on the ground floor of social security and he devoted many years to persuading people to come in on the ground floor also. And slight success attended his labors. Social insurance was the last thing in the world that most business men and politicians cared about. It took a depression earthquake to wake them up. Through those years Mr. Epstein was travelling up and down the land lecturing, devilling newspapers, and laboring steadily as a social actuary. When, at last, the New Deal took fright at Huey Long and brought the Social Security Act to birth without knowing very much of what they were about, there was Abraham Epstein, still demanding that the job be done right.

Mr. Epstein was educated at the University

(Continued on second page following)

Brown's Garden

EACH FALL we resolve to have no more to do with gardens. We decide to set out a few tulips and perhaps lighten the lawn with a crocus here and there, but to wage no more wars with invading hordes of avid beetles, no more massacres of snails and cut-worms. And most particularly to have no more hunkering down along the perennial borders and no more aching hours of weeding. That's in the Fall.

Then along in February when the wind is howling like a banshee in the chimney and the world seems a pretty dismal place indeed, the seed catalogs begin arriving. Their improbably lush illustrations move us first to mirth and then bedazzle us like the tortured jungles of the Douanier Rousseau. We begin to think that a mass of azaleas by the driveway would be very effective; perhaps a bed of scabiosa where that shabby forsythia stood last year would make the place look much better. And we are lost, quite irrevocably lost.

The postman brings us packet after packet of seeds, to be followed somewhat later by the expressman bearing shrubs. The garage and the cellar are littered with painstakingly manured forcing boxes. The earth softens and we yell at the dogs who think the patches of rich moist dirt were exposed for their special benefit as a hiding place for bones. We set up fences and scrabble among the roots. We watch for signs of life and beam as fondly as any parent over the first frail shoots of timid green. We water, we spray, we transplant, we prune, and we ruthlessly uproot. We keep it up all summer and even if nothing turns out quite as we expected, we feel amply repaid by what does do fairly well. It is, at any rate, a tangible creation of our own.

It seems to us that this preoccupation with growing things—you'll find it where only geraniums are brave in old tin cans—is a rather healthy indication. It is perhaps symptomatic of an unwillingness to get away from the true fundamentals of existence. And it is particularly pleasing to reflect that steel takes part in the tilling of even the smallest plot of the good earth.

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of Pittsburgh. From 1918 to 1927 he was Director of the Pennsylvania Old Age Commission. In 1927 he was made Executive Secretary of the American Association for Social Security and has been at it ever since. In 1921 he organized the Workers Education Bureau of America. In addition to his work with the Association he is now Consulting Economist to the Social Security Board and lectures on social insurance at New York University and Brooklyn College. His books include *Facing Old Age*, *The Problem of Old Age Pensions in Industry*, *The Challenge of the Aged*, and *Insecurity—A Challenge to America.*

He is also the author of two famous *Harper* articles: "Our Social Insecurity Act," published in December, 1935, and "Killing Old Age Security with Kindness," which appeared in July, 1937. These articles, along with John T. Flynn's "The Social Security 'Reserve' Swindle," in *Harper's* for February, 1939, were powerful levers in bringing about revision of that wild and weird original bill.



CHILD'S ERROR

Adeline Courtney Bartlett, author of "They Write Worse and Worse," has been teaching in the English Department of Hunter College since 1929. She was born in Tennessee, went to school at Vanderbilt University, and got her Ph.D. at Columbia. She says, "I have taught in a college for men, two colleges for women and several coeducational institutions. I have taught white students, Malays, a few Negroes, and a few Chinese. I am inclined to think the Chinese the best."



MAN MONUMENT

Carl Dreher's "J. D. Ross, Public Power Magnate" is a portrait of one of the most remarkable Americans of recent times. A skilful politician, and an eminent engineer, Ross was a small-town man in his personality. He was conscious of his neighbors and acutely conscious of the feelings, prejudices, likes, and yearnings of small-town people. Many of those feelings he shared. His working life was spent in one of the last of the frontier towns—Seattle—where the atmosphere was favorable to experiment; he grew up with the city and became a part of it. The corporation executives who, one after another, were sent to Seattle to manage the competing utility, were baffled by Ross. Despite numerous attempts to cripple or oust him, the community refused to let him down. He became a sort of monument. His big bulk, huge head, hands like hams, slow, placid look, elephant tread, rumpled blue serge with shiny knees and elbows, and tender interest in birds and begonias—all inspired confidence. The tremors ascribed to the middle class melted away before this seemingly harmless giant. The mores and the household gods were safe with Ross. Ross knew how his neighbors felt and over a long period of years guided the City Light with due regard for those feelings and household gods. In the end public power was entrenched in the city.

Mr. Dreher, the author, is a well-known engineer in his own right, and one of the technical generation that came after Ross. Ross's interest in electricity began when the industry was young. Mr. Dreher's interest in radio began when it was "wireless" and still in the experiment stage. After graduation from college in 1917 Mr. Dreher went to work in the test shop of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company's factory. He moved along with the development of radio and after four years of radio research under Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, he became radio engineer for R.C.A. and in turn was engineer in charge of broadcasting and staff engineer of the National Broadcasting Company. For some years thereafter he was sound director for one of the Hollywood studios. In 1936 he retired and since then has been in consulting practice. He now divides his time between Hollywood and a farm in upstate New York. He has written a considerable amount, both technical and otherwise. The section on broadcast reception in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is his work. His *Harper* articles include "Collectivism and Human Nature," "What Business Kills," and "The American Way." The last named article won honorable mention in the *Harper* American Way Contest which we ran last year. At the moment he is engaged upon a book dealing with the lives, work, and social influence of a series of American engineers. This portrait of James Delmage Ross will appear as a chapter in that book.



VETERAN

WITH this issue, as Mr. DeVoto duly celebrates, we begin the ninety-first year of *Harper's*. Simultaneously we publish ***Philip***

(*Continued on second page following*)

Doing Business In 35 Languages

by Westinghouse



• *To youngsters or oldsters* whose hobby is collecting stamps, the incoming mail department of our export company would very likely prove a paradise.

▪ *A single day's mail* will bring letters from as many as twenty-five countries. In the course of a year, correspondence is received from practically every country in the world, and it has traveled to us by every conceivable mode of transportation from Tibetan runner to air express. It may be penned in anything from a Chinese ideographic script to just plain American English. More than thirty-five different languages will find their way in and out of the mail basket.

▪ *No doubt* you have heard many men say that their business "is different." But rarely will you find a business right here in our own country that is as really different as that of our people whose responsibility lies in the shipment and sale of our products abroad.

▪ *Most of these men* have spent years in the field, in Buenos Aires, Singapore, London, Cape Town. They have sold our products in Spanish, French, Portuguese, Swedish and even more remote tongues. They have learned to make change in lira, pesos and shillings as simply as you and I count our change from a dollar bill.

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▪ *Climate also plays* an important part in the distribution of our products throughout the world. For instance, a radio set which is perfectly suitable for sale in the United States must be specially designed and treated to stand up under tropical humidities before it is acceptable to countries near the equator.

▪ *Another product problem* is that of electric voltage and frequency. Here in the United States 110 volt 60 cycle current is standard almost everywhere, but in export territories these voltages range anywhere from 90 to 380 volts, and from 16⅔ to 133 cycles.

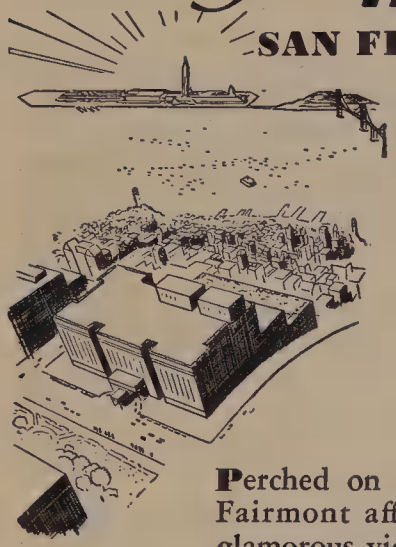
▪ *Add to these problems* the complications of the present world strife. But business goes on as ever, and our export people insist that theirs is the most interesting business in the world.

• *All of the products* that we make, from the grain of wheat lamp for doctors to immense turbines for power companies, find their way to the farthest reaches of the globe. American made products find a ready market abroad. And the fact that these products sell at higher prices in competition with those locally manufactured is a tribute to American craftsmanship and salesmanship.

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Curtiss's sixty-third contribution, "Andy and the Village Virus." Among the regular contributors Mr. Curtiss must easily have the long-run record. Mr. Curtiss in private life is, among other things, a trial justice—rural magistrate—in Connecticut. He says, "I am one of the most static individuals in the United States. All my life, except one year and a half, has been spent in the State of Connecticut and for twenty-odd years I have hardly left a single small town. It is not that I am unsociable but simply that I distrust the idea of motion for its own sake—lazy is the word that is sometimes used by those who live on a less high plane of philosophy. Like most New Englanders I also hate sentimentality, tenseness, and unnecessary violence. As a result my stories have always been based on the theory that there are still people in the world who like to read about amiable characters, doing normal things, in agreeable surroundings. Lest, however, I have given too wantonly the idea that I live entirely in an ivory tower, I will add that I was once a police reporter, have served in the army, and rather liked it."

At one time Mr. Curtiss was secretary of the Manufacturers Association of Connecticut. He has written the following books: *The Ladder*, *Between Two Worlds*, *Crater's Gold*, *Wanted—A Fool*, *Mummers in Mufti*, and *The Gay Conspirators*.

INCH BY INCH

THIS has been an active year for geographers, with the map of the world in a continuous state of alteration. ***Earl P. Hanson*** is a geographer and "The Millionth Map" is the fourth article by him that we have published since February. "Geography Goes Fluid," was the first, "Stefansson: Twenty Years After," came in the March number, "Should We Buy Greenland?" appeared in the May number in the midst of the uproar that followed Hitler's invasion of Scandinavia. Now comes his account of the American Geographical Society's "Millionth Map of Hispanic America." We have rehearsed Mr. Hanson's biography pretty thoroughly in recent issues. As a geographer and an explorer Mr. Hanson has first-hand knowledge of both the tropics and the arctic. In 1931–33 he was engaged on a one-man expedition of 20,000 miles for the Carnegie Institution of Washington, running a survey of the earth's

magnetism through the Orinoco and Amazon Basins and the Andes of South America.

SUMMER'S LEASE

FINALLY they have got round to it. ***Henry Seidel Canby's*** "American Summer" is an inquiry into the American vacation and how it came to be. Only a few weeks ago Foster Dulles published an encyclopedic work called *America Learns to Play*, a history of recreation from 1607 until now. There is still room for more spade work.

Since 1926 Dr. Canby has been chairman of the board of judges of the Book-of-the-Month Club. For twelve years he edited *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

DIXIE EDUCATOR: 1880

THE first part of ***John Andrew Rice's*** "A Small Boy in a Female College" appeared in the May number. These chapters, along with "Grandmother Smith's Plantation," which appeared in *Harper's* in November and December, 1938, are a part of an autobiography upon which Dr. Rice is now at work. In coming months we plan to publish more of this material.

INSIDE GERMANY

WHAT is happening in central Europe and how do the Germans themselves feel about the conflict? Not a week goes by but the *Harper* office has to deal with a quantity of manuscripts that purport to give the lowdown on conditions in the Third Reich. The question of credibility is constantly raised. It is with satisfaction, therefore, that the Editors are able to say that though ***Hans Schmidt*** is a pseudonym, there is no question about the reliability of the author of "Germany—The Voice from Within." He is a well-known German who recently made his way to this country.

POET

Robert Nathan, the only poet this month, is best known for his novels—*Portrait of Jennie* is the most recent—but his interest in verse is constant. A volume of his *Selected Poems* was published in 1935.



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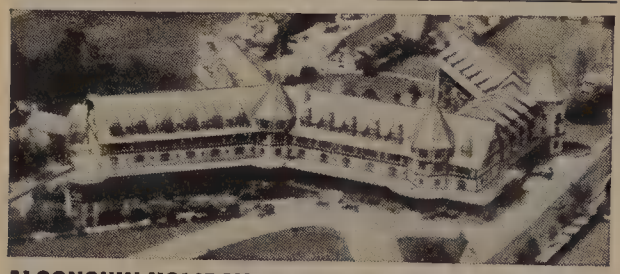


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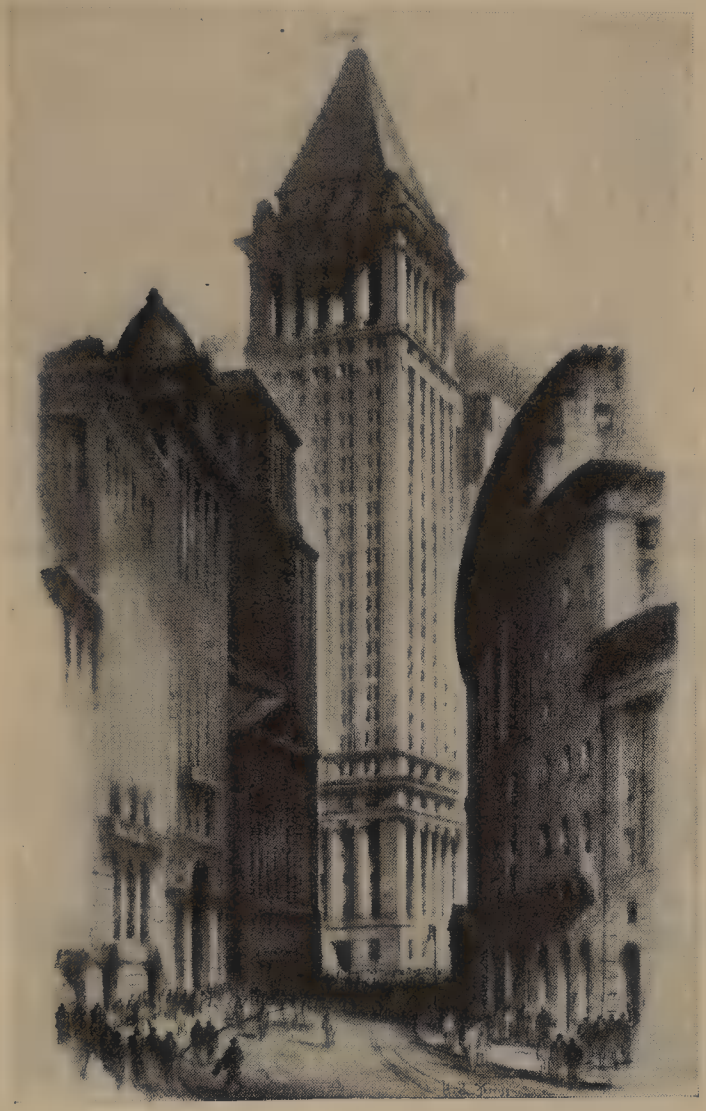
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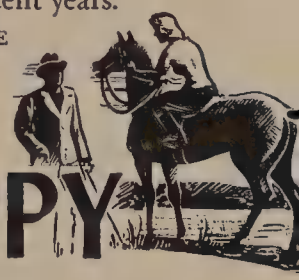


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Mr. Veteran on Choosing a School



ACT II

Scene: The Swifts' living room. Mr. Veteran enters to find Mr. and Mrs. Swift entirely surrounded by school catalogues.

MR. VETERAN (*cheerfully*): Well, have you decided on Jack's school?

MRS. SWIFT (*desperately*): How does anybody ever decide! Look at these catalogues! Every one convinces me. Perhaps we'll have to send Jack to a dozen schools.

MR. SWIFT: Perhaps the best way is to pick one blindfolded out of a hat.

MR. VETERAN: Courage. It isn't easy, I admit, but it's not as difficult as it looks. In the first place, Jack isn't in any sense a problem child, so you don't have to worry about special techniques of adjustment. He's well above the average in intelligence, so you don't have to look for a school that trains backward boys. He's healthy, so you don't have to consider climates. Already the choice is narrowing. Is he headed for your Alma Mater, John?

MR. SWIFT: All things being equal — yes. Naturally I'd like it.

MRS. SWIFT: Listen to him being calm and judicial. He's got his heart set on it. Fortunately, Jack's crazy to go there.

MR. VETERAN: That's a big university — something to bear in mind when you're choosing a school. I believe that in Jack's case, a big school would be the best preparation. Not only because it's less of a jump from a big school to a big college, but also because Jack's a boy who would do particularly well in a big school.

MR. SWIFT: Think so? Jack doesn't seem to have much ambition. I wonder if he wouldn't be swamped in a big school.

MR. VETERAN: His ambition hasn't been aroused. Things have always been easy for him, and he's never had any competition to speak of. Wait until he gets up against a high standard and a group of well trained boys. Jack's a natural leader and I can see him developing into one of the big men at a school like —— Hall.

MRS. SWIFT: Oh, I don't know about that. The Stuart boy went there, remember? He was so miserable they had to take him out.

MR. SWIFT: But Polly, we're talking about Jack, not the Stuart boy.

MR. VETERAN: Precisely. Don't make the mistake of judging any school on the performance of one boy who shouldn't have gone there in the first place. I happen to know Dick Stuart, and if ever I saw a boy who needed careful supervision and the kind of special handling that only a small school can give, he is that boy.

MR. SWIFT: I'm inclined to agree with you about the big school for Jack. What's the next step?

MR. VETERAN: For a boy like Jack, I'd look for a school where the scholastic standard is high and where scholastic attainments are respected by the students as well as the masters. Jack's an athlete and will undoubtedly win something of a reputation in athletics. I'd like to see him in a place where achievements in other fields as well are regarded as important; where an expert photographer, a gifted violinist, or a skillful debater can be a big shot. I'd like him to get to know boys from other parts of the country and other walks of life. He's been a big frog in a small puddle, now he's ready to be a growing frog in a larger puddle.

MR. SWIFT: But how do you ever find out things like these?

MR. VETERAN: Partly from the school itself, partly from the graduates, and partly from teachers in college who get a very good idea of the kind of product that various schools produce. Use your eyes and ears, and remembering that there are always exceptions, be slow to make up your mind.

MRS. SWIFT: Why don't we make out a list of the big schools we like best from their catalogues, and make a tour — taking Jack along?

MR. VETERAN: A very sound idea. Jack's own reactions are important. Remember, there are a lot of good schools. You're not likely to make a serious mistake if you've put real thought into the matter before you make your decision.

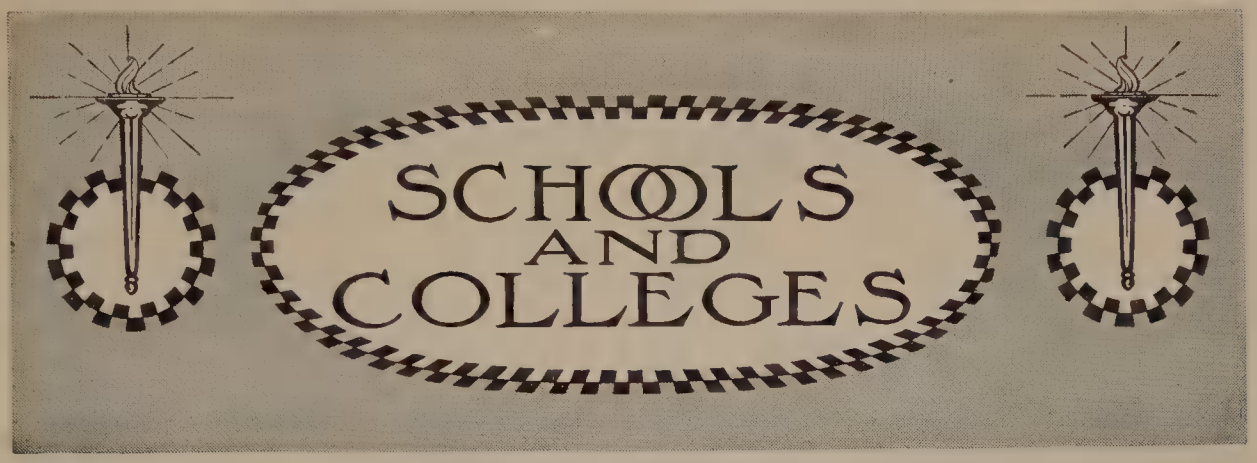
MR. SWIFT: And when we've got a little farther along in our researches, I'll drop a line to a couple of my classmates who are teaching at college.

MR. VETERAN: Good. And bear in mind the comforting thought that everything you learn about the technique of selecting schools will come in handy when it's Robin's turn to go away.

MRS. SWIFT: Robin! But he's only ten. It will be years before we have to part with him!

MR. VETERAN: All the better. You have plenty of time to decide and thus reduce the possible margin of error. A. R. A.

Act III will appear in the next issue



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7-40

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ONCE upon a time Virgilia Peterson Ross was a member of the Book Reviewers Guild of New York. Although this Guild includes an ex-war correspondent and an Old China Hand who have settled down, it is not (I speak with all personal humility) the most adventurous body of craftsmen in the world. We take our deeds of derring-do over the coffee cups or in a lounge in the recesses of the Town Hall Club; we sit in bathrobes to hunt heads with the Bontocs; propped on pillows at two in the morning, we rush out from Baker Street to follow mysterious clues through the fog of old London; we dream of breaking the virgin prairie as we plant culinary herbs (following the latest garden book) at Cream Hill or Cheshire, Connecticut. In brief, we are licensed members of the Tribe of the Vicariously Satisfied (and I am not only speaking for you, Lewis Gannett, and you, Charlie Poore, but for myself, John).

As I say, once upon a time Virgilia Peterson Ross (and don't make that first name Virginia, Mr. Linotyper) was one of us, a Lady of the Bulging Brief Case who visited Editor Irita Van Doren of the New York *Herald Tribune Books* once a week to pick up the latest imitation of Virginia Woolf or the newest improvement on Ernest Hemingway. Like other reviewers, Virgilia Peterson Ross had hopes of writing books herself. Taking a flyer in 1932, she borrowed enough money to settle down in Vienna, where she hoped to get on with a novel. Nine years before, at Grenoble, she had met the Polish Prince Sapieha, whom she would have married at the time if family objections (on both sides) had not been so acute. Now, in Vienna, her own family's New England scruples about an international marriage seemed silly, so she became the Princess Sapieha in 1933. She gave up the novel; but the story of her subsequent life, ***Polish Profile*** (Carrick and Evans, $2.50), is worth twenty novels.

In New York Virgilia Peterson Ross had sat on the floor at parties drinking Prohibition gin and talking about the sensibility of Marcel Proust or the art of the short story. Now, in a gloomy feudal society, she made the prodigious effort to adjust herself to prejudiced in-laws and to the life of a hundred years ago. Her husband was director of a company whose mines and chemical factories lay half in Poland and half in Germany. But his business, although international, was not Free Enterprise as the West has known it: it was subjected to the rule of Pilsudski's State and shaken by the connivings of the German minority stockholders. In Silesia, in Warsaw, and on the Sapieha country estate in the middle of the fir forests, the chatelaine that was once Virgilia Peterson Ross bowed (with occasional flare-ups) to the medieval notions of a Ruled Society. In Warsaw social life was rigidly compartmentalized: people from the professions and the arts (Virgilia Peterson Ross's own kind) did not mingle with the *haut ton* (Prince Sapieha's kind); and the army, creators of the new Polish State, kept aloof from everyone. Life in the country was equally grooved: agriculture was primitive, the peasants were unenterprising, thievish, dirty, and superstitious—and the old feudal landed gentry, which ought to have known better, spent most of its surplus cash on supporting boars, foxes, wolves, and deer for the eternal round of highly stylized hunting.

Princess Sapieha doesn't go in for any fine-spun analysis of the anachronism that was Pilsudski's Poland. She simply tells of the procession of her days. When she insisted on having her two children, Krysia and Nick (the "tadpoles"), in a hospital, her new Polish friends thought her touched; the correct place for delivery was home in bed, with a midwife in attendance. When Krysia was sick with a streptococcus infection Princess Sapieha's mother-in-law said: "God has many ways to

bring people to Him. Perhaps Krysia's illness happened because you do not pray enough." Some of the Princess's in-laws were impressed by the rise of Hitler over the border in Germany. But long before Hitler's seizure of the German State these Polish in-laws were blaming the plight of Poland on the Bolsheviks, the Freemasons, and the Jews. The Polish artistocracy welcomed the visiting Hermann Goering, who frequently hunted in the Polish forests. . . . Once Goering fired at the yellow eyes of a wolf; he missed, but his hosts produced a dead wolf, which they presented to the prideful Hermann as his legitimate trophy. Meanwhile Princess Sapieha (still secretly the humanitarian Virgilia Peterson Ross of New England and Vassar) had met the overpowering Frau Goering, who looked like Miss Germania herself. Frau Goering told Princess Sapieha all about Hermann's lion cubs, of how Hermann came home from work to wrestle with a contentious cub on the floor. The wrestling was so relaxing. But Frau Goering's satisfaction with her own explanation gives the reader a shiver of fear.

What with one thing and another, the taut, somber days drifted on for Princess Sapieha. In August, 1939, with the signing of the Russo-German pact, she—along with the Poles—suddenly looked into an abyss. But the German bombers were still on the ground, and the Poles trusted their generals, their army, their memories of Pilsudski, and the good intentions of England. Nobody believed the German war machine would roll so efficiently and relentlessly over the Polish fields. Princess Sapieha and her two tadpoles were prepared to last out the war, confident that bombers would never bother the Sapieha country place. The confidence was misplaced; in the end, Princess Sapieha, with her Krysia and her Nick, had to run for Rumania—and America. They left Ivan to bury the silver. And three months later they found out what had happened to the Sapieha place—the Germans hit the garden, the terrace, and the fish pond with bombs (probably killing the aged carp), and shattered every window in the house. Meanwhile Princess Sapieha's mother-in-law and sister-in-law sat in an old cellar underneath the lawn. The two women were driven from their home a few days later by pillaging Ruthenian peasants. And for the second time in a generation the old house stood empty.

Princess Sapieha's story is simply told, with no moralizing, no special pleading. The author does not weep for poor Poland; indeed, she quotes her husband as saying, "Anyway, it's certainly easier to die for Poland than to live for it." The best that could be said for the Polish nation is that a sloppy and inefficient medieval feudalism is far less horrifying to behold than Germany's streamlined, modern feudalism. Medieval feudalism is of course incapable of defense against modern Nazi organizing and modern Nazi weapons, as the war in Poland has proved. But it still remains to be seen whether democracy can do better against the Germans; until we find out we had better not say uncharitable things about the nation of Pilsudski. Of the two Slavic buffer states to the east of Germany, Czechoslovakia was by far the more appealing. . . . But the Czechs surrendered without firing a shot, while the Poles at least fought.

Polish Profile has an intensity that is all the more compelling for its quietness. It will be read with complete absorption in almost any quarter. But for me, when I contrast the final pages of Princess Sapieha's book with the life of literary New York which Virgilia Peterson Ross quit in 1932, this story of how one of the reviewing guild was caught as a participant in the European maelstrom strikes home with redoubled force. Verily the world has strange surprises—and the end is not yet.

The first thing to be said about James Gould Cozzens, author of *S.S. San Pedro* and *The Last Adam*, is that he is a perfectionist. The second thing to be said about him is that he is dogged enough not to let the perfectionism get him down. And the third thing to be said about him is that he believes in the novel.

Mr. Cozzens, the dogged perfectionist, has spent three or four years on his ***Ask Me Tomorrow*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). It is a flawless story of a young egotist who wants success (as a writer, for more mundane "successes" aren't worth the candle), plenty of money (for the world owes superior people a living), and love (without any particular effort to deserve it). On the efforts of the supercilious Francis Ellery to eat his various cakes and have them too Mr. Cozzens expends a great deal of shrewd dramatic analysis. Miss Amy Loveman has said that Cozzens reminds her of William Dean Howells; and the comparison is apt. *Ask Me*

Tomorrow is tragi-comedy such as Howells wrote in *The Kentons*—brief, exquisite, economical of phrase and deadly in characterization. The tone manages to be rueful, serious, and rib-tickling all at the same time. If you can take a few hours out to listen to the still, small voice of artistic accomplishment in this day of clamoring guns and bewildering troop movements, *Ask Me Tomorrow* is worth your attention.

In *Stalin's Russia and the Crisis in Socialism* Max Eastman speaks of the various motive patterns which used to bring people into the socialist movement. In the old, pre-1914 days some people hit the trail to Marx by rebelling against any and all authority: these were the people who hoped socialism would bring them "freedom." Others became socialists because of a mystic desire for union with their fellows. And still a third group looked to socialism for an "efficient" organization of industry and trade.

What few people could see in those innocent times was that the three motive-patterns do not make for harmony: freedom and organization are uneasy bedfellows, and mystic comradeship is quite compatible both with authoritarianism and slipshod "planning." It has taken most of our radicals thirty years to discover the deceptive, catchall nature of the tag "socialism." Some haven't discovered it yet. In general, the ones who got the closest to Moscow had their eyes opened the quickest; the ones who remained in America were either slower to learn from the Soviet "experiment," or never got their eyes opened at all.

William Henry Chamberlin, who went to Moscow for the *Christian Science Monitor* in 1922, was a convert to socialism because he believed in the motive-pattern of "freedom." He got off the socialist train as early as 1924; his ***The Confessions of an Individualist*** (Macmillan, $3) is a sober, sensible story of his progressive disillusionment with and growing hatred for the methods of Marx, of Lenin, of Stalin—and of Hitler, who learned from them all. Oscar Ameringer's ***If You Don't Weaken*** (Holt, $2.75, with foreword by Carl Sandburg) is a horse of another color. For Oscar, a lovable man of infinite humor and some sadness, became a socialist from mixed motives. True, he hated authority just as much as William Henry Chamberlin hated it. Oscar was born in the German Swabian Oberland, in the first days of Bismarck's greatness; and authority, especially in its Prussian guise, was therefore something he loathed almost from the cradle. But Oscar, unlike William Henry Chamberlin, had the mystic yearning to be united with his fellow-men. The need for "brotherhood" has remained to this day with Oscar—and simply because he has never been close enough to Moscow to see that "freedom" dies when the State owns all the means of production



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ARE YOU SEEKING A SCHOOL? The SPECIAL SCHOOL SECTION in the front part of this issue offers a real help

Oscar has gone on believing that "socialism" can somehow unite the concepts of "freedom" and "comradeship."

Of the two autobiographies, Chamberlin's is the more thoughtful, Ameringer's the better reading. Mr. Chamberlin thinks more horrifying patterns of oppression will probably result abroad from the present European war no matter who wins; he is not, therefore, anxious to "spread the poverty"—and the seed-bed of revolution—by having the United States get in on the side of the Allies. Oscar Ameringer hasn't a great deal to say about the present war; a septuagenarian, he is wrapped up in his memories of the past. Those memories go back decades; Oscar has crusaded over the years in Ohio, in Louisiana, in Oklahoma, in Milwaukee, and in southern Illinois as a labor journalist of humor, compassion, and distinction. He is a first-rate story teller. If you want to experience the heart-warming, homespun, honest, and open radicalism of the Debs period all over again, read Oscar Ameringer's memories of seventy years. We have had many books about this period, but Oscar's is one of the best.

One more item:

Benjamin Appel's ***The People Talk*** (Dutton, $3) is a rich, rambling compilation of conversations heard and remembered here and there and everywhere in the United States. It is worth reading, even though Mr. Appel sometimes forgets that the middle class is also part of America.



IN BRIEF



By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, by Carson McCullers.

A most unusual and distinguished first novel. In a small cotton town in the South lives a mute who can neither hear nor speak, but who always smiles and seems to understand. The near-Communist drunken mad man, the Negro doctor, the restaurant keeper who loves children, the music-loving girl, all find in him some quiet from their troubles. In his silent and approving presence they find themselves what they would like to be. Yet when the mute's own outlet for self-expression is taken away, he also is destroyed. It is a magnificent piece of compassionate satire. Miss McCullers writes with an extraordinary intensity, so that those interested only in a good story will read and love it, but the implications of what she writes go way beyond a mere good story, deep into the loneliness of the individual human spirit, and one thinks about it for days. Houghton Mifflin, $2.50

Before Lunch, by Angela Thirkell.

This is fun in Mrs. Thirkell's best vein. If one could push aside one's terror as to what may happen to the British countryside and British life that she describes, it would be perfect summer escape

reading. It is about a little village near a town called Winter Overcotes, in the English country outside London. A crotchety but lovable elderly gentleman, Mr. Middleton, and his charming wife ask Mr. Middleton's less wealthy widowed sister and her two lively step-children, Denis and Daphne (both in their teens), to take the house next theirs for the summer. Mr. Middleton does so with trepidation, fearing that they will upset his placid existence. They do. And the tale of the summer is diverting and delightful. It is better than *The Brandons*. The touch is just as light, but the human feeling is deeper. One laughs, but one cares. Knopf, $2.50

Non-fiction

One of the thousands of unexpected results of Hitler's Blitzkrieg wars is the sudden indifference falling between the reader and all books about Europe, even if written only yesterday. The books are anything but irrelevant. But it is hard to read history when it is being made before your eyes.

Why Europe Fights, by Walter Millis.

This is a primer summary of European history since the end of the last war. It is interesting and vital, but (through no fault of Mr. Millis's) with the interest and vitality of yesterday's headlines. Morrow, $2.50

A Federation for Western Europe, by W. I. Jennings.

In times of war, Mr. Jennings has had courage to concern himself with a possible peace. He is not trying to urge such a federation, as he feels that Clarence Streit and others have written eloquently enough on the side of persuasion. But as a constitutional lawyer he sets down a plan to show in detail how such a super-state might work. Macmillan, $2.50

Freedom's Battle, by J. Alvarez del Vayo.

Señor del Vayo, Foreign Minister and Minister of War of the Spanish Republic, takes as his thesis: "The first battle of the Second World War was the civil war in Spain." In the course of his history, he tells just how non-intervention worked, just what the Russian help to the Republic came to, and just what part the European dictators took in the struggle. Knopf, $3

Canada: America's Problem, by John MacCormac.

At the moment of writing we can count ourselves fortunate that this is an issue that we—and Canada—are still free to think about and discuss. Mr. MacCormac, who was the *New York Times* Canadian correspondent from 1934–1939, examines many of the problems that are in the minds of Americans to-day: What if Canada is threatened by Germany (but he does not take up the problem of the airport on Newfoundland); what if the British government should be removed to Ottawa; what if Canada wanted to become part of the United States? Viking, $2.75

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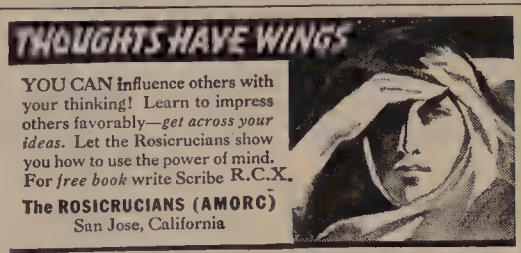
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M-DAY AND THE BUSINESS MAN

BY LEO M. CHERNE

THE possibility of our involvement in the war now spreading in Europe presents a challenge to every mind. Not least among those who are troubled and confused are American business men. They know—most of them—that there is an M-Day plan for the control of business. But that is probably all they do know. What are they to expect on M-Day—that day without date when the United States goes to war?

The idea of "the nation in arms" is not new. Within the past fifty years the demands in the way of organization and supply imposed upon the civilian population of a nation at war have been immeasurably intensified. No longer do professional armies engage each other while the home front hangs out placards announcing "Business as usual." To equip and supply the modern army means constant surveillance and control of transport, manufacture, electric power, fuel, labor, and raw materials so that the stream of men and munitions going up to battle may not be interrupted.

We experienced something of this control in the last war when the War Industries Board attempted to co-ordinate the nation's industrial life with the military requirements. When Germany entered the present war she was geared as one single machine in business for one single purpose: to fight the war. At the present moment France and Great Britain are rapidly being forced into the same pattern of economic regimentation and co-ordination—unit economies whose sole aim is carrying on the war. The desires, aims, and policies of individual business men must go by the board where they are in the slightest conflict with the single aim of the state—successful prosecution of the war.

If the economic factor in warfare has displaced, or at least equalled in importance, the military strategy, if M-Day is to mean not only the military mobilization of one out of every one hundred and thirty Americans, but also the impact of industrial mobilization on each of the other one hundred and twenty-nine, then knowledge of what economic control would do to civilian life, property,

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enterprise, and activity in the event of future war becomes of first importance.

Before the details of industrial mobilization are analyzed it is advisable to underscore two facts which are of primary interest to business: first, industrial mobilization is far from a "pipe-dream" impossible of actual application; and second, industrial mobilization is by no means a newfangled idea or a "New Deal" contrivance.

Modern war presents little opportunity for parliamentary quibbling, for individual functioning, enterprise, and initiative. War effort must be fast, complete, unreserved, and frequently brutal—brutal in its effect on the civilian as well as on the war front.

The necessity for industrial mobilization cannot be completely understood unless it is realized that the absence of a preformulated and digested plan during the World War came as close to causing industrial chaos and bringing about a drastic military handicap as could possibly have been experienced. Brigadier General Seth Williams, in discussing his experience on the War Industries Board during the World War as the sole representative of the Marine Corps, reported that "When the War Industries Board was first organized, the industrial situation in the United States was chaotic. There had been a quick cancellation of civilian orders just before war was declared and industry then began to scramble for orders from the Government. The War and Navy Departments had no real program. The Allies had immense orders under contract by the same firms which we desired to utilize for the manufacturing of our own war supplies. I am trying to portray for you the apparent hopeless confusion that existed at the time that Mr. Baruch was made the head of the War Industries Board. Slowly, and, oh, so slowly, the pieces of this puzzle were fitted into their proper places, but did they stay there? They did not."

The industrial experiences of most of the great belligerent nations during the World War were in many important particulars strikingly similar. The folly of permitting a country to drift into war without having made provision for prompt mobilization of industry was sharply brought home. The allied nations were saved, initially at least, from disaster because the enemy, through a like failure, was unable to take full advantage of the situation. Specifically, in the case of the United States, grave consequences during the preparatory and transition periods were avoided because of the protection given by the Allies. In many cases, however, improvised methods were unable to prevent extravagance and delays in procuring munitions, or to prevent profiteering in some quarters and unnecessary suffering in others.

Since the World War each of the major powers has attempted to devise a system under which, in the event of another war, the repetition of its industrial mistakes of 1914–1918 could be avoided, the material resources rallied to the nation's support with a minimum of delay and maximum of effectiveness, and post-war reconstruction facilitated. Under the specific authority of the National Defense Act passed in June, 1920, an industrial mobilization plan has been evolved for the United States.

II

Before we wake up with Mr. Business Man on the morning of M-Day it is important to emphasize that this analysis of the problems he will face, the adjustments he must make, and the changes he will see represents a composite of the Selective Manpower Mobilization Plan, the latest revision of the Industrial Mobilization Plan, and the entire planning for economic mobilization. Where gaps still remain, where subjects have been too delicate to reduce to writing for public analysis before M-Day, they will be filled by our knowledge of what happened in those areas of control during the last war as well as by what must almost inevitably happen in the event of a future war.

Let us assume at first, in order to observe economic and industrial mobilization in its broadest form, that the business executive with whom we are concerned is an executive of one of the large motor companies. On M-Day, the day on which this country enters a state of war, the entire military machine of the nation comes to life. The planning of over twenty years is translated into action almost overnight. Our executive knows—as a matter of fact he has known for years—that his is one of ten thousand separate industrial plants which had, before war, been allocated for specific wartime production. Officers representing the Army and Navy through the Army and Navy Munitions Board will have completely surveyed his plant and determined the maximum output of the particular commodity in which they are interested. Congress is preparing to pass the Selective Service Act which perhaps this very day has been dropped into the "hopper." The War Resources Administration, which has already been set up by the President under Section 120 of the National Defense Act, prepares to secure the necessary materials for the men who within the next few weeks will be called to the colors under the Selective Service Act.

Let us assume that the military machine demands of our business executive that he produce two hundred military trucks monthly. This quantity is well within the productive capacity of his plant during peacetime. To assure delivery the procuring agencies will have established close observation of the activities of this plant before M-Day, and in making the demand a price is reached which, on the face, justifies the company's co-operation and assures it a reasonable profit. But if the regulation, planning, compulsion, and demands were to stop at this point, the likelihood is that the required production would sooner or later bog down. (And here is where we get a bird's-eye view of industrial mobilization.) If in time of war the price of contributory materials required by this factory were left free to the exercise of the law of supply and demand; if a number of the strategic or critical raw commodities, rubber, manganese, tin, etc., which are necessary in the manufacture of these trucks, were available or not, depending upon the freedom of world shipment at the time; if labor were unhindered in exercising the power which two new factors will have given it (the depletion of the labor market by manpower mobilization and the increase of its value by the desperate need for its aid) and were permitted free exercise of that power through strikes, slow-downs, sit-downs, or any of the other useful weapons in labor's arsenal; or if the components which go into the composition of the cost of living were undetermined by law, unsupervised by regulation, and uncontrolled by the Government—if any of these were permitted to function willy-nilly, despite the demands upon this executive for his trucks, despite the threat even of commandeering his plant and equipment as a penalty for failure to produce, then troops would walk to the encampments and battlefields, not ride.

Thus we can readily see that unless there is the completely co-ordinated control of all of the factors involved in industrial mobilization the whole process must inevitably become a "muddling through." And "muddling through" is incompatible with victory in war. So economic and industrial mobilization contemplates the complete co-ordination of every element vital to the creation of military essentials.

Let us glance again for a moment at our motors manufacturer, whose problem it is to deliver the two hundred trucks monthly. In this way we may see the interlocking of gears in the machinery of industrial mobilization.

In General Automobiles' assembling plant labor is working under pressure. The hours are almost certainly more than forty a week. The probability is that time and one-half for overtime work is no longer required by law. Women may be seen here and there in the plant where

less skilled men previously performed their routines. There is no talk of a walkout at the expiration of the union agreement to force an increase in wage rates, for wage rates have been keyed to the cost of living and Washington super-agencies determine changes in both. The word "strike" has become less frequent, perhaps only a whispered word. Persons well under the age of twenty-one or over thirty-one are being rushed through apprentice training courses to take their posts at skilled jobs, replacing men of draft age who have been deferred only temporarily.

Crates of materials lie on the loading platform outside the plant. They are stamped "Transportation clearance #1." These materials, raw and half-finished, parts and sub-assemblies, have been rushed here under shipment priority so that no hitch anywhere might hold up the trucks. To give headway to these necessary supplies, other less necessary shipments throughout the country have been delayed. This is the unrelenting operation of "priorities."

Similarly, oil, coal, power, cotton, steel, and the other vital goods and services which are necessary to the production of these military requirements will, with a minimum of friction and delay, pour into the four walls of General Automobiles. Nor is there apt to be much haggling over the price of the carloads of oil, for instance. The fundamental prices will already have been fixed, else the entire house of ration cards would collapse.

Thus we see that industrial mobilization contemplates the co-ordination of all of the following economic elements: public opinion, labor, raw materials, facilities, capital; contributory items, such as parts, assemblies and sub-assemblies; contributory services, such as power, transportation, communication, foreign trade, fuel, and food. And they have been listed here in the approximate order of the urgency of their co-ordination.

The primary theme in industrial mobilization is that it is impossible to regulate or control the operation of one segment of our industrial economy without the concomitant supervision of all of the other factors with which that segment is joined.

III

To return to our executive and the beginning of his M-Day worries, he first finds that an intensive enlistment campaign is exciting the imagination of the workers in his plant. An ironic commentary on our contemporary economic difficulties is the fact that, with more than ten million unemployed, there is even now in an increasing number of fields of activity shortage of skilled labor. Our business executive finds on M-Day that the enlistment campaign conducted by the United States Government has so stimulated the enthusiasm of a number of his employees that his staff of skilled labor threatens to be depleted when his need for it is the greatest.

For this problem there is little solution in any of the planning now being conducted. The Government cannot on the one hand seek enlistment and on the other discourage the skilled volunteer. It is not until the draft machinery under the Selective Mobilization Act becomes operative that this manufacturer of essential commodities can secure some protection against the inroads of patriotic fever on his necessary personnel.

The effect of the draft upon his employees and the personnel problem of the executive are inseparable. Let us therefore analyze briefly the manpower mobilization machine for a future war and determine who will remain at bench, desk, and lathe and who must leave.

There are complete plans for reënacting a selective-service enabling act in time of emergency. But even with these plans, an estimated sixty days will elapse between the declaration of war and the time that actual recruits will be available as a result of the draft. The problem of voluntary enlistment occurs during these first sixty days. It is estimated that ap-

proximately a maximum of 500,000 volunteers will be needed during the two months after M-Day. This estimate is made despite the fact that the United States has never succeeded in obtaining volunteers in any such numbers. The record during the World War shows that in April, 1917, 86,000 were secured; in May, 119,000; and in June, 95,000. In eight months of voluntary enlistment during the World War the military acquired only slightly more than the present contemplated number for two months. The plans at the present time are for turning over voluntary enlistment entirely to civilian agencies, using the "community drive" idea, organizing local communities, and appealing to local pride and patriotism.

The Army has no desire to remove from necessary civilian life those skilled workers and individuals who are more helpful to the war effort in a civilian capacity than they would be in the armed forces. But there is no way of controlling this problem during a period of voluntary enlistment. Recruiting agencies must accept all eligible applicants despite the World War experience that skilled men enlisted in droves. It is estimated, however, that the minimum requirements of the Army for skilled personnel are approximately 18 per cent to 20 per cent of the total enrolled. The Navy requirements are considerably higher, ranging from 35 per cent to 40 per cent of total strength. Skilled labor therefore will not be discouraged from enlisting during the voluntary recruiting period, but will be saved for the skilled jobs in both the Army and Navy.

However, as soon as the Selective Service Law is in operation, voluntary recruiting will stop completely; that is, for men 21 and over. Voluntary enlistments of those between 18 and 21 will be acceptable. The initial age covered by the first registration and draft will almost certainly be from 21 to 31. The second draft, if it becomes necessary, will probably affect men between 31 and 45.

Under the Selective Service machinery local boards will almost automatically become operative in 6,000 localities, and will perform three functions. The local board registers, selects, and inducts into actual service. Each will be appointed by State boards appointed by the governors. To the executive the important function of the local board is classification. It is in the operation of this responsibility that the board will determine who is to remain in civilian activity, and this will be determined on the basis of an eight-page questionnaire filled out by each registrant. In the classification of men between the ages of 21 and 31, Class I will include those individuals who are ready for immediate service. Class II will include those who were deferred from immediate service because they are engaged in vital industries, necessary professions or necessary agriculture, or because they hold some job with the Government and cannot at the time be replaced. Class III will include those who have dependents; and Class IV everyone else—aliens, the physically unfit, and the Federal and State officials deferred by law.

Business men will be able to retain only those of their present staff who are outside the age limits or who are deferred initially for either industrial or dependency reasons. There will be no blanket deferments for all employees in any industry regardless of the importance of the industry. Nor will deferments be granted except to those activities which are essentially necessary either for the conduct of war or the maintenance of civilian life and morale.

Certain activities will obviously receive short shrift in any application for occupational deferment. Gamblers, poolroom sharks, racetrack touts, procurers, and so on are the more obvious persons listed for immediate service if in the military ages. But realize also that even occupations which have attained peacetime respectability will on M-Day be considered equally unnecessary. Your favorite waiter if within military age is apt to be carrying a gun not a tray.

Building elevators will either remain inactive or be manned by women or old men. Doormen, footmen, and other attendants in clubs, hotels, stores, apartment houses, office buildings, and even bathhouses will be off to the wars or more vital employment. Bellboys and porters will no longer assist you in carrying your packages. Even if baseball games and other sports or amusements are permitted to carry on in the interest of public morale, at least one familiar figure will no longer be seen—the candy butcher and peanut vender. Salesmen will have difficulty in demonstrating their right to deferment when the military machine insists that the world will beat a path to the doorstep of the best manufacturer without sales stimulation. Lawyers who have not been appointed to any part of the selective-service machinery will also have difficulty in proving that their civilian function is essential if they are within military age. Perhaps the greatest blow will fall upon sales clerks, office clerks, and other non-skilled replaceable help.

It will be the responsibility of the executive to find and train women or older men who may take the place of those who have secured the temporary industrial deferment. The local boards will maintain a file of registrants in Class II, the occupational suspended file. These registrants are deferred for specific periods of time and the file is designed to keep track of these deferments. The registrants at the end of the stated periods will be reclassified and, if deferment is not extended, will be placed in Class I.

The experience with occupational deferments in the last war can help our executive in determining just what chance there is that his individual employees will remain with him if they are of draft age. In the building industry, 46 out of every 100 applications for industrial deferment were granted; in the chemical industry, 62; in clothing factories, 30; and in food industries, 32. Iron and steel workers were left relatively untouched in view of the fact that 71 out of 100 applications for industrial deferment were granted. On the other hand, the liquor industry's employees have only one chance out of six. Deferments for paper, printing and publishing operators ran to 20 per cent; the textile industries, to 39 per cent.

The field of activity considered least necessary, if the record of occupational deferments during the World War can serve as an accurate guide—and it can—is trade or merchandise in general. Only 14 out of every 100 persons working for businesses in this group were accorded occupational deferments. You can realize how close home to you this hits from the fact that the employees of your bank, insurance broker, haberdasher, tailor, department store, neighborhood merchant, and his wholesalers are all in this group. Buyers and sellers of all sorts of articles, real estate, any kind of store or shop, even grain elevators, stock-yards, warehouses, and cold-storage plants will pretty much have to get along with any kind of personnel they can pick up.

Closest to this group in the non-essential classification we find actors, artists, sculptors, teachers of art, clergymen, religious and charity workers, the legal profession, the literary profession, journalists, etc., dentists, physicians and surgeons, musicians and teachers of music, scientific professions, teachers, professors in colleges, other professional pursuits, and students. No breakdown of these is available individually to determine their relative importance, but for the entire group approximately 75 per cent of those who applied for deferment were required to report for immediate military service.

IV

But if the problem of the executive were to stop at whether or not he would be able to retain those of his employees who were subject to draft, his concern would be a relatively minor one. In most industries and business occupations a sufficient percentage of the personnel

are over mobilization age, and women and children will, within a very short time after war, become reasonably efficient in substituting for the mobilized group. Actually, however, the employer's problem only starts at this point. He must be prepared almost on M-Day itself, to face a rigorous application of the priority system, which is in essence a method of rationing those goods and services of which there may be a shortage in proportion to their importance for the war effort. It has already been mentioned that approximately 10,000 private plants have been earmarked for wartime service. In addition to these, however, a maximum military effort will extend to a substantial portion of civil industry. The production of munitions alone would almost certainly be in excess of that required during the last war, and in the last war the expenditure for military purposes alone was at the rate of $1,000,000 an hour. The $14,000,000,000 of governmental expenditure, which was directly chargeable to war in the 25 months from April, 1917, to April, 1919, are in terms of everyday business almost untranslatable. But that 700,000 separate items of production were acquired from private industry is an understandable fact. Economic mobilization presupposes that during war the value of any activity depends entirely on the closeness of its relation to ultimate victory. If there is a shortage in any of the components which make up the nation's economic wealth only the most essential civilian needs will be permitted to be a drain upon these resources. It is because of this fact that the keystone of industrial mobilization is priority control—priority control over raw materials, labor supply, power, fuel, transportation, capital, and construction. For example, even a cargo of furs, accompanied by a bill of lading from the original Hudson Bay Company, would gather dust in the express office (if it were ever permitted to get that far) so long as carloads of army shoes heading for the training camps absorbed the transportation capacity. Present studies indicate that transportation will be one of the major bottlenecks in any future war. Similarly, new construction will be limited to those industries and activities vital to the national effort. Even the building of a house or addition of a porch during war is apt to resolve itself into a one-man crusade against a bureaucracy which wasn't designed to satisfy personal wishes.

Military necessity will require the control of certain raw materials in order to obtain essential war production. This control will probably have been already instituted by Presidential proclamation before M-Day. The flow of these materials will be directed into the desired channels by the action of "priorities," by actual commandeering of stocks of the necessary materials, and by arrangements between the Government and individual industries represented by war-service committees.

The fact that the United States is peculiarly favored in being the leading industrial and agricultural country in the world has led many to believe that it could be entirely self-sustained in time of war. It is self-sustaining to a degree nearly equal to the total of the six other great powers in respect to food, power, iron and steel, coal and petroleum, machines and chemicals; but in spite of this it is not totally self-sufficient for either its own industrial peacetime needs or for wartime military requirements. A list of strategic, critical, and essential commodities is currently kept alive and up-to-date by the Army and Navy Munitions Board. These materials will be available to private industry to the extent of the Government's need for products of that particular industry.

It is not contemplated that the supply of power will cause any difficulty in the event of a future war. If, however, the existing supply is insufficient, or should warfare cause injury to any portion of the power supply, then the very life-blood of industry, the motive force of its machines, will be doled out in proportion to the importance of the activity.

The supply of fuel to industry through the establishment of a priority system gives to governmental control over industry a means of restricting the operation of nonessential industries and of continuing those of an essential nature. It has been estimated that the elimination of the manufacture of confectionery, not including ice cream, would relieve 50,000 persons for war work, would release 312,000 tons of coal, 23,000 barrels of oil and gasoline, and 689,000,000 cubic feet of gas for war uses.

Among the most vital supplies needed for the operation of business is capital. Another superagency, the War Finance Control Commission, will prevent registration of any security with the Securities and Exchange Commission (or its successor), unless approved by the War Finance Control Commission. The sale of any security in excess of a certain amount without approval by this Commission will also be impossible. The object will be to assure that activities essential to production for the war have first call on new capital. In addition, an enormously expanded Reconstruction Finance Corporation will control dollar destiny for business for the duration of the war. Loans will not be available except to essential enterprises. Capital will be a vital asset, hoarded with relentless unsentimentality.

As already indicated, perhaps most acute will be the skilled-labor problem. The War Labor Administration, created as a superagency as soon as possible after M-Day, will have as its major responsibility the assurance to industry of an adequate labor supply both in numbers and occupational qualification. The Labor Administration must also minimize, by an equitable distribution of war orders, excessive migrations of labor, prevent the unethical competition for labor by war industry, co-ordinate the employment services, and secure the avoidance and settlement of labor disputes.

These economic factors, the production facilities, raw materials, labor, finance, power, fuel, and transportation, will on M-Day not only be factors to be controlled but also methods of control. Oil, for example, will not only be a commodity to conserve but, by its conservation, will act as a weapon to control industry.

Thus we have summarized the executive's major problem. Is his activity essential to the conduct of war or the maintenance of civilian life? The degree of assurance and accuracy with which that question can actually be answered will determine the degree to which the necessary supplies of business and industry will be available. The key to the availability of materials, power, fuel, labor, transportation facilities, and capital lies in the necessity for the particular business activity during war. The inherent tragedy to some businesses in the governmental determination of what is and what is not an essential business is dramatically evident in an amusing incident recounted in Frederick Paxson's *America at War*. During the World War when a list was compiled of nonessential cotton manufactures, the administrative officer in charge came to corset laces and in disposing of that problem, commented: "Corset laces are certainly not essential. They can just as well wear them without any trimming." The inability on the part of an administrator to tell the difference between decoration and a draw string governed a decision vital to this manufacturer. On the basis of these facts we can create a working model for M-Day.

If our executive's enterprise is in the merchandising industry, if he is, let us assume, a shopkeeper, here are the probabilities. His clerks who are of draft age are almost certain to be drafted unless disability or dependency will serve as a deferment. If they are older men and have any skilled aptitude for industry, within a short time after M-Day they will unquestionably be attracted from their retail activity to industrial work by (1) the higher industrial wage, (2) the lessening need for their services in retailing, and (3) not yet planned and least likely, their compulsory placement in essential

activity. To return to the shop of our executive, we may find that his store is closed because the shortage of local power supply has compelled the part-time closing of all but essential industries. We shall also probably find shelves which were previously occupied with merchandise now empty. The merchandise is no longer being manufactured because it contains raw materials being conserved for more essential manufactures. Perhaps the missing merchandise was previously processed by machinery which can be more effectively converted to satisfy military needs or vitally essential civilian demands. And if these were not enough to harass our already beleaguered executive, the shipment of merchandise which was due three weeks ago has not yet arrived because the loading level in the home town of his supplier has been too occupied with industrial and military shipments.

The most immediate and widespread effect of industrial mobilization will be in the control of prices. The Price Control Commission will be set up promptly after M-Day with representatives from all of the other war superagencies as well as the regular Federal commissions and divisions interested in the problem of prices. It is contemplated that the Commission will be able to prescribe: (1) maximum, minimum, or absolute prices; (2) margins of profit to producers and dealers; (3) differentials based either on primary markets or upon zones or districts; or (4) different prices for different localities or for different uses in the same locality.

Producers and dealers in food stuffs, certain basic raw materials, manufactured and necessary, will be put under licensed control. The licenses issued to them may specify margins of profit and other conditions under which the licensees are required to operate. Profiteering in food and other necessities will become the major target almost immediately upon the functioning of the Price Control Commission. In addition, in order to retard the anticipated war tendency toward an undue rise in the prices of real estate and rentals, a Presidential proclamation may be promulgated declaring it unlawful to buy, sell, rent, or lease any real estate at a higher rate or price than is in effect at the time designated. Modification of this ruling may then be made from time to time in order to keep these prices in consonance with wages and commodity prices.

Enforcement of the price-control mechanism will be relatively simple. If our executive—whether he be in the service, manufacturing, distributive, or merchandising trades—is inclined to indulge in a little quick profiteering in view of the certain increased demand and expected desires to hoard commodities, the Price Control Commission will have recourse to one of the following alternatives. If the business operates under a license, the license will be revoked. By use of the priority function, the necessary power, fuel, labor, or transportation may be limited or stopped to any violator of a price decree. To regulate the civilian demand itself and therefore prevent the tendency toward increased price, necessary commodities may be rationed. Violators may be prosecuted under Federal law. Finally there always remains the same weapon for enforcement of this control as for all other controls—the threat that any stubborn executive may have his entire place of business, plant, or equipment commandeered by the Federal Government—or the business left in his hands with the Federal Government requisitioning the facilities or commodities.

Actually, however, prices cannot be completely controlled except where there exists physical control in one way or another over the goods or services. There probably never can be established a sufficient regulatory body to control all prices, even if it were desired. It is probable, therefore, that the initial effort will be made to control the basic prices, the prices of those goods and services which go into the elementary phases of the cost of living: food, clothing, rent,

as well as the basic commodities which are needed for industrial manufacture. Fix these and the rest of the prices will adjust themselves. It is true that luxury prices if uncontrolled will shoot sky high. There is, however, little sound objection to this in face of the fact that the substantial portion of the profits of the luxury manufacturers, distributors, and sellers will be recovered in war taxation, if luxuries are still being manufactured.

During the World War luxury manufacture was not only classified as non-essential, but the market for such articles was sharply curtailed by tremendous pressure against the consumption of goods considered luxuries.

Probably the most striking example of wartime restriction in luxury production may be found in the World War history of the automobile industry. Remember that this industry was then in its infancy and an automobile was a real luxury. In order to release for more essential wartime uses the raw materials essential to automobile production—steel, gasoline, rubber—a program was carried out under which the industry curtailed its normal production of passenger cars 50 per cent during the latter half of 1918. First it was agreed between automobile representatives and members of the War Industries Board that a 30 per cent reduction in the current manufacturing of passenger cars could be made without undue disturbance; the 50 per cent reduction came later. It was believed that a 50 per cent basis would support the manufacturers until they could convert their facilities into production of direct and indirect war requirements. A similar curtailment in production of pleasure automobiles may be anticipated again. The industry has already made plans for the adaptation of its facilities to essential war needs. The Government's appetite for airplanes and for mechanized artillery equipment makes this adjustment reasonably easy for the motor manufacturers.

The variety and amount of normal business affected by any pressure against luxuries can be seen from the partial list of non-essentials compiled in the World War pamphlet "The Duty of the Consumer in War-Time" by Harold G. Moulton, a member of the recent War Resources Board. Lace, furs, jewelry, fancy bags, even silk hosiery and underwear are no longer apt to be included in feminine wearing apparel. The wide range in style of boots and shoes will be drastically constricted; there will be a very few lasts and no more. A gentleman with a cane is not likely to be considered merely a dandy; he is likely to be considered unpatriotic. The large variety and amount of cosmetics will if the war continues be sharply limited or even completely eliminated. Our eating and entertainment habits will also undergo a minor revolution. If past experience is any basis for judgment, liquors, tobacco, candy, chewing gum, and pastries will be severely condemned as luxuries. Interior decorating and the industries connected with it will undergo change almost overnight. The sale of art goods, pictures, mirrors, china, fancy glassware, carpets and rugs, ornamental clocks and watches, expensive furniture will be sharply curtailed. The current candid-camera fad is in for a sudden jolt after M-Day. Even pleasure cars, bicycles, and toys, commonly accepted elements in the nation's standard of living, will in time of war be branded with the word "luxury." The priorities accorded to essential industry and limited to less essential industry will leave the luxury manufacturer on a precarious limb.

V

The problem facing the executive concerning the availability of skilled labor and the maintenance of his key personnel has already been examined. Let us now turn to that portion of labor which remains behind for work. There is a peacetime difficulty of discussing publicly any limitation of the freedom of labor, particularly during an era when labor has just begun to lose its milk teeth and sink its new-found molars into substantial

food. Recognize also that the conflict between the AF of L and CIO, which has certainly not been made any the less complex by the controversy over the NLRB, has not made this phase any easier to cope with or plan for. As a consequence, planning for labor control has been approached with a gentler hand and softer glove than any of the other factors involved in the economics of industrial mobilization. Despite this, however, certain factors as they affect the executive, his business, and his personnel can be stated.

The American Legion plan for universal draft which would include mobilization for industrial activity, as well as mobilization for military activity, has been scrapped largely as the result of the unwillingness of the War Department itself to accept the principle that civilian labor be drafted for civilian operation. The control of labor in industrial mobilization is therefore limited to the assurance that labor will be available to those industries which are essential for the production of military needs and that labor costs will be regulated.

Under our form of government, no matter how one-man the control, how drastic the regulation, the concessions which will be compelled from the various segments of our economic society must be bought. Thus if labor is to agree to an absolute non-stoppage of essential productive activity it will demand and must receive the following assurances:

(1) That industry will not be permitted to profiteer at the cost of the civilian population.

(2) That industry will not be permitted to increase unreasonably the cost of living beyond labor's ability to pay; and

(3) That labor will have the opportunity to earn its just share of any legitimate profits which war brings to industry and the assurance that the legitimate demands requested by labor will be forced by the Government if the freedom to strike no longer exists.

Now we begin to see the interrelationship between the segments of our economic society as they will be co-ordinated under any industrial-mobilization plan. If labor is to pay its price it demands three guaranties which, in turn, are prices to be paid by industry. Will industry pay these prices? Will it submit to profit control, price control, and collective bargaining? The answer is "yes" if it, in turn, is guaranteed a number of things:

(1) That labor will not be permitted arbitrarily or unreasonably to make demands for wage increases which have no relationship to the profits of industry or the cost of living.

(2) That labor will not be permitted under any circumstances to stop production in essential enterprise.

(3) That industry will be assured adequate power, fuel, labor, and the necessary war materials which go into the construction of an essential commodity.

(4) That any war-profits taxation will not only leave business with a profit but leave it with a cushion on which to fall during the post-war readjustment.

(5) That it will be provided with the necessary labor, skilled and unskilled, despite protective mobilization, and that it will be able to retain those of its key men who are vitally necessary to its activity.

(6) That the determination of what is essential enterprise and what is not essential in time of war, for the purpose of priorities and rationing of supplies, will be reasonable; and

(7) That industry will be promptly informed of the ways in which business men can best adjust themselves and alter their activity in order to avoid wartime discontinuance and the resultant impossibility of peacetime resumption.

Solution of the labor problem, particularly that of migration and wage demands, will probably be attempted by the following means: All wages will probably, sooner or later, be standardized and regulated in relation to the cost of living. A single, unified employment service will prevent exhausting competition for labor, and the disastrous labor migrations which

characterized the World War. Public opinion will be developed as a check against arbitrary or precipitate labor action. Actually this will prove to be the most effective lever against strikes in an era of propaganda co-ordinated for one purpose—continuance of activity, military and industrial. Compulsory arbitration of labor disputes after all means of conciliation and mediation have been exhausted seems a reasonable certainty.

The National Labor Relations Act and the entire question of collective bargaining will unquestionably present one of the more ticklish labor problems for the War Labor Administration. As can readily be understood, the right to strike will become burdensome to the instrumentalities of national defense when it is exercised in industries which are producing the needs of the armed forces. It is not probable that the right to strike will be completely terminated, but also it is not probable that the ease with which it can be asserted under the National Labor Relations Act will be continued. Most likely is the adoption of machinery similar to that now used in the railroad industry, calling for mediation, conciliation, substantial notice and lapse of time before striking. These controls will assure continuous production without terminating labor's rights to self-representation and collective bargaining.

The Wage and Hour Law which now in peacetime affords protective guaranties to labor may, in time of war, become a knife cutting in the other direction. The law provides a formula which if necessary can apply the principle of maximum wages as well as, at present, it applies the principle of minimum wages. Existing prohibitions against the employment of women and children and limitations in the hours of work which may be performed by either group will also, after M-Day, become burdensome restrictions to industries depleted in manpower and required to intensify wartime production. And burdensome restrictions on vital industrial output don't last long in war!

Industrial mobilization is planned economy—planned economy for a specific purpose, but planned nevertheless. All life, all business enterprise, all economic functions, all normal incentives of a peacetime economy will on M-Day be forced into the mold of a wartime economy. This is the way of life on M-Day and this has been an understatement of the problems the executive must face the day war comes.



"THEY ALSO SERVE . . ."

A STORY

BY MERVYN WALL

One afternoon a middle-aged man walked up to the gateway of Dublin Castle. He had such a smart way of walking and held himself so upright that the policeman on duty had touched his helmet respectfully before he noticed the little man's outmoded and shabby clothes. Mr. Carmody coughed nervously before he spoke.

"I beg your pardon. Is this Dublin Castle?"

The policeman stared down at him as if suspicious of a joke.

"Yes," he admitted, "it is."

"I have an appointment with Mr. Watkins," Mr. Carmody explained. "Perhaps you would be so kind as to tell me where I would find him."

The policeman looked him up and down and replied sternly:

"There are seven departments of government in the Castle and a staff of over two thousand."

Mr. Carmody shifted nervously.

"He's in the Department of Fisheries."

The policeman moved two paces and stood with his arm stretched out like a signpost.

"Go down there," he said, "across the Lower Yard, round by the Chapel Royal, and when you come up against a blank wall turn to the left."

Mr. Carmody began to thank him, but the policeman went on without heeding him.

"The Department of Fisheries is moving out to-day to another building, but you may get the man you're looking for if he hasn't left."

Mr. Carmody thanked him again, crooked his umbrella on his arm, and walked through the gates. He crossed the Lower Castle Yard, glancing up at the black battlements of the Wardrobe Tower. He turned the corner by the Chapel Royal, gazing with admiration at the Latin inscription over the doorway. He did exactly as the policeman had told him and in a few minutes he came to a group standing about a door. Officials were hurrying in and out giving directions to some workmen who were loading filing boxes and bundles of papers on to a van. Mr. Carmody went up to some young men who stood with waterproof coats folded over their arms.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "could you tell me is this the Department of Fisheries?"

"Yes," answered one, "but we're moving out to-day to make room for Internal Affairs. Were you looking for anyone in particular?"

"I have an appointment with Mr. Watkins," explained Mr. Carmody.

"I don't know that he hasn't left. Try the second floor, turn to the right, and when you come to a fire extinguisher, it's the third door on the left."

Mr. Carmody thanked him and went in. He mounted two flights of stairs and, turning to the right, found himself on a landing from which he could see quite a number of fire extinguishers. He was

standing in a narrow passage, summoning up courage to enter one of the rooms, when a door suddenly opened and out came a heavy table and pinned him to the opposite wall. From the other end of the table a workman's red face gazed across at him in astonishment. When Mr. Carmody was released he thanked the workman and knocked at the first door he came to. A voice said, "Come in," and Mr. Carmody hastily took off his bowler hat and entered. An elderly man was sitting at a table writing.

"Hello," he said, "have you come to move the safe?"

Mr. Carmody said he hadn't, that he had come to see Mr. Watkins.

"I don't know that Watkins is in the building," replied the elderly man. "You see we're vacating these offices. Is there anything I can do?"

Mr. Carmody coughed with some embarrassment. "Well, it was about a post," he said. "I have been looking for a job for some time past, and someone, a friend of mine, spoke to Mr. Watkins, who wrote to me to call and see him."

The elderly man looked at him severely.

"You can't get into the Civil Service that way," he said. "You must pass a qualifying examination and receive a certificate of appointment from the Minister. Besides, I doubt if Mr. Watkins . . . He holds a comparatively junior position."

"It wasn't a post in the Civil Service," Mr. Carmody put in hurriedly. "I thought he might know of something outside in the city. I thought perhaps he'd be able to give me some advice as to how I should proceed."

The elderly man looked at Mr. Carmody for a moment. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Forty-two."

The elderly man seemed to become suddenly embarrassed. "You better wait for Mr. Watkins," he said.

He led the way to the door. Mr. Carmody took his umbrella and followed. The elderly man tried to bring Mr. Carmody up another flight of stairs but he was prevented by two diminutive workmen who had got into difficulties with a large filing press at a place where the banisters curved.

"They're moving furniture," said the elderly man. "It's hardly safe to be out in the corridors."

Mr. Carmody agreed with him.

"You better wait in here," the elderly man said, leading the way to a room at the end of the passage. "I'll send in Watkins when he turns up."

Mr. Carmody thanked him and took the liberty of sitting down on the edge of a chair.

The room was small and ugly. There was a calendar on the wall with the day's date, 27th January, 1922. The only furniture was the chair on which he was sitting and a table littered with papers. Among them was a file of about forty typed pages of foolscap fixed together with a brass fastener. Mr. Carmody blew off the dust and read: "Suggested Scheme for the Industrial Development of the Ballinacorrig Oyster Beds." He turned the first page and began to read with mild interest.

An hour passed. He suddenly realized that everything was very quiet. He could no longer hear the workmen in the passages. He tiptoed to the door, opened it, and put out his head. For some time he heard nothing, then he became aware of approaching footsteps, and a young man turned the corner and came down the passage reading a sheet of paper as he walked, so that he did not see Mr. Carmody until he was close by.

"Hello," he said in a surprised voice when he saw Mr. Carmody's head. "Are you waiting for someone?"

Mr. Carmody told him about his appointment with Mr. Watkins.

"The Department of Fisheries has moved out," said the young man, "but of course if you have an appointment with someone no doubt he'll turn up."

He was a friendly young fellow with ginger hair, and he seemed to have time

on his hands, for he offered Mr. Carmody a cigarette and loitered, talking for a bit.

"I'm from Internal Affairs," he explained. "We'll be moving in this evening, and they sent me on in advance with a list of the rooms we're to occupy. That's in case the Department of Arts and Crafts tries to grab any of our rooms. They're in the same building, you see. They're extending too. They're getting some of these rooms Fisheries were in."

"I didn't know two Government departments were ever housed in the same building," said Mr. Carmody.

"Oh, Lord, yes," replied the young man, "often. Just according as there's accommodation. In this building Arts and Crafts were all mixed up with Fisheries, one room one department, the next room the other department. They'll be all mixed up with us now."

"A very remarkable system," said Mr. Carmody.

"Ah," declared the ginger-headed young man, "what does it matter? We get to know our own rooms quick enough, and a stranger has only to inquire."

"A country's civil service is a wonderful organization," said Mr. Carmody.

"Aye," grinned the young man. "You see, it's only a few weeks since the Irish Government took over from the British. That's why all this changing of buildings is going on. And there have been practically no hitches. The Civil Service isn't really such a funny institution as people make out. It's slow in its movements but it's sure." He went to the window. "I think I hear the Board of Works men arriving with the furniture. I wonder is this room of yours on my list." He opened the door. "Number 107. No. Arts and Crafts must be coming in here."

"I hope Mr. Watkins hasn't forgotten that he made an appointment with me," said Mr. Carmody, "I'm sure I've been waiting over an hour."

The young man hesitated at the door. "He may have been delayed, there's so much confusion to-day on account of the staff moving out. Might be worth your while waiting for a bit, that's if you're not in a hurry anywhere."

Mr. Carmody assured him that he wasn't in a particular hurry anywhere and that he'd wait for another while.

"Good-by now," said the ginger-headed young man and he went out.

Mr. Carmody sat down again and, resting his head between his hands, went on with his reading. He was reperusing Section 23, which was not at all clear, when the trampling of feet and an occasional crash informed him that Government furniture was once more being moved. He continued to read until the sounds of activity came to the corridor outside. He listened for a while, and then as he was getting anxious lest Mr. Watkins had indeed forgotten him, he went over again and opened the door. Workmen were moving tables into the room next to his. An official stood alongside with a piece of paper and a red pencil in his hand. A workman came down the passage carrying a pile of papers. "Arts and Crafts stuff," he said.

"Right," said the official. "Bring them in."

"What about the end room?" asked another, "is there anything to go in there?"

The official read the number over Mr. Carmody's head, "107," and he consulted his list. "No. We're not getting 107. Internal Affairs must be moving in there."

"That's all then?" asked the first workman.

"That's all," said the official, and without as much as a glance at Mr. Carmody they all went down the corridor.

Mr. Carmody for a few minutes stood in the doorway, then he stepped back into the room. "That's queer," he said to himself, "this room is not on the Internal Affairs list and not on the Arts and Crafts list, and each of them thinks it belongs to the other department."

He sat thinking what a great organization the civil service of a country was, and yet how easily a mistake like that could be made. Then he sat for a long time watching the light fade out of the sky above the roof of a tenement house in Ship Street. It was growing late in the afternoon, the room was no longer light, soon it would be half dark. He knew suddenly that Mr. Watkins must have forgotten the appointment and that the right thing for him to do was to go away and call to-morrow at the new offices wherever they were; but he found he was unwilling to go. His heart sickened when he thought of having to go out again into the chill fog of the city. He thought of the misery of his position, the heartbreaking search for a job, any job at all, and the interviews with successful patronizing men, which were such a hurt to his shyness and his pride.

Christ Church Cathedral bell sounded its warning notes and then it slowly struck the hour. Four o'clock. He remembered his miserable lodgings where there was no fire and where the rent was not paid. He thought of the misery of having to go on living at all. "I'll stay till five when they all go," he said to himself, "at least there are hot pipes here and the room is warm." He got up and groped for the electric-light switch. He took off his overcoat and hung it behind the door. Then he seated himself at the table again, with his head on his hands, and forced himself to go on reading.

Half-past four had struck when he was surprised by a quick step in the passage and a knock at the door. A young man came in.

"Good evening," he said briskly, laying on the table what seemed to be a list of names. "I hardly know where I am with all this moving about of staff. What's your name, please?"

Mr. Carmody told him, and the young man added the name quickly to the list.

"I'll be around on the thirty-first about eleven," he said. "You'll be here about that time, I suppose?"

"Here?" said Mr. Carmody.

"Yes, at eleven on Friday, the thirty-first. In this room."

"Oh, you're from Mr. Watkins?"

"No," replied the young man looking puzzled, "from Mr. O'Brien."

"Oh," said Mr. Carmody, not understanding a word.

"I'll always be here at eleven," said the young man. "Good evening," and he went out briskly leaving Mr. Carmody gaping after him in astonishment.

On Friday at eleven o'clock Mr. Carmody sat in the room at the end of the corridor waiting for the young man to arrive. He did not understand why he was to be there, but he believed it was all connected in some way with the original appointment made by Mr. Watkins. The room was unchanged, the table was still littered with abandoned papers. At five past eleven the young man came in, brisk as before, with a bundle of paper slips in his hand.

"Good morning," he said. "Awful work we have over in Finance, what with the change of government and the staffs moving all around the city. Your name is . . . ?"

"Carmody," said the other, wondering what was going to happen next.

"Benedict Carmody," said the young man, selecting a slip of paper from his bundle and laying it on the table. "I'll be here at the same time on the last day of next month. Good morning."

When the door closed Mr. Carmody gazed with amazement at the slip of paper. It was headed "Department of Internal Affairs Note" and it was a check for sixteen pounds.

Mr. Carmody has now been in occupation of the little room for seventeen years. He comes in every morning about a quarter to eleven and reads the newspaper, then he looks at the ceiling and smokes cigarettes through a long holder until lunch time. He meditates at times on the vastness of a country's civil service and says to himself that it

isn't such a funny institution as people make out. The "Suggested Scheme for the Industrial Development of the Ballinacorrig Oyster Beds" lies permanently on the table before him, lest by not appearing to be at work he should give scandal to anyone who may come into his room by mistake. He is very rarely disturbed, however, since in his second year he wrote "Private" on a sheet of paper and pasted it on the door. He feels himself perfectly secure as the officials of each department no doubt imagine he belongs to the other one whenever they chance to see him in the passages—that is if they think about him at all.

In the afternoons he usually goes for a stroll through the streets or sits in one of the city parks until the evening editions of the newspapers come out. Sometimes he takes a week's or a fortnight's holiday, but he is always careful to be back on the last day of the month to receive a brisk young man with a bundle of checks.

He has six years to run before he reaches the retiring age. He is beginning to worry about whether they will give him a pension.

POET OF A GENTLER TIME

BY JESSICA POWERS

ON A shrill street he mourns his nightingales
Through whom love spoke; he writes in weightless verse
His anguish at the absence of the lark.
I come to him, I bring him rueful tales
That the small birds of indigence rehearse
On the bare branches of a city park.

Surely, he cries, where towers make wilderness,
And stone supplants the moss, and song gives way
To raucous speech, you must in tears confess
A most unmusical and loveless day.

My words torment him with the prick of arrows.
Not soon, not ever will he understand
That love may learn the accent of the sparrows,
Having no larks or nightingales at hand.

CAN THE GOLD PROBLEM BE SOLVED?

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

DURING a lecture tour last winter I was asked practically every evening: what can be done about gold? Every one of my questioners predicted that the flow of gold to this country would result eventually in a loss to the people of the United States of the sums spent for the purchase of the gold. And the audiences shared this fear and accepted with the greatest skepticism my attempts to dispel it.

Undoubtedly the gold problem is frightening. In the first three months of 1940 the United States imported $900,000,000 worth of gold—almost a full year's entire world production. Since then the stream of gold to this country has become even greater. By the end of the current year this country will probably own at least $21,000,000,000 worth of gold, which would be more than seventy per cent of the total monetary gold stock of the world. Last December the corresponding figure was sixty per cent; and it was only thirty per cent in 1934 when the dollar was stabilized at the rate of $35 for one ounce of gold. If gold continues to pour into this country at the present rate the U. S. government within three years will own every single bar of bullion in the world; and an acceleration of the gold flow even beyond the present speed is not only possible but a definite probability.

Never before has the world seen a gold movement of such magnitude or of such one-sidedness. And never before has one country owned more than half, let alone almost all of the world's monetary gold stock. The gold flow to the United States is perhaps the most unprecedented and most abrupt development in the economic history of the modern world. Only seven years ago—in the fateful March days of 1933 when the New Deal was inaugurated amid the sound of crashing banks—the U. S. Treasury and the bankers thought that this country could not stand the withdrawal of a single billion dollars' worth of gold. And at the London World Economic Conference in the summer of the same year there was general agreement among the assembled economists that undersupply of gold was one of the major reasons for the American depression. Today the over-supply of gold has become the major worry of the same economists, some of whom now consider it one of the main reasons for the continued depression here. Certainly the gold is of no use whatsoever to this country. Infinite care is spent by the Treasury to make sure that its influx does not affect the American economy. The metal is buried in the ground as fast as it comes in; the specially constructed vaults in the Kentucky hills are not only physically more inaccessible than the South African mines where the gold is dug out, but they are also economically far more carefully insulated from the outside world. Gold presents thus not only one of the most important but also one of the most paradoxical questions of world economics.

It requires no knowledge of monetary theory to see that the present concentration of "the circulating medium," gold,

in one country is dangerous. Just as a layman without the slightest knowledge of medicine will recognize an advanced stage of dropsy as unhealthy, a layman without any economic training will find cause to worry over a world afflicted with "gold dropsy." But the popular fear that the outside world will demonetize gold once the United States of America has bought the entire world stock, and that this country will then be left with a worthless gold holding on which it will have spent some 30 billion dollars, betrays a complete misunderstanding of the nature and of the causes of the disease. Actually, the development which the public fears is no more likely to follow from the gold situation than a man afflicted with dropsy is likely to die from being hit by a brick falling off a roof.

Yet it is certainly correct that as soon as the United States has acquired all the world's monetary gold, gold will be demonetized in the sense that it will have ceased to be the basis of money circulation. As result of such a demonetization the outside world will, however, not cease to want gold; on the contrary, it will want it more and value it more highly than before. This assertion does not base itself on the "orthodox" arguments that the peoples of the world will continue to regard gold as the "store of value" or that no satisfactory substitute for gold as a means to balance international settlements could be found. While these arguments are historically well founded, the events of the past decade make their validity in the future highly dubious. More convincing is the argument that Europe has a far greater interest than the United States in keeping gold as monetary basis; to borrow gold in this country would be the easiest and perhaps the only way for Europe to obtain the credits she will need after the war. But what is really decisive is that it is quite immaterial whether the outside world will value gold or desire it as long as it will continue to desire and value the American dollar; and it is practically certain that demand for and estimation of the dollar will increase for as long a time as anyone can foresee. The United States is to-day the only country which does not want anything from the outside world, whereas the outside world wants a great deal from the United States. The American balance of trade is highly favorable; so is the American balance of payments. And with every day that the war continues this favorable position of the United States in relation to the outside world will necessarily become more marked. This position is not based on the American holdings of gold; if all the gold owned by this country were dumped into the sea to-morrow the international economic position of the United States would not be affected at all. What the outside world needs is not the American gold but the U.S. dollar; but the only way to get dollars is through the sale of gold to the U.S. Treasury. As long as the Treasury gives dollars for gold, gold will therefore not only be in growing demand but will be worth whatever the Treasury chooses to pay for it. The outside world has no more power to make gold worthless, or even worth less, than the beggar on the street outside J. P. Morgan & Co. has the power to make worthless the bank notes in the firm's till.

The experience of the past few years proves this conclusively. Actually it makes very little difference whether the United States holds 60 or 100 per cent of the world's gold stock. In either case, gold has ceased to be the basis of international money circulation and has been effectively "demonetized." World economy has therefore been forced to devise substitutes for gold; and some of these, though still in the earliest stages of their development, work better than any economist would have thought possible five or ten years ago. The system of foreign trade monopolies and clearing agreements, for instance, which was first conceived by Germany and is now being copied by England and France, has proved astonishingly efficient economically, however destructive socially

and politically it may be. Yet the demand for gold has risen so much that all gold-producing countries have been increasing their output as much as possible. And the less gold it owns the more strenuously does every country try to preserve and augment its gold hoard—not because it attributes any intrinsic value to gold, but because gold is the key to dollars which in turn are a cheque, the only cheque, upon the raw material and capital resources of the richest and most powerful country in the world.

There is, therefore, no basis to the popular fear. But other dangers inherent in the gold problem, though far less publicized, are very real. There is first the danger that the enormous unused gold hoard will facilitate a runaway inflation in this country. It will not cause it; inflations cannot be caused by any monetary device, as the failure to produce one in this country between 1934 and 1937 has amply shown. But once a credit or price inflation has been generated, the enormous potentialities of unused credit and unused currency circulation which are inherent in the gold situation, might accelerate an inflationary movement or precipitate a speculative boom. In any event, they would seriously hamper any attempt to control or to check a run-away movement.

Even that danger may be regarded as rather remote under present circumstances in this country, where there is still a considerable measure of deflation. And the real and imminent threats arising out of the maldistribution of gold are, therefore, those which lie in its international repercussions; the threat that the American farmer will lose his remaining foreign markets because Europe can no longer purchase his products; the destruction of the remnants of free international trade and the resulting organization of the interchange of goods on a totalitarian barter basis with all that this implies; and the destruction of the remnants of freedom in international capital movements and their replacement by totalitarian exchange controls.

It is, therefore, not the paper loss of a sum—however large—that is primarily at stake in the gold problem, but basic issues of domestic as well as international economics.

II

Very recently, and for the first time since the Free Silver agitation of the 90's, the American public has become gold-conscious. But already the air is thick with proposals to solve the problem, every one of which is put forward by its proponents as infallible, and is defended with that almost religious fervor typical of monetary discussions. It is certain that these proposals will become more widely publicized as the gold problem becomes more pressing. And it is by no means unlikely that some of them will become campaign issues before long. Yet none of the suggestions made so far really faces the issue; and some of the most widely preached ideas would definitely aggravate the situation.

Most ineffectual and most harmful would be the obvious remedy: to discontinue American gold purchases. This course of action seems to have found a considerable number of adherents in the Middle West. It would certainly stop further gold imports into this country, but it would at once precipitate all the disastrous consequences which to-day are only latent in the gold situation. The American dollar which could no longer be bought against gold would soar sky-high. The outside world would be unable to buy American goods. It would become cheaper for the foreign consumer to pay the highest boom price for non-American wheat, cotton, oil, copper, tobacco, and fruit than to pay the lowest dollar price. What little remains of international trade and international capital movements would be greatly threatened. Every country would be forced to try to become self-sufficient; and those whose own territories and possessions could not be welded into a self-sufficient unit would have to attempt the establishment of an autarchous em-

pire by economic or military conquest.

In addition, a suspension of American gold purchases would be a heavy blow for the Allies—a far more severe one than Germany can inflict through counter-blockade and submarines. England and France own more than two-thirds of the total non-American gold stock; and their empires produce about three-quarters of the annual world gold production. Whatever economic superiority the Allies enjoy over Germany rests ultimately upon the possibility of converting this gold into dollars, that is into American goods. To be deprived of this weapon would be all the more serious for them as their war-economy has been largely built upon their gold-superiority, whereas the Germans are prepared and organized to do without gold and dollars. The mere suggestion that people in this country might consider the stoppage of American gold purchases has therefore caused nightmares in London and Paris.

Another "obvious" remedy for the glut of gold seems to be an international restriction of new gold production which has been lately suggested by a number of business men with great influence in banking and Treasury circles. But such restriction would not affect directly the flow of gold to this country; it could not prevent sales from existing gold stocks which account for three-quarters of America's imports. In addition, restriction might well defeat its own ends and result in an actual increase in gold production. Although five countries—South Africa, Canada, Russia, Australia, and the United States—are the only large gold producers, gold in smaller quantities is found in practically every country in the world. As soon as the principal producing countries restricted gold mining, the minor producers would step up their operations—just as the restriction of cotton acreage in this country brought about an expansion of cotton production in Brazil, the Balkans, China, and Russia. Since not only the United States, but all other signatories to the proposed restriction agreement, such as the British Empire, France, and Russia, would probably pledge themselves to refuse to touch metal produced outside their territories and in excess of the quota, an underground market in "hot" gold would soon be established on which there would be a considerable discount. And this fact alone would force the European holders of "legal" gold to sell their stocks as quickly as possible to the American Treasury. For they would be rightly afraid that the pressure of cheaper "hot" gold would sooner or later force the Americans to abandon not only the restriction policy but also their present purchasing price for gold. Restriction might therefore lead to an acceleration of the gold movement to this country. It certainly would make the problem more complicated and difficult—apart from the fact that it is most unlikely that it will ever be agreed upon by Russia or by the gold-producing British Dominions.

The other proposed solutions have not appeared so far much in popular discussions, but they are all the more eagerly debated by economists, bankers, and Treasury officials. The first of these is free coinage of gold, which Mr. Winthrop Aldrich of the Chase National Bank recently demanded. But even if all bank notes from $5 to $50 were to be replaced by gold coin, the Federal Government would still retain an unused and unusable gold reserve of $15,000,000,000; and the $5 coin would be too small and light, the $50 coin far too big and heavy to be used in everyday transactions. Actually, the amount of gold that could be coined is only a fraction of the $4,800,000,000 now in circulation in the form of $5, $10, $20, and $50 bills; for the American public refuses to take coins in large quantities. A few years ago a deliberate attempt was made to revive the once so popular silver dollar. Not more than fifty millions could be forced into circulation. So bankers and Treasury experts believe that not more than $600,000,000 worth of gold coin could be fed into the American money stream;

and some of the most experienced of them think that $250,000,000 would prove a practical maximum—which is equal to just a little more than one per cent of America's present gold hoard.

There remains the proposal to get rid of the gold by lowering the American tariffs. Not more than two of the fifteen billions by which the United States gold stock has increased since 1934 came here in payment of American goods or as result of the favorable American balance of trade. This balance would, moreover, still remain favorable even if all United States import duties should be abolished. The most drastic tariff policy could therefore only diminish the flow of gold very slightly; but it could neither stop it nor reverse it. And the same is true of gold loans. However beneficial or destructive such loans might be from the point of view of the nation's foreign policy, they would not affect the gold problem. The gold, once granted as loan, would very quickly come back and be sold again against dollars. The net effect would be that America would have paid twice for the same amount of gold; for a repayment of these gold loans would seem very doubtful under present conditions.

III

The main reason why none of these well-intentioned proposals offers a real solution is that all of them start from the assumption that the policies of this country are in some measure responsible for the gold impasse. This assumption is, however, unfounded. The part of the United States in the gold development has at its worst been an entirely passive one. And during the past four or five years—since the earlier New Deal theories about gold and money were shelved, the tripartite currency agreement concluded with France and England, and Mr. Hull's trade agreements drive started—the United States policy has been the only stabilizing factor in the gold situation. The causes of the gold trouble not only lie outside this country but are entirely beyond American control. And no action on the part of the United States can remedy the situation or strike at its roots.

Actually, it is this aspect of the situation that seems to be least understood in this country. There are even some professional economists who subscribe to the widely publicized view that the flow of gold has been caused by the devaluation of the American dollar and by the resulting "artificially high" price of gold which makes it desirable for gold owners to sell the metal against dollar currency. It is true that the present world price of gold is artificially high; that is only another way of expressing the commonplace that the currency devaluations of the early 'thirties which raised gold prices failed in their main objective: to raise commodity prices. It is also true that this failure brought about a considerable and economically unjustifiable expansion of gold mining. Commodity prices did not rise. And the mining companies were therefore not forced to pay higher wages or higher prices for machinery, supplies, or freight; their costs remained the same as before devaluation. But the sales price of their product jumped by sixty per cent, and profits doubled and trebled. It was, however, not the American devaluation which brought about this result. More than three-quarters of the world's gold is mined in countries which base their currency upon the English pound sterling, or at least did so up to the outbreak of the present war. Decisive for gold producers in those countries was therefore the British devaluation of 1931 and the subsequent rise in the London price of gold from eighty-five to one hundred and fifty shillings. That later on the Americans followed suit and raised their gold price from $20.67 to $35 an ounce had practically no effect on world gold production; the increase that can be attributed to it is perhaps $100,000,000 annually—less than ten per cent of the yearly world gold production.

Anyhow the raising of the American gold price influenced only new gold pro-

duction, which accounts for not more than one-quarter of the gold influx. It cannot possibly have been responsible for the influx of gold from old stocks and for the sale of such stocks against dollars which is the main feature of the gold development. For while the gold price is "artificially high" in this country as well as in all others, the dollar is neither cheaper nor dearer in its relation to commodities or foreign currencies than it was before 1933. The French bank which sells its gold in this country receives for it not one dollar more than the counter value of the francs which it would have obtained by selling the gold in Paris. And these dollars will buy just as many pounds of cotton or copper as the original franc amount would have bought in France. The high dollar price of gold confers no profit upon the holders, at least none which they would not have made at home as well. And the American devaluation is therefore at most a contributory, but not a basic, cause of the gold movement away from Europe and to this country.

But even economists who admit this blame the United States. They seek the cause of the gold problem in America's refusal to adopt the "policy of a creditor nation" and her persistent continuation of a "debtor's economic policy" expressed in high tariffs and in a refusal to lend abroad. This argument overlooks the fact that the United States during the 'twenties followed a "creditor's policy" of the most orthodox character and that American loans to Europe during that period more than compensated for any harm the high American tariff may have caused; yet Europe's economy collapsed even before the granting of loans had to be discontinued because of the depression. Altogether, the argument overshoots the mark considerably, and it is certainly inapplicable to the gold problem. Only a small fraction of the gold which came over here during the past six years served as payment for American goods and services and is thus attributable to America's "debtor nation" policy. The eleven billions of gold—out of a total import of fourteen—were not sold to the United States by foreign owners because of the high American purchase price or on account of the favorable American balance of trade and of payments. Any attempt to redistribute those eleven billions or to prevent a further influx of similar gold must therefore start with the reasons which made the holders of this gold send their holdings here for sale against dollars, quite independent of American monetary or commercial policies.

Nor can changes in international monetary policy or technic be held responsible, although a good *prima facie* case can be made out for this assertion. There can be no doubt that the past decade has seen the most revolutionary change in monetary technic since the famous English "Bullion Report" initiated modern central banking and currency systems a hundred years ago. This change came with the development of the Exchange Equalization Fund as the main agency of currency management; and it has been so rapid that every country adopted the new institution within six years after England invented it more or less by accident in 1931. Today the Equalization Fund system has completely replaced the former automatic gold exchange standard. And it has proved so superior to the old method that it will be retained even if otherwise the world should return completely to the old economic order of 1927 or even 1914.

The essence of the Equalization Fund method is that it insulates the domestic credit structure against sudden upsets arising out of the international situation. It thus eliminates the worst feature of the old gold standard: that its very automatism forced every country to contract credit whenever another major country had a recession or depression. The old standard tended therefore to spread depressions. It worked well only in times of international fair weather and threatened to break down in every crisis. The

new technic makes domestic credit independent of changes in international conditions or at least of sudden violent and short-lived changes; it makes the entire economy more depression-proof. But it does not abandon whatever safeguards against booms there were under the old system, as prices and costs are just as much—or just as little—controlled by international competition under the new system as they ever were under the old. And contrary to the predictions of the conservative economists, the new system in its application in this country and in the European democracies prior to the outbreak of the present war has proved completely compatible with a free trade and free exchange policy and has not imposed government control over the imports and exports of goods and capital.

Under the Equalization Fund method gold no longer circulates internally as money; and bank notes cannot be converted into gold at the owner's request. In the domestic economy gold is demonetized. It is confined to international use as the one and only medium by means of which international balances can be transferred. It might therefore seem as if this internal demonetization of gold had lessened the demand for the metal, resulting in the dumping of the now superfluous gold into the lap of the United States Treasury. Actually, the adoption of the Equalization Fund technic did not change the status of and the demand for gold; it only codified the internal demonetization of the metal and its complete withdrawal from circulation which had been accomplished facts ever since the World War. The emphasis upon gold as the store of international purchasing power which underlies the Equalization Fund theory actually heightened the demand for gold. This demand is further greatly increased by the disappearance of international lending as an alternative medium of international settlements in consequence of the depression, and by the desire of every European country to increase its reserves of international purchasing power in anticipation of war. At some future date the Equalization Fund technic may be developed in such a manner as to replace gold transfers from one country to another by credit and debit entries in the books of a world bank which would indeed make gold superfluous and valueless. But that presupposes a world federation in which there would not only be no possibility of war but also substantial economic equilibrium. And the present gold problem has certainly not been caused by the fear of eternal peace and prosperity.

IV

The roots of the gold problem lie far deeper than in the economic policy of this or any other nation, or in monetary innovations and experiments. The steady flow of gold from Europe to this country is the result of a change in world economics which has severed the traditional connection between international trade and international capital movements. Formerly the direction and extent of capital movements were on the whole governed by the flow of foreign trade. The practice and the theory of 19th century international economics were therefore rightly based on commerce; capital movements were assumed to follow automatically and almost without a trend of their own. To-day capital movements have not only become autonomous but they are the decisive factor in international economic relations, relegating trade to an increasingly dependent position. And whereas formerly international capital movements were so arranged as to further the best interests of trade, they are to-day exclusively motivated by the interests of capital itself.

The paramount interest of capital is safety, and the movements of gold to these shores originated in the desire of the holders of capital abroad—private owners as well as governments—to increase the safety of their capital holdings. Gold does not come here because the United States has a favorable balance

of trade, or because Europe wants to get rid of it, or because the American Treasury pays an excessive price for the metal; it would have been sent to the United States even if the American balance of trade had been unfavorable or if the dollar had never been devalued. However high the foreign owner of capital may assess the risks in this country, however much he may mistrust the New Deal or dislike the fiscal policies of the present Administration, he has no other choice than to send his capital to this country for safe keeping. For he has no doubts that the social and political risks for capital in this country are infinitely smaller than the risks in Europe.

The movement of gold started in the twenties when the post-war settlements in Eastern and Central Europe began to break down; at first gold was transferred from Budapest, Warsaw, Berlin, and Vienna to Zurich, Amsterdam, and Paris. Later on—after Hitler had come to power—the whole European continent became unsafe and for three years London was the safe-deposit of European capital. Since 1937, since general war, widespread social changes and large-scale expropriation of capital became more and more threatening all over Europe, the United States has been the haven of refuge. The first requirement for any solution of the gold problem is therefore the restoration of social and political equilibrium in Europe.

But it may well be doubted whether even this explanation does full justice to the seriousness of the causes of which the gold problem is the effect. The political collapse of Europe during the past decade certainly gave the final impulse which loosened the avalanche of gold. But the avalanche was already there, ready to be loosened. In the last analysis, the flight of capital away from Europe is the monetary expression of the steady loss in international competitive standing which Europe has been suffering since before 1914. Fixed capital—factories, houses, business—has to remain where it is invested and cannot leave a contracting economy. But the liquid capital, of which gold is the international representative, is able to pull out of an economy in which the risks become steadily greater and the chances steadily less.

There is nothing new or startling in such a movement. Liquid capital has always been transferred from the contracting or stagnant to the growing economies. Even in 19th-century Europe, where there seemed to be perfect equilibrium and unlimited growth, liquid capital moved from the more slowly growing economies of France and Austria to the more rapidly growing economies of England and Germany. At an even earlier time—in the decades after 1800—England's rapid economic expansion had attracted gold from every country in Europe and in the East. What is new and startling in the present gold movement is that the recipient—the United States—does not need the capital but is already supplied beyond its needs. And even more startling is the rapidity and the extent of the gold-flow—expressing the unprecedented suddenness and rapidity of Europe's economic decline.

There is therefore no ready-made solution for the gold problem. As long as the United States seems to offer greater security to capital than any other part of the world, capital will flock here. If there should be no more gold left in Europe, or if the United States should suspend gold purchases, European private and public holders of liquid capital will accumulate stores of indestructible commodities for sale over here. German and Eastern European capitalists who have no access to gold have already begun to hoard such substitutes as diamonds, platinum, nickel, or mercury in warehouses in this country. This flow of liquid capital will not be reversed until some new area emerges in the world—a reorganized Europe, Latin America, perhaps Russia—where the risks of capital are smaller than they are in this country.

DR. HOLMES'S BOSTON

NEW ENGLAND AFTER THE FLOWERING

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

In the early spring of 1866 a young man named William Dean Howells quietly slipped into Boston. He was twenty-nine years old, slight, with a black mustache, mild in manner and modest in appearance. One saw that he had delicate perceptions and a shrewd gift of observation, and he gave one a marked impression of will and purpose. The brooding look in his eyes betokened a future.

This young man had realized a bold ambition. The editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, James T. Fields, had given him a post as coadjutor. Six years before, he had come to Boston, commissioned by his paper in Ohio, with hopes that he had openly confessed. In the Western Reserve, where he had lived, Boston was a sort of holy city. The people had largely come from New England, and those who cared for letters regarded Boston as many of the Bostonians regarded London. It was the hub of the universe, as Oliver Wendell Homes had said, and the intellectual world revolved about it. Howells, a reverent pilgrim, aspired to be the "linchpin in the hub." His only recommendation was a poem in the *Atlantic*, and Boston had nothing to offer him at the moment; but before he returned to the West, after this flying visit, an incident occurred that foreshadowed his future. Lowell invited him to dinner, to meet Holmes and Fields, in a little upper room at the Parker House. The talk lasted four hours, and Holmes said to Lowell, "Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession. This is the laying on of hands."

The doctor's little joke was prophetic, as time was soon to show. The young man had impressed the Boston and Cambridge Olympians. "Howells is sure to be somebody if he lives," Lowell had written to Fields, who had called him back six years later; and Charles Eliot Norton, struck by the papers on Venetian life he had published in the Boston *Advertiser*, exerted himself to find and helped him to buy a house on Sacramento Street in Cambridge. There, with his wife whom he had married in Paris—for he had been living abroad, as consul in Venice—Howells passed the first of the twenty years that he was to spend in New England. A sweet-brier grew over the door and pine trees flanked the gate. There were pear trees in the yard and tangles of grapes and blackberries. When he was not in his office, reading proofs and writing reviews, or jogging back and forth on the horse-car that ran from Harvard Square, or working on his essays and travel sketches—for he had scarcely begun to think of himself as a novelist—he fed his eyes and ears with the Boston scene. Three years in Venice had not dispelled for Howells the charm of New England.

He had acted with a strategy that marked his life for fifty years. A campaign biography of Lincoln had brought him his appointment as consul at Venice,

and he had set his cap at Boston as the indisputable center of American letters. Later he was to show the same clairvoyance when the center passed to New York, or when, as people said, he carried it with him. At present, surrounded by men who aroused his ambition, in an atmosphere that stirred his imagination, he felt his every faculty on the stretch. He had been just in time, on his earlier visit, during the two days he had spent in Concord, to see Thoreau and Hawthorne, who had passed him on to Emerson with a friendly note; and the sage had opened his door for the young man from the West and looked at him with a vague serenity. The exaltations of Concord were not for Howells, whose appetite was all for visible facts, much as he revered these luminaries, although Hawthorne, whom he adored as an artist, said what Howells felt: he longed to see an America that was free from the shadow of Europe. But he had not forgotten his excitement when, after meeting Dr. Holmes, he had walked the streets and the Common till two in the morning.

He had approached New England by way of Quebec and Portland, where he had first seen the ocean, and the meadows, newly mown, and the gray stone walls, the crumbling forts, the half-deserted harbors had evoked the American past of the histories and poems, as the great square mansions of Portsmouth and Salem, withdrawing themselves in reserve from the quiet streets, suggested a more complex civilization than he had known in the West. Marblehead meant Whittier's ballad, Nahant recalled Longfellow, while the gaunt old hip-roofed houses brought back the magic of Hawthorne; and Boston had overwhelmed him at the first encounter. Was it not a legend in the West that everything noble and grand, in the national life, everything magnanimous and enlightened, had originated in Boston? There was the "cradle of liberty," Faneuil Hall, a symbol of the days when there were giants, and there the genius of freedom had risen again in Garrison, Charles Sumner, and Wendell Phillips. There King's Chapel stood, and Bunker Hill, the State House, the Old Corner Bookstore, the Hancock House, the Quincy Mansion, the Granary Burial Ground, renowned in poems. There Cornhill ran its crooked length, the resort of the antiquaries and the bookworms, and the back of Beacon Hill was an architectural jumble that rivaled Dr. Johnson's haunts for quaintness. One saw the Franklin tomb, the black old gravestones of the sixteen-thirties, the Park Street Church at Brimstone Corner, the Frog Pond, the Long Path, where the Autocrat had asked a well-known question; and there whole shelves of the books of one's childhood strolled about the streets in flesh and blood. Faces rose out of the crowd, at casual moments, that one had known for years in pictures, the Autocrat's quizzical visage or Richard Henry Dana's; or possibly one saw Emerson descending from a horse-car, or the scarcely less fabulous Dr. Howe, the husband of Julia Ward Howe, who had written the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The "sailors with bearded lips" sauntered about the waterfront, as if they had stepped straight out of Longfellow's poem; and even the Yankee tang and gait and accent satisfied one's thirst for recognitions. History was visible and tangible in Boston. Was it not known that Copley's daughter still lived in Beacon Street, the painter's dearest Betsy, the sister of Lord Lyndhurst, three times chancellor of England? Mrs. Greene, born Elizabeth Copley in Boston, had heard Burke's opening speech at the trial of Warren Hastings. She had known Sir Joshua Reynolds, not as a child but as a grown young lady. As her father's reader and constant companion, in the painting room in London, she had talked with Fox and Pitt and Mrs. Siddons. She remembered meeting Charlotte, the heroine of *The Sorrows of Werther*. Then, marrying a Boston man, she had witnessed every event in the town since the year of her return, 1800. Nor was Mrs. Greene

the only person who recalled the building of the State House. Venerable figures and things abounded in Boston. There was something harmonious and mellow, something old or odd, at every turn of the picture, and, best of all perhaps, the "Boston look," a blessing for the budding man of letters.*

The aspirant from the West had arrived at the psychological moment. Ten years before, the city of light and learning could scarcely have offered a foothold to the stoutest invader. Dominant, abundant, efflorescent, it was all too well supplied by its own New England, as twenty years hence the stout invader might not have cared to scale the Boston wall. At present, with the breach the war had made, and with all the treasure still within the city, Boston was ripe for invasion, and most of the younger writers throughout the country shared Howells's feeling about it. New England ideals and examples had a commanding influence wherever people cared for thought and writing, and eastern Massachusetts was hallowed ground for thousands of the rising generation. Many a pilgrim like William Winter walked out to Cambridge in the moonlight merely to touch the latch of Longfellow's gate. Many walked to Concord for a glimpse of Emerson's woodpile, wishing they had the courage to knock at the door. Others, like Forseythe Willson, who had written *The Old Sergeant*, admired and praised by Longfellow, Lowell, and Holmes, too shy to announce their presence, installed themselves in lodgings, in order to be near these famous men.

These worthies were "high priests," as the *Atlantic* was a "temple," in the eyes of Emily Dickinson, who lived at Amherst. Miss Dickinson, a lawyer's daughter, a somewhat rebellious young lady, whose friends left books for her in hiding-places, had visited during the war in Boston and Cambridge. She had dreamed of meeting Tennyson in the office of Ticknor and Fields, and Cambridge for her was rather like Westminster Abbey. In the West, the older New England writers were oracles and sages. Meanwhile, for those who were merely romantic, the atmosphere of Boston had much of the bookish charm of Charles Lamb's London. The auctioneers quoted Shakespeare; and, if you entered a corner grocery, perhaps to buy a codfish, the man would ask you how you liked *Lucile* while he was tying it up. Many a queer old soul haunted the bookstalls, in quest of some ancient print or musty pamphlet, a relic of Fisher Ames's days, or the days of Benjamin Franklin, or Swift and Pope. Another young writer who had settled in Boston, in the same year as Howells, after having lived in New York, wrote to one of his friends, "The humblest man of letters has a position here which he doesn't have in New York. To be known as an able writer is to have the choicest society open to you. . . . A knight of the quill here is supposed necessarily to be a gentleman. In New York—he's a Bohemian!—outside of his personal friends he has no standing."

In short, the "American Athens" still deserved its name, seldom as one heard this any longer. In 1855 Theodore Parker had called the town the "American Dublin," which was almost more to the point, for the Irish power was rapidly rising with other strains of foreign birth. There were signs that the building days of New England were over, and all things were ripe for change in Boston. But the Yankees were omnipotent still in numbers, wealth, and prestige, and Boston had no second as a seat of culture. In some of the country districts, where culture had less glamour, and more primitive traits of character had larger sway, the natives, whose necks were usually stiff, challenged the pretensions of their Athens. "Boston folks are full of notions" was a proverb in Rhode Island, and culture itself, in other parts, where good sense abounded, scanned

* The "Boston look" was a near-sighted look, occasionally assumed or affected, that presupposed an interest in all things intellectual. It was a favorite subject of the comic artists, especially in New York, where it was supposed that Boston people wore spectacles in their cradles.

with a doubtful eye the cant of culture. In New York, where nothing annoying to Boston was ever out of order, it was said that, to enter the city, you had to pass an examination, and that when you left it, if you passed, you were given a kind of degree. The New Yorkers could afford to talk thus lightly, for the goddess of Boston was none of theirs; but for those who had to recognize the goddess—alien writers, artists, lecturers —the Boston test was formidable, and sometimes alarming. For Mark Twain, who lectured there in 1869, a Boston audience signified "4,000 critics"; and a Boston man's mere presence in many a rural household struck terror into the heart of the local performer.

Some of the younger Bostonians, feeling the danger that lurked in this, more for themselves than it lurked for the local performer, fled the city for other parts, through fear of being a "Boston prig," an intellectual prig, the worst of all. Complacency, a pride of power that had not sufficiently tested itself, was, as it remained, the bane of Boston, a consciousness of righteousness, a consciousness of culture that others found insufferable or funny; and many a visitor shared the feeling expressed by one who came to stay when he said that a group of Bostonians with whom he had talked were "simmering in their own fat and putting a nice brown on one another." But Boston had earned its good name; and, as for the unkind things that were said about it, one usually found some Boston man who had said them first and better. As the "little man" remarked in *The Professor*, Boston had opened, and kept open, more turnpikes leading to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city in the country.

II

The focus of culture in Boston was the Saturday Club, the club that Dr. Holmes would have invented if spontaneous generation had not produced it. There, once a month, the illuminati, the Autocrat and Emerson and Lowell, Longfellow, Dana, Asa Gray and Sumner, Agassiz and Charles Eliot Norton, Charles Francis Adams, on occasion, or the other diplomat, Motley, met for the talk in which the town excelled. For Boston abounded in good conversation. Experienced outsiders, guests of the club, or perhaps of the *Atlantic*, at one of its dinners, or at some private dinner for public men, were struck by the quality of this conversation. Sometimes, at two successive dinners, the same men talked for eight hours without a sign of fatigue, and the conversation never fell off in interest.

If Dr. Holmes was not the center of it, the others mostly had their centers elsewhere, in Cambridge, in Concord, in Washington or London, while the Autocrat was not only Bostonian but more than anything else a talker. His poems were versified conversation, he had Boswellized himself, and, in his airy way, he had scattered freely, more freely than the profounder minds, the ideals that had made his town a center of culture. It was he who had named the Brahmins and described their function as leaders of learning and bringers of light. It was he who had spread the gospel of modern science. It was he who had smitten the Philistines hip and thigh and routed the tribe of the Pooh-Poohs with clouds of arrows, and, withal, as a wise old family doctor, he treated the Yankee household with a heart that was full of pity for human nature. Could one hold his incomprehensions against this lover of excellent things, who was always so bright and wide-awake? He was certainly unfair to the reformers, and there were other doctors, well instructed, who felt he was setting up the old caste-idol, who resented his assaults on rustic manners and, still more, on the Orthodox faith, the better sides of which he knew not of; for "The One-Hoss Shay" and *The Guardian Angel*, which aroused the indignation of thousands, true as they were, were not the truth regarding the depths of the old religion.

Many of Dr. Holmes's constant readers found much that was hard to bear in what he said, and in fact he was a wit and not too wise. One had to go to Concord for the sages. But what was Voltaire, what was Erasmus?—with whom he had so much in common, as a highly intelligent man, the most intelligent man in New England. He laid trains of thought that later became abuses, as the Boston mind developed under other conditions; but whose heart, with all its foibles, was more innocent than his, or even more truly religious? His hymns were sincere, with a touch of sublimity. No one loved life more, or fought for it more gallantly, as he fought for the sports that stood for health and the poems that stood for expressive living. He loved all sorts and conditions of men, as he loved prize-fights and trotting-horses, trees, good cattle, boats, and violins.

The Autocrat stood for Boston in its hour of triumph. For Boston was indeed triumphant. Its conversation bore witness to this. The town possessed authority in every sphere. If it was ripe for change, for assaults from without and within, if the Civil War perhaps had struck its hour, the war had been "Mrs. Stowe's war," in President Lincoln's phrase, and, if Mrs. Stowe was not a possession of Boston, at least she appeared at *Atlantic* dinners, wearing her wreath of laurel. Charles Francis Adams, who lived at Quincy and had always quarreled with Boston, belonged more to Boston than to anything else, and, if Adams had not caused the war, he had certainly helped to win it: he had helped almost as much as Grant or Sherman by holding the British at bay. Motley, the Boston historian, represented his country at two important posts. Sumner, the Boston statesman, was unique in the Senate. He was the one man there, as even his enemies said, who, during the war years and after, kept in view the interests of thought and science; for, if Boston had power and prestige in public matters, which gave an additional tang to its conversation, much more was this the case in affairs of the mind. It set the tone of American speech. It held in equal scales "the Yankee's 'haow,' the stammering Briton's 'haw'"; and its great new technological schools, its quarterlies, monthlies, and weeklies, the Lowell Institute and other centers, not to mention the Boston Symphony, soon to be founded, were institutions of national significance. The *North American Review* was recapturing its leading position. The supremacy of the *Atlantic* was unquestioned. To have published a poem in it, as the case of Howells showed, was to be known among writers all over the country. It was a force indeed throughout the country, setting the critical standard and spreading suggestions. Boston excelled in the machinery of culture, as well as in culture itself.

In days to come, the Saturday Club, where the Boston Olympians gathered, reflected all the changes of the Yankee mind. Consisting chiefly of authors at first, acknowledged leaders of national thought, it altered when it alteration found. Local worthies, eminent men, but eminent mainly as men of Boston, replaced the original members, who possessed an all-American sanction. As the scope of the membership altered so did the types, and lawyers and judges, professors of science, economists, physicists, chemists largely supplanted the men of letters, who spoke for the soul as well as the mind of the race. If Howells, after his first visit, observing the Boston of 1860, felt that he must keep himself "in cotton" till he had a chance to see it again, one knew what he meant and understood it; and the day had not yet come when all men said, the Bostonians most of all, "Ichabod, the glory is departed."

Two centuries lay behind the New England writers, and, if they largely ruled the national mind, if they were *voces populi*, there were reasons for it. They had grown in the great tradition of the Revolution, they were closely connected with the soil, they were readers and

students of the classics—three elements, deeply related, that explained their power and accounted for their prestige outside the country. As heirs of the Revolution, they spoke for the liberal world-community. As men who loved the land and rural customs, they shared the popular life in its roots, at its source. As readers and students of the classics, they followed great patterns of behavior, those that Europeans followed also. In short, as magnanimous men, well seasoned, they wrote with a certain authority and not as the scribes. If they believed in progress, and felt that America led the way, they professed their faith in a fashion that commanded respect; for they had known doubts and struggles, wars and vigils, and they made their profession of faith as men who had won it, not without years in the wilderness and days of blindness.

They had cultivated their gardens, they knew the country, the seacoast and the homestead, the lakes and mountains, where they had wandered as boys and lived as weather-wise men, familiar with plants and animals, the ways of nature, the trades and occupations of the people. Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and Norton had their Sabine farms, and some of them, like Sumner, resembled Webster in their knowledge of common farming and all the species of cattle, domestic and foreign; and they knew ships and shipping and the forest as well as they knew men and cities. Their books were full of all these human interests, this deep sense of the local earth, a sense that was fed by their classical studies; for the Greek and Roman authors, most of whom were countrymen, had treated rural life with affectionate understanding. The reading of Virgil and Horace, who abounded in genial pictures of it, had always gone hand in hand with respect for the farmer. The decline of classical studies and the loss of respect for rural life concurred, in the age to come, with disastrous results.

The Saturday Club, as time went on, witnessed many changes. Already, more and more, with the rise of the railroads, with the growth of the factory system, the Brahmins were going into banking, retaining their titles as Brahmins and abjuring their function; for this handsome appellation pleased the patricians, who had sometimes done little to deserve it, but who were not unwilling to appear as tinctured with the well-known Boston culture, as patrons and even protagonists of it. The acquisitive instinct that marked the Yankees, diverted into other channels, where it had produced such victories of the mind, was returning to its original channel; and trade itself was losing its wide horizons.

The stately commerce of old, the India and China traffic, had been ruined by steamships and tariffs. This trade of an earlier day had connected Boston with the history of Samarkand and Venice and given it some of the splendor of Lisbon and Antwerp, and the young men who sailed before the mast—perhaps reading Prescott in the maintop—or went as supercargoes to Sumatra, had lived the sort of lives that were pictured in Homer. The days were past forever when the Danas and the John Lowells roamed the world as argonauts or wrote their wills among the ruins of Thebes; and the young Boston men who were scattering westward were mostly to end their lives at desks in State Street, hugging their stocks and bonds and "standing pat."

This day had not yet come, though it was coming, as alien races pressed on the native race, as new religions rose, with alien faiths. Then the city lost interest in the country, except as a field of exploitation, for business or for holiday-making, and problems of immigration and factory problems replaced the older problems of good and evil, and men, immersed in money, ceased to read, and the "feminization of literature" was a haunting question. One could foresee a New England turned in upon itself, while Boston, sulking in its tent, refused to play with Denver and San Francisco.

III

At present, outside the Saturday Club lay social, financial, and "earnest" Boston, three Bostons known to fame, and all represented in it, that stretched far beyond in widening circles. Nor should one forget the other Bostons, religious Boston, often earnest, musical Boston, artistic Boston, even the scholarly Boston that lived apart. Webster was dead, with Everett and Prescott. George Ticknor, in himself a circle, ignored the Saturday Club. This grand and chilly old scholar, who had written the *History of Spanish Literature* and whose handsome Georgian mansion faced the State House, belonged to an age that was past and had small interest in present or future. When Howells, venturing into his study, remarked that the Civil War might be good for the South, Ticknor, who was gracious, waived the point and sighed, "Perhaps, perhaps." The old days, slaves and all, had been good indeed for Ticknor, and, though most of the recent writers who had made Boston famous had been trained in modern languages in his Harvard department, he took no interest in them, their lives, their books, their talk.

A more illustrious writer, Francis Parkman, who sometimes appeared at the club, moved in a world of his own for other reasons. An impetuous, active, strenuous man, vehement and reserved by turns, with keen gray eyes and a military figure, and a chin thrust notably forward, Parkman had wrecked his health in his western adventures, when he tried to live like an Indian, and he had to follow a careful regimen. He was partially crippled by arthritis and partially blind, and he suffered from chronic insomnia and nervous disorders. As long ago as 1849, he had published *The Oregon Trail*. Like Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, this account of his journey across the plains had opened a new world for story-tellers; and Parkman's candid, cheerful nature, his martial tastes and his Spartan habits suggested Dana's traits in many ways. He had written, a few years later, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, and he had been preparing ever since, when he was able to work, for his later series of volumes on the "old French war." His life had been broken by years of pain and blindness; but in 1865, when he was forty-two, he had resumed the thread of publication. A greater writer perhaps than Prescott, who had shared his physical disabilities, and certainly greater than Motley, whose work, since *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, had lost itself in a welter of documents, Parkman was the climax and the crown of the Boston historical school, which was soon to shift its ground and its point of view. The last romantic historian, in a world that was turning scientific, deriving his impulse from Scott as he drew his design from Gibbon, Parkman was a lonely man who stood outside his epoch, an aristocrat, a Stoic and an artist.

The other Bostons, æsthetic and "earnest," were also represented by men who left good books and better talk behind them. The Boston Art Museum had not yet been established, and Norton had tried in vain to interest the town in James Jackson Jarves's Italian collection. The demand for museums, however, was rapidly rising, and the day had passed when it required courage to hang a painted Venus in the Athenæum. Even young men from the country ceased to ask, "Is this respectable, sir?" as they opened the door of the reading-room and beheld the casts.

No one spoke for this change of feeling better than Thomas G. Appleton, the brother of Longfellow's wife and the son of a notable manufacturer. This early friend of Motley, with large means and expansive tastes, was a gourmet and also a spiritualist, and a lover of purple and gold and all things edible, visible, touchable, including Persian rugs and downy sofas. A bachelor and a globe-trotter, a yachtsman and a book-collector, "Tom" Appleton was the only man who could ride over Holmes and Lowell

and talk them down. There were many who cherished him for this, although Holmes was not among them; for Appleton got the credit for some of the doctor's "good things." His wit was excellent and famous, and he loved all kinds of art and artists, beginning with cooks and ending with Corot and Millet. He encouraged the taste for French art that William Morris Hunt was also promoting.

For Hunt, the painter from Vermont, had settled in Boston recently, as the apostolic successor of Copley and Stuart. His portrait of Chief Justice Shaw, which hung in the Salem Court House, had given him this position almost at once; although Hunt, who was also a landscape-painter, a figure-painter, a painter of horses, for which he had a passionate affection, chafed at the time he wasted on Boston eyebrows. Somebody's fourteenth cousin was always thinking that his eyebrows should turn up a little more. Hunt radiated an influence like Agassiz's in science and Ticknor's in the old days at Harvard; and "what Hunt said" passed from mouth to mouth, even when he swore like a trooper.

In Hunt, in Tom Appleton, even in Dr. Holmes's talk, the energy of Boston was already following new directions. The old love of learning persisted, with much of the old religious feeling, which the doctor expressed in his hymns; and the emphasis that was placed upon culture was certainly stronger than ever. But the cause of the other-worldly and the cause of reform had lost much of their former impulse, and the triumph of the banking interest was accompanied already by a growth of conservative feeling and all things mundane. The

> solid man of Boston,
> A comfortable man, with dividends,
> And the first salmon, and the first green peas,

presided over an Israel at last untroubled. The days of the great crusades were over. The Unitarian movement had spent its force, nor had any cause of equal strength taken the place of Abolition. People who loved goodness had ceased to "adore" it, with the burning heart of the saint who lay in Mount Auburn; and, ceasing to adore, they ceased to struggle. Emerson, it appeared, was right—the Unitarians, born Unitarians, had a pale, shallow religion; and, as Channing had been born something else, so something else was to take his place, as the Catholics rose in power, before Phillips Brooks appeared and the light of an Episcopalian pulpit outshone the long-dimmed lamps of the "Boston religion."

But outwardly Channing's religion was still triumphant. With Theodore Parker out of the picture, the stirring and troublesome Parker, it was even more respectable than ever; nor were excellent ministers wanting, admirable men, intelligent, humane, with ample hearts. The two great divines were Dr. Clarke and Dr. Hale: James Freeman Clarke, who had studied German literature with Margaret Fuller, and Edward Everett Hale, the author of *The Man Without a Country*. They represented a liberal faith with few, if any, doctrinal elements that might have been described as ethical culture. Both had been anti-slavery men, both were experienced writers, both applied their faith to social questions. They were "practical" theologians both. Clarke's temper was more spiritual, and he was more of a thinker than Hale; he was also more of the past, as Hale was more of the future. Hale, an exuberant journalist with a touch of genius, wrote more than sixty books. With his large, cheerful, breezy mind, he was famous for his picturesqueness. In time he became the "grand old man" of Boston.

IV

If in these useful characters religious Boston showed, with whatever advances, a falling off, in zeal, in essential energy—for neither Hale nor Clarke compared with Channing or Parker—this was true as well in the sphere of reform. The moral passion of the old reformers, those who still survived, had largely lost its aim and its momentum. Wendell Phillips,

however, continued to fight for all the new reforms; and there were others, Miss Peabody, Mrs. Howe and Dr. Howe, the well-known "Cadmus of the blind." In the good Elizabeth Peabody, the sister-in-law of Hawthorne, whose spectacles were often on her chin, whose bonnet was usually smashed, as if in some fresh encounter with the powers of darkness, while her white hair hung loose, like her opinions—in the genius of the American kindergarten the passion for justice and progress fermented as ever, though her eyes were faded and strained by the dim lamps of lecture halls. Miss Peabody was one of the old reformers who never lost her zest, and Julia Ward Howe and Dr. Howe resembled her in this respect.

Samuel Gridley Howe had had two careers. As the surgeon-general of the Greek navy, he had played a great part in the revolution in which Byron lost his life. He had fought with the Turks hand to hand, a nineteenth-century Yankee Cervantes, sleeping under the stars with the mountaineers, dressed in snowy chemise and shaggy capote, with only his cloak for a mattress. He had risked his life in Paris in the July revolution, and shared in a Polish revolt, and had later been imprisoned in a Prussian dungeon; and the fund he had raised for the Cretans had paid for the education of a whole generation of Cretan children. His second career meanwhile had made his name a household word, with the name of his famous pupil, Laura Bridgman. For Dr. Howe, as for Wendell Phillips, the cause of reform was never-ending, nor was it ever to end for Mrs. Howe. In Washington, in '61, working in the army camps, she had driven one afternoon with Dr. Clarke. The soldiers tramped beside the carriage, singing "John Brown's Body." Her nerves and her blood were beating with the rhythm when she woke in the middle of the night, and suddenly the words came that Dr. Clarke had asked for and she wrote the "Battle Hymn" in half an hour. If she never reached this pitch again, the "good hope of humanity" was the theme of her life, and for decades and scores of years she sang it and talked it until she became a national institution.

As long as Mrs. Howe lived there were always a few apostles left to vindicate the name of earnest Boston. A small, shapeless woman, at present, who had once been exceedingly pretty, with an air of unmistakable distinction, she radiated bonhomie and wisdom. While her hat was often askew, she abounded in wit, and her reddish hair suggested a fiery temper; but she overflowed with intelligent goodness, warmth of heart, romantic feeling, even as she excelled in common sense. Above all other jewels, she prized plain speaking. In this she resembled another woman, also born in New York, who represented the later Boston as Mrs. Howe represented the earlier. For Mrs. "Jack" Gardner already lived in Beacon Street, where she spent all her mornings in bed, though she was to rise betimes and gather culture in a fashion that astonished even Boston. In those days, a third woman, Mary Baker Eddy, was also to figure largely in the Boston scene. The doctrine of progress in the future was complicated by certain facts of which Dr. Holmes's Boston was unaware, in the days when Howells surveyed the scene, when the "American Athens" rejoiced in its strength, in its statesmen and historians, wits and poets, all in the pride of security.

At present, these complications were remote. Mrs. Stowe had called New England the "seed-bed" of the great republic, adding that its people were "called and chosen for some great work on earth." This still seemed a reasonable statement. Moreover, if New England was the seed-bed, Boston was the hothouse. There the rarer seedlings came to blossom.

[*Next month the author of the Flowering of New England will offer another glimpse of New England at a late stage of its Indian summer.—The Editor.*]

A FLICKER WENT FREE

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE youngest boy of three climbed down the stairway
In the house gone perilous with dark.
He was but one step ahead of dreaming;
Dreams whispered after him, he did not hark.

He had to do it while his brothers were sleeping,
He found the cage and felt along the wire,
Put in his quivering hand and felt the tremble
Of the bird built out of trembling fire.

The wild thing did not flutter, for the terror
Of a starless world had numbed its soul;
It lay gentle in the boy's thin fingers,
A handful of the wind in a soft roll.

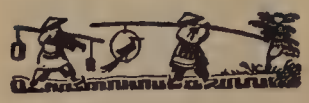
It was a floating tissue of creation
No heavy thing such as a hand should clutch,
A flicker with the secret fire waiting
Under its wings for the spark of flight to touch.

The boy went to the door and drew it open;
A waning moon of May hung in the sky.
It drenched the captive flicker's beak with silver
And lit a minute star in either eye.

The whole night caught its breath in, and it waited,
The slim moon lifted up the wild bright tips
Of its ears, no breath came through the hollow
Between the youngest boy's wide-open lips.

The boy uncurled his hand, the spotted flicker,
With a moon scrolled on its head and throat,
Moved no more than the incredible petals
Where the white wild water lilies float.

Then the boy sobbed deep, the feathers rankled,
The airy feathers tautened into air.
The bird was gone, the sound of a loosened bowstring,
Wildness and a boy alone were there.



BUSINESS AND RELIGION

AN OLD PARTNERSHIP REVIVED

BY EMILY NEWBOLD

ONE of the more interesting signs of our disjointed times is to be found in the radio-advertising campaign lately undertaken by General Mills, Inc.

General Mills is sponsoring over a nation-wide network a fifteen-minute, six-day-a-week broadcast dramatizing Bible stories. To insure its appeal to Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants and to avoid inadvertently giving offense to any of the three faiths, it has engaged as program consultants a distinguished Protestant scholar, a Roman Catholic editor, and a well-known rabbi. This campaign is put on in the full expectation that a religious topic will be of such general interest that multitudes of listeners will be strengthened in their faith and simultaneously converted to Wheaties, Corn Kix, and Gold Medal Flour.

This faith of General Mills is a logical sequence of what is becoming a commonplace in business circles—that America needs, and must get, a refreshed religious consciousness if it is to maintain its historic institutions during these critical times. The spread of this idea has assumed the proportions of a mild epidemic. It is not the poor and hard-pressed "little people" who are invoking the religious spirit and proclaiming the importance of religion in everyday life, but the commercially mighty.

Does this new zeal for religion mean that business has been touched by the Spirit? Is a religious revival at hand? It seems unlikely. Traditionally, religious revivals do not begin in the upper layers of society. They are a mass phenomenon, a mass surrender to an irresistible religious fervor, usually engendered by one dominating and enthusiastic personality—a George Whitefield, a Charles Finney, a Dwight Moody. Dreadful anxiety for the soul's health and a gripping concern for its chances in eternity are the most urgent preoccupations of persons affected by the holy ferment of a revival.

That business should take an executive part in trying to stimulate a religious revival, however, is not new. Shortly before the last war the Men and Religion Forward Movement ("Going After Souls on a Business Basis") was sponsored by a Wall Street banker and backed by big names and the denominational brotherhoods. Galvanized by the most energetic and efficient drive in the religious history of America, this campaign swept the country. The routine of church life was livelier for its duration, church attendance increased, and it was thought that the social vision of the churches was widened. The movement, however, did not produce anything like a real revival in the sense of an outburst of genuine religious enthusiasm. The efficiency of the campaign was breath-taking, but did not move the spirit.

The real reason for the awakened interest of business in religion to-day may be found in an idea recently taken up by the churches. "Religion is the safeguard

of democracy." This has proved to be one of the most popular texts of the past decade. Phrased to suit the tastes of various congregations, it is now heard every week in Protestant, Jewish, and —to a less degree—Roman Catholic churches all over the United States. Business has taken to it enthusiastically.

There were reasons for this new zeal for religion-and-democracy. The reasons were fear and anxiety; the churches' fear of fascism abroad, and their anxiety over the steady disintegration of their influence at home.

If democracy collapses here, and subsequent events run true to the established totalitarian pattern, American business knows what to expect, and American churches will suffer just as heavily. Their present advantages are many. In the United States there is no state church, and no one church is favored above any other by the government. From the vast and closely integrated Roman Catholic Church, through the three branches of Judaism, to the smallest and most eccentric Protestant sect, all are self-governing in the administration of their internal affairs. They may own property and they enjoy tax exemption on valuable holdings. They are free to raise money by legal means and dispose of it for their own purposes without coercion by any political authority. They may instruct and proselytize without political interference. They are free to take sides on public questions, they may and do admonish and criticize the head of the state and its officers, and both clergy and laity may take action in public affairs as constrained by their consciences without fear of reprisals by an irate and all-powerful government morbidly sensitive to "divided loyalties."

Under the circumstances, with the swift spread of totalitarianism in plain sight, it is no wonder that American churches have become acutely conscious of the merits of democracy. Dr. Rufus Weaver, Chairman of the Committee of Public Relations in the Southern Baptist Convention, put it bluntly when he said, "The civilized world is witnessing the growing dominance of organized forces that seek the destruction of *those social institutions and agencies that have safeguarded and encouraged the spread of the evangelical faith.*" And of every other, he might have added.

Fear of this new peril has made the American churches all the more aware of the lowness of their own vitality. Organized religion has steadily retreated from the strong position it once held in American life as a political, social, and moral influence. Its decline has failed to stir general interest or regret. To regain even a part of their lost influence, the churches must present some argument that will convince.

It was this squeeze—the threat without, the languor within—which produced the religion-and-democracy slogan. In the idea there are associated those two sacred, if vague, sentiments—patriotism and piety. The fact that it is proclaimed sincerely and from the heart by the majority of churchmen only makes the appeal more telling.

The preservation of democracy may facilitate the preservation of the *status quo* and that is why business, long the silent (and sometimes contrary) partner of the church, vigorously endorses this new religious appeal. Business and organized religion are still free to live and move under American democracy. Naturally the one will hasten to hold up the hands of the other.

II

The churches can muster at least two good arguments in support of the claim that religion is a basic factor in American democracy. The philosophical argument, a very simple and appealing one, has been widely taken up by members of the laity as well as by the clergy. Its essence is that both Christianity and Judaism are religions which assert the dignity of human personality. God created man; so man, as the child of God, is sacred; he cannot be deprived of his

life and his dignity cannot be infringed with justice or impunity. Democracy is the only operating political system that respects, even theoretically, human individuality and accepts the equality of every human being with every other as axiomatic. Therefore, democracy has the sanction of religion. As Miss Dorothy Thompson, who got the idea as long ago as June, 1938, put it in *The American Friend*, "The conception of man as a child of God . . . is the only philosophical justification for a democracy. . . . All our civil liberties derive from the concept of the dignity of man, of respect for the person as something sacred."

The historical argument in support of the thesis that religion and democracy have interlocking values is on firm ground as long as it takes its stand on early American soil. Eagerness for religious freedom played a major part in inducing the settlement of America and the founding of various colonies. The early history of the churches is inextricably entwined with that of the nation. In spite of eighteenth-century rationalism, which affected American political thinking and institutions, the churches occupied the center of cultural and community life during all that phase of its development when America was composed of relatively small and isolated communities. In the long period of the retreating frontier, circuit riders and evangelists helped to knit together the outpost settlements, maintaining communication and disseminating culture, ideas, and news. As long as there was a frontier those sects and churches which moved westward with it multiplied and flourished, exerting a vital discipline upon the society of which they formed an integral part.

The application of the historical argument diminishes progressively, however, as one advances from the past to the present. The churches are aware of the fact that they have smaller claim to a vital function in American society to-day.

The growth of the cities and the relentless contraction of the frontier began to displace organized religion from its dominant position in community life. The impact of the scientific ideas of the nineteenth century and of the Higher Criticism further undermined the church by questioning its authority and examining into the sources of its message. Public interest in religion, except during the emotional excitement of occasional revivals, waned steadily.

In an effort to restore the flagging interest of the growing urban population, churches early in the twentieth century undertook "institutional" projects intended to satisfy the social rather than the spiritual needs of their parishioners. They organized basket-ball teams, Boy and Girl Scout troops, and social activities centering in the parish house. This required money and the churches found themselves even more dependent on their wealthier members. Liberal ministers knew that the interests of organized religion were identified in many minds with either business or the rich and tried to overcome this prejudice. But not even the most sincere and vigorous reformer among them could make an attack on un-Christian social conditions without risk. A minister could not be radically at variance with his parishioners—*i.e.*, his employers—on social questions. If his opinions or actions contravened their interests, he shortly ceased to be their minister.

The clerical liberals made an intense effort to restore organized religion to its old-time eminence. The efforts failed. They failed even to rouse, except here and there, new interest and enthusiasm for religion.

There is an American tradition that religious awakenings follow depressions. The style had been set when the panic of 1857, following the collapse of a speculative boom, brought the nation to its knees. If there was any vitality in the tradition, one might have expected a revival of religious feeling during the past decade. After 1929 the Federal Council of Churches summoned the country to prayer. But the country did

not come. The only two mass religious movements even suggestive of a revival—Father Divine's for the black folk, Frank Buchman's for the white—are outside the ranks of organized religion, and are regarded by the churches with varying degrees of reserve.

As the economic collapse was followed by the rise of dictatorships, it became clear that an effective rallying cry was essential if the churches were to be prepared to combat the new ideal spreading from Europe. The religion-and-democracy slogan is the most likely stimulant that organized religion has been able to provide.

American Protestants and American Jews assert earnestly that religion is the basis and bulwark of democracy. Roman Catholics assert it too, but with reservations. A stream of articles and editorials on the subject has appeared in the Protestant and Jewish press during the past two or three years, and there is no slackening. It is one of the most popular sermon topics and is frequently the theme of addresses by rabbis and clergymen to college students, civic groups, good-will and interfaith meetings, and "institutes of human relations."

Protestantism, without any such international organization as Catholicism's, is traditionally nationalistic, patriotic to whatever country it is indigenous. Democracy is good, and needs support, and if religion supports it, so much the better for religion—and democracy.

American Judaism, which feels, and with reason, that the Jewish community is safer under democracy than under any other modern political system, regards the democratic form as the highest political good.

The coolness with which some Roman Catholic speakers and writers treat the idea is accounted for by the fact that the Roman Catholic Church, an international body which has to adjust itself to many types of government, is not committed to the theory that democracy is the most just and beneficent type of government yet devised by man. Its official position was enunciated by Pope Leo XIII in his encyclical "On the Christian Constitution of States," which says, "The right to rule is not necessarily, however, bound up with any special mode of government. It may take this or that form, provided only that it be of a nature to insure the general welfare." The statement of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen illustrates the cautious position of the Catholics: "When we say that democracy owes its origin to religion we understand the principle of democracy and not the method of democracy. . . . The principle of democracy is a recognition of the sovereign, inalienable rights of man as a gift of God, the Source of Law. The method of democracy, on the other hand, is the particular way in which these rights and liberties are socially ordered. The principle of democracy comes from God, but the method of democracy comes from man."

Although Monsignor Sheen carefully makes this distinction, many Roman Catholics are not so painstakingly explicit, even if they are aware of it, and refer to the relationship of religion and democracy in terms indistinguishable from those used by Protestants and Jews. It is therefore possible to say that a section of Roman Catholic opinion is, in effect, united with Protestant and Jewish opinion on the religion-and-democracy front, the purpose of which is to safeguard the future of organized religion by shoring up the democratic *status quo*.

But this united front of the faiths is an acknowledgment of weakness. In the days when religion was a more powerful factor in American life, sects and churches proliferated like healthy amoebae. Denominations and faiths felt no need to combine forces to achieve either religious or social ends. Least of all did religion have to be peddled in the guise of a tonic for real estate, business, democracy, or anything else. It was good for the immortal soul, and that was enough. It required no further recommendation. The merits of its by-products were irrelevant.

That the churches have evolved a new social gospel and that they are collaborating in the use of it indicates also that the pressures of threat and indifference have obliged them to shift their emphasis. They still want to save souls by spreading the word of God, to ameliorate man's earthly lot and guide him in the paths of righteousness. But the problem of self-preservation has been rudely thrust upon them. They want to survive, and their survival, as they see it, depends upon maintaining the *status quo*.

It remained for the *Christian Century*, an undenominational Protestant weekly, to attack the claim that religion is necessarily the support of democracy. In its issue of August 30, 1939, it observed editorially, "Religion may be the basis and bulwark of any kind of government and any kind of social order from the best to the worst. It has, historically, been the bulwark of almost every kind. To be more specific, Christianity has given its blessing to regimes as lacking in liberty as France in the 17th and 18th centuries, Calvin's Geneva, the England of the Stuarts, the Spain of the Inquisition and of Ferdinand VII, the Papal State of the restoration after Napoleon, and czarist Russia before the revolution."

But the editorial salvo turned out to be a dud. The churches chose to disregard it and business didn't hear it. Organized religion, whether it is aware of the fact or not, now has in business not only a silent partner, but an active ally. The *entente cordiale* has become a holy alliance. Just exactly what is business doing in this campaign?

III

Let us start with two large industries which act directly on public opinion: the radio and the press. Influential groups within both these powerful forces are throwing their energies into the drive to bring America back to religion.

Neville Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters, pledged the co-operation of the entire radio industry to the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America in its spring radio campaign to create better feeling between racial and religious groups. In a letter to all radio stations in the United States, Mr. Miller declared that "the time is at hand for a constructive campaign of tolerance and understanding." Tolerance has for several years been one of the most pressing preoccupations of organized religion, both Christian and Jewish.

The Columbia Broadcasting Company, in connection with the approaching tenth anniversary of its Church of the Air program, is planning a nationwide campaign, headed by prominent clergymen of the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths, to stimulate interest in religion.

In a recent issue, *Fortune*, generally regarded as an unofficial spokesman for big business, in its most somber editorial tones summoned the church to resume its abdicated moral leadership of a bewildered world by returning to "absolute spiritual values," without faith in which, it asserted, humanity cannot progress. "Without spiritual leadership the maladjustments of our politico-economic system must inevitably increase; unemployment, lack of opportunity, maldistribution of wealth and lack of confidence will symptomize a long retreat; collectivism will grow; and what remains to us of the golden age, when we were able to *believe*, will be consumed in revolution and wars." Thus *Fortune* left it up to the churches.

For probably the first time in the history of the country a news organization is the moving force behind a campaign to increase church attendance. Under the auspices of the Camden, New Jersey, *Courier-Post* newspapers, teams will canvass the homes of south Jersey for a period of three months, probably beginning in the late spring, to urge all those who do not regularly go to church to attend the church of their choice.

The Boston *Herald*, lamenting the suspension of the one-hundred-eighteen-

year-old Unitarian *Christian Register** as a journal of opinion, stated editorially that "the country needs these religious journals more to-day than in the time when they were at the summit of their influence."

At the national conference of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, held in Rochester last October, Frank Gannett, publisher and presidential aspirant, said, "The faith that every human being is a child of God, whose personality has inalienable rights that no power on earth may invade, is the foundation stone of democracy." About a year before, the editor of his Albany *Knickerbocker News*, Byron J. Lewis, anticipating his employer, told a meeting of Albany church members that the Bible was "the charter of democracy" and that "Jesus Christ was the first great exponent of that system." He incidentally disclosed to his audience that the aims of church and press in America were identical.

Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, associate editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, in addresses to the National Council of Catholic Women and the National Catholic Alumni Federation late last year, stated that failure to include religious instruction in the curricula of the United States schools constitutes a greater threat to American liberties than either communism or fascism. Godless teaching, he contended, "amounts to the dehumanization of man and the relativization of truth" and affirms the absolute supremacy of the state over the person.

At Christmastime the National Civic Federation launched a well-advertised revival campaign through the press and took full-page advertisements in forty newspapers urging a return to spiritual values. Now its successor organization, the National Committee for Religious Recovery, is seeking to "put religion into business" and plans to increase interest in religion by means of broadcasts and advertisements in the daily papers. It will supply clergymen with practical ideas to stimulate church attendance and will organize house-to-house campaigns to find out why people do not go to church. Col. Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago *Daily News* and former vice-presidential candidate, is a committee member.

In Los Angeles a number of business and professional men have recently formed a group to meet weekly for religious services, with the pronouncement that "there is need to revitalize in business and professional life those religious standards which made our nation great."

The New York State Chamber of Commerce joined the procession this past winter when it accepted a report submitted by its Special Committee on Economical and Efficient Education which recommended "a deep, true, religious understanding and viewpoint" as the first requirement necessary to produce "the schools New York State wants." "In spite of the fact that some hesitate to include religion in our educational program," said the Chamber, "we place it first."

The Kiwanis International, at its twenty-third annual convention in Boston last summer, undertook to support the movement. Unanimously, it proclaimed its faith that a "back-to-God" movement would solve all human problems. Mr. Charles S. Donley, chairman of the Committee in Support of Churches, stated, "We must publicize religion. . . . All our clubs will emphasize spiritual idealism and religious tolerance as a necessity for balanced happiness."

In New Castle, Pennsylvania, the Municipal Council endorsed the Go-To-Church campaign carried on by all the churches in the city. The reason, it candidly stated, was that "history shows us that spiritual prosperity and material prosperity go hand in hand." Then, approaching the problem of material prosperity from another angle, the council set aside "Pioneer Week" to revive "the independence of spirit, initia-

*This journal is continuing as a purely denominational organ.

tive, and resourcefulness of our citizens."

Patriotic societies are becoming interested. In Madison, Nebraska, the American Legion, with the co-operation of the Commercial Club, the Rotary, and the local churches, organized a revival for members of the 355th Infantry, 89th Division. As a result almost a hundred men joined the church. In Macon, Georgia, Mr. F. C. Lanier, Legion official and deacon in the Baptist Church, has erected a huge outdoor billboard which reads, "American Democracy Is Founded on Belief in God. Now Is the Time to Return to His Worship." (*The Christian Index*, organ of the Baptist Convention of the State of Georgia, observed approvingly, if naïvely, "To recover the America our soldier boys lost while fighting a foreign war, we must recover our religion.") And finally the 49th annual convention of the D.A.R., held this April in Washington, has the word of Mrs. William H. Becker, its honorary president-general, that "the most vital need of our country and of the nations of the world is a moral and spiritual revival."

Owen D. Young, retired chairman of General Electric, Wendell Willkie, president of the Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, and H. W. Prentiss, Jr., president of the National Association of Manufacturers, may be regarded as authoritative spokesmen for American big business. Mr. Young has recently stated that the most fundamental needs of American youth to-day are "education to develop their capacities, opportunities to use them in useful work that is best for social and political service, and a devotion to religion through the church of their choice." Mr. Willkie, expressing himself on the same subject, found the answer in "a realization of the necessity of jealously guarding their heritage of freedom—freedom to worship as they please—freedom to say what they please—and freedom in their private enterprise."

Mr. Prentiss, in January of this year, told the Pennsylvania Newspaper Publishers' Association that "it is high time that business men insist on the religious education of the younger generation" if they wish to insure individual integrity in the business world. More recently, in an appeal to American industrialists to "buttress the foundations" of the American system of free enterprise, he expressed a sentiment similar to Mr. Willkie's. He urged members of the National Association of Manufacturers to dedicate themselves to "the fundamental American principle that private enterprise is inseparably linked with our representative democracy and traditional civil and religious liberties." He added that national economic planning would result in censorship of the press, the repression of free speech, and the destruction of religious liberty.

IV

These examples are enough to show that the effort is being undertaken seriously. There are some indications, aside from rising church-membership figures (which are generally conceded to be inconclusive), that the keener religious awareness so eagerly nurtured by the partnership may be taking place. A nationwide survey made by a firm "famous for the accuracy of its polls" late last year revealed that 90.6 per cent of the people who were asked what they regarded as most important to the maintenance of democracy listed religious freedom. A New York Town Meeting of the Air broadcast on the subject "How Can Philosophy and Religion Meet To-day's Needs?" drew the largest mail response of the season. Recent reports from Yale, Princeton, Cornell, the University of Illinois, and Sarah Lawrence, among other colleges, state that students are showing a greater interest in religion than they have for many years. The demand for religious instruction of public-school children is gaining support, and various methods of giving this instruction are being tried out in an estimated one thousand communities in the United States. Newspapers carry more religious news and features and some editors say

that interest in them has reached a new high. Dorothy Thompson's New Year's prediction of religious gains for 1940 seems to be justifying itself.

Whether this quickening interest in religion means that the religion-and-democracy slogan is proving effective, whether it means that business incitement to religious consciousness is taking effect, or whether it is due to that natural action of heightened fear and insecurity that makes people desperate for something constant, is anybody's guess. Probably all three of these reasons are responsible.

In any case, the tendency cannot properly claim to be a genuine religious revival. Innocent of the longing for spiritual salvation, the roused feeling is not enthusiasm for religion itself. It is enthusiasm for religion as a way out, religion to save democracy, religion to save our skins on this earth, not our souls in eternity. It is religion as a last resort: when the economic and political system is springing fissures right under one's feet, and there is nothing else left to try, why not try God? Business is going to try God, and it wants you all to join. General Mills, for one, is betting you will.

NATIVE LAND

BY EDWARD WEISMILLER

MAN presumes his skill at recollection.
He rears grotesques in sand, on a drifting plain,
And says: this place was Eden: this was my native land;
And drives himself away and does not come again.

But forever after, at night, in the dark night, he will say—
Yet of course there was such a place; I was happy there, I had a lover:
Her footsteps move in my mind though they leave no trace.
But it was spring there, there was a blue sky over.

And I remember the face of that country surely, how it was fair,
How the deer ran in the night through the clustering brake.
We walked through the hills together, she and I, in the first light.
The sun glistened in dew on the paths that we would take.

We saw the leaves subside where the bird flew.
There were bare blackberry patches there where the trees were thinned.
The maple saplings shivered like burning matches.
I remember, the pines blew north with every wind.

When I have recalled the direction, I shall return.
There are hours between, and seas: for the world is round.
And forever the waves between surge up and swell and tower
And crumble.

But it is strange that they make no sound.

NO MORE SUMMER IN AUSTRIA

BY CARL ZUCKMAYER

Translated by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood

On Sunday, March 13, 1938, it was gradually borne in on me that I must leave Austria—which had now been in the hands of the Nazis for forty-eight hours. Up to this time I had been in a state of paralysis owing to a combination of obstinacy and resentment. I still maintained the crazy attitude that I had "done nothing"—broken no laws which could subject me to prosecution—although by now all law had been completely wiped out. I still dreamed of fighting back. The disappointment of not raising an arm in self-defense had come too quickly. Everything that I possessed was in this country: my house, my property near Salzburg, my apartment in Vienna, my friends—all the roots of my life and work were here. These bonds were too strong for me to throw overboard.

On Saturday, the 12th of March, an attaché of the German Legation in Vienna had assured a friend of mine by telephone that to the best of his knowledge I was in no danger. I could safely remain. The Nazis would handle things in Austria quite differently. He had absolute knowledge that writers of my type would not be persecuted. I was a Catholic and not classed with Jews or political writers. He could personally guarantee that I was in no danger. Two hours after this telephone conversation that man was dead. As he left the German Legation he was seized by a squad of Nazis, probably because of his "unreliability" from the point of view of the prevalent party leaders (can it be that as a Catholic and a nobleman he had more sympathy with the defenders of Austria than with his chiefs, the Nazis?); he was driven in a motor to Modena Park, a large gardenlike plantation in the middle of the city, and murdered. His body was thrown into the Danube, from which it was retrieved a few days later. His name was Freiherr von Ketteler.

Now it became obvious to me that it was a case of life and death. I knew that I should strike back if anyone dared to lay a hand on me. I was determined on that. And the shot which would inevitably have followed would have been far more welcome to me than to have been locked up in a prison camp by my own people and treated like a slave. A few of my friends—who had "done nothing" more than I and who were being persecuted solely because of their good standing as independent writers—were already on their way to Dachau. More than one of them has since gone to his grave. As I was packing my things I knew that it was literally at the *very last minute*.

I had to go away alone. My wife and daughters would have the possibility of leaving the country later in the normal way. Besides, my only chance of getting across the border lay in my being able to make my absence seem temporary and not let my departure look like an escape. A telegram from Alexander Korda,

which I had just received and which contained a request to come to London to work on a film script, provided me with the necessary pretext. My passport was in order and my name had not yet been put on the list of persons who were to be deprived of their citizenship; so I had a real hope of getting away.

We were not in a mood for farewells. Had it not been for practical necessity we would rather not have mentioned the matter. But there were people who belonged to us. And in moments like these you quickly find out who "belongs" to you. In our case it was our cook, who for years had kept house for us in town and in the country, and who was eternally quarreling with us, apparently as an evidence of her special and true devotion and loyalty. She and her seventeen-year-old niece, who had come to us when she was still just a child, now helped me pack. They were dissolved in tears. When everything was ready—no one had been able even to think of preparing food on that day—I asked the cook to bring us something to eat from the ice-box and to remain in the room with us. Meantime I had been in the wine-cellar, to take one last avid look at my choice wines, and brought up some champagne. I observed myself and found that I was fairly cool and calm. The shock was too great to be felt in a sentimental way. I then asked the maids to do me the favor to stop their wailing. They made a valiant effort and restricted themselves to sniffling. Then I poured some champagne and we each drank a glass. I thanked them and said we should all meet again. In that instant I really believed it. After the second glass we became quite cheerful and talked about all sorts of experiences. Soon the time was up, and I prepared to leave.

II

I left by train. All the places in the foreign service planes were sold out for days in advance. Besides, we knew that the Gestapo was stationed at the airport and was holding back all "suspects."

The stretch from Vienna to the Swiss border runs the whole length of Austria. It was a brilliant early spring day; rarely had the countryside looked more lovely to me. The mountains were still capped with snow, but the edges of the forests showed signs of fresh green. Toward noon the train skirted the lake on the shore of which lay our village, my house. I stood in the corridor of the express train and looked out. I might have tried to read but I didn't want to do that. The blue sky was reflected in the water. I saw my bathhouse which stood on the steep and lonely wooded shore. I thought I heard my dogs bark.

Then suddenly, between me and the landscape, there thundered a heavy troop train, moving eastward on the next track—German batteries headed for Vienna. The men, squatting beside their light howitzers and the gun carriages on the open cars, were in gray uniforms, and looked young and fresh, as we did in 1914 when we started for France. The people in my train opened the windows, waved to them, and many cried: "Heil Hitler!" pointing to the swastikas which they wore in their buttonholes out of real or pretended enthusiasm. The German soldiers, who were more accustomed to meet at home with dull silence or bitter faces than with such explosions of joy, laughed a little and returned the greetings with what seemed to me to be a slight look of embarrassment. Many were spooning out their soup and did not even look up. A tall gentleman stood beside me at the window and whenever he felt himself being watched he automatically put up his arm in the Hitler salute. When he saw that I was not doing it he suddenly whispered to me: "Do you know what they have done to Schuschnigg?" I shook my head. "The cursed swine," he hissed through his clenched teeth, and then raised his arm again because someone was looking at him. He was, so it

appeared, a big industrialist who was compelled to stay behind because he carried so much responsibility for his works and his employees. Now he was obliged to "run with the hounds." I looked at him and saw how ashamed he was, and the thought that I was leaving that land was easier to bear.

The Salzburg railroad station was like an army camp; the invading German troops were quartered all over the place and they made the impression of being quiet, well-disciplined, and responsible. Neither in their appearance nor in their manners did they have anything in common with the Party detachments who had taken over the police and civil administration and in the face of whom the highest military authorities were powerless. The same mob which I had come to know in Vienna was flooding the station, yelling and rioting. I wanted to buy some cigars but the keeper of the tobacco stand, a fifty-year-old widow whose customer I had been for years, was running round after the Germans, sticking cigarettes in their pockets. "German brothers!" she cried and rolled her eyes ecstatically. She even seemed to froth at the mouth. They say that when the first German howitzer battery rolled into town she went down on her knees in the street. . . . A few weeks earlier I had heard her talking loudly about "loyalty to Austria." More and more I began to understand Shakespeare's "Coriolanus."

In the midst of the excited onlookers stood a man in a peasant's hunting jacket, with his hat pulled down deep over his forehead. He was one of my most devoted friends from our village who had been notified that I was passing through. Originally I had intended to drive out to my home and rescue at least my manuscripts which lay in a cupboard there.

The man moved unobtrusively nearer until he stood half facing me. "Get back into the train at once," he said as if he were talking to himself or into thin air. "Don't let yourself be seen. They are already out there." When I asked a question he went on: "The Gestapo . . . in your house . . . going through everything. They are looking for you. They beat Wiedner to death in the cellar." Wiedner was a young constable, a handsome, lively peasant, who had often come to our house to play on his zither. In the Nazi riots of 1934 he had done his duty; now he had reaped his reward. I had found out enough. I whispered a "good-by" and went back into the train. When it finally pulled out I realized how my heart was pounding. As soon as the train left the platform the man from the village suddenly whipped off his cap and waved it frantically after us.

A few hours later the train stopped in Innsbruck. From there it is about three hours to the border, and here the first Nazi patrol came through the cars.

A thickset man in civilian clothes, with a swastika band on his arm and a police badge, suddenly appeared in my compartment. Behind him stood two armed Brown Shirts.

"Show your passport."

At first he nodded approvingly when he saw it was a German passport. But then he read the identification more closely. "A writer!" He noted my professional status, and he glowered at me.

"Leave the train. Take your bags."

"Why?" I asked.

"Our Führer does not like the press," was his brusque reply.

"But I do not belong to the press," I said, "I write plays and books."

"We'll see about that," he said. "Leave the train."

I tried to protest: that I was expected in London; that I could not miss my Channel boat. . . .

"Leave the train!" he roared at me. The Brown Shirts came one step closer. There was nothing left for me to do but obey.

On the platform I was led up to a group of other delinquents or suspects who had already been gathered to-

gether. They all carried their bags in their hands.

"Forward march!" someone ordered.

As we left the station I saw my express train pull out. We were led across the Station Square, in single file; the populace gaped at us. I saw the "Tiroler Hof," that fine hotel where I had stayed so often and spent such happy hours. And I was aware of a great thirst for a bottle of red wine. My pulse was steady but I was consumed with a towering rage.

As we were going up the stairs at Police Headquarters a gentleman stepped up to me and whispered a number. It was: "A-13026." It was a Vienna telephone number. I shall never forget it (though I cannot remember even my own number there). "Please call it up," he said without moving his lips, "if you get out of here. Tell them I am arrested here. I am Dr. A——" His name was known in political circles. I nodded and softly repeated the number. When they took him away later he greeted me with his eyes.

For hours we sat on our bags in the bare corridor and waited. We were under constant surveillance so that we could not talk to one another. There was a great deal of traffic at Police Headquarters, a perpetual coming and going: ashen-pale people were being brought in, flanked by two constables, then they disappeared behind doors. It was the day on which Schuschnigg's organization, the "Fatherland Front," was being mopped up.

My hunger, my thirst, and my rage were steadily increasing. When I was finally taken into an office for "examination" I no longer cared what happened to me. I knew it was a case of sink or swim and I had nothing to lose. Moreover, I was familiar with the type of petty official and knew how to handle him. I had hardly set foot in the room when I broke out in loud and angry threats. "This is impossible!" I roared at the official in charge, who was seated at a table with several Brown Shirts. "I am held up for no good reason and made to lose all my connections! You will have to make good to me the loss incurred! . . ." and so on in the same vein. Meantime I had flung my good German passport down on the table and tried to raise my voice still louder to yell: "Satisfy yourself whether there are any objections against me!"

I felt instantly that my method was successful.

The men in uniform were all Austrians, who were not yet familiar with the ropes and whose hearts sank right into their boots when a German shouted at them during those first few days.

I showed them my telegram from London, which they could not read because it was in English. I scolded some more about wasting my time and then I became more amiable.

The man who had taken me off the train stood there and watched me with some uncertainty and hostility.

"He is a writer," he said, pointing at me. "That's suspicious. Our Führer does not like the press."

"But I write for the films," I shouted—"and the Führer does like them!"

"Yes," said the official in charge, "he does like them. I know your home," he added in a friendly tone, "I have gone in swimming there. A lovely spot."

"It is indeed," I said. "And now, what do you want of me?"

He stood up. I had evidently convinced him completely.

"In days like these," he said, "mistakes will happen. You may hurry along, but go out the back door. The people out there—" he pointed toward the corridor where a number of my companions in distress were still waiting —"they can't get off so easily. They're Jews," he added, and then with a "Heil Hitler!" I was dismissed.

As I went down the back stairs I was followed by a young Storm Trooper in a brown shirt. I heard his footsteps but did not turn round. Suddenly he laid his hand on my shoulder and I halted.

He drew a little volume from his pocket, a book I had published the year before. It was called *Summer in Austria.*

"I have just read this," he said and smiled confidentially. "Would you autograph it for me?"

I wrote my name with the fountain pen he handed to me.

Suddenly he bent closer to me.

"Now there won't be any more *Summer in Austria,*" he said softly. "Good-by, and don't come back. Be careful on the border," he added; then he turned and walked swiftly away. The swastika on his arm gleamed.

III

When I got back to the station I was in a dripping perspiration and not just caused by my carrying my bags.

It was late at night by now and I was waiting for the next train to the border. It came through, with some delay, at midnight. It was jammed with refugees and the steps of the cars were guarded by patrols of men in brown and black uniforms.

I tried to push my way into one of the overcrowded compartments, and as I was hot I unbuttoned my overcoat for the first time all day. Then something remarkable and distressing occurred.

As I entered, the lively conversation in the compartment came to a dead stop, and then an elderly, extremely Jewish gentleman jumped up, pointed to his seat and said, rather humbly:

"Won't you take my seat, sir?"

I shook my head in surprise and begged him to keep his seat, but this he refused to do. Moreover, the others all pushed over to make room for me as though I were some evil spirit.

Suddenly I realized the reason for their attitude.

In those days, if you wanted to avoid disagreeable incidents in Austria you wore a swastika in your buttonhole. You could buy them for a few pennies on the streets. If you did not wear one you were immediately marked as a Jew or an enemy to the State and had to be prepared to be insulted and maltreated. The first thing people did when they met was to look at each other's buttonholes.

I neither could nor would wear a swastika—not even for appearances. But in order not to jeopardize my journey and also to inspire awe in any mob which might threaten me with attack I had put something else on my lapel: my World War decorations.

You may think what you like about the World War. I went through it as a very young man with a serious sense of dedication, and I honor its memory if only for the sake of my dead comrades in arms. So I had cherished and preserved these medals, each one of which was bound up with memories of mortal danger, but without ever dreaming that they would one day save my life. I had quite forgotten that I had fastened them, like so many protective charms, to my jacket under my overcoat and first realized the effect they produced when I saw the frightened eyes of my fellow-passengers: they looked at these symbols of highest German military awards and evidently took me for a regular bully and Jew-baiter. Someone offered me a drink of brandy and, after I politely accepted it, conversation was resumed; the others became less diffident, having decided that I also was human. They were terrified over the prospect of the ordeal at the border. I sensed that they envied what they supposed was my secure position. They did not dream that I had more to fear—and better grounds for that fear—than any of them.

It was a ride of three hours, in the middle of the night, and the nearer we came to the border the more anguished, excited, and hectic became the state of mind of the people in the train. Patrols passed incessantly through the corridors, came into the compartments, checking each individual passenger, asking his name, his reason for traveling, and how much money he had. No one was allowed to take more than ten marks

out of the country and the slightest infringement of this rule was punished with heaviest penalties, and even, under certain circumstances, with death. Yet there was always the suspicion that individual refugees would attempt to smuggle out larger sums; for that reason the Nazis offered special rewards for the discovery of money or other valuables on persons crossing the border. Thus there was added to this exaggerated and inescapable checking of passengers a kind of cold cunning. This was, in miniature, a sample of the whole system of a dictatorship built on calculated intimidation: each individual must feel that he is under constant observation and can be "taken up" at any given instant.

My fellow-passengers were average people who were probably not subject to personal persecution but who feared the coming persecution of their race or class. Perhaps some of them had been wicked or unscrupulous in business, jackals of political and economic battlefields. But the majority of them impressed me as harmless, unhappy creatures. There was one small plump man with a round blond head. His first name was Baldur and he was as gentile as Wotan. But he was fleeing from the Nuremberg Laws, which forbid "race pollution," with his Jewish fiancée Rebecca, a girl two heads taller than he, who wore spectacles. They sat there like chickens on a roost, who have pulled in their necks because they see the cook coming with a knife. They consulted nervously and helplessly about what they ought to say on the border. I gave them the sound advice to say nothing and to act as if they did not know each other. Yet immediately afterward a martial-looking S. S.—a Black Shirt—came along while the train was still moving, and as soon as the passports had been checked they called attention to themselves by looking at and nodding to each other.

"Do you know this man?" asked the Black Shirt abruptly.

"Yes," she stammered,—"he is my fiancé."

Whereupon the Storm Trooper took back both of their passports, stuck them into his pocket, and went out into the corridor, where he nonchalantly lighted a cigarette. The young couple were frightened to death, their faces white and self-conscious. And Baldur kept shaking his head and saying moodily to himself:

"'My fiancé!'—This is a psychological puzzle to me. We are not—that is to say—we have never even used the word! We have—well, just been together. And now, she suddenly comes out with: 'My fiancé!' And to that fellow too!"

"But I couldn't tell him," she stammered, "that we are affinities . . . that our relationship is more of a spiritual nature," she went on and blushed to the roots of her hair. They were so touching in their misery and so unconsciously comic that we couldn't even look in their direction, and in spite of all the rules for maintaining a feeling of tension, I am going to assume that they got through safely and I hope that they are to-day faithful affinities for life. I wish them a happy marriage and many hybrid children.

There was another man in our compartment, the one who gave me the drink of brandy. He drank a great deal himself, from a flask, and squirmed round on his seat with increasing nervousness. "My father was a commanding general," he kept saying to himself, "in the Imperial Army. What can they do to me?" He was in a perspiration and his forehead was scarlet. Every time the passengers were checked for the amount of money they were carrying he gave the same answer as all the rest, that he had no more than the allotted ten marks. But five minutes before we reached the frontier, when the train was already slowing down, he suddenly became deathly pale, as though he were going to be ill. He jumped up, pulled the window open, tore a bundle of banknotes from an inside pocket and threw it out into the night. It was a thick packet. If they had found it on him he would have spent many years in jail. Then he

fell back into his seat, breathing hoarsely. The sweat was pouring down his face. He had literally thrown his money "out of the window."

These are just a few examples of all the hundreds of confused human destinies which passed before my eyes during that night. Now and then when the train stopped at stations certain names were called and if their bearers were found they were put off. Suddenly my name was called, and I felt a pang, although what I heard was a woman's voice. A Polish lady came into my compartment. She had seen me from the platform; she knew me from my pictures in the papers and wanted to ask me about Max Reinhardt and Helene Thiming, whom she greatly admired, and whether "Everyman" would be played that year in Salzburg. She herself was fleeing, but a conversation about the theater seemed to her to be more exciting than her own situation, so she chattered away about art, culture, and society, as if all that still existed. I couldn't help thinking of the marquises in prison during the French Revolution. The present experience seemed to me a farce in very poor taste. Perhaps they thought the same about theirs. Experiences are romantic only in retrospect. Fresh blood has a horrible smell.

When we slowly puffed into the station which lies high in the mountains on the border, into the harsh glare of the searchlights, I had no longer any fear or hope in me. At that instant I neither felt nor thought anything. I was filled with a frigid tension which made me act and react subconsciously. It was something like the self-hypnosis of a hunted being who concentrates all his instincts on self-preservation. It seems to me now that that is how a fox must feel when he hears the pack on his trail: cold, alone, and ready for anything.

IV

"Everyone out, with your luggage! The train is being cleared!"

"Porter!" I yelled.

"Carry it yourself!" yelled back a voice. "No porters here for any of you."

As passengers in this train we were all lumped in the plural. We were part of an insignificant mass. So I picked up my two hand bags into which I had stuffed everything I could take along: necessities for a short trip.

I noticed, to my terror, that the customs service had been taken over, almost to a man, by Hitler troops in brown and black uniforms, in the place of the usual officials. The station was black with people, the traffic was tremendous. Everywhere large tables had been set up. On them the passengers had to empty all the contents of their luggage and their pockets. The contents were not taken out in the usual way: pockets were turned completely inside out and bags were turned upside down and then thumped for false bottoms. Then each item was inspected with as much care as if they hoped to find the British crown jewels; every pair of stockings was unrolled, the trees taken out of shoes, every shirt was shaken out of its folds, every lady's make-up and powder kit was opened and gone through. This for every one of the hundreds of passengers, who were then subjected to a physical search, which meant that they were stripped and inspected with the same thoroughness as their luggage! I made up my mind that this magnificent example of German thoroughness and appetite for hunting currency must last for hours and hours and prepared myself for a long-drawn-out torture. Naturally I had neither any money nor valuables, but I did have a brief case with a lot of manuscripts of poems and pieces of writing I had begun. And anything written was notoriously calculated to arouse suspicion. While a heavy-handed man was dumping one of my bags out and stirring up all the contents, another one, a Black Shirt, demanded my passport. I handed it to him calmly and watched his reactions out of the

corner of my eye. He studied my name for a long time, then he suddenly straightened up as though he had picked up a scent.

"Zuckmayer?" he asked. I nodded.

"*The* Zuckmayer?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean the one with a bad name."

"I don't know that I have a bad reputation. But there is probably no other writer by that name."

His eyes narrowed—like a man who is taking his aim and is sure of a bull's-eye.

"Come along," he said.

"But I must stay with my luggage," I protested.

"No need of that," he said and smiled sarcastically as much as to say: You won't need any luggage again.

V

I was led to the other end of the long platform while my bags remained in the clutches of uninhibited thoroughness. At the very end of the station, where it was pitch dark, there were several barracks. The place smelled of damp acetylene or carbide and a small bicycle lantern over the entrance cast a chalky light. My captor led the way, my passport in his hand, and waved cheerily to some of his colleagues who were just booting a herd of delinquents off into the town. "Here's another!" he called to them.

I examined the holster in his belt and weighed the possibility of getting hold of the revolver in it. If worst comes to worst, I thought as I looked into his narrowed eyes, *You* are coming with me.

In the barracks a thin blond man sat behind a table. He wore steel-rimmed glasses and looked both overworked and undernourished.

In front of the table stood a man with his coat thrown open and his head bowed; he had evidently just been examined.

"To the barracks, to be transported," I heard the official's voice pronounce; "if that's too full, take him to the local prison. Next man, please."

Two Storm Troopers led the completely broken man out—he seemed to be weeping.

Then I, as the "next man," stepped before my judge.

The other official whispered something in his ear and he looked up at me through his glasses.

"Carl Zuckmayer?", he said, "aha."

He looked fixedly at my passport then turned over the leaves; his face became thoughtful.

He kept turning back to the first page.

I noticed that he was looking for the "J" stamp which is on all passports belonging to Jews.

Then he looked under the "Z's" in a printed list of names of people subject to prosecution. Evidently he did not find my name there and he gazed again at my passport with growing uncertainty.

"It's funny," he said and shook his head, "I am sure I have heard something about you . . . but I can't quite recall what. I really must apologize," he went on, "I thought you were a Hebrew!" He laughed genially. I grinned vaguely.

He stood up, came round to me, with my passport in his hand as though he were going to give it back.

"Where are you going?"

"To London, to write a film script."

"Film? That's interesting. Have you already done some films—any well-known ones?"

"The last was called 'Rembrandt.'"

"Oh yes, I saw that one. Nothing objectionable in that from the political angle. I saw it in Vienna last winter when I was detailed to the Storm Troopers' training school."

He leaned toward me.

"You are a Party member?"

"No," I replied.

In that instant all his genial manner vanished. He drew back his hand with my passport and turned into my jailer once more. "So you," he said sharply, "are a German writer—and not a Party member. Why not?"

His face was hard and menacing.

I did not weigh my answer for a fraction of a second. And even to-day I cannot tell why I replied as I did. It was one of those completely automatic reactions; but now I know why people believe in the promptings of guardian angels.

"I am not eligible to be a Party member," I answered instantly, "because my writings are not in line with national socialistic concepts. That is also why they are banned in Germany and why I am going to work in London. That I am free to travel abroad you can see from my passport. Now give it back to me," I added and stretched out my hand.

But the Storm Trooper stared at me with a peculiar expression. His mouth gaped and his eyes were round. Suddenly he took my outstretched hand and shook it.

"It's marvelous!" he exclaimed. "What a frank confession! What honesty! You can tell you're a German by that!" he cried. (He himself was an Austrian.) "A German is always honest!"

"Do you assume," said I, taking advantage of my favorable impression on him, "that everyone who comes before you is a liar?"

"Most of them are," he exclaimed, "but you—you are a real German! I should never have believed that nowadays anyone would frankly admit he is not a Nazi, that he is under a ban! You —you will be a Party member yet, I promise you!"

"Thanks," I said, "now may I go back to my luggage?"

"I'm coming along," he said; "it's time I had some relief! It's wonderful! I do respect you! Your bags are not subject to inspection, I trust." As he said this his forehead wrinkled again.

I remembered my poems—and the thought of another cat-and-mouse situation made me hot all over. Besides I saw my Black Shirt captor standing at the door and maliciously watching me. Now, I thought to myself with perfectly cool and conscious deliberation, the moment has come. I unbuttoned my overcoat, as if quite unintentionally, and let my decorations glitter in the light of the lamps.

The official's eyes were drawn to them as though by magic.

"You were at the front?" he asked.

"Of course," I said.

"An officer?"

I nodded.

"Is that not an Iron Cross of the first class?"

"Yes."

"And—that other one, with the crossed swords?"

I identified it, it sounded fairly grandiose.

"You are a hero!" said the Storm Troop leader and his eyes were like fish eyes.

"Not that," I said brusquely. "But you can't buy them on every street corner for a few pennies."

This allusion to the swastika was quite bold but it had its effect.

"Splendid," he ejaculated violently. "You mean the fellow-travelers! The opportunists! That's German humor for you! Magnificent!"

He took off his cap and wiped his forehead. I saw that the back of his head was shaven and his hair in front was arranged in a swirl like the comb of a parrot.

"We of the younger generation," he went on as though it were incumbent on him to make a speech, "may have been so unlucky as to miss the World War, but nevertheless we honor heroes! Attention!" he yelled suddenly in a thundering voice. "S. A. and S. S. men! Line up!"

Meantime we had left the barracks and were nearing the customs inspection. Here the Storm Troop leader, in the midst of the whole crowd of customs inspectors and anxiously waiting passengers, lined up all his Nazis in front of me. "We honor a hero of the World War," he cried, "Heil Hitler!" A troop of Brown and Black Shirts had formed in

a wall in front of me as though for a general inspection. They clicked their heels together so violently that the dust flew, and they bellowed their "Heil Hitler" into my face as though I were the Führer himself. I had suddenly become the great man of the frontier station and I felt very much like the Captain of Koepenick in my own play.

"Where is this gentleman's baggage?" bellowed my friend. "Shut it up! Carry it into the train!" I no longer had to raise a finger. My brief case with the poems was not even opened.

"You can go into the Station restaurant," said the Storm Troop leader; "we'll be busy for hours with the others!"

"But the gentleman has not had his person searched," said an S. A. man.

"He does not have to be searched," replied my protector. "This gentleman is checked!"

So it happened that I was the only person out of the hundreds to escape the procedure which I heard was particularly distressing to ladies and was executed with great roughness by the wives and daughters of customs employees. I sat in the restaurant. Hours dragged by. I finally got my claret. I realized that I had not taken any food since Vienna, and I had not slept at all since the 11th of March. This was the 15th: day was breaking slowly. But I was not tired. My pulse beat with the ticking of the clock. If only we were out of here. Each second might bring some new turn; every shift of frontier officials might mean some new suspicion, or "discovery," and all the game so far might have been in vain. Now that I was almost safe I was in the throes of deathly fear.

My "friend" sat beside me, drinking up my last ten marks, looking at me with glazed eyes and repeating endlessly his regret at having missed the World War.

"You may get into another one," I said and imagined him lying in the heaps of corpses I had seen between the trenches.

"Yes," he exclaimed enthusiastically; "let's drink to that!"

From time to time an S. A. man would rush in and announce to me, not to the Storm Troop leader, whom they just called *Johnny:* "They've just caught another one, with ten thousand shillings in his shoes! We'll fix him all right! The swine!"

"Aren't we going to get away soon?" I asked.

"Not before daylight! We're doing things proper here to-day!"

"So let's stay cosily here," said my "friend."

But at last even this came to an end.

The sky was green as glass and cloudless, the sun gleamed on the snowy mountain tops as the train crossed the Swiss frontier.

It was a day "created by God himself."

The Swiss officials came through the train and made friendly guttural noises. Everything was over.

I sat by the window and thought: Now you should be happy. Or at least you should feel something like a sense of relief.

But I felt nothing. I could only think: I shall never be happy again. Perhaps I shall never laugh again.

I was completely indifferent to everything. I did not even care where I was —here—there—or anywhere in the world. It would always be like this. I felt nothing. Not even pain.

I had died.

But—some cats have nine lives.

THE CONVENTIONS AND THE PRESIDENCY

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

The founders of the Constitution were especially proud of the method they adopted for choosing the president; none of their expectations has been more decisively disappointed. The presidential candidates are now chosen at national conventions of the respective parties; and the decision is made by the electorate at large, with the reservation, as shown by the famous Hayes-Tilden case, that a plurality of votes does not necessarily carry with it the certainty of election. It is, indeed, a desirable thing that the method should be made to correspond to the facts. A constitutional amendment which simply stated that the candidate with the most votes should be deemed to have been elected would be a wise safeguard against possible difficulties in the future.

An American presidential convention is like nothing else in the civilized world; and the critics of the system—which, in its modern form, is just a hundred years old—have exhausted the language of vituperation in attack upon its character. The power of money; the persuasive power of hidden and corrupt influence; the undue authority of the "doubtful" State; the overt and hidden prejudices against particular types of candidates, as, for instance, members of the Roman Catholic Church; the "deals" which accompany the capture of a delegation for one candidate as against another; the mythology of the "favorite son"; the casual influence, notable in the case of Lincoln's selection, of the choice of the convention city; the undue impact, as in the Democratic convention of 1896, of a single speech by a potential nominee; the operation of the technic of the "dark horse" candidate; the exploitation of the "stalking-horse" behind whom some well-organized group has its carefully prepared selection whose name is put forward at the right moment; and, finally, the raucous, complex, and hectic atmosphere of the convention itself; its well-improvised enthusiasms, its fantastic horse-play; its immunity to thought; its wild rumors; its incredible conspiracies—all these characteristics, none of which can ever suffer exaggeration, seem to the outsider, and especially to the European outsider, about the worst possible way in which to choose a man to occupy the highest executive post in a democratic commonwealth.

The convention itself is of course predominantly an organ for registering decisions that have been made behind the scenes. Occasionally an utterance upon its floor may exercise a real influence upon its outcome. Senator Conkling did Blaine irreparable damage in 1880; and the contrast between his speech and that of Garfield, who nominated Sherman, had a good deal to do with the emergence of Garfield as the Republican candidate. So also the famous speech of Bryan in 1896 turned the balance of opinion in his favor. But in general the actual nomination is decided in part by the pre-convention campaign and in part by bargains actually concluded in and

around the convention itself. The pre-convention campaign is of great importance. It was decisive, for instance, in the selection of Franklin Roosevelt in 1932; the spadework done by Mr. Farley in the two preceding years was the condition precedent to his nomination. Bargaining at the convention is of course a special art. Its importance emerges either when there are a number of outstanding candidates between whom choice is difficult—as with the Republicans in 1880 and 1920, and with the Democrats in 1924—or when a powerful group has made up its mind to try to force a "dark horse" upon the convention.

Accident in fact plays a much smaller part in the choice of the candidate than is imagined. The public, for example, expected either Governor Lowden or General Wood to be the Republican candidate in 1920; and immense sums had been expended in promoting their interests. But the skilful proponents of Senator Harding's name had long foreseen that the acuteness of their rivalry would make neither possible, and they had long foreseen the probability of Harding's success. "At the proper time after the Republican convention meets," said Mr. Daugherty, Senator Harding's manager, "some fifteen men, bleary-eyed with loss of sleep, and perspiring profusely with the excessive heat, will sit down in seclusion round a big table. I will be with them, and will present Senator Harding's name, and before we get through, they will put him over." That is precisely what occurred.

Out of all this complexity there has emerged the doctrine of "availability." The party needs a candidate who, positively, will make the widest appeal and, negatively, will offend the least proportion of the electorate. On the whole, he ought to come from a doubtful State; a Democrat from New York is more "available" than one from the solid South because he is likely to win votes which might otherwise be uninterested. It seems still to be true that it is difficult to elect a Roman Catholic; even the solid South refused to vote for Governor Smith in 1928. He must not be anti-religious; that would offend the great vested interest of the churches. He must be sound on the tariff; he must be against wild currency adventures; he must not be too overtly internationalist in outlook. Administrative experience, like the governorship of a State, is important. It is helpful if he is a self-made man; the "log cabin to White House" tradition is still, despite the two Roosevelts, an influential one. He ought not to possess any nostrum which can be represented as extreme. In the aftermath of a war period it is important that he should have played his part in the army; from Jackson and Taylor onward, the military hero has had an immense appeal to the electorate. It is undesirable that he should have too close an association with the big interests, especially Wall street; Wilson, in 1912, owed his nomination to Mr. Bryan's famous pronouncement that he would not support anyone under obligation to "Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-seeking favor-hunting class." He must have a sufficiently flexible mind to accept the implications of the trading necessary to build his majority. He must not be the kind of man whom it is obviously easy to ridicule in a campaign, either because he is "viewy," or for any other reason.

All of which means, as a general rule, that the outcome of a presidential convention is likely to be a compromise of some kind. But it is important to realize that it is not a compromise in which, without cause, the outstanding candidate is certain to be defeated. Henry Clay never became president because the admirable instinct of his party warned it against choosing a man whose avidity for the office was so patently excessive. Blaine never became president because even many of his admirers profoundly felt that his association, to say no more, with dubious political methods left too much to be explained away. Governor Fuller

of Massachusetts could not be nominated because, as Senator Borah said, Sacco and Vanzetti would thereby have become issues in the campaign. Senator Lodge was for forty years an outstanding figure in the Senate. But he could not have secured the Republican nomination simply because his own party realized that, whatever his qualities, those years in politics were a continuous demonstration of his unfitness for high executive office. Mr. Hoover was undoubtedly the leading Republican in 1936; and, on the precedent of Cleveland's nomination in 1892, was the natural recipient of the candidature. But he was unavailable because the party leaders felt, quite rightly, that he was too closely associated with Republican failure in the depression to be an acceptable candidate.

It is notable, in short, that whenever an obvious contender for the nomination does not receive it there is usually a quite adequate explanation for his failure. It is notable, further, that when a "dark horse" nominee emerges he has been held in reserve for just such an opportunity by powerful influences which are waiting for their moment. It is possible for someone, like Franklin Pierce, who is unknown to the general public, to emerge from the ordeal. But it is to be noticed that if he does his emergence is always due to special circumstances, and that there is to be detected behind him a substantial cohort who know precisely what they are doing. A "dark horse," that is to say, is a compromise candidate in much the same way as Mr. Bonar Law was a compromise between Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Walter Long in 1911, or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Liberal leader after 1895. Much the same situation obtains in the complicated intrigues of French politics. It is difficult for the outsider to follow the tortuous internal events which make now M. Herriot, now M. Chautemps, and now M. Daladier the leader of the Socialist Radicals. Immediacy on the basis of "availability" there also explains the result that is reached. It is natural for Henry Clay or James G. Blaine to have missed the presidency as it was for Mr. Churchill or Sir Austen Chamberlain to have missed the premiership in their country.

The real difference of course lies in the prior experience of those who are chosen as nominees. Other things being equal, a prime minister in Great Britain or France will have served a long apprenticeship in the legislative assembly before obtaining the supreme office. He will be a figure in the House. He will be known to the party. He will probably have had considerable administrative experience in a lesser office. He will be pretty intimately known to those whom he is to lead. In the United States none of this is necessarily true. Since the Civil War a distinguished career in Congress has rarely been a passport to the nomination. Attainment of cabinet office has had no direct relevance to a candidature in any except two cases; and, of these, Mr. Hoover's name was made rather by his war record than by his experience in the Department of Commerce. A State governorship has counted for much. But it is pretty true to say that most of the chosen candidates have been names in the nation rather than in Washington. They have not known with any intimacy those with whom they would, as president, be expected to work.

The position is in curious contrast with the pre-Civil War period. The first four presidents of the United States almost nominated themselves; and among their successors there was hardly a candidate for the nomination who was not a person of considerable political consequence. One feature, indeed, is constant. No presidential candidate in the whole record has been a business man. The vocation, clearly, is a full-time one; and the qualities which make for business success make also against the possibility of nomination. It is true that in his engineering period Mr. Hoover was mainly a company organizer. But after

his return to America all his energies were devoted to politics. Business men have played a not inconsiderable part in the conventions as king-makers; but it is a curious fact that in a civilization perhaps more dominated by business men than by any other they have had to surrender the hope of being king. The lawyer, the soldier, the rentier, and politician, the man who lives by his earnings as politician—these are the types from whom the candidates have been chosen. The business man may hope for cabinet office. He is likely to be important in negativing ambitions the realization of which would not be regarded with favor by the big interests. But, on the record, he must be the power behind the throne; he cannot hope to occupy it.

The reason, I think, is simple. The small man cannot hope to afford the risks of a political career. The great one, a Rockefeller, a Vanderbilt, even an Owen D. Young, would not be an "available" candidate simply because he would arouse the suspicion that the party which nominated him was in bondage to the money-power. The influence of the business outlook upon the parties must, therefore, be indirect. It is real enough, as the election of McKinley makes clear. But it must always seek to veil itself in a decent obscurity if it is not to prove a source of violent opposition from the interests of labor and the small farmer. Franklin Roosevelt gained great strength from both these sources by the fact that the Liberty League, an organization dominated by the great business interests, was opposed to his re-election.

II

The big problem that is raised by the American method of nominating presidential candidates is whether it puts a premium, as Lord Bryce argued, against the opportunity of first-rate men to receive consideration. I do not think his case is proved by making a list of first-rate men, Clay and Calhoun and Webster, for example, who missed nomination. The answer to that argument is, first, that many first-rate men have become president by reason of the system; and second, that the reasons which stopped others would have been powerful reasons against their elevation in any representative democracy. It is, I think, at least doubtful whether the elevation of a Roman Catholic to the premiership would be regarded favorably in Great Britain. A great business man, both in England and France, will operate mainly behind the political scene rather than in front of it; of our three business men who have become prime ministers one was, in fact, a rentier, and the others had long retired from active participation therein. Few people could easily explain the nuances that account for the failure of one man to reach the top, and the success of another. And in estimating the meaning of "availability" we must remember always that there is a real sense in which the more strong the candidate, supposing that he represents a special point of view, the more strong also are likely to be his enemies. Not infrequently an easy nomination—so long as the renomination of an existing president is not involved—merely means, as it meant with Horace Greeley in 1872, with Judge Parker in 1904, with Governor Landon in 1936, that rival candidates do not consider there is much prospect for their party's success, and they are not anxious to be associated with a dismal failure at the polls, with a view of a later nomination.

Granted, this is to say, the greatness of the prize and the necessity of popular election, it is difficult to see what other method than the nominating convention is available; more, it is true to say that, on balance, it has worked well rather than badly. The criticisms that are brought against it are rather, in their real substance, criticisms of the place of the presidency in the American constitutional scheme than of the method whereby the president is chosen. It is regrettable that an inexperienced man may come to reside in the White House;

the answer is that few of those who have reached it have been inexperienced men. If it be said that men like Harding and Coolidge were unfit for the great post they secured, the answer is that the first had considerable experience both in the Ohio legislature and in the Senate, while the second had been a successful Massachusetts politician, twice occupying the governorship. If we take the presidents of the twentieth century, there is not one who had not been prepared for presidential office by a long experience of politics; and, with the possible exception of the Democratic candidate in 1904, that is true also of their defeated rivals. What is lacking in their training is mostly the art of handling Congress; and the rules of that art are only partly dependent upon the character of the president for the time.

It must be remembered that in making the choice there are two fundamental considerations in the background of which the meaning of "availability" must be set. The first is that the party choosing a candidate wants, if it can, to win; and second, it knows that if it does win, and its nominee becomes president, there is great likelihood of its having to adopt him a second time, since not to do so is to condemn an Administration for which it has to bear responsibility. While, therefore, it is quite true that a party convention provides an opportunity for the art of such a wire-puller as Mr. Daugherty, it is also true that the managers of a great party are anxious to avoid, if they can, the consequences of success in that type of manipulation. One has only to read the account of an experience of conventions like that of Senator Hoar of Massachusetts to see that a scrupulous and honorable man will approach the task of selection with all the seriousness that its consequences require.

All in all, I doubt whether the methods of the system are very different from those of other countries. They are perhaps more open and crude than in Great Britain. There is no generosity in the fight for power. There is a passionate determination on the part of organized interests to get the "safe" man who can be relied upon to live up to the commitments exacted from him. There is the fierce conflict of rival ambitions. There is the organization of every sort of cabal to win a victory for its man. Press and radio and platform are vigorously manipulated to this end. Immense promises are made, pretty ugly deals are affected. Yet I suggest that anyone who knows the life of a political party from within Great Britain will not feel inclined to cast a stone at the American system. It fits well enough the medium in which it has to work. It achieves the results that the needs of the people require.

For there is at least one test of the system that is, I think, decisive. There have been five considerable crises in American history. There was the need to start the new republic adequately in 1789; it gave the American people its natural leader in George Washington. The crisis of 1800 brought Jefferson to the presidency; that of 1861 brought Abraham Lincoln. The War of 1914 found Woodrow Wilson in office; the great depression resulted in the election of Franklin Roosevelt. So far, it is clear, the hour has brought forth the man. It is of course true, as Bagehot said, that "success in a lottery is no argument for lotteries." I agree that no nation can afford a succession of what Theodore Roosevelt termed "Buchanan Presidents"—men whose handling of the issues is uncertain and feeble. But the answer is that the nation has never had that succession; an epoch of Hardings and Coolidges produces, by the scale of the problems to which it gives rise, its own regeneration. The weak president, as I have argued, comes from the fact that a strong predecessor has set the ship of state on an even keel. He is chosen because after a diet of strong occasions a nation, like an individual, turns naturally to the chance of a quiet time. "Normalcy" is always certain to be popular after crises.

The issue is whether, when crisis

comes, the system can discover the man to handle it. On the evidence, this has so far been very remarkably the case. To urge that it is chance is, I think, a superficial view. It is the outcome of the national recognition that energy and direction are required, and the man chosen is the party response to that recognition. The more deeply we penetrate the working of the system the more clearly does it emerge that the result is inherent in its nature.

WIDOW

BY MARTHA KELLER

NEVER give their clothes away
If you want the dead to haunt you.
Dusk or dark or dawn or day,
Bar no ghost from glass, they say,
If you want the dead to want you.

Leave them there by the birchwood bed,
Coat and breeches and shirt and shoes.
Fit the living or fit the dead,
Hang them up on the hooks, I said —
The hooks he used to use.

Set the table with fork and knife.
Plump the pillow and coverlid.
Where would a man who loved his wife
Lie except where he lay in life—
Same as he always did?

Leave the mirror upon the nail.
Yes, I know that the first one who
Looks in it will perceive the pale
Dead therein—and his heart will fail.
Do what I tell you to.

Set the mirror the way it was.
Let the crepe that has hid it fall.
What thing better could come to pass
Than to find my dead in the looking-glass
Hanging upon the wall?

SHAKESPEARE HIMSELF

BY OSCAR JAMES CAMPBELL

"WHO was Shakespeare?" The question is spread as a banner across the cover of *The Scientific American* for January, 1940. The answer, though not explicitly stated, is clearly to be inferred from an article by Charles Wisner Barrell. "Shakespeare," Mr. Barrell would say, "was Edward de Vere, the seventeenth earl of Oxford." His proof is contained in an essay entitled "Identifying Shakespeare." By way of giving a new identity to the greatest poet in the English tongue, the author describes the disclosures of x-ray and infra-red photography as applied to one of the so-called portraits of Shakespeare — the picture generally known as the Ashbourne portrait. His investigations have revealed the fact that at some "remote period" an inferior artist painted over or altered many details of the original picture. This botcher raised the forehead by an inch or so, retouched the hair to make it match the synthetic forehead, greatly reduced the size of the neck ruff, and scraped out the original inscription in order that he might scrawl in its place "*Aetatis Suae 47. Anno 1611*," a date that could be neatly fitted into the facts of Shakespeare's life.

But these revelations serve only as the prelude to others much more important; for the camera uncovered also two insignia which identify the subject of the original portrait as Edward de Vere, seventeenth earl of Oxford. The first of these clues is an armorial device appearing on a ring worn on the man's left thumb. It proves to be the head of a wild boar, an emblem worn by the Earl in one of his authentic portraits. A second piece of evidence, heretofore hidden beneath the daubs of the bungling workman, is a crest of the Trentham family, to which Oxford's second wife belonged. In providing that his wife's crest and shield be painted into his own portrait the noble lord followed an approved convention.

Mr. Barrell's x-ray photography has uncovered also the monogram of the original artist, a "C.K.," which proves to be identical with the monogram used by Cornelius Ketel, a famous Dutch painter of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. Fortunately we know from excellent contemporary sources that Ketel painted a portrait of the Earl of Oxford. All traces of this picture had disappeared by the time of George Vertue, an English art critic of the eighteenth century. Now it seems to have been rediscovered. "The Ashbourne portrait of Shakespeare," says Mr. Barrell in effect, "is one of the last works of a distinguished Dutch painter— his portrait of the Earl of Oxford."

Mr. Barrell's evidence is so clear and so cogent that it is impossible to question seriously the truth of his main contention. It seems probable that at some time before the middle of the nineteenth century an unknown painter altered a number of details in a portrait of the Earl of Oxford in order to pass it off as a likeness of William Shakespeare.

Granted that this is true, has the fact of the alteration any value as evidence of

Oxford's authorship of Shakespeare's works? Mr. Barrell's logic, stated succinctly, runs somewhat as follows: The Ashbourne portrait of Shakespeare is really a likeness of the Earl of Oxford. Therefore the Earl of Oxford wrote Shakespeare's plays.

But Mr. Barrell's argument is not so straightforward as this. He wishes us to believe that the alterations in Oxford's portrait were made soon after Shakespeare's death, as part of an elaborate program of concealment and roguish mystification. According to his theory, someone who knew Oxford to be the real author of Shakespeare's works had the picture doctored in order that it might serve as a model for the Stratford bust. In this way the earliest and most authentic of the supposed likenesses of Shakespeare was made half to reveal and half to conceal the identity of the true author of the plays. The weakness of Mr. Barrell's contention lies in the fact that the Ashbourne portrait came to light only in the year 1847. Some time before March 8th of that year one Clements Kingston of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, England, acting on the advice of a friend in London, bought the portrait in question. His anonymous agent had seen the picture at a dealer's, and believing it to be genuine, had urged its purchase upon his friend. When Mr. Kingston finally saw the treasure, he too expressed himself as having not "the slightest doubt of its genuineness." He did not, however, present a scrap of evidence to support his belief beyond the character of the painting itself and the fact that he owned it.

No competent authority on Shakespeare iconography has ever shared Mr. Kingston's confidence in the authenticity of the Ashbourne portrait. They all agree that it belongs to what the late H. H. Spielman described as "portraits of persons known or unknown which have been fraudulently faked into a resemblance of Shakespeare." No authority has doubted that the Ashbourne portrait, which now proves to be a likeness of the Earl of Oxford, was doctored for the express purpose of cheating a gullible enthusiast like Mr. Clements Kingston.

The fact seems to be that when, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, enthusiasm for Shakespeare was raised to idolatry, many of the devout were willing to pay a large sum for any sort of likeness of their divinity. Yet almost no one was able to distinguish between a genuine portrait of Shakespeare and a fraud. Such conditions are certain to tempt the unscrupulous; so it is not surprising that various art dealers in London hired hacks to doctor sixteenth-century portraits into some resemblance to the Stratford bust. This illicit trade seems to have lasted into the nineteenth century. The Ashbourne portrait is almost certainly one of those spurious works. That it proves to have been originally a portrait of the Earl of Oxford painted by a distinguished artist is an interesting fact; we now know that by the middle of the nineteenth century a faked likeness of Shakespeare had a much greater market value than a portrait of one of the proudest earls of Elizabethan England. But interesting though it may be, the discovery has no bearing at all upon the question of Edward de Vere's authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

The scientific examination of the Ashbourne portrait, it should be realized, is part of a campaign to establish the validity of Oxford's claims to literary immortality. Mr. Barrell belongs to an association formed to prove that the noble earl wrote all the works attributed to Shakespeare.

The plays were first fathered upon Francis Bacon. His claims were put forward in 1856, enthusiastically urged by Miss Delia Bacon and Ignatius Donnelly. The lady soon afterward became insane. Donnelly merely became the victim of the irrational conviction that he had discovered Bacon's own secret confession of authorship in a cipher or cryptogram buried in the printed text of the plays. Though all attempts to establish this cipher have failed, many

persons—none of them literary historians—still believe in its existence and waste their own time and the patience of scores of serious scholars with their mathematical hocus-pocus.

Whether or not they attach importance to the cryptographic evidence—and many of them do not—the most ardent of the "anti-Stratfordians" are usually Baconians. Such unrestrained enthusiasts are always the pest and sometimes the gaiety of "orthodox" librarians and professors. One of the most romantic of the cult is a lady who believes herself possessed of clairvoyance. She recently had a vision, or so she says, in which it was revealed to her that the manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays were hidden in a cave in Bermuda. Bacon, it seems, in a rare interval of leisure in his busy life, disguised himself as a woman, took the precious documents to the "still vext Bermoothes," and gave them this perilous place of concealment. Only by such desperate means could he hide the deep disgrace of having written for the stage! The lady to whom this secret was disclosed has been in Bermuda for two seasons looking for the cave of her vision. She spends her days coasting around the shores of the many islands in a sailboat hired from a shrewd native with an eye for the main chance. She and her pilot have not yet found the cave and are compelled still to feed their hopes on "such stuff as dreams are made on."

The more intelligent of those who cannot accept the "Stratfordian hypothesis" no longer attribute the plays to Bacon. They can see that no two minds were ever more fundamentally unlike than the minds of those two contemporaries. The one was judicial, moving sedately from aphorism to aphorism, from axiom to axiom, cool, calculating, tied to the earth. The other was of imagination all compact, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, and bodying forth the forms of things unknown. But more than that, intelligent historians know that at no moment in his busy career could Bacon have found the time to compose the thirty-eight dramas and six poems generally attributed to Shakespeare.

So the anti-Stratfordians have turned from Bacon to bestow Shakespeare's literary crown upon one or another of a whole galaxy of titled gentlemen. Now they award it to the Earl of Rutland, now to the Earl of Derby, now to Sir Walter Raleigh, but most often of all they now place it upon the brow of the Earl of Oxford. Although there is no discoverable piece of evidence to connect any one of these men with a single play of Shakespeare's, Edward de Vere is the candidate whose claims are the least grotesque. He did enjoy a reputation among his contemporaries as a writer of comedies. Francis Meres devotes a section of his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, to "A comparative discourse of our English Poets with the Greeke, Latin and Italian Poets." In it he lists "The best for Comedy among us." Meres knew his etiquette, and headed his list with the name of the highborn Edward, Earl of Oxford; but fifteen other names follow, among them that of Shakespeare himself. Almost without exception the partisans of Oxford quote Meres as having said "The best for comedy among us is Edward Earle of Oxford." At that point they stop, concealing the fact that fifteen other names—and one of them Shakespeare's—appear in Meres' list. Mr. Barrell repeats this utterly misleading statement, asserting that Oxford was acclaimed by leading Elizabethan critics as the "best for comedy among us." One hopes that the persistent perversion of this piece of evidence is unintentional. If it proves that Oxford was one of the best for comedy it proves just as clearly that Shakespeare, too, was one of the best for comedy. And unhappily for the Oxfordians the matter does not end there. On the same page of *Palladis Tamia* Meres enumerates "those who are best for Tragedies." Shakespeare appears in this list but Oxford does not. Moreover in this same "Comparative Discourse" Meres devotes to Shakespeare alone, of all the English dramatists he

mentions, a paragraph of special praise: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedie among the Latines so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the Stage." Meres' opinion as to the relative merits of Oxford and Shakespeare would seem to be clear and equally clear his certainty as to the separate identity of the two men. His testimony, which the Oxfordians are never weary of quoting and perverting for the purposes of their argument, proves the exact opposite of their contention.

We know that, besides being a successful author of comedies, Oxford was the patron of a number of companies of actors during the 1580's, and that he was also the patron of John Lyly during the years in which Lyly was writing his successful court comedies. Indeed, if we must find extant plays for Oxford to father, the most likely ones would be those attributed to his secretary, John Lyly.

II

No purpose will be served by examining at further length the persuasions of the Oxfordians. Like the arguments supporting the claims of Bacon, of Rutland, of Derby, and of Raleigh, they would never have been advanced except for a number of entirely unwarranted assumptions that all of the anti-Shakespearians accept for truth. Fundamental to all of them is the myth that William Shakespeare was a kind of country lout. He was born, so runs the tale, of illiterate parents in a remote village sunk in dirt and ignorance. His father could neither read nor write, and was clearly a shiftless fellow who was fined for allowing a mass of filth to accumulate in front of his house. Considering the fact that ability to read and write was necessary for admission to the Stratford Grammar School, the boy probably never attended it at all, for who in his family was able to give him the indispensable preparation? In any case he must soon have been withdrawn because of his father's financial difficulties. He then seems to have become a butcher's apprentice, and to have garnered a local reputation for making speeches when he "killed a calf" in high style. At the age of eighteen he was forced to marry Anne Hathaway, a woman seven or eight years older than he and clearly of loose morals. Six months after their hurried marriage their first child was born. His male associates were no better than he. They were wild youths who involved him in a poaching escapade on the neighboring estate of Sir Thomas Lucy. To escape prosecution Shakespeare ran away from home and went to London. There he arrived without friends and without money. At first he eked out a miserable existence by taking care of the horses on which gentlemen rode to the theater. Later he got a job inside the playhouse, and so became acquainted with the company of actors. Discovering that he possessed rare literary gifts, they set him to work rewriting or patching up old plays written by dramatists much more experienced than he. Then suddenly he began to produce dramas of his own, dramas which the whole world recognizes as supremely great. Such a legend, though no stranger than the documented histories of various other men of genius, strains at the bounds of probability. It is not unnatural that those who accept it as the true account of the early life of the Stratfordian Shakespeare find it hard to believe that this bumpkin should be England's preeminent literary genius.

The truth is that practically none of the "facts" which go to make up the above biography are now accepted as truth. Stratford was no collection of illiterate boors and yokels. It was an important center of trade, the business metropolis of a large and fertile area, and so of much greater relative importance than it is to-day. The grammar school there was one of the best in England, and during many years of its existence had been generously supported by the Guild of Merchants, of whom John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was one

of the most influential members. The elder Shakespeare was a manufacturer of leather, a member of what was in those days a very important craft. We know that his business success gave him a position of social importance in the community, for in a catalogue of the gentlemen and freeholders of Warwick County John Shakespeare's name appears as sixth. He was also a man of prominence in local politics for he was a member of the common council and one of the two chamberlains, or treasurers, of the borough. Later he served as bailiff, or mayor, of the town. "But," exclaim the critics, "the man was illiterate! He signed with a cross both in the records of the council and in his private documents. And no example of his autograph has come to light."

It will be well worth while to examine this charge upon which the anti-Stratfordians base so much of their case. To-day a man who makes a cross instead of signing his name gives manifest proof of his illiteracy. But in the sixteenth century this was not so. When we first find a cross serving as a signature on legal documents it was used because of its significance as a religious symbol. As a representation of the Holy Cross it afforded proof that the man who made it was giving religious sanctity to the ceremony of affixing his name. It was regarded as the written equivalent of an oath. Far from being a device resorted to by men who could not write, we find that in the English charters it was used by abbots, bishops, and even kings. This religious usage continued from the Middle Ages into Queen Elizabeth's time, particularly in the villages. We know that it persisted in Stratford. For example, Adrian Quiny, the grandfather of one of Shakespeare's sons-in-law, followed this custom, in spite of the fact that he had considerable education. Numerous letters which he wrote to his son are extant, and so is a letter in Latin sent to him by his lawyer. Yet Quiny, like Shakespeare's father, signs local documents with a cross.

There is also some positive evidence to establish the literacy of John Shakespeare. In January, 1564, the financial report of John Taylor and John Shakespeare was entered in the records of the town of Stratford. The clerk endorsed their document as follows: "John Taylor and John Shakespeare have made a true and lawful account for their time being Chamberlains." This statement surely means just what it says, that the two men had kept the public moneys and had rendered a satisfactory account of them. Apparently they did their job unusually well, for they continued to keep the accounts during the following year, although two other men held the office of chamberlains. This surely can mean nothing except that John Shakespeare and his colleague for two years kept the accounts of the town in their own handwriting.

During his son's youth John Shakespeare clearly prospered in business. In 1580 he fell into some difficulty with the law, probably because he refused to attend the services of the Church of England. Twelve years later his name definitely appears on a list of such recusants. He failed to appear in court to answer the summons, as did a friend for whom he gave security. Consequently he was fined forty pounds, a large sum in those days, and one which the court would never have named unless it had known the man to be well off. If a citizen of such importance did not send his son to the local school, from what families, pray, did the three hundred grammar schools in England draw their students? At the Stratford school the boys read much more Latin than even the best classical students in an American college of to-day. Since we know that Greek also was taught there, we may be sure that if Shakespeare stayed in school through the fifth form—or until he was fifteen or sixteen years old—he would have read Demosthenes, Isocrates, Hesiod, Heliodorus, and Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Ben Jonson, in the lines which he wrote

to preface the First Folio editions of Shakespeare's plays, spoke of his friend's "small Latin and less Greek." The phrase, by the way, could not have been appropriately applied to the Earl of Oxford or to any other of the noble gentlemen accused of being ghost writers for the bard. Though Jonson had trained himself to be a good classical scholar, he would, nevertheless, have thought that any man who had never attended a University could have only a small knowledge of Latin. The extraordinary fact about Jonson's famous line is that it does not read "small Latin and *no* Greek." The phrase "less Greek" suggests strongly that Shakespeare stayed in the grammar school long enough at least to begin a study of that language.

Shakespeare's relations with Anne Hathaway cannot be entirely excused. The youth of the man who wrote Shakespeare's plays might well have been filled with passion difficult to control. However, his conduct was probably considered much less reprehensible than it would be thought to-day. Troth plight was then a pre-contract of marriage performed before witnesses, and after it the pair could live together as man and wife without much scandal. It is possible that Shakespeare and Mistress Anne may have gone through the ceremony of troth plight, but on this subject we have no information. It is even possible that Anne Hathaway's first child may merely have been born prematurely.

It is very difficult to discover what Shakespeare did before he went to London about the year 1588. By far the most famous and the least credible story is the tale of his stealing deer. It appears first in a curious nondescript collection of memoranda left by Richard Davies, a clergyman, at his death in 1708. The note in his papers reads: "Much given to unluckinesse in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country."

The unreliability of this tale can be read in almost every word which recounts it. Its source is unknown and it did not become a part of the Shakespeare tradition until about a hundred years after the poet's death—both strong reasons for considering it suspect. And the one fact on which the whole story depends is demonstrably false. For Sir Thomas Lucy had no enclosed deer park at Charlecote Manor during the fifteen eighties. The royal permission to enclose such a park was obtained only by Sir Thomas' grandson, in 1618. Nor was there any other park in the neighborhood in Shakespeare's day. Because no stage existed in or near Stratford upon which the poaching drama could have been played, we can say with assurance that it never took place.

The whole story is probably the invention of some fertile-minded reader of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In the first act of this play some jests about luces and louses on a coat of arms are closely followed by Shallow's accusation of Falstaff, in which he says, "You have beaten my men, kill'd my deer and broke open my lodge." To convert these lines into satiric allusions to Sir Thomas Lucy, some nameless critic created the story of the deer stealing in all its picturesque detail. It has no legitimate claim to be regarded as fact.

The most authentic tradition about Shakespeare's life before going to London is one that came from the Restoration actor William Beeston. He was the son of Christopher Beeston, who had been a member of Shakespeare's company and so his familiar associate for years. The report is set down by John Aubrey in his *Lives of Eminent Men* in these words: "Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." It will undoubtedly produce a revolution in the minds of most laymen to have the wild young man of legend subside into a serious-minded school teacher. Yet a son of one of Shakespeare's closest busi-

ness associates was a much more reliable source of information about the dramatist's life than the senile old clerk at Stratford who seventy-seven years after Shakespeare's death told John Dowdall that Shakespeare was a butcher's apprentice who ran away from his master to London, and more reliable than other Stratford gossips who later still gave currency to the story of Shakespeare's prosecution by Sir Thomas Lucy for poaching on his estate. Besides, certain facts give this story of Beeston's a kind of innate probability. Certainly among the first plays that Shakespeare wrote were "The Comedy of Errors" and "Titus Andronicus." The first is an imitation of Plautus, the second of Seneca. The works of both those Latin authors were studied in grammar schools, and plays written for the boys to act at school and at the University were modeled on those classics. Therefore, if a schoolmaster were to try his hand at dramatic composition, he would not be unlikely to begin with the sort of imitative work that we find in "The Comedy of Errors" and "Titus Andronicus."

III

By merely changing the relative importance given to various traditions and stray pieces of evidence, we are now able to write a description of Shakespeare's early years and antecedents quite different from the one which the Oxfordians and others of like prejudices piece together out of biographical "odd old ends" long since rejected by scholars. It is a curious fact that none of the anti-Stratfordians is aware of recent developments in Shakespeare scholarship. They all base their arguments on "facts" and points of view that were long ago discredited by all competent historians of Elizabethan literature. Well-informed scholars would agree that an account of Shakespeare's early career should run about as follows:

William Shakespeare was born in an important industrial and commercial town in the prosperous English Midlands. His father was one of the leaders in the business and political life of this community. His skill as a processor of leather brought him a small fortune. Almost inevitably the son of a man of so much importance in Stratford attended its excellent grammar school. There he would learn, as Shakespeare undoubtedly did, to read Latin easily and probably begin the study of Greek. It is not too much to assume that a lad of Shakespeare's keenness was apt in his studies and found them more congenial than one of the village crafts. At any rate he decided not to enter his father's business and not to apprentice himself to another trade. Instead, he took a position as a schoolmaster in a neighboring village. He had already become interested in new developments taking place in the vigorous young drama of the 1580's, and the leisure he could steal from his duties as pedagogue he devoted to writing plays. When he had finished two dramas to his satisfaction, a comedy in imitation of Plautus and a bloody tragedy in the approved Senecan manner, he took them up to London in the hope of selling them to one of the companies playing there. The actors, finding them to their liking, bought and produced both works. Indeed, they were so favorably impressed with these first heirs of his dramatic invention that they attached Shakespeare to their company. He became an assistant to their "bookkeeper," an official who combined the duties of librarian, prompter, and producer. This position gave Shakespeare all the practical experience a playwright could have wished. It enabled him to find out what Elizabethan audiences wanted and what parts the members of his company liked best to take. His next plays showed how well he had learned these lessons. In "Henry VI, Part I," he wrote the kind of patriotic drum-and-trumpet play that was just then enormously popular. His "Two Gentlemen of Verona" was a comedy in the familiar Italianate manner, with a good fat part in it for Will Kempe, the clown of the company and its

most famous member. He pleased the actors so well that by 1592 Robert Greene complained that the young Warwickshire schoolmaster was taking the bread from the mouths of the University men engaged in making their living by writing for the stage. If the companies could get their plays from men who, like Shakespeare, were attached to the actors' organizations, Greene and his friends would lose their jobs. That is the reason for Greene's contemptuous reference to a fellow who thought himself "as well able to bombast out a blank verse line" as Greene and his friends, and "being an absolute Johannes Factotum" [that is, a Jack of all trades, assistant to the Librarian and Producer, actor and playwright] "is in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in the country."

This passage, by the way, is applicable only to a man of the theater, and to no one of the noble gentlemen put forward as the author of Shakespeare's works. By 1598 our Johannes Factotum had advanced from imitator so far on the road to originality that Francis Meres considered him to be the greatest of the contemporary writers for the stage.

Such an account of Shakespeare's antecedents and early career is more in accordance with the facts as we now know them than is the old-fashioned tale of the illiterate runaway butcher's boy. It does not explain Shakespeare's transcendent qualities of poetic skill and imagination. The ways of genius have always been inexplicable. Ben Jonson began life as a bricklayer; John Keats was born in rooms above a livery stable; Johannes Brahms spent the formative years of his youth among the brothels of Hamburg. Shakespeare's career began much more auspiciously than the life of any one of these great artists. His early environment, far from being utterly mean and uncouth, was one which might easily have nourished a man of literary genius. Certainly there was nothing about it to start a horde of attorneys-at-law, mathematicians, and retired army officers, with their camp followers drawn from the ranks of the intellectually unemployed, upon a hot search for a substitute for the illiterate "Stratfordian."

Another misconception upon which the skeptics base their theories is the belief that Shakespeare's works reveal an author of wide, even universal, learning. In fact, they say, his knowledge of the manners of men and the ways of the world could have been acquired only by a man who had traveled widely on the Continent and been admitted to the highest social circles. The view is concisely set forth by the late Senator Beveridge, who was sure that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the plays. He says:

> A genius wrote the plays, but genius does not supply learning, facts, experience. These plays were the great repository of his time. They abound in accurate legal learning then current. They are full of rabbinical lore. They bristle with the kind of martial facts which are to be learned only on the field of battle. They are saturated with personal experiences upon the high seas; salt gales blow through every page. Only a sailor could have written the storm scene in *The Tempest;* only a soldier could have written the *Histories;* only a Jewish scholar could have written *The Merchant of Venice* and parts of the other plays; only a linguist could have written most of the plays, since most of them were taken from works in foreign languages, then untranslated. But Shakespeare knew no French, no Italian, no German, no Danish, no Hebrew, probably even no Latin. He knew no law except that of the money lender which he applied to his own business. He knew no medicine, no science. He was untraveled; he was never out of England; he never got as far as Scotland or Wales. He was never a soldier. He took no sea voyage. He was never at court.

In discussing this question too the amateur critics are handicapped by their lack of training. Senator Beveridge's dogmatic utterance, besides showing his misunderstanding of the ways of genius, betrays one or two minor absurdities that even an untrained critic could have avoided. The author of Shakespeare's plays shows almost no familiarity with the sea and the ships. He was a "little England" man who thought of the ocean not as a realm of far-flung adventures but as a protective device

Which serves it [England] in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house.

As a matter of fact, Shakespeare depicts a storm at sea but twice in all his works — in the third act of "Pericles" and in the opening scene of "The Tempest." But these are not the storms of a man who has sailed the seven seas. They are the inventions of a landlubber of intelligence and imagination and contain no single detail that could not have been gleaned from books or caught from the lips of sailors. Men talked to one another a great deal in Elizabethan London. There was little else to do after the sun went down. Ideas and information of all sorts were afloat in the Mermaid Tavern, as in other inns. In these Elizabethan clubs good talk took the place of newspaper, magazine, and radio. Shakespeare probably prepared to depict his storms at sea somewhat as Byron prepared to describe the storm in the second canto of "Don Juan." The noble lord did not go to sea, suffer the agonies of seasickness, and undergo the perils of shipwreck. He simply read every available account of a storm and then trusted his imagination to do the rest. The result has excited and thrilled several generations of readers. So Shakespeare, in his day, read, listened, and profited. The creative powers of his imagination were certainly as vigorous as those of Lord Byron.

However, it is not to any one detail in Senator Beveridge's sweeping assertion that exception need be taken; it is rather to his two major assumptions: first, that the writer of the plays was a man of wide learning; and, second, that literature is a direct reflection of the author's personal experience.

Students familiar with the intellectual life of Elizabethan England know that Shakespeare's knowledge was not exceptional. On the contrary, his ideas on every subject seem to have been fairly conventional. He echoes the views held by the vast majority of his contemporaries in ethics, psychology, political theory, and practical politics. For example, the scheme of social organization and every one of the political principles which form the base of his history plays, whether of English or classical times, are presented in a collection of sermons which were ordered read "by all Persones, Vicars or Curates, every Sundaye in their Churches, where they have cure." The sermons were crammed with the ideas which the Tudor monarchs determined to have their subjects believe. The two discourses which the clergymen most frequently dinned into the ears of the congregations were "An Exhortation Concerning Good Order and Obedience" and "An Homily against disobedience and wilfull rebellion." These sermons drove home the conception of a society stratified according to divine plan and ruled over by an absolute monarch. To accept the Tudor doctrine a writer did not need to boast a line of ancestors who had suffered for the Lancastrian cause. He need not have read even one of the many contemporary volumes which set those ideas forth. He need only have gone to church in his native village with the regularity required by law. There he could not have escaped hearing the reiteration of ideas which the king and his counsellors tried to force upon every man, woman, and child in Elizabethan England.

Similarly, the rest of Shakespeare's "learning" can be shown to be no more than the knowledge in the possession of all intelligent persons of his day. Even his lavish use of legal terminology was a popular poetic convention as old as Petrarch. Two of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors in the sonnet vogue, Barnabe Barnes and Samuel Daniel, whose works he seems particularly to have admired, were addicted to this particular form of imaginative decoration. Shakespeare need not have been a lawyer or even a resident of one of the Inns of Court in order to display this smattering of legal lore. It was enough for him to have observed and admired the literary manner of some of his fellows.

His acquaintance with the customs

and atmosphere of foreign lands can be explained in similar fashion. There is much less of it than any bookish child would show to-day. Everyone who steps out upon the ramparts of the castle at Elsinore feels that this is the platform where the sentinels were pacing when the ghost of Hamlet's father appeared, that this sea below is the flood into which Horatio feared the apparition would tempt Hamlet to hurl himself. The similarities in setting and atmosphere between the castle in the play and the castle at Elsinore seem, one might say, too striking to be the result of chance. Yet Shakespeare surely never visited Denmark. Must we then deny him the authorship of "Hamlet" and search the records for some Elizabethan gentleman who did go to Denmark, and, having found him, shall we then father the tragedy upon him? Certainly not. It is easy to guess how Shakespeare was able to work up his Danish local color. At least two of the actors in his company, Will Kempe and Thomas Pope, had played at the Danish court for two months during the summer of 1586. When Shakespeare needed a few facts from which his imagination could evoke the very presence of the gloomy castle by the sea, he had only to stir the memories of two of his closest friends.

The Italy which Shakespeare drew is in superficial respects like the Italy of the Novelle, which furnished the plots of many of his plays. But his imagination has transformed all the facts into something rich and strange. The Venice of "The Merchant of Venice" is no more a realistic picture of the Rialto and its denizens than the Illyria of "Twelfth Night" is a dirty seaport on the Dalmatian Coast. The travels of Shakespeare's mind brought home a much richer harvest than the diaries of gentlemen back from years of travel on the Continent; more golden than the tales of adventures among the farthest islands of strange and perilous seas. What might he not have seen of truth and beauty if he had himself fared widely afield!

IV

All this anxiety about the discrepancy between the narrow personal experience of Shakespeare and the wide range of life reflected in his plays is the result of the most unwarranted of all the assumptions of the anti-Stratfordians. Axiomatic to them is the notion that the work of every writer of imaginative literature is a faintly disguised history of the author's own life. In fact, they regard literary criticism as the discovery of the private life of an author as it may be ferreted out of his own work. Perhaps this is the reason why, thwarted by the meager details of Shakespeare's life, they hunt about for an author whose biography will give them richer material to work upon.

As a matter of fact, the Elizabethan audience had no more interest in the author of a drama than we have in the men who write our movie scenarios. To them the play was emphatically the thing. The marvel is, then, that we know as much as we do about the details of Shakespeare's life. It so happens that the facts at our command are almost exclusively those which concern his life as man, actor, and business man. Most of them did little to shape his artistic career. For this reason our literal-minded friends are hard put to it to find in the conventional accounts of his life events which would seem to have furnished material for the plays. But to unearth the right kind of facts in the biographies of well-known men of his day is an easy task. Shakespeare's tireless imagination has made a dramatic situation out of almost every typical human experience. Each of the many candidates pushed forward to claim Shakespeare's honors has in one way or another duplicated adventures of characters in the plays.

The method employed in these investigations is simplicity itself, as the following examples will show. Edward de Vere's father, one of these critics explains, was a man highly respected, par-

ticularly by his tenants. He was also a keen sportsman. He died when his son was but twelve years old. To a lad of that age such a father must have been an ideal, a hero who ever after dominated his son's imagination. To confirm this theory they have only to turn to the works which they believe Oxford to have composed. Is not father-worship the prime motive for the hero's action in "Hamlet," the greatest of the tragedies? Does not Hamlet describe his dead father in a cry of almost religious ecstasy?

> He was a man, take him for all in all
> I shall not look upon his like again.

A passage in the opening scene of All's Well That Ends Well" offers them even stronger confirmation of the identity of Oxford and Shakespeare. It runs like this:

> *Countess:* In delivering my son from me I bury a second husband.
> *Bertram:* And I in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward evermore in subjection.

Edward de Vere, like Bertram, not only wept for a father's death, but also was a royal ward. In fact the story of Bertram is Oxford's own story under a transparent disguise! The aristocrat Oxford married under pressure Anne Cecil of the newly emerging middle class; Bertram was forced into a union with humble Helena, who like Mistress Anne was "little" and "sweet." Later Oxford, like Bertram, refused to live with his wife. Most extraordinary likeness of all, there is a legend that the father of Lady Anne contrived by stratagem that her husband should sleep with her under the impression that she was someone else and, the story goes, that as a result of this trick she bore him a son. Helena resorted to exactly the same stratagem in order to fulfil the impossible conditions for reunion which Bertram had laid down. Therefore the Earl of Oxford wrote all of Shakespeare's plays.

Behind all such collections of correspondences is the quaint notion that only a man who idealized his father would have been able to put into the mouths of his characters such expressions of paternal admiration as Hamlet and Bertram are made to utter. Similarly naïve is the assumption that only a man estranged from his wife could have been able to depict Bertram's scorn for Helena or Othello's jealous anger at Desdemona. And most specious of all is the argument that no one could have been capable of the invention of the most extravagant feature of the play—the substitution of the wife for a mistress in Bertram's bed—unless he himself had suffered the same humiliating experience.

It is hardly necessary to say that such assumptions are ludicrous in the extreme. Many authors without superstitious reverence for their fathers have been able to present filial love and admiration convincingly. And the substitution of a wife for a mistress in a man's bed is an exceedingly common narrative device in folk tale. It was an important part of Boccaccio's story which Shakespeare dramatized.

No more convincing are the inferences which the Oxfordians draw from similarities between de Vere's twenty-two published poems and passages in Shakespeare's works. The likenesses which exist are not nearly so striking as the partisans of Oxford assert. For example, these critics quote the following stanza from one of de Vere's poems which reveals his hidden suffering:

> I Hannibal that smile for grief
> And let your Cæsar's tears suffice,
> The one that laughs at his mischief
> The other all for joy that cries.
> I smile to see me scorned so
> You weep for joy to see me woe.

This, they say, "is at once suggestive of the lines in 'Lear' ":

> Then they for sudden joy did weep
> And I for sorrow sing.

Only an enthusiast would believe that weeping for joy was the private discovery of one sole poet. And only a convinced partisan could fail to remark the enormous difference in poetic power between de Vere's stiff lines and the most pedes-

trian of Shakespeare's verses. But the Oxfordians silence such objections by crying, "Ah, these are but the noble Lord's first efforts at verse. As soon as he wrote good poetry, he called himself Shakespeare." One wonders why he was ashamed of the good poetry but proud of the bad.

V

More interesting, it must be admitted, are the inferences which the Oxfordians draw from similarities between the emotional tone of many of Shakespeare's sonnets and the inner life of Edward de Vere. These critics remind us that in the sonnets Shakespeare often strikes a note of melancholy and profound discouragement. Such expressions of distress have been recognized by critics of almost every sort as coming from the heart of a personal and private grief. Clearly the author was deeply dissatisfied with his circumstances, chiding fortune for not providing for him something better "than public means which public manners breeds." Thence, he says, his name has received a brand

> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To that it works in, like the dyer's hand.

In another sonnet he speaks of the impression "which vulgar scandal stamped upon my brow." These are but two of the more specific expressions of a sense of shame and disgrace which pursues the author through many of the sonnets.

We know of no events in Shakespeare's life, so runs the Oxfordian argument, that could have produced such devastating emotions. But these moving expressions of despair and shame form a natural commentary on some of the events of Edward de Vere's life. Because he had had the misfortune to lose his father in boyhood he came in his youth under the control of Cecil, who was master of the Court of Royal Wards. He even went to live with other fatherless young nobles in Cecil's house, and was reared in its somewhat institutionalized atmosphere. The unhappy substitute for home life which this little court provided was, in Oxford's opinion, to blame for what he calls his "public manners."

Moreover, the conduct of Oxford's wife, Anne Cecil, Burleigh's daughter, stamped him with disgrace. Sometime during the years 1575–76 while he was in Italy, a member of his household insinuated suspicions of his wife's fidelity. As a result, when summoned by Burleigh to return to England in 1576, he refused to see his wife and, in spite of all Burleigh's efforts to effect a reconciliation, refused for a long time to live with her. The gossip provoked by their prolonged estrangement aroused in him a deep feeling of disgrace, emotions which he expressed in a poem written at this time. Its essence can be discovered in these two lines from it.

> Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope past all recovery
> I stayless stand to abide the shock of shame and infamy.

The note struck here, assert the Oxfordians, is the same that is sounded again and again in the sonnets and undoubtedly is the cry of the same spiritual agony.

Their assurance is hardly warranted. Even if the correspondences between de Vere's experience and the poems of Shakespeare were much closer than the Oxfordians think, their hero's authorship of these works would be highly improbable. None of the reasons advanced for keeping his composition of the plays a secret applies to the poems. Elizabethan gentlemen were honored, not disgraced, by writing such works. Wyatt, Surrey, Lord Vaux, Sir Philip Sidney, all felt that in composing and circulating their verses they were revealing one of the approved graces of a gentleman. Oxford's desire to father his poems upon a semi-illiterate actor must have been a sign of rare idiosyncrasy.

He clearly did no such thing. The man who wrote the humble dedications of "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" to the Earl of Southampton was certainly not one of the great lords of

England addressing one of his peers. "I know not how I shall offend," begins the dedication of "Venus and Adonis," "in dedicating my unpolished lines to you . . . only if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised." And the writer ends his obsequious lines as follows: "Your Honour's in all duty William Shakespeare." These are obviously the words of a commoner addressing a gentleman out of his sphere, in the hope of gaining him as a patron. That he succeeded in so doing is clear from the writer's dedication of "The Rape of Lucrece" to Southampton in the following year. This time he expresses himself in fulsome phrase: "The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end, whereof this pamphlet without beginning is but a superfluous moiety." Then, making delicate reference to the accustomed financial reward which Southampton evidently provided in return for the dedication, the author continues: "The warrant I have of your honorable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance"—that is, of another gift of money.

These two poems must surely be crossed from the list of the works composed by the very proud seventeenth Earl of Oxford. And not even his most enthusiastic partisans have yet denied that all three of Shakespeare's longer poems were written by the same man.

As to the sonnets, the passages supposed to reveal Oxford's personal drama certainly adumbrate the situation of a sensitive actor at least as clearly as they do the sorrows of Edward de Vere. For example, "the public means which public manners breeds" can be made to refer with as much propriety to the stage career of William Shakespeare as to Oxford's education at court. For the public manners of an Elizabethan courtier were regarded as the last word in *savoir vivre*. And the lines

> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand

describe effectively that loss of personality which every actor feels who must spend his life impersonating one character after another. They are much more apt in such a connotation than they would be in describing the disappearance of the man Edward de Vere in the courtier. Even the "vulgar scandal" might refer as well to Shakespeare's "o'erhasty marriage" as to the suspected infidelity of Anne Cecil.

The most original feature of the sonnets is their dramatic story of man, mistress, and friend. No counterpart of this situation has been found in Oxford's career. But the same struggle between love and friendship had already been the theme of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." Surely the dramatist who had used this plot would have had no trouble in devising all the details of the story of a man's loss of an unworthy mistress to a dear friend.

The conception of literary composition upon which the reasoning of the Oxfordians is based is invalidated by the little we know about the ways of the creative mind. The greater the work of art the more remote it is from raw biographical fact. Direct observation of the lives of others and knowledge gained from books furnish the starting point of a process of literary creation more often than does any part of the author's life history. Between the sowing of this seed and its flowering into artistic creation an interval must elapse, during which the original fact is transmuted by the imagination. The process obliterates most of the points of resemblance between the literary work and the actual facts which served as its inception. Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" may serve as an excellent illustration of what usually happens. The play is the author's imaginative reaction to the arrest, trial, and execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, events in which he played no part whatever. The plot of the drama, written years after the actual tragedy, is so different from what really happened that no one would be able to re-create the historical facts from the story or from the characters who enact the play.

The ways of Shakespeare's imagination were surely as unpredictable as those of Mr. Anderson. Facts upon which his imagination worked must have been even more incalculably transformed than those associated with the careers of Sacco and Vanzetti. We know that he was no Zola to squint at the objects of his world with a prying eye and a reporter's pencil. Nor was he a Byron trailing through all his poems the pageant of his bleeding heart. He was a dramatist able to create hundreds of characters utterly unlike himself and to drive them into experiences utterly unlike his own, endowing them with passions as far from his own emotions as the east is from the west. To search in his plays for realistic reports of his personal experience is to misunderstand completely the nature of effective dramatic composition and to misconceive the character of genius.

A long book could be filled with arguments against the false and unintelligent assertions of those who believe someone other than Shakespeare wrote the great plays. Such a work would be an unnecessary labor. None of the skeptics would have loosed his wayward ingenuity upon the problem unless he had made at least one of the assumptions which have been shown to be false. Literary genius still remains inscrutable, but this much we know: it has never been solely in the custody of men of noble birth or of wide learning. A well-educated man belonging to one of the most energetic and able of the families in a thriving provincial city might well possess all the qualities that constitute genius. He could open his mind to its radiant influence as readily as could the proudest gentleman of the Queen's court and could as easily permit it to suffuse his experience with glory.

The man thus blessed was William Shakespeare, and he was none other than himself.



THE GOD OF HITLER AND SPINOZA

BY ELMER DAVIS

The Ethiopian thinks God is black, the mathematician thinks He is a mathematician. Caliban thought He made things weak, that He might weakness vex; and Bruce Barton thinks He must be at least as good as Bruce Barton. These diverse images of various facets of Deity as reflected in its creatures might usefully be borne in mind by the worthy persons who say that the sort of thing that is going on nowadays must be contrary to the will of God.

They may not put it that way—at least the people I know, who are no longer used to clothing their thoughts in that particular terminology; but that is what they mean. They tell me that the Russian victory over Finland was contrary to the order of Nature—an argument hard to maintain, since in the natural order odds of fifty to one are likely to outweigh even the most superhuman courage, patriotism, and endurance; or they contend that Hitler cannot win this war because if he did History would have no meaning. But it is not yet certain that History has a meaning; still less is it clear what that meaning may be. It seemed fairly clear in the days of our parents and grandparents; as the old hymn put it, The morning light is breaking, the darkness disappears. But over a good part of the earth's surface, and particularly the continent which in those days was the most enlightened, the darkness has since come back; and it is likely to be deeper before we see any new promise of dawn. This does not prove that History has no meaning; the Nazi philosophers would say it has one, but a meaning very different from that which was read into it by the optimism engendered by the success of the nineteenth century; and, for all we yet know to the contrary, they may be right.

What people mean when they say that the current trend is contrary to the order of Nature, or a denial of the meaning of History, is simply that this is not the sort of thing that would be allowed to happen if they were God. They would ruthlessly interfere with the order of Nature if their sense of the fitness of things required it; they would, if they had the power, deflect the current of history and make it come out to the answer they like to believe is written in the back of the book. But they can't do it; God, who on the implications of this theory could have sent last winter's earthquake to Germany or Russia if He had chosen, instead of to Turkey, has not seen fit to do it; and so these earnest persons confront the oldest of human dilemmas. Either God is not as good as Bruce Barton, who would never tolerate the sort of thing that is now going on if he knew how to stop it; or else the Almighty is less powerful than those who invoke Him would like to think.

Impale yourself on whichever horn of this dilemma you prefer; but, like most dilemmas, it is an artificial construct which fails to exhaust all the possibilities. God may not be like that at all; it implies an anthropomorphic view of deity which may be wrong. It is worth noting that the most powerful of human beings does

not share that view; Hitler does not think God is like Hitler. His theology, like most of his doctrine, is not wholly consistent; with an unfailing instinct he uses whatever premise may be most serviceable at the moment, even if it conflicts with something he has said at some other moment; but the general outline is clear enough. God and Nature are different aspects of the same thing (did Hitler ever hear that this doctrine is of Jewish origin, in the Book of Job, and that its chief proponent was the Jew Spinoza?). In Nature's rule book are laid down immutable laws, violation of which brings inescapable penalties; and God is simply the Official Scorer, who keeps the record of what happens to people who obey the rules and to those who break them.

With this basic determinism, however, free will is ingeniously intertwined; the earth and the fullness thereof belong to the "best people," that is to the best nation and the best men in that nation; but the way a nation or a group proves its superiority is by standing up on its hind legs and fighting for it—always provided it keeps within the limiting framework of Nature's laws. And it need hardly be added that Nature's laws turn out to be conveniently adapted to the establishment of the supremacy of Germany among nations, of the National Socialist Party in Germany, and of Hitler in the National Socialist Party—on condition that these elect leaders get out and prove their superiority by oratory, blackjacks, bombing planes, or whatever means the situation may require.

This is a highly effective working theology, with just about enough determinism to convince its adherents that they are sure to win, and not so much that they will be tempted to think they can coast in without exerting themselves. Superficially the theory of God as the Scorekeeper resembles that once set down by a very distinguished American sports writer; but Hitler seems to know the duties of a scorekeeper better even than Mr. Grantland Rice.

> But when the One Great Scorer comes
> To write beside your name,
> He writes, not that you won or lost,
> But how you played the game.

So wrote Mr. Rice; but no scorekeeper he may ever have professionally encountered would have been so slipshod. The principal point in the scorekeeper's record is who won and who lost, a report of a result to which the details of the box score are subsidiary. What Mr. Rice really means is not that God is a scorekeeper but that He is a sports writer, and a sports writer who—like Mr. Rice—has an irrepressible predilection for lost causes. But even Mr. Rice, reporting the brilliant and sportsmanlike playing of the losers, has to tell us pretty well up in the lead of his story that they lost none the less. Human reporters can credit the Finns with amazing stops, spectacular one-hand catches; but it goes down in the record that Russia won the game.

Hitler's doctrine, which underlies all the reasoning of *Mein Kampf*, seems better borne out by the evidence. The races of men, he holds, struggle against one another for survival and dominance, each striving to outfight and outbreed all the rest; and the One Great Scorer watches the game with an objective and disinterested eye. He bestows no unearned favors on even so intrinsically superior a race as the Germans; he only keeps score, setting down Bismarck's hits and Hitler's runs and Bethmann-Hollweg's errors with equal indifference—concerned only with results, and with writing down those results in the Book of Life and Death from whose record there is no appeal. And this doctrine reaches its most brilliant flowering in Hitler's philosophy of rebellion.

The philosophy, no doubt, came after the fact; Hitler was in action as a rebel, or at least as an agitator, before he ever worked out a coherent rationalization of his behavior. But that rationalization tells a good deal not only about Hitler, but about the world he is reshaping. "When through the activities of the government a nation (*Volkstum*) is brought

face to face with destruction, then rebellion is for every member of that nation not merely a right but a duty. The question, however, whether such a situation has arisen is not decided by theoretical discussions, but by force and success." Simply, if you win you were right, if you lose you were wrong. A natural conclusion, for the most successful revolutionary of our time? Yes, but when that was written Hitler was very far from successful; he wrote it in jail, after a rebellion that had failed— a ludicrous failure, which in the opinion of most experts meant that we had heard the last of Hitler. By his own criterion he was not then justified; but he was justified by faith—faith that the One Great Scorer who had written down a strikeout that time would have to record a home run when Hitler next came to bat; faith that the success of his enemies was of no more significance than an early-inning lead by the team that would be written down as the losers in the final score. Thanks to that undefeated resolution, he was able to keep on fighting till at last Force and Success came round to his side.

The theology of such a man deserves respectful consideration; and he holds the same views still. On March 10th last he spoke of "nations weighed in the balance of God and found wanting, and stricken from the book of life; or else found worthy of new life." Poland, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Norway have been weighed in the balance and found wanting—but God only records the weights; He does not tip the scale. Which is another way of saying that Hitler has found these nations wanting, and that no higher power than his has overruled his verdict; God is content to keep score. It would be hard to controvert this doctrine, at present, on the basis of the evidence—except the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for. Hitler too, at one time, had nothing but faith; but he justified his faith by his works. Those who do not like his works, who have faith that this sort of thing cannot go on, had better remember that faith without works is dead.

II

This is a hard saying; most people find it difficult to throw their full energies into a struggle unless they have the conviction, in whatever euphemisms they may prefer to phrase it, that God is on their side. No wonder. Through the century that ended in 1914 our side was winning; all of us now over forty, who grew up in a world where democracy and liberty and enlightenment and humanitarianism had been pretty steadily increasing ever since our great-grandparents' day, took that sort of thing as the order of Nature, the unfolding meaning of History, the evident will of God. The war of 1914 shook that faith, but in this relatively favored nation did not shatter it; even the troubles since 1929 have not sufficed to persuade people who were so fortunate as to escape going on relief that the faith was mistaken. There persists in America a widespread conviction, most candidly expressed in the campaign speeches of Mr. Dewey, that there is no frontier; that no fluctuations, no slump, can be more than a momentary interruption in a progress ever onward and upward.

It comes hard to any of us to admit that this apparent predestined triumph of the sort of thing we believe in may have been no end product of history, but a mere passing phase; that we may be at this moment entering a long new age of cruelty and violence and superstition. That God has not stacked the deck in our favor; that what we believe makes life worth living may presently be only another half-forgotten error of the ancients, unless we get out and do something about it; that we are facing a desperate struggle—neutrals as well as, if less immediately than, those belligerents who share our general views—to preserve what we regard as civilized values; and that there is no certainty at all that we are going to win—these are conclusions that few people will accept if they can

find any other way out. For if we lose, we lose everything; the One Great Scorer will not care if we played as well as the Finns, or as badly as some other people; all He will put down is that we lost, and the values that we call civilized will be replaced, in life and in history, by other values as abhorrent to us as ours would be to a Renaissance despot or a monk of the Dark Ages.

Naturally some valorous thinkers have refused to accept this prospect, have done their best to demonstrate that God, all-powerful and all-just, really has notions of justice that can be pretty well squared with ours if you only understand them correctly. In the early days of the present tribulations a highly reputable Modernist theologian made such an endeavor to justify the ways of God to man; I forbear to name him or his book, for he may have modified his views in the light of subsequent observation; but what he wrote then is what many people still believe, if less explicitly, so his apologia seems worthy of some study. "The ultimate outcome of history," he insisted, "is within God's control"; and the order within which human doings are framed is essentially a moral order. The first of these assertions can be nothing but an act of faith, for we do not yet know the ultimate outcome of history; the second, even as a provisional generalization, hardly seems to check with the evidence. Our theologian, like a good many contemporary thinkers, pretty well gives up the endeavor to make sense out of what happens to individuals; he is concerned with masses. And mass misfortune, he finds, is the fruit either of "wilful or careless blindness to the moral structure of reality," or of "mistakes due to unavoidable ignorance."

Rather different causes—yet if they produce the same consequences, in any order that can be called moral, they must equally rank as sins. That they do produce the same consequences, that mistakes are precisely the sin that is most surely punished, most of us have observed as a matter of fact; but it is pretty hard to fit that fact into any doctrine of Christian theology, however rarefied. It fits smoothly enough, however, into Hitler's theology; God, umpire as well as scorekeeper, will tolerate no infraction of the rules; and the fact that you didn't intend to break the rules, or couldn't help it, is no excuse. Perhaps they were obscurely phrased, their meaning disputed; perhaps the rule you broke was nowhere written down at all, and you had to take it on the say-so of somebody else who turned out to be mistaken. No matter; you made a mistake and you must pay for it, as surely as if you had deliberately sinned against the Holy Ghost—in fact, a good deal more surely. That is the way things happen and we all have seen it; but to call such an arrangement a moral order is to stretch the meaning of language—unless you accept Spinoza's view that God's idea of right and wrong may not be quite the same as ours.

Of the mass misfortunes now prevalent, wilful blindness does account for some, unavoidable ignorance for others. The actual effect of these factors in various nations has been most admirably analyzed by the English Liberal Geoffrey T. Garratt in *What Has Happened to Europe*—a lately published work to which anyone who wants to make as much sense as possible out of recent happenings is referred. But much of the current mass misfortune cannot be adequately explained by either of these causes. As I write (May 6th) it looks as if the British, more likely than not, may lose the war. Their plight may be ascribed with some justice to the wilful blindness or invincible ignorance of the class and the individuals dominant in the United Kingdom for most of the past twenty years. They failed to establish a comprehensive social justice at home, they did not succeed very well in running their economic mechanism; above all, they suicidally misjudged the strength and character of certain forces in Germany—a misjudgment unquestionably due in part to the influence of selfish class interest. The Danes and Norwegians

sinned too—by culpably misjudging the nature of the world they lived in; by supposing that everybody else was as civilized as they were, and that if they kept to themselves and gave nobody any trouble nothing would happen to them; by not being hard, suspicious, pugnacious, alert. In the eyes of Hitler's God the offense of Denmark and Norway was rank, and they deserved what happened to them. But what crime had the Finns committed—or for that matter the Czechs, whose failure to solve perfectly a minority problem which they had handled better than anyone else was only the pretext for the German attack? Their crime was merely this—there were not enough of them, and they happened to live in regions strategically useful to more powerful nations.

For years past it has been evident to every small nation within reach of Germany that its paramount problem was relations with the German government, and that failure to solve that problem meant destruction. Some did the best they could, some played their hands very badly; but they all came to the same end, none of them could escape the consequences of the unpardonable sin of being small.

Remember too that the victims, whether of wilful blindness or of unavoidable ignorance, are seldom the men who committed those sins; *quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*—as it was summed up by a man whose time was about as full of violence and cruelty and injustice as ours. The misfortunes of Poland were largely due to the abysmal stupidity of Marshal Smigly-Rydz, Colonel Beck, and their colleagues, who stabbed the Czechs in the back in September, 1938, and thereby ruined the best chance of establishing an eastern front against the Germans; but Beck and Smigly-Rydz are safe, for the moment at least, in Rumania, and their errors are being expiated by Polish citizens who were no more responsible for them than you or I. We have evidence that there are millions of decent Germans who don't like the way the Nazis are behaving at home or abroad; but if Hitler makes mistakes that bring retribution on his people, the air bombs will not discriminate between the good Germans and the bad ones.

The doctrine that mass misfortunes must make moral sense is no more valid in the past than in the present. There are in the record of European history two instances of the collapse or overthrow of high cultures, which were succeeded by ages of barbarism—the convulsions of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C. which ended the early Mediterranean culture that had reached its peak in Crete, and the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. Rome perhaps deserved to fall; it had become debilitated because of a deficiency in distributive justice, a failure to solve social and economic problems, so that in the end it fell because nobody thought it was worth fighting for except men who were paid to fight for it. Even so, one of the principal factors that weakened it was a failure to solve a constitutional problem; and historians indulging in the privilege of the second guess two thousand years later are unable to explain how, in the situation he had to deal with, Augustus could have done much better than he did. The justice of punishing millions of people, centuries afterward, for what Augustus could not help is hard to perceive.

And what about the Minoan civilization in Crete? We cannot read its writing; but so far as its nature can be inferred from its considerable pictorial remains, it seems to have been one of the most respectable of human societies. Just why it fell we do not know. There may have been internal strains and dislocations; there may be something in the legend preserved by Thucydides, that it lost its margin of naval supremacy by a reckless expedition overseas—though this story suspiciously resembles what later happened to the Athenians; high authorities think its capital may have been destroyed by an earthquake, but such a catastrophe hardly explains complete

national downfall. The most widely accepted theory is that it was overthrown by barbarians or semi-barbarians—men less cultured than the Minoans, but tougher and better armed. If what we can plausibly conjecture about the character of that civilization is correct, its fall would have been regarded, by people who reason as do my friends, as contrary to the will of God or the order of Nature, a denial of the meaning of history. Nevertheless it fell, fell so hard that the people who a few centuries later were living on its ruins remembered it only in vague legend, never appreciated its real quality. Other high cultures have similarly gone under for no reason that could be called moral. The Aztecs in Mexico perhaps were not much loss—barbarians who had taken over a higher but decadent civilization as the Ostrogoths took over decadent Italy; the Maya civilization seems to have been declining, for unknown reasons, before the Spaniards came in. But it is seriously debatable whether sixteenth-century Spain was on the whole a more highly cultured country than the Inca empire; certainly the Spaniards who overthrew that Empire were a mere mob of gangsters, farther below its level than were the Achaeans below the Minoans, the Goths below the Romans, or the Nazis below the Norwegians. Yet Pizarro won—because he had horses, muskets, plate armor, and no more inhibitions than Hitler.

An ethical system which tries to make moral sense of such happenings must negate either the accepted content of language or any traditional scheme of morality. But they make sense if you accept the ethics of the Nazis, to whom—we have the word of their own leaders for it—there is no such thing as objective truth or objective justice; to whom the lie and the broken promise are standard equipment like the submarine and the bombing plane, to be used whenever they are likely to bring results; and what is right is whatever brings profit to the stronger. We say that such doctrines cannot endure because they contradict the laws of Nature—meaning that they contradict what we like to regard as the laws of Nature, or what we comfortably believe is the will of God. A theologian more eminent than the one previously quoted wrote lately in the *New York Times:* "The moral core of the universe is unshatterable. There is an inexorable nemesis that trails the overweening pretensions of man to take the place of God." This bold declaration would be more consoling if it had been supported by some other evidence than citation of the conclusion of Wagner's *Ring*—the artistic concept of a human being realized on the stage where the author could make things come out the way he wanted them. Further, says our theologian, we can depend on "the overarching purpose of God. What is the true meaning and direction of history? In religious language, what does God will? The answer is: the power that controls human destiny wills fellowship. The will to fellowship, and not the will to power, shall ultimately prevail."

But only by faith can you see any "shall" about it; it may prevail, but only if somebody works as hard to make it prevail as other men are working for the prevalence of quite opposite doctrines—successfully, for seven years past. And if the Nazis keep on winning, their ethics and theology will continue to prevail—not forever, for nothing lasts forever, but long enough to make other people extremely uncomfortable. Ultimately perhaps even here—not by any military conquest, but by the contagion of ideas that have triumphed elsewhere, by the magnetic attraction of a faith that proves itself by its works. It is I hope and believe improbable, but in the light of past history it is quite conceivable, that our grandchildren may take Nazi doctrine as gospel truth; and may regard our faith in democracy, liberty, objective truth and objective justice with as much horror as we regard the views of our ancestors on infant damnation.

My friends would never permit that to happen, nor would they permit things

like the invasion of Finland and of Norway, if they were God; but their bewilderment is at least a healthier state of mind than any attempt to fit current history into a moral framework. As suggested above, no such attempt has much support in the evidence; and if you prefer authority to evidence, as a painfully large and perhaps increasing number of people do, authority can be cited against it as well. "Those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? Nay, but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." No attempt at justification here; the implication, whether the speaker would have made it explicit or not, is that what happened to those eighteen at Siloam was irrelevant to the general order of the universe; that—to translate it into Spinozist language—God was unconcerned about it one way or the other; it was not a matter of sufficient importance to come to the attention of the Management.

Those eighteen at Siloam simply had the bad luck to be in, or under, the tower when it fell; as the Finns had the bad luck to be next door to Russia, the Czechs to be next door to Germany. For which bad luck the Czechs were punished more severely than any nation I can recall was ever punished for violation of what we ordinarily consider moral laws. To recognize that if there be such a thing as punishment for sin, bad luck and honest mistakes appear to be offenses far more heinous than slaughter of the innocents or grinding down the faces of the poor, seems preferable to any attempt to explain history within a moral framework; an attempt which is likely to issue only in an insult to both divine and human intelligence.

III

Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. That was a forecast of otherworldly perdition; translate it into mundane terms, and we may derive some profit from it. Except we draw some lessons from the fate of others we may have some uncomfortable experiences ourselves. What lessons? Well, the first one is encouraging; the worst sin a nation can commit, in the world as it is to-day, is to be small; luck or Providence has preserved us from that offense. Another sin is to be inadequately armed; we are on the way to cleaning our consciences of that. Even our army is at last being permitted to function as an army, instead of as caretakers and groundkeepers of scattered posts which do no good to anybody but Congressmen and Chambers of Commerce. But in any practical moral system it is a sin to be badly organized—economically and socially inefficient, spiritually discordant; and that sin lies heavy on our souls. The first and great commandment laid on citizens of the United States is to find some way to solve the unemployment problem; and the next is to get some of the rest of our internal difficulties straightened out. Once we have repented our shortcomings in these matters and have brought forth fruits meet for repentance, we can be confident in our internal strength and can have somewhat more assurance than we have now that our ethical ideals have a good chance of survival.

The real danger, to a large nation still pretty well protected by an ocean on each side, is that many of our citizens will go on to draw further inferences from the successes of the Nazis. Those successes have been achieved in part by hard work, intelligence, and concentration—virtues which we might profitably emulate; in part by fraud and violence and ruthlessness—and it may be felt that we could profitably emulate these practices too. Not many people would say so yet, in so many words; but the success so far of a nation whose resources are all under centralized autocratic control, over nations where everything still has to be more or less talked out and explained to the satisfaction of the citizens, will certainly give a powerful impetus to the tendency toward centralization now visi-

ble everywhere. I doubt if anybody really believes that Roosevelt wants to be an autocrat; but his political enemies, accusing him of autocracy, have cried "Wolf, wolf!" so often and so unconvincingly that if a real wolf ever appears we may think he is only a police dog. If Hitler consolidates his domination of Europe it may be argued that only a nation as centralized and controlled as Germany could hold out against him; that to such intrigues as the Nazis have conducted in neighboring countries there is no answer but a system like their own.

But that of course gives away our whole case, leaves us nothing to work for and if need be to fight for but the preservation on this continent of an independent society which in other respects than independence would not be worth living in. If there is any lesson in recent history, it is that means defended as emergency measures, on the pretext that they are justified by the end of national survival (which in practice usually means the survival of government by a particular group) soon become ends in themselves, to which everything else must be subordinated. Our way of life, our idea of decency and of civilization, the things we believe make life worth living cannot be defended by totalitarian methods. But the only way we can answer those who may presently say we must adopt those methods—little by little, at first, and then more and more—is to prove that other methods, more suited to our taste, will serve our national interest as well. That is going to take some effort; but we had better stop thinking we can coast into the Promised Land.

These are collective precautions to ward off collective misfortune, and the individual is likely to feel that his share in them is depressingly small. Yet there are some few things the individual can do, and if enough individuals do them it may make quite a difference in the outcome. And the first and great commandment is to try to think straight, without letting our judgment be deflected by either hope or fear. Both these influences are extensively prevalent in this country, and they spring from the same source—mental and spiritual laziness. When Finland was invaded most of us were loud in our sympathy—even members of Congress; but when the Finns wanted help there was an instant cry of "Involvement!" and the Finns got no help. Now, there was a good deal of sense in that fear of involvement; for geographical reasons it would have been almost impossible for us to do much for the Finns, and embroilment with Russia might have had consequences in the Pacific injurious to our interests. The qualms of such men as Senator George are quite comprehensible. But along with this rational apprehension there was an irrational panicky fear of the mere word "involvement"—a fear which may operate in matters far more closely concerning our national interest than the fate of Finland.

When Denmark and Norway were invaded there was an audible silence on Capitol Hill. Some few Congressmen spoke up; but most of them seemed to feel that even at a distance of three thousand miles it wasn't safe to say that they didn't like it. The Belgian Foreign Minister Spaak, right under the guns, dared to say that Norway had been peaceful and loyally neutral; but to many of our statesmen such a remark would have seemed to risk involvement. Here again is a rational apprehension; for reasons both domestic and foreign it seems to me strongly to the interest of the United States to keep out of this war; and whatever we may think about the ethics of the invasion of Norway, it is obvious as a practical matter that if the British navy with its immense superiority could not keep the Germans out of the Skagerrak, nothing could be done about it by people three thousand miles farther away. But intermingled with these sane considerations was a visible fear—not that the Germans will come over here and do something to us, which I believe no one has seriously advanced since the late Senator Borah painted his horrendous

picture of German bombers over American aircraft factories if the arms embargo should be repealed; but a fear that if you recognize what is going on in the world you might have to do some thinking about it, and discard comfortable convictions with which you have propped yourself up for the last twenty years; fear that you might be driven some day to that abysmal humiliation for a man in public life—the admission that you had been wrong.

One of the major premises of the world in which we all grew up was that there was a balance of power in Europe; another was that there were certain ethical limitations on behavior which neither individuals nor governments were likely to overstep, at least as between "civilized" nations. Most people dislike to believe that a situation has arisen which upsets things they had been sure of, to admit the possibility that what they had regarded as self-evident truth may now be error; that things may come to such a pass that they may have to do some thinking, and perhaps more work than they had expected. Such thinking, I believe, would teach us that the way to keep out of this war is not to hide our heads under the bed clothes, but to make this nation as strong as we can and stand up vigorously and affirmatively for what we judge to be our interests. The mere suggestion that the American people might profitably do some thinking about the nature of the world they live in, and how to protect the future of this nation in such a world, will no doubt be denounced in some quarters as an endeavor to "drag the country into war." With this implication that if you ever let yourself think you will be driven to the conclusion that we ought to get into the war, I do not agree. Straight thinking is more likely to suggest that we not only ought to keep out of this war, but ought to follow such a policy as may enable us, with luck, to keep out of the next one too—the war that will come along sooner or later, and maybe sooner, if Hitler wins. Nobody can drag this country into war; indeed, nobody can drag any country into war. You can always avoid it as the Danes did, by simply giving up. But there is a point—just where is yet undetermined—perhaps Greenland, perhaps Brazil, perhaps the South Sea Islands—at which the American people would refuse to give up, would rather fight. What we want is to avoid ever reaching that point, to prevent being jockeyed into a position where war would seem the lesser of two evils. The way to avoid that is to have a government which pursues an intelligent and vigorous policy, backed up by an intelligent and resolute people. But too many Americans are afraid that if you display intelligence and resolution you will have to go to war, when in fact that is the best chance of keeping out.

A shrewd French observer who lately toured this country from coast to coast came back in blank bewilderment at the pure passivity that seemed so widespread. "People talk so helplessly of being 'dragged in,' you would think they were Danes." Well, we are not Danes; but the sin of Denmark is too common among us—the faith that if we only do nothing and say nothing, nothing will happen to us. Possibly nothing will; we are a large nation, remote from the present scene of action—though less remote from probable future scenes. But that is not a healthy habit of mind for a nation that may presently find itself the last great democracy in a world of aggressive totalitarian powers. Yet plenty of people who would be willing to risk their lives if war came are unwilling to risk the hard realistic thinking that is our best chance of preventing it.

Rather than undergo such mental effort, some of our citizens prefer to believe that it makes no difference how this war comes out; that Hitler, Stalin, and Mussolini are really pretty good fellows, who will settle down and be just folks like the rest of us as soon as people stop provoking them by not giving them what they want. That was the state of mind behind the appeasement policy in Eng-

land and France, and we see what came of it; at least we can see, unless we resolutely insist on keeping our eyes shut. Involvement is a good thing to keep out of, so long as it keeps out of us; but to refuse to look at the facts, as a good many people do refuse, hardly seems the surest way to keep out of it.

Other worthy persons, unable to sink quite to the intellectual level of the new appeasers, sustain themselves by the confidence that things cannot be as bad as they seem; that everything will come out all right in the end because such is the meaning of history, or the will of God. History does not work that way. Its main directions are controlled to a considerable but undetermined extent by impersonal forces and movements which we understand but feebly; but it is so largely determined by the doings of men that you can say with some confidence that there is no meaning in history but what men write into it. Men who are better than other men; who are not afraid of work, not even of the hard work of thinking. We speak of the virtues; but virtue comes from a Latin word that means being a Man; the German word goes even more clearly back to primitive origin, it must originally have meant toughness. One compensation for the troubles of these times is, or ought to be, that they remind us of this original meaning of virtue; remind us that without that kind of virtue other virtues are unlikely to have much effect.

Most Americans think ill of Adolf Hitler; his brutality, his broken promises offend our moral sense. But the virtues he conspicuously lacks are not the only virtues. As an exemplar of certain other virtues, badly needed in these times, I venture to suggest the man who, writing in jail after a disastrous and ridiculous failure, never wavered in his faith that he would win in the end—but never deluded himself that he must win, because God was on his side; who knew that if he wanted to win he would have to work for it, and never asked or expected the One Great Scorer to credit him with anything but what he earned.



THE GREAT DIESEL BOOM

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

Ever since the stock-tickers stuttered their dismal prophecy a decade ago, the lag in the heavy industries has been regarded as a main barrier on the road to recovery. But the depression took one heavy industry which was a scorned and hungry foundling and has groomed and nourished it to challenging proportions.

Sales of the Diesel engine, the most efficient and economical prime mover ever invented, have soared miraculously. This unknown giant, which had been plugging away obscurely at a few heavy jobs, has been led forth into the limelight in a few short years. To-day the Diesel is everywhere, and enthusiasts hail it as the hope of the future. It drives the new fast streamlined trains. It turns the propellers of freighters, yachts, and submarines, and takes Admiral Byrd to the Antarctic. Farmers hitch it to their gang plows, contractors dig cellars with it, and truck drivers swear by it. It drives the generators of municipal light plants, furnishes cheap light and power for hotels, apartment houses, hospitals, department stores, and refrigeration plants, and in units all the way from five to twenty-five-hundred horsepower, it turns the wheels of small factories. Every year the Diesel invades a new field. Last year it was passenger buses; more than 1,100 have been put in commission, and their success has prompted big orders for 1940.

Diesel has become a word to conjure with. Advertisements urge young men to "learn Diesel," Diesel schools flourish, and when lectures on the engine are announced in technical colleges the halls are packed. The motor is a subject of great controversy. To some of its more visionary disciples it is a kind of perpetual motion which would bring in the industrial millennium if it weren't for the stranglehold of frightened interests. On the other hand, certain claims of Diesel achievement are disputed, not only by affected corporations, but by detached technical men.

Wherever the truth may lie, the bare facts about Diesel expansion in the United States carry arresting implications. In 1932 the makers could peddle only 100,000 Diesel horsepower. Then harassed manufacturers and transportation firms, forced to cut operating costs to the bone, called in the Diesel salesmen who had been warming anteroom benches for twenty years. Diesel purchases soared skyward to last year's record-breaking total of 2,144,000 horsepower. Even if we compare this with the boom year of 1928, it represents an increase of close to 500 per cent, and these reports are conservative.

In every field, stationary or moving, in which power is used, the Diesel is either an active competitor or is potentially imminent. It has a number of virtues, chief of which is the fact that it will take a gallon of 6 cent furnace oil and do at least 50 per cent more work with it than a gasoline engine can do with a gallon of its 12 cent fuel. These figures vary under different conditions and have provoked innumerable debates, but the statement will serve as a general rule.

Despite a common impression that the Diesel is something new, it broke all efficiency records over forty years ago, and has been running steadily ever since. The first working Diesel turned its flywheel in St. Louis in 1898, a little over a year after the inventor had at last translated his blueprints into a practical motor. The engine was the life work of Dr. Rudolph Diesel, Paris-born Bavarian, who in 1892 reduced his plan to writing and published it. Other men had similar ideas, but Diesel, with the support of German industrialists, took the lead and kept it. Under license from the inventor, the engine was soon manufactured in a dozen countries, and Dr. Diesel became rich and famous. His patents have long since expired, but all "compression-combustion" oil engines bear the generic name of Diesel.

As a student in Munich, Diesel was impressed with the wastefulness of even the best steam engines then in use, which could turn into working power not more than ten per cent of the energy in the coal they burned. He studied the Carnot cycle, a theoretical method by which an engine could function economically, and resolved to build a motor which would cut out all the intermediate steps of the coal-steam process and put the original energy to work directly. His first idea was to grind the coal to powder and burn the powder in the cylinder. Only last year it was reported that one of his former colleagues, Pawlikowski, was still working on this plan; but Diesel abandoned it and turned to crude oil. He suggested also fish oil and a wide variety of vegetable oils. Even whale oil is used as a stopgap by Diesel-powered Alaskan cannery boats.

The first principle of the Diesel engine is that if air is compressed enough it becomes so hot that fuel injected into it will ignite and burn. The piston of a Diesel, on its outward stroke, pulls in pure air. Driving back toward the cylinder head, it compresses the air to about one-sixteenth of its former volume. The air is then about the temperature of red-hot iron. At that point a drop of oil is injected in a fine spray, and the combustion drives the piston down in its working stroke. Returning, the piston drives out the burnt gases and is ready to repeat the cycle. Since the charge is ignited by pressure, no ignition system is needed, and since the mixing of fuel with air is all done in the cylinder, there is no carburetor.

This engine at once attracted world-wide attention. At that time few steam engines had an efficiency of better than 13 per cent, but almost at the start the thermal efficiency of the Diesel was more than 30 per cent. To-day top Diesel performance is about 37 per cent, compared with perhaps 25 per cent for the best gasoline engines and 29 per cent for some of the newest steam-turbine units, while many steam locomotives do no better than 10 per cent.

One reason why the Diesel is more efficient than the gasoline engine lies in the difference in compression ratios. The Diesel ratio is sixteen-to-one, while the gasoline-engine ratio is only six to one. We may say that the Diesel piston, which travels fifteen-sixteenths of the way to the cylinder-head before combustion sends it downward, starts its working stroke from a relatively higher jumping-off place than does the gasoline-engine piston. Two skiers have been used as a simile—the one who starts near the top of the jump picks up more power than the one who starts farther down. Another reason is that in the Diesel less fuel is used for a given amount of air, so the air does not become as hot. The gasoline engine loses more heat in the cooling jacket, while the Diesel applies a higher percentage of its heat to the business of creating horsepower.

At the turn of the century this comparison was less interesting to power-users than the Diesel's superiority over steam. The coal supply was already limited in Europe, and it was stated that the Diesel would develop from tar—a by-product of coal—four times as much power as the steam engine could get out

of the original coal, burned beneath its boilers. So the engine was rapidly adopted by small European industries which had not been able to produce coal-steam power as economically as the big plants. Its use spread to the United States—slowly, because coal has always been cheaper here—and it was adapted for marine use. When the World War broke out the Diesel, whose fuel took up less room than an equivalent amount of gasoline, and which was less of a fire risk, was already the accepted motor of the submarine.

II

Rudolph Diesel looked upon his engine as a "yardstick" of stationary power. Its use for that purpose plays a large part in the current American boom. There are Diesel-driven light and power plants all over the country, but one of the most critical testing grounds during the depression has been New York City. There over a hundred big electricity consumers, living in the shadow of one of the world's greatest utility corporations, get their light and power from their own Diesel plants. Among the establishments which produce either a part or all of their current are the Public Library, Columbia University, the Hotel New Yorker, the Mt. Sinai Hospital, the sixteen-storey apartment house at 15 West 81st Street, Macy's, Altman's, and the Namm Store of Brooklyn.

The Namm Store has become a Mecca for Diesel enthusiasts and Exhibit A for makers of the engine. Mayor La Guardia called its private plant a "foot-stick" when he dedicated it four years ago, and it has more than lived up to his prediction. The six Worthington Diesels in the store basement, with a combined rating of 1,530 horsepower, not only run the lights and the twenty-one elevators, but the surplus kilowatts furnish light for three small neighboring shops. A few figures show why the Namm project has become a symbol of power decentralization. The store used to pay an annual utility bill of $45,000. It is now using more power and, although the utility rate has been reduced, they would be paying to-day about $50,000. Installation of the Diesel plant cost $200,000 complete. On the basis of operating costs, the plant has been saving at least $27,000 a year. The accounting for the fourth year is not complete as this is written and may show an even greater saving. Of course there is depreciation and interest on the investment to consider. After those items are deducted, the Namm Store reports that it has cut its light and power bill by 14 per cent. And that is not all. There is the return from power sales to the other shops. The Diesel jacket water is utilized to supply heat for the entire bargain basement floor and for 60 per cent of the main floor, thereby cutting the coal bill by $1,000 a year. Water is passed through exhaust heaters, boosted to 160 degrees, and used for scalding dishes in the restaurant and for other cleaning purposes.

Namm people are so impressed that last year they bought a 37 horsepower Diesel unit for their warehouse half a mile away. It runs twenty-four hours a day every day but Sunday, hasn't missed an hour since it began work, and shows an even greater profit than the big plant in the store. It runs automatically. If anything happens it will stop, and an engineer from the store will go over to set it right. But it would be a mistake to assume that Diesel-electric plants run themselves. Credit is due to Chief Engineer Harry Waite, who runs the Namm plant with meticulous card-index efficiency.

Not all Diesel owners run big establishments. At 93 Park Row, back of the Municipal Building, there is a Mr. Schacht, whose open-all-night Novelty Bar and Grill is a blaze of neon signs. In October, 1935, Mr. Schacht looked at his light bill and bought a 45-horsepower Fairbanks-Morse Diesel, which cost him about $6,500. Although he continued for a time to use the Edison stand-by service when his plant needed a routine overhauling, he found that the engine

paid for itself in about three years. Soon he bought a second Diesel to spell the first one. The resultant smile on Mr. Schacht's face, say the experts, might not be there if he closed shop at midnight. The even power load makes for low operating costs. Even Diesel salesmen are wary about placing small units where they will be idle many hours a day, and to forestall disappointments and protests, they have to spend a part of their time debunking their own product.

The proved success of Diesel power plants throughout the country has made it easy for more firms to finance their purchase. Show these figures to a banker and he loosens up. Diesel makers can offer easy terms, and at least one manufacturer tried installing units with a nominal down-payment, the balance to be paid out of savings on the utility bill.

It is not to be expected that a great corporation will twiddle its thumbs while a competitor goes after its market, and Consolidated Edison is no exception. The company has spent large sums buying up private Diesel plants and junking the engines. This practice brought about an inquiry by the State Public Service Commission, which found that Edison had been buying some plants "at prices greatly in excess of the reasonable value thereof," and that they had originally charged these acquisitions to operating expenses. The Commission ruled that these inducements constituted illegal discrimination against regular consumers, so Edison had to stop killing fatted calves for prodigal Diesel-users.

The most striking example which the Commission brought to light is known to Diesel people as "the crime of No. 1 Park Avenue." The three-and-a-half-year-old Diesel-electric plant in the big office building cost $132,000 when it was installed. Edison paid $149,000 for the equipment, and further agreed to change over to alternating current the equipment of the tenants at a cost estimated by the company at $175,000. In return for the expenditure of $324,000 the utility company received a five-year contract which they estimated would bring them a gross revenue of about $300,000. As for the Diesel engines, they were put permanently out of business and sold for $703 as junk.

There were other acquisitions in which it was equally clear that the utility wished to remove the symbolic menace of the private Diesel power plant. "It may be that somebody else is flirting with some of these utopian ideas . . ." explained Mr. Floyd L. Carlisle, chairman of Consolidated Edison's board of directors.

Mr. Carlisle's premonition has been justified, for the wrecking of the Diesel plants has not prevented the further decentralization of power. Among recent utopians are the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which last year installed two Diesel engines to supplement its light and power plant at 195 Broadway, and has sunk bomb-proof Diesel plants under many of its central power stations for use in emergencies. Then there is Altman's Department Store, which has bolstered its private steam-electric plant with two new Diesels; a chain-store link of the H. L. Green Company at 93rd and Broadway, which, like Namm's, uses engine warmth to cut the heating bill, and Mt. Sinai Hospital, where remarkable economy is reported from two 600-horsepower Diesels. Because of operating-room predicaments during the great hurricane, hospitals are especially interested in electricity generated in their own basements.

Perhaps the battle will end in a truce. Just as railroads are now operating bus lines on "feeder" routes, power companies may turn to Diesel as a complement to their present systems. Only a few weeks ago the Iowa Power and Light Company, which has consistently fought the Diesel, bought two 3,400-horsepower oil engines to increase the capacity of its plant at Marshalltown.

The success of municipal light plants with Diesel power is a story by itself, and big urban low-cost housing projects are suggested as a field for private Diesel-

electric installation. There are Diesel-driven rural co-operative light and power systems, among them a 4,000-farm plant in the Shenandoah Valley. Individual large-scale farmers, particularly those who raise chicks, run filling stations, pump water, and so on, are using small Diesel-electric units to advantage. But anyone who feels like rushing out and buying a Diesel to light his house with should be restrained. Although the small units are being developed rapidly, there is no sign yet that they can manage a light, irregular load as cheaply as can the utility companies.

III

Speaking of power in terms of horse-flesh, there is the draft-horse at one extreme and the racehorse at the other. We have just been dealing with the draft-horse use of the Diesel. A few years ago that was the Diesel's only use. It was a huge, heavy engine which sometimes weighed as much as 250 pounds for every horsepower developed. Between the two extremes there is a third category—a tough, wiry animal good at pulling intermediate loads under all sorts of conditions. He is the indispensable mule. He is the truck, the tractor, the excavating shovel, the cement-mixer, the highway bulldozer, and the passenger bus. Among the spectacular accomplishments of the past decade has been the breeding of the Diesel mule.

One of the ablest of the breeders was a chauffeur in Columbus, Indiana, during the World War. When the family went away for vacation he passed away the time making hubs for government wagons, and they returned to find that the family garage was a factory running in three eight-hour shifts. The employer responded by setting his chauffeur up in business, and he began to fiddle with Diesel engines. Twelve years later, C. L. Cummins bolted one of his Diesel motors on to the chassis of a Packard, took it to Daytona Beach, and made it do 80 miles an hour. He made another Diesel racer do 100. He got 38 miles out of a gallon of fuel oil on a road test and soon startled a New York luncheon group with the announcement that he had driven a Diesel coupé from Los Angeles at a total fuel cost of $7.63.

But Mr. Cummins did not continue in the "racehorse" field—he became a pioneer in the production of Diesel trucks. The first ones appeared on the roads nine years ago, and their rapid adoption accounts for a thick slice in the increase in Diesel sales. Owners of truck fleets have found that the superior efficiency of the engine saves them money. A Diesel truck engine may cost $1,000 more than a similar gasoline engine because of more precision work in making it, but the saving in fuel is so great that many operators buy new gasoline trucks, turn in the motors, and install Diesels.

As with stationary units, savings are greater with full-time operation, so the most impressive economy figures come from the big fleet-owners. A comparative survey of Diesel and gasoline trucks used by twenty-five transportation firms in California and Arizona showed that after weighing all factors, including original cost and maintenance, the Diesel truck cost 3½ cents a mile less than the gasoline—a saving of about 18 per cent. The test was made before California levied a 3-cent-a-gallon tax on automotive fuel oil. Since the Diesel took to the road most States have extended their gasoline taxes to cover all automotive fuel, and there are even fiscal zealots who say that if there's twice the mileage in Diesel oil the tax should be doubled. Even that prospect would not dampen the ardor of the Dieselized Pacific Freight Lines of California. Its management figures that the price of the oil fuel would have to be boosted by 497 per cent to equalize the costs of gasoline and Diesel truck operation, and that even then they would stick to Diesel because of the time saving with its longer jumps between fueling, and because of its higher speed on grades.

These Western trucks pile up huge

mileages over open roads. By way of contrast there are the Diesel trucks of the Colonial Sand and Stone Company of New York City, which handle the world's busiest traffic and cover not more than 35–60 miles a day. Colonial has installed 171 Cummins Diesels in Mack truck chassis, and reports that each engine saves the firm from $3 to $5 a day.

The tractor is another machine which has gone Diesel. It happened in a roundabout way. In the twenties the Caterpillar Company, biggest American makers of gasoline-driven tractors, found its export market menaced by the competition of German and English Diesel machines. Because of the higher price of gasoline abroad, Europe turned to the Diesel before we did. So Caterpillar's engineers developed an improved Diesel tractor engine. They turned out the first one in 1931. Now nine out of ten American customers prefer the Diesel. Other American manufacturers, notably Hercules and International Harvester, also developed high-speed, light-weight Diesels in the early thirties, and now they are doing all manner of jobs which the gasoline engine used to monopolize.

Perhaps the most spectacular power innovation in recent years was the advent of the Diesel-driven streamlined trains. Another revolution, equally important but perhaps less dramatic, is the Dieselization of the passenger bus. Both these fields were developed by the Winton-General Motors combination, whose Diesel department has done a smart job in sweating down the old draft-horse to mule proportions. In 1930 GM took over the Winton Engine Company of Cleveland, which had been making Diesels for years. While Cummins stuck to the original 4-cycle principle described above, in which the piston travels the length of the cylinder four times for each power stroke, Winton and GM developed a faster, lighter 2-cycle motor—a type by no means new—which delivers two working blows for each blow of the 4-cycle engine. This is because one of the round-trip journeys of the 4-cycle piston, which does nothing but drive the burnt gases from the cylinder, has been eliminated. When the piston goes down on its working stroke a "door" opens near the bottom of the cylinder and fresh air blows through, cleaning house so that the next working stroke can start immediately. It's like a street car which has an entrance at one end and an exit at the other. Thus the 2-cycle motor will deliver almost the same amount of power with half the number of cylinders. Weight is saved, which is important in transportation uses. Further dieting was accomplished by skeletonizing the cylinder walls—substituting two thin steel walls with braces between them for the old heavy, solid wall.

When two of these engines were shown in the Chicago World's Fair in 1933 the railroads showed sudden interest. Here was an internal-combustion engine small enough to fit the space requirements of a locomotive and powerful enough to compete with steam. Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and Union Pacific led the rush. In the fall of 1934, U.P.'s streamlined train M-10,001 arrived in New York with a transcontinental speed record and the news that it had spent only $83 on fuel for the 3,260-mile dash. And C. B. & Q.'s 95-ton "Zephyr" streamliner, carrying 84 passengers on a record-breaking run from Denver to Chicago, got almost three miles to the gallon of fuel oil. These accomplishments did not surprise gray-haired Diesel engineers who are familiar with such savings, but the public was amazed. There are now 66 Diesel streamliners in service, and the name is used in advertisements as a lure to fashionable travelers. For the first time in history the Diesel has got into society.

The story of economy is repeated in the rapid adoption of the new Diesel passenger buses. Early in this year Yellow Coach, GM subsidiary, had sold 1,106 coaches powered with the 2-cycle Diesel motor. Their combined mileage already runs into the millions, and comparisons show that they are getting about 50 per

cent more miles per gallon from fuel oil than similar buses are getting from gasoline. Seventy-five of the new coaches are running in New York, on Fifth, Madison, and Eighth Avenues, and on some of the cross-town runs. Gear-shifting has been eliminated by "oil transmission," which simplifies operation and reduces weight. Chicago has fifty more, and others are carrying passengers on the streets of Boston, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. Public Service Co-ordinated Transport of New Jersey uses 125 on suburban and interurban runs, and has ordered 242 more, and Greyhound Lines has ordered 250. After checking the performance of its Diesel locomotives, the C. B. & Q. Railroad bought a fleet of 21 Diesel buses, and they make the run from Chicago to San Francisco in 57 hours—only an hour slower than regular train schedule.

IV

Progress along these lines is quite fast enough to satisfy the thirty-three manufacturers who make most of the engines. It will be many years before they have exhausted the potential market in the draft-horse and mule fields. But with the layman who reads of Diesel performance, one question is uppermost: "When can I buy a Diesel automobile?" You can buy one to-morrow. They will put a Diesel engine in your new car if you want to spend perhaps $400 more and figure out the mileage you will have to drive to get your money back, and if you don't mind a little clatter in place of the soft purring of your present motor. It will be a custom job of course, so the real question is "When will Diesel cars be made on a mass-production basis?"

Most big manufacturers have automotive Diesel designs up their sleeves, and there are rumors of a plot to withhold the new car from the public. Stumbling-blocks to Diesel progress in other fields may lend plausibility to the theory, but a look at the motor market leads one to the conclusion that if there is a plot, 30,000,000 motorists have a part in it. Drivers seem to care more for "ride," appearance, and flexibility than they do for fuel economy. As proof, any car-buyer can pay a few dollars more for "overdrive" equipment which will cut his gasoline cost, but few buyers are interested. And there is no evident correlation between the list of sales leaders and the reports of consumers' agencies on operating costs. Diesel truck engines are made by mass-production methods, but are still more expensive than gasoline engines. Every Diesel purchaser pays a higher first cost and gets it back in driblets. Owners of truck fleets can finance the operation, but not the average driver of a family car. The price of the light automobile is carefully set to meet the low income of the average driver. Put a Diesel in his car and you would lift the price out of his reach.

In a casual luncheon conversation, a group of General Motors men estimated that in mass production the Diesel engine would add $200 to the price of a small car, and that if the fuel oil were distributed as widely as gasoline now is, the difference in price might shrink to 2 cents a gallon. At this rate, they said, you would have to drive the car 40,000 miles to get your money back.

Whether or not they were unduly pessimistic, it is obvious that wide adoption of a Diesel car would send the tax on its fuel sky-high. Our roads are built largely by gasoline taxes, and if the present highway finance method is retained, a lower volume of fuel sales would mean a higher unit tax. But no one in the field is willing to predict what may happen day after to-morrow. If the engineers learn how to make an automotive Diesel as cheaply as a gasoline motor, so that we can eat our cake and have it too, we shall doubtless all drive Diesels.

Then there is the airplane industry. Diesel has one foot in the door, and there is violent disagreement about how far it will go. As long ago as the World War the United States Government worked at putting wings on the engine. Packard

made and flew half a dozen Diesel planes in the early thirties. The German Junkers firm now leads the world in their production, and three years ago the German Lufthansa had fifty Junkers Diesels in service, using them over the South Atlantic line. The chief engineering problem was to reduce the weight of the engine, and Junkers met it with a double-action motor, in which the combustion propels two pistons at once in opposite directions, instead of expending a part of its force against the cylinder-head. It is reported that the newest Junkers Diesel weighs only 1.4 pounds per horsepower, while the lightest gasoline air motor tips the scales at 1.3. As we have seen, Diesel fuel goes farther, and this engine weight is low enough, say the makers, so that the combined weight of engine and fuel make for greatly increased flying ranges. Other advantages are the saving in fuel cost—of first importance to Germany, whose gasoline supply is limited—and reduction in fire risk.

American airplane manufacturers are skeptical about these reports from abroad. They say that the results of experimental Junkers tests, presumably made under ideal conditions, are being compared unfairly with actual service results of gasoline-driven planes. The Pratt and Whitney people say that they could make an airplane Diesel at about the same cost as their gasoline engines, and that it would cost no more to retool for Diesel than it does to switch over to a new gasoline model. But they believe that a great deal of work must be done to develop an aircraft Diesel good enough to overcome the lead of gasoline, and they don't feel justified in using their stockholders' money for the purpose.

Millions are being spent in gasoline-engine research. Constant improvements are being made, and the prophetic Charles F. Kettering points to some tomorrow when the motorist may get from 250 to 400 miles from a gallon of gasoline. For every research engineer who is working on the Diesel, there are a dozen trying to improve its entrenched rival. The sheer weight of money may keep the Diesel out of the racehorse class.

Whatever the motor's future may be in this special field, its forward march now seems as sure as death or taxes, for it fills a need caused by a depression-born trend in American industrial habits. The boom fulfills a curiously accurate prediction made by Dr. Rudolph Diesel before a group of New York engineers in 1912, the year before his death. He had been in Washington, where the Secretary of the Navy asked him the question which people have been asking ever since: why the United States was so far behind Europe in the adoption of the world's most efficient engine.

He said that because fuel was cheaper here, we were more wasteful with it, that while the leading idea in Europe was economy in operating cost, Americans were more interested in first cost.

"The word 'efficiency,'" he said, "which is the base of every contract with us, seems to be unknown to a vast proportion in this country. . . . In the last few decades the general business profits have been so large that people did not care for the most economical methods of production . . . the ruling object having been to manufacture quickly and in quantities without regard to the cost.

"All the conditions I have alluded to seem to be changing rapidly now; this terribly wasteful performance begins to be recognized, the competition has become more keen, and a conservation of natural resources is striven for more than ever before. . . . Nowhere in the world are the possibilities for this prime mover as great as in this country."

The contemporary ring of some of those statements suggests that Diesel was at least twenty years ahead of his time.

TABLE FOR ONE

A STORY

BY FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

I GAVE the salesgirl the address to which the bath towels and pillow cases were to be sent. Maybe I should have ordered sheets too, but what was the use of getting more sheets when I didn't have any more beds? I was really too hungry to wrestle with the problem. I'd have to have some lunch first. Three people coming to visit you all at once isn't a coincidence, it's a calamity. Especially when you have only one extra bed.

I crossed the street to Markham's. The food there is delicious and the place isn't too crowded. Usually you can get a table to yourself. To-day I needed to be alone—to think.

"Table for one," I murmured to the hostess.

She led me to a nice secluded corner. I scanned the menu but I couldn't seem to concentrate on food. The simplest thing would be to write or wire them not to come. I hadn't seen any of them in years. Why did they have to be in such a wild hurry to see me now? I could tell each one that the other had asked first; but it wouldn't be true. The funny thing was the letters had all come at once.

I gave the waitress my order absent-mindedly. How was Henry going to take this invasion of females? I was so absorbed I didn't notice the hostess bearing down on me until she said:

"You won't mind if I put someone at your table, will you? We've suddenly got so crowded, I'm afraid it's the only place left."

I could hardly say I did mind with the "someone" standing right there at her elbow, a dour-looking individual at that. She had an umbrella clutched, not by the handle but in the middle, as if it were a shillalah. The British Isles, I decided quickly; she's learned to distrust the weather. It was a grand sunny day, yet evidently she expected rain to come sneaking into Markham's and follow her right up to the table. With elaborate preparedness she laid the umbrella across her chair, toward the back, and proceeded to sit on it. Then she told the girl to bring her some stew with dumplings and a pot of China tea.

"A china pot of tea?" the girl queried.

"Na, na," the woman said, "China tea, I want, not Injia tea, and two balls to the pot."

"We only have Ceylon and Oolong."

"The Oolong is China tea," I interrupted. "Ceylon is India tea."

"And some scones," the woman said.

"We don't carry scones."

The woman looked at me puzzled. "Carry?"

"She means there are no scones, but they have what they call crescents; they are like crumpets."

"Oh, quite."

"Do you want them?" the girl asked crossly.

"Quite."

The waitress took herself off. Why

couldn't the woman say what she wanted in the first place? The woman looked at me and sighed.

"They make it sae difficult, a simple thing like tea."

I had narrowed my first guess of the British Isles specifically to Scotland. There was no mistaking the broad burr of her speech.

"I'm afeard I should hae waited for a table by m'sel'. Bread to bread is nae kitchen."

"What?"

"It's a saying we have back home. It means there's nae enjoyment where individuals of only one sex associate. Kitchen is anything eaten with bread or potatoes to give a relish. I could see ye looked put oot when first I sat me doun."

"Oh, no, I looked put out before you came. About something else." And then I told her, I don't know why except that it was so terribly on my mind, that a lot of friends I hadn't seen in years had suddenly made up their minds they wanted to see me, all at the same time.

The woman's face grew very serious. Her eyes darkened.

"Nae wonder ye're put oot. It's a bad thing entirely."

"It *is* annoying. Especially when there's only one guest room and they're all strangers to one another."

The woman looked more solemn than ever. "You mean nane o' them ken the ithers were a-coomin?"

I shook my head.

"It fair gives me the creeps. It do for sure."

"Oh, it's not as serious as all that," I laughed.

"Nae serious? The mark o' death?"

I stopped laughing. "What do you mean?"

"Did ye never hear tell of it? In the auld country 'tis a common thing. When death puts a sign on a body the knowledge goes out over the wind and the water, and the friends that love a body pick up the knowledge without their ken. They don't know why, but they coom gropin' through the miles and the distance to meet and greet a body—before it's too late."

"Good heavens! What a grim interpretation to put on the nuisance of friends barging into town at the same time."

"'Tis not my own idea. Up in the Highlands"—she pronounced it "Heelands"—"that was my faither's country, they always said it followed as sure as the heather bursts from the bud."

"I don't like it," I said. "It's gruesome."

The Scotch woman smiled. She had a nice smile. Her face was so rugged that her cheekbones were like high tors. When she smiled it was like sun breaking out over the moors.

"Ye needna take it for gospel. I didna mean to upset ye. My own mither was forever pooh-poohing the idea. She'd get into a fair funk at faither for putting a lot of Heeland nonsense into our heads. She was a Lowlander herself. 'Up yonder,' she'd say, 'the mist is that thick it gets into a body's head, and they can't see clear again forever after. I never knew one of them yet,' she'd say, looking at faither, 'that wasn't away in his mind. 'Tis in the clouds they are. But us Lowlanders now, we've got our feet firm in the soil.'

"'In the bog, ye mean,' faither'd say. 'Ye're sae mired doun ye can naither soar na light. But the bairns, they're different. They've got on them the breath of the wind out of Fingal's Cave. They've got in their ears the wild things the waves be sayin' as they break over the stormy Hebrides.'

"'What is it they say, faither?' I asked him one day. 'I hear naethin'.'

"'Listen, woman, then, for God's sake.' He'd called me 'woman' ever since I was a babe in arms. 'Twas then I first started to listen. All that winter I listened."

She paused and seemed to be looking off into space, as if she were listening now to waves beating on some far island, like Lindisfarne. I pulled myself up sharply. The woman was probably herself a bit away in the mind. It was just as well

not to get too involved. I attacked my lamb chop.

"All that winter," the Scotch woman went on, "the kindred came to see us. 'It must be a lean year at home,' mither joked, 'they're coomin' like swallows.' Some of them came from as far away as the Border. 'Twas toward the end of the winter, when the ice was breaking up in Moray Firth, that He came, the last of the kinsfolk."

"Who?" I said.

"Need ye be askin'? Who but Death that's kin to us all?"

I gave her a hard, practical look. If she were a fakir trying to put on a show for me I might as well let her know I wasn't impressed. The look was entirely lost. She was paying no attention to me. It was as if I weren't there at all. She was back with the thawing ice of the Firth of Moray.

"Ah, well," she said at last and smiled the nice homespun smile, "it's nae guid to listen too much. After mither went I was sore afeard. 'Let the Heelanders have their daft notions,' I said to myself, 'I'll hold fast to the feel of the peat and the warmth of it, and nae let the smoke cloud m'eyes till I be seein' things that are na there.'" She poured herself a fresh cup of the wickedly strong tea. "I'll trouble ye to pass the milk jug."

I handed her the cream. It was a relief to be back on safe ground with food again. Of one thing I was certain now. A little crazy she might be, but she was sincere. Belief in the things she was saying was in her voice and in her eyes.

"But 'twas na use nae to listen," she went on after she had sipped a little of her tea. "It will coom, if it will coom. Last time 'twas a dream."

"Well of course we all have queer dreams," I said. "Most of them can be explained scientifically, by mental telepathy, or psychoanalysis or something. They don't mean anything. Or rather they do mean something, but not the ill omens that people used to think they meant."

"I dreamed I was going to die," the Scotch woman went on. "'Twas to be in a motor accident. I dreamed the day and the hour. It was sae clear, I got up from m'bed and wrote it down. May 21, 1938, it was to be, at four o'clock in the afternoon."

Now I could really smile. The date was reassuringly in the past.

"At least that time your leprechauns and fairy fey guessed wrong."

The woman shook her head. "Na, na. They were nae wrong."

My heavens! Was the woman trying to tell me she was *dead?* For a ghastly second, staring at the weird look on her face, I had a terrible feeling that she was going to vanish. I could imagine the hostess coming up and saying: "Do you mind if I put someone at your table?" And sure enough there I'd be, all alone. My eyes took a hasty inventory, so that if it happened I'd have some tangible evidence to cling to. I thought, with relief, of the umbrella. Even a ghost couldn't disappear with a large cotton umbrella. Or maybe this one could, riding it like a broomstick. Anyway the half-finished cup of tea and untidy bits of "scone" would have to remain. There was also the lady herself. She hadn't vanished, thank God. She was still there, as big as life.

"Na," she was saying, "they were nae wrong. Naither were they right. That day ne'er a step did I budge from the house, I was that careful. But when four o'clock coom and naethin' untoward, I laughed at m'sel' for a superstitious auld fool. That May 21st was a hot day, if you remember. The danger by, I went out to catch a breath o' air. Nary a breeze was stirring. The paper boy had thrown in the paper on the walk. I stepped down to pick it up, thinkin' to use it for a fan. Our house is on a corner and a deal of rhododendron hides the yard from the street. Well, no sooner had I stepped down from the porch than a motor coom charging out of them rhododendron like a bat out o' hell."

"How terrible!"

"Aye, it was terrible. We heard afterward that the car pulled oot to steer clear of another that had coom round the corner unbeknownst. 'Twas too quick a turn, and the motor came tearing through our bushes. Poor things, they haven't been the same since."

"But what about you?"

The Scotch woman smiled her Skyey smile. "I'm like the bushes, mended maybe, but nae the same as I was before. I've been oot of the nursing home only this little while. It took me the better part of a year to recover. But lucky I am to be here." Then her eyes fell on my plate. "Dear, dear, I'm afeard I've spoiled yer lunch wi' m' blithrin'. Ye've let yer mutton get cauld."

"Oh, that's all right. I wasn't very hungry."

"I dinna ken how I coom to say all this. But when ye started in tellin' me aboot the friends that have been coomin' after ye, that ye haven't seen for many a year, it popped into my head what they say in the Heelands. I should hae held m' tongue."

I smiled, a consciously bright and practical smile. "I'm not a superstitious person, you know. Americans are pretty sensible. It takes more than old wives' tales to upset us. You see," I smiled again, "we haven't any mist blowing in from the Hebrides."

"I'm verra glad to hear it. Ye're a nice girrul, and I wouldna want to believe that Heeland nonsense could touch ye. When all's said and done, there's only three o' them a-coomin'. If 'twas true I doot there'd be more."

She poured herself another cup of the dark brew. I picked up my check and said good-by kindly. Isn't there something about being good to the feeble-minded, since they are supposed to be holy, having been touched by God? My own mental balance, once I was out of the Hebrides storm center, began to reassert itself. I could hear myself regaling Henry with the whole story at dinner. Good old Henry. There was no "Heeland" fog about him. The cashier handed me my change. There were some nickels among the coins she gave me. My eyes sought the telephone booth. Why wait until to-night to talk to Henry? It would be nice to talk to him right now. I'd say: "I'm putting a call through to Reality." He'd laugh, willing to be Reality.

What he actually said was: "I'm glad you called. I've been trying to get you all morning. I had a cable from your Uncle John. He sent it here to the bank. He wasn't sure but what we had moved. He's coming through New York on his way to the Coast and he wants to see you."

"Send a cable right back saying he can't," I snapped.

"Why?" Henry asked, surprise sticking out all over his voice.

"Because we're going to be out of town, because we're going away."

"How do you know we are? You haven't even asked me what day he lands."

"I don't care what day it is. We'll be out of town."

"Whatever has got into you, Towser, turning on your old Uncle John like that? I thought you'd be crazy to see him."

"Don't you say 'crazy' to me."

"All right, all right. But you *are* acting kind of queer, you know, when you haven't seen him in years."

"I won't have them coming like swallows." I said. "I won't."

"Swallows? Who like swallows?"

"Oh, don't bother me. Send him a cable not to come."

"Good old Towser. Nice Towser. Down, Towser."

I slammed up the 'phone and went home. I had lost my appetite for shopping, especially for sheets and pillow cases. There'd be no kindred "a-coomin"!

THE CRISIS IN INDIA

BY ANUP SINGH

BRITAIN entered the first World War with a loyal India on her side. She now has a rebel India on her hands. On September 8, 1914, George V called upon the peoples of India to fight "to overthrow an unparalleled assault upon the continuity of civilization and the peace of mankind." India's response was spontaneous and overwhelming. On September 11, 1939, George VI asked India to fight "for a principle which is vital to the future of mankind," and the response was reluctant and mixed. In the first World War Gandhi recruited volunteers to aid Britain; now he holds them ready for civil disobedience. Much has happened in India in these past twenty-five years.

Both Britain and Nationalist India are profoundly disturbed over the situation to-day. Both have striven in their own ways to avert further clashes, but they seem to have failed, as their points of view remain irreconcilable as ever. Continued conflict is thus inevitable. But at this writing (in May), Gandhi, concerned lest his challenge to Britain at this time be interpreted as blackmail, is holding back. He is equally concerned over the lack of discipline in his own ranks, and though he may not strike with full force during the war, the possibility of civil disobedience will always lurk in the background. A whisper from Gandhi's mystic inner voice, and the movement will be on in full swing. He holds incredible power in his hands.

India presents an exceedingly complex problem, both in her claims against Britain and in her internal affairs. To portray it adequately is a difficult task. The British and the Indian Nationalists view the problem with very different perspectives, and the interpretation of either one is bound to be somewhat biased. My own sympathies are with the Nationalists, but I have tried here to approach the subject with conscientious objectivity. In discussing the problem of minorities in India I can lay claim to some personal experience, since I belong to the Sikh minority which represents only one per cent of the entire population.

Nationalist India now demands complete independence, with the right to secede from the Empire if necessary. Lord Zetland, the Secretary of State for India, on April 18, 1940, declared categorically that this demand is utterly unacceptable to Britain. India demands the right to a constituent assembly to frame her own constitution, and to settle the questions of minorities, of the Princes, and of other interests, and insists that the British intervention has merely aggravated these problems. Britain, on the contrary, denies that there is enough unity among the communities to enable them to evolve any scheme. As to the Princes, Britain's claim is that she is committed by treaties to protect their status, an obligation that cannot be lightly repudiated to meet the new exigencies. India, while overwhelmingly anti-Hitler, has refused to aid Britain. She wants democracy at home first before she will go on a crusade to save it elsewhere. Britain feels that the groundwork of

freedom for India has been laid, that pledges to go on with the work have been given, and that India should not press for concessions at this time when England is engaged in a struggle for her very life. And she warns India that if Hitler wins, not Britain but others will decide India's fate.

Internally there are further conflicts of purpose. The Princes of India are deeply perturbed over the Nationalists' growing stress on independence, for they see how they can maintain their own safety under dominion status, but not under complete independence. The Moslem League, led by Mohammed Ali Jinnah, also prefers dominion status. And both the Princes and the League repudiate the claim of the nationalist organization, the National Congress, to speak for India.

On the nature of the Hindu-Moslem relations two extremely divergent views are of interest. Maulana Azad, a Moslem, the new president of the Congress, speaking at its open session on March 22, 1940, at Ramgarh, thus delivered himself on the subject: "Whether we like it or not, we have now become an Indian nation, united and indivisible. No fantasy or artificial scheming to separate and divide, can break this unity." Another Moslem, Jinnah, on the other hand, declares that there is nothing in common between the Hindus and Moslems to constitute a nation, and advocates the splitting of India in two. The task before the Indian leaders to-day is to reconcile all these seemingly irreconcilable interests.

It is not pertinent at this stage to inquire if Britain's rule in India has been a blessing or a curse. Perhaps it has been both. To understand the situation to-day, and to envisage even dimly the coming developments in India, it is pertinent to inquire: What has made the loyal India of yesterday into the rebel India of to-day, and how has Britain met this change? Is there enough accord among the communities of India to sustain self-government, and does the National Congress provide a base for common action now? Why does India refuse to aid Britain in this war? Is it merely to embarrass Britain now, or is there a deeper cause than that? And, finally, what are India's aspirations for the future? For possible answers to these queries we must capture the background in a sweep.

II

The nationalism that moves India to-day is the child of many forces. British education really germinated its first seeds, for it exposed Indians to European literature. They read English history, learned of Magna Charta, read Milton, Burke, Garibaldi, Mazzini. This new learning brought vague dreams of a free India to the minds of a small minority. The writings of Orientalists like Max Müller, portraying the past splendor of India, revived memories of their forgotten heritage. Thus the beginnings of a cultural nationalism were laid.

The Indian National Congress—the body that to-day defies Britain, talks of civil disobedience and independence, and attracts multitudes to its annual gatherings—was born as long ago as 1885. But it was long an innocuous body, run by a few of the intelligentsia, preoccupied with resolutions of protest against this, that, and the other. It remained cut off from the masses. There was no Gandhi then to galvanize these inarticulate millions into action. It carried on, however, till 1914, when war came and India rallied to help Britain. This was genuine help, for she contributed $500,000,000 to the Allied War Chest, bought war loans to the extent of $700,000,000, and sent 1,338,620 men to the various war fronts—178,000 more than the combined troops of all the British Dominions engaged in that war.

On August 22, 1917, Mr. Montagu, the Secretary of State for India, announced in the House of Commons that the British policy in India from then on was "the progressive realization of responsible government." This was in

acknowledgment of India's generous help, and it aroused new hopes in India. At that time Wilsonian slogans of self-determination were echoing around the globe. India emerged from the war with excitement and anticipation.

Then the Amritsar massacre of April 13, 1919, inflamed the whole country almost overnight, and sowed the seeds of all that we witness in India to-day. General Dyer opened fire on a peaceful crowd assembled to protest against post-war repressive measures. He killed over five hundred and wounded several thousand. As a schoolboy I was there when the shooting took place; I had seen the crowd and innocently followed it wondering what was going on; and I remember my father's dismay later when General Dyer was retired on full pension from the Indian Treasury and was eulogized by his admirers on his return to England. Gandhi, from a sick bed, begged the Viceroy to right the wrong that had been done his people, but there was silence in official quarters. It was then that Gandhi's revolt against British rule on moral grounds began. In 1920 Gandhi launched his famous non-violent non-co-operation movement.

The story of that movement has been too often told to be repeated here. What must be emphasized is that, although Gandhi in recent years has been less active politically—being occupied with the problems of cottage industries and of the Untouchables—and although Nehru, the aristocratic Brahman who preaches socialism to the half-starved masses, has been the chief active leader of the Nationalists, Gandhi as a single factor still outweighs everything else in India.

Gandhi's simplicity, sincerity, and asceticism have captured the imaginations of the religious millions of India. For them his is the voice of an oracle. He may at times disappear from the headlines of the foreign press, but India always turns to Gandhi in a crisis. His popularity has never waned, because there is none to replace him. Gandhi has become the symbol of India's revolt. The love of country, as the driving force that one finds in the West, is as yet very mild in India. Religious and communal loyalties still come first. But Gandhi has generated a passionate resolve to end the British rule in its present form in India, and that resolve constitutes a phenomenal force to be reckoned with.

After many long years of alternating concessions and repressions by the British Government, the deliberations of the three Round Table Conferences in London culminated in the India Constitution of 1935. This constitution was denounced by all parties in India, and even Winston Churchill characterized it as a product of the pigmies. It gave virtually full control to the elected members in the provinces, widened the franchise, gave the Indians a limited authority at the center. But the Indians objected to the fact that the Constitution left extraordinary powers in the hands of the Viceroy and gave elected members no control over foreign affairs, no control over the army, and limited control over the central finances. It gave excessive representation to the Princes, and retained the division of the electorate on a religious basis. In spite of these objections the Nationalists stood for election in 1936 in the various provinces, captured eight out of the eleven provinces, and initiated many a social and economic reform with little interference from the British Governors. But the Nationalist opposition to the constitution continued unabated.

To British eyes the constitution looked like a considerable step forward in India's political evolution. It provided a basis for a federal government of India, the only suitable form of government for that vast country. It did certainly retain considerable powers in Britain's hands, but these powers were bound to decrease as they had done in the case of other dominions. As to the Princes, they had to be given adequate safeguards to protect their status. And the division of electorates along religious lines seemed to the British the only one possible under the circumstances in India.

The Nationalist and British points of view were thus still absolutely unreconciled when the war came, the constitution collapsed, and India reverted to where she had been in 1914.

III

These constitutional issues may be resurrected any time. But meanwhile one central issue persists. Is there enough unity among the component parts of the vast Indian population to render self-government possible?

The British argue that the two major communities of India, the Hindus and Moslems, are profoundly hostile to each other. They have indulged in sanguinary riots for years, and in the absence of a third party, the British, they would be at each other's throats. The Nationalists, on the other hand, while recognizing the existence of differences, suspect Britain of playing a machiavellian game of playing the two groups against each other. They insist that enduring accord between the two communities is possible—but only after the elimination of the British from the Indian scene. Closer scrutiny, however, would reveal that the claims of both the British and the Nationalists suffer from over-simplification.

In a population of three hundred and seventy million the Hindus represent approximately two-thirds and the Moslems one-third. There are religious differences that divide the two, there are remnants of dividing historic memories that persist. The Moslems as a minority once ruled India, and they resent their position under the new dispensation. Hindu orthodoxy raises another barrier by discouraging inter-dining and intermarrying between the two communities. The device of dividing the electorate along religious lines has further widened the gulf. Besides all these, there is the ever-present temptation for each community to turn to the British for aid, rather than seek rapprochement with the sister community in a spirit of give and take. The British may not be guilty of playing a machiavellian role, but there is little that they have done to promote harmony. The atmosphere to-day is permeated with mutual suspicions and fears.

There is, however, another side to the picture. The two communities for centuries in the past lived, on the whole, peacefully side by side. Each contributed its share in evolving a culture that now is the common heritage of both. They both hail predominantly from the same racial stock. The Indian dress, language, art, music, philosophy, architecture, and even religion, bear full mark of both the Hindus and the Moslems. The Moslems are not a national minority in the European sense. In the villages that represent over ninety per cent of the population of India there have only rarely been riots. The growing secular education is imperceptibly undermining religious fanaticism, and industrialism is creating new and different economic alignments. The tension appears serious now as the new awakening has had the effect of making each community conscious of its entity, but Nationalism in the long run seems to have in it the promise of promoting a common unity.

The Indian National Congress has in its ranks members of all the communities. The Hindus are naturally predominant in the National Congress since they represent two-thirds of the population of the country. But the policies of Congress are inspired by a concept of India for all, not only for the Hindus. It has had Moslems as its presidents in the past, and the president this year is a Moslem theologian. It stands for the full protection of minority rights, religious, linguistic, and cultural. In its contemplated constituent assembly the minorities will have a chance to send their own representatives. All issues affecting a minority will be settled by mutual agreement and not by majority vote. Any unsettled dispute will be referred to a recognized tribunal. So evenly distributed is the entire population that persecution of a minority in one place would

bring immediate repercussions elsewhere, thus serving as a restraining check. The Congress governments in power for three years in eight provinces have vindicated their claim to impartiality.

There is, to be sure, one element among the Moslems, organized in the Moslem League under the leadership of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, which is intransigent and openly hostile to the Indian National Congress. It has spurned every offer of compromise till now, and has recently come out with an alarming proposal to divide India along religious lines. Jinnah is a shrewd barrister, thoroughly modern, and there is very little trace of religion in him, but he knows how to utilize it skillfully for political purposes. Jinnah's League, however, secured only one-fourth of the entire Moslem vote in the last elections. It is not likely that the claims of his minority will be permitted forever to override the majority. For as Nehru recently observed, "A majority also has some rights." Curiously enough, the real minorities—the Sikhs, the Parsees, the Christians—are not pressing for special favors, though Jinnah is perturbed over the fate of the more than 70,000,000 sturdy Moslems in a free India. Britain's chief claim has always been that she has promoted political unity in India. If under her ægis to-day India should be carved in two, it would be a tragic betrayal of that claim.

The States of India, under the Princes, present an anomalous situation. There are some five hundred of them, some—like Hyderabad, Kashmir, and Mysore—with territories as large as important European countries, and some holding just a few acres. The Princes rule among them a population of 81 millions as against 257 millions in British India; an area of 712,000 square miles as against 1,096,000 square miles of British India. There are a half a dozen or so Indian Princes whose rule meets modern standards, and they are men of high moral character; but the others are picturesque relics of a feudal past, exercising arbitrary powers over the millions of their subjects who do not enjoy even elementary civic rights. With most of the Princes tiger hunting and "conspicuous waste" are the favorite preoccupations, and not many of them are afflicted with a social conscience. The British found them in India, utilized them to consolidate their own regime, and preserved them later as their faithful allies. The Princes recognize British overlordship, and ungrudgingly submit to British dictates, but in their own realms they carry on to suit their own whims—provided the whims do not infringe upon Imperial interests.

With the coming of Nationalism in British India the subjects of the Princes too have caught the new contagion. They are out to get their rights, and their revolts are being systematically crushed, often with the aid of British bayonets. The Princes can call upon the British in the name of their treaty rights, but their subjects are now turning outside for help to the Indian National Congress. There is an open conspiracy now between the Indian National Congress and the subjects of the Indian Princes. It is a contest between the hereditary rights of the Princes, sanctioned under antiquated treaties by the British, and the moral rights of the people. Lord Zetland told the American reporters in London on Nov. 10, 1939, that these treaties could not be treated as scraps of paper to meet either British convenience or that of the Nationalists. Of course the Nationalist retort is that in the past the treaties have been tampered with to meet Imperial needs.

These areas in India are thus the battle ground for three contending forces, feudalism, nationalism, and imperialism. Caught between the agitation from within and the pressure from without, the bejeweled heads of the rajahs are having some uneasy nights. Gandhi believes that he can touch the hearts of the Princes. He experimented with one of them not long ago when he risked his life in a fast against the ruler of Rajkot, but he succeeded only in moving the heart of Lord Linlithgow, who, in turn, put

pressure upon the obdurate Prince. There are some in the Nationalist camp who do not share Gandhi's optimism, and at their hands the Princes may not fare so well. It is possible that some far-sighted greater Princes may retain their position under some suitable constitutional arrangement, but the others seem destined to go.

The Untouchables, those unfortunate millions! They have been assigned to the lowest rung of the ladder for centuries. India has neglected them and Britain can show little that she has done for them. Heretofore they have endured their lot as preordained by inscrutable destiny, but now they are taking destiny in their own hands. Gandhi is their champion. In thousands the Untouchables go and squat before schools and temples; and these places, barred to them traditionally, are now being opened. Stubborn social prejudices will die a slow death, but under the new national awakening orthodoxy has for the first time been put on the defensive. Individual Untouchable leaders may have some grievance against the Congress, but the Congress, in the long run, appears to offer the best chance for help.

It is a tremendous problem to harmonize all the interests of the Hindus, the Moslems, the Princes, and the Pariahs. Even in more politically advanced countries reconciliation of conflicting interests is a delicate task. The dictators alone have hit upon the ingenious device of achieving internal harmony through castor oil, concentration camps, and firing squads. But those who have faith in democracy must recognize and even welcome differences, provided the differences do not shatter the foundations of corporate life. India has always known an element of underlying unity midst her heterogeneity. She has a difficult task ahead now. But there is this much in her favor; she has a tradition of peaceful methods to guide her, and her leaders are men of noble ideals and vision.

Britain could play a great role in casing the internal tension in India. How the problem will be settled depends very much on where she puts her weight now.

IV

Meanwhile the war has overshadowed all else in India. "If ever there could be justified war in the name of and for humanity, a war against Germany to prevent the wanton persecution of a whole race would be completely justified. But I do not believe in any war." These were Gandhi's solemn words before the outbreak of this war. Gandhi sent a personal appeal to Hitler begging him to desist from plunging the whole world in a ghastly debacle. In his interview with Lord Linlithgow Gandhi expressed his unqualified sympathies for the Allies. Returning from the interview, he confessed that he had broken down at the thought of Westminster in ruins. For years before the war the most scathing denunciations of Nazi aggressions came from Nationalist India. They assailed Chamberlain's capitulation at Munich. Nehru flew back after witnessing the tragedy of Czechoslovakia and declared that he could stand Chamberlain's policy no more. But when Chamberlain finally took up the sword he did not find Nationalist India on his side.

What is behind this paradox? As far back as 1927 Congress declared that it would not associate itself in any future imperialist war. It was driven to the conclusion that India's resources had in the past been exploited for imperialist purposes, and the Congress was now determined that India's help in the future, if any, would be voluntary. From 1927 on, the Congress repeated this stand year after year in its annual sessions. A month before the outbreak of the war the Congress made the pronouncement that it would resist India being dragged into war without her consent. But Indian troops were dispatched abroad even before the declaration of war. Congress, as a protest, withdrew her representatives from the

central assembly. Then on September 3, 1939, in a radio broadcast, Lord Linlithgow informed India that she was at war.

India had accepted such a procedure as normal and natural in 1914. Her Emperor was at war, and she was automatically at war. The India of 1939, however, resented the idea that a mere cable from London could turn her into a belligerent country without even the formality of a consultation. But even consultation this time would not have made much difference, for now Congress was raising more disturbing issues. Gandhi had expected some spontaneous gesture from Britain toward India as the war began, but nothing came forth; and thereupon the Congress Working Committee (the inner cabinet of the Congress), on September 15, 1939, issued a statement prepared by Nehru. It denounced Naziism and fascism and German aggression in Poland, deferred its final decision, but invited the British Government to declare its war aims in regard to democracy and imperialism and how they were to apply to India in the present and the future. It reminded the Princes that their first concern should be the introduction of democracy in their own states, and it declared finally that fascism and imperialism were the root causes of war, and called upon Britain to relinquish her hold upon India to prove her *bona fides*.

This declaration found little approval in England. Lord Zetland, Secretary of State for India, during a debate on India in the House of Lords on September 27th, characterized the Nationalist stand as ill-advised, and expressed the fear that the British people would resent this stand during their life-and-death struggle. He admired the burning patriotism of the Indian leaders, but observed that while lifting their eyes to the stars the Nationalists often lost sight of the practical difficulties at their feet. The Congress took this as a rebuke, and answered by passing a stronger resolution on October 10th by a vote of 188 to 58. This endorsed the previous stand with two additions: India must be declared an independent nation, and present application must be given to this status to the largest possible extent; Indian freedom must be based on democracy and unity, and the full recognition and protection of the rights of all minorities, for which the Congress had always pleaded.

Then on October 17, 1939, Lord Linlithgow spoke for the Government. He assured the Indian leaders that Britain was not aiming only at victory, but was envisaging a new international system in which war would not be the inevitable lot of the succeeding generations. He reaffirmed that dominion status was the goal of India's political progress, noted the serious differences among the communities of India, and expressed the willingness of his government to consult Indian representatives at the end of the war for the necessary constitutional changes. He offered to establish a consultative group for the purpose of associating Indian opinion in the prosecution of the war, and ended his statement with the fervent hope that in this grave juncture India would go forward as a united country in support of a common cause.

This historic pronouncement evoked varying responses. Jinnah's Moslem League appreciated the government's repudiation of the Congress's claim to speak for the whole of India. The Congress considered the statement an unequivocal reiteration of the old imperialist policy. "Congress, in asking for bread, has got stones." That was Gandhi's reaction. British Labor and Liberal opinion too was critical of the statement. H. N. Brailsford remarked that by provoking a rebellion in India England might lose the war and deserve to lose it. "Our only hope of success," said he, "and even of survival, lies in our ability to conceive our cause as a battle for freedom." To the conservatives, on the other hand, both in India and England, the Viceroy's statement appeared to be the only one that could have been made under the circumstances.

The statement was expected to clarify the situation, but instead it widened the gulf between the Congress and the Government. The Congress ministers in the provinces resigned as a protest, and in the absence of any other party to form a government, the constitutional machinery broke down and all powers reverted to the Governors, who have been ruling the areas by ordinance since then.

Prolonged discussions between the Viceroy and the various Indian leaders have meanwhile brought no satisfaction. The Viceroy advised the leaders that they must recompose their differences before further progress could be made. The Nationalists, Gandhi, Nehru, and others, stood firm on their familiar retort that the settling of the minority problem is India's domestic affair, which cannot be exploited to evade Britain's declaration toward India. They further protested that the method of according recognition to every interest in India while showing no preference to a party comprising numerous groups, will permanently jeopardize prospects of unity. And on that crucial issue the negotiations seem to have broken down for the time being.

After years of absence from the Congress sessions Gandhi appeared before the assembled delegates at Ramgarh on March 21, 1940. "I shall march forward," he proclaimed, "when you are ready. I have never acknowledged defeat throughout all these years." At his inspiration, Congress at Ramgarh on March 22nd again declared that the war was for imperialist ends and that India would be satisfied with nothing less than complete independence; and it envisaged civil disobedience in the near future. Congress committees were asked on April 18th to prepare for this contingency.

Gandhi, to be sure, declared that he was asking merely for moral independence at this moment. How could he ask for statutory independence, he said, when Britain's "own fate hangs in the balance"? What he wants, apparently, is an unequivocal declaration of policy and immediate action in so far as this is possible. He is reported to have said that he will think a thousand times before embarrassing Britain in her hour of trial. But more belligerent elements in the Congress, led by Subhas Chandra Bose, are clamoring for immediate civil disobedience. As I write (in May), numerous arrests under the Government of India Defense Act have already been made. A strike, involving 160,000 textile workers as a protest against rising prices and low wages, has created a serious situation in Bombay. The atmosphere is charged with explosive possibilities.

The recent pronouncements of the British spokesmen that they are utterly sincere in their professions toward India have failed to induce any change of heart among the Nationalists. They argue that while England may be a democracy at home and fighting for one abroad, in India she has always appeared in imperialist garb. The promise of dominion status to be redeemed after the war also has for them a familiar ring. In the current talk of a new world order after the war they note that the European statesmen foresee at best an equitable system in Europe. Colonial people are expected to help settle these European feuds, and then wait for democracy for themselves, if there is enough left to go round. Nationalist India is intensely interested in the new world order, but to her that means first and foremost the end of the imperial system, and it is for that end that she is striving in her own way. The utmost one can expect of India now is that she may suspend her activities against Britain during the war, in the name of fair play; and this much Gandhi seems willing to do.

What if Hitler wins? The Nationalist rejoinder is: Would Britain face even that possibility rather than have a free India on her side? The possibility that India might fall victim to Russia or Japan does not seem to have the expected chastening effect upon the Indian Nationalists. They do not suspect Russia of any designs upon India, and they believe that

Japan is fully engaged with her next-door neighbor. However, the Nationalists have no false illusions, and seem prepared to take their chances. They might discover, however, that the gentle weapon of non-violence would not be so potent against possible new aggressors.

Britain feels that she has too many more pressing problems on her hands to go into the Indian problem now. She is also convinced that convening a constituent assembly at this time would only result in a prolonged deadlock. She cannot accept the proposition that she should merely sanction any agreement arrived at by the Indians. She has enormous interests to protect, and insists upon being a party to any settlement. Moreover, historically, a constituent assembly has usually come about when one of the contesting parties has triumphed, and of course the Indian National Congress at this time cannot claim this position. Thus it seems the struggle will proceed and may be sharply intensified—if the fortunes of war do not alter the picture.

All possible choices of action at this juncture for both Britain and the Nationalists are very hazardous, and it will need statesmanship of the highest order on both sides to steer through.

Should the Nationalist leaders choose to reverse their position with respect to war without obtaining an unequivocal pledge of a dominion status of their own choice, it would constitute a betrayal, not only of all they have stood for throughout the years, but also of the trust of their own rank and file. If they continue withholding their help to Britain, those elements who are standing by Britain now would, in the event of Allied victory, gain the upper hand in India. For it would then be only natural for Britain to patronize them. Should the Nationalists start civil disobedience during the war it would meet with terrific severity in view of the new war emergency powers; acts of repression that would be condemned in normal times would appear justified. Moreover, despite all protests to the contrary, civil disobedience would be regarded by many as blackmail. Finally, inaction on the part of the present leadership in the Congress would generate unrest and play into the hands of the radicals.

Should Britain continue to refuse Indian Nationalist demands at a time when she claims to be fighting for democracy and freedom, her moral position in the world at large would suffer. (This fact has not escaped the attention of Hitler.) To meet the demand for complete independence means an act of self-effacement unprecedented in history, and the virtual end of the Empire. In case civil disobedience is resumed, any further repression would easily shatter what little chance still remains for compromise in India. There is also the possibility that in case a settlement were indefinitely postponed Britain might have to deal, not with Gandhi, but with others less gentle in their methods, and the struggle would then take on a grimmer character.

The Indian problem in essence represents a clash between growing nationalism and decaying imperialism. The struggle that began in the first World War may find its turning point in this second one. It is a problem of colossal magnitude, but there are mitigating features that may yet help in its solution. The Indian Nationalism is not the menacing, jingoistic nationalism we find elsewhere in the world to-day. It is not nurtured on fantastic notions of national missions and racial purity. Its claims are legitimate, and it is international in its outlook. Its leaders are committed to the idea of settling disputes by civilized methods. British imperialism too, as an English Liberal observed recently, is not the conscienceless brute that fell on Poland. It will err, but it will do what it has done from Burke's time to this: it will freely discuss its own wrongdoings.

Association of Britain and India on a basis of equality would mean a link between the East and the West, and a balance of power in the Far East. It would also mean winning the 370,000,000 people of India for the democratic forces. And it is not yet too late.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

Sit here, my soul, and disregard the rain
That is not falling yet appears to fall
(We are bringing you the rain as a transcribed feature)
On every field, in every ditch and gully,
In the swamps (extra in the swamps),
In the grass, where the step falls, where the bird is, rain.
Sit here, my soul, and take your medicine
Interpreted for you by Mr. Arrowroot.
Listen to the news, it's a-calling,
Listen to the news, it's a-calling,
Go ahead Stockholm
Go ahead London
"They covered the retreat as best they could, they were brave in the everlasting columns. They wore their immortality proudly.
"The enemy is in complete possession of all the principal railroad centers, the enemy is in complete possession . . ."
Sit here, my violated soul, swallow
Your bitter pill and remember there are
Hundreds of tempting ways to serve
Bananas.

And I always say if you've seen one late afternoon, one declining civilization, you've seen them all.

Sit here, my soul, and think about
Superior races that are on the move.
This is National Child Health Week,
Also the week the British failed in Norway
And by paying one cent more (this is our special sale) you can get two hundred soda tablets for fifty-one cents.
You can get
Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland,
Denmark, if you know the name of your local dealer—
Austria, Czechoslovakia—or aren't you listening any more? Pay close attention, O my soul, and don't go gathering wool in May.
These sick thoughts of mine won't stand up
In the superior literature, among the
Superior races (I mean the ones that are in possession of the principal railroad centers)
This stuff is moldy
It has no virility, no national theme,
No broad world outlook—except the rain.
But the Leader will stop the rain when it becomes apparent that it no longer serves any useful purpose in the realm
Or when a cheap substitute can be found.

Try Spry, my soul, all others having failed.
Come in, Spry!
This is Spry, speaking from Paris:
Chancellor Hitler to-day baked himself a cake.
It was lighter, creamier than the rest,
And will be eaten everywhere—by those
Who like cake, and by those who don't.
The young will eat it as a breakfast treat,
Young Germans and young Danes will eat
This cake, it is particularly appealing
To the young, and has a fudge filling.
I read a statement quite a while ago
When Germany was succeeding in a cold fjord—
The captain of a tramp, an eye witness,
Told how the invaders looked:
They were very young, he said, and they seemed to know just where they were going. (That's the thing about young men—you tell them where they're going and they believe it.
Not till they're old do they find out
They never got there.) Try Spry
And let it rain. Let it rain
On the mechanized unit entering the town
That's been destroyed already from the air,
Totally destroyed, no houses left, no streets,
No hint of habitation, totally destroyed,
No houses left, no shops, no summer
In the shops, no summertime, no streets,
No children in the streets, no streets
In summer; only the successful unit
And immediate supplies.
Fill up the tank, my soul,
Get extra mileage, for you'll need it bad.

When you wish upon a star
Makes no difference who you are
"Now in mem'ry that picture dwells,
Apple blossoms and chapel bells
And you."

The singing hills are singing to-night,
So says the voice that ought to know.
The hills, singing in the rain, perhaps;
The rain is amplified, and the song is You.
There were sharp skirmishes among the patrols;
Elsewhere it was quiet. To-night
Powerful units of the battle fleet
Are steaming under forced draught to the
Antipodes. The first Antipodes on the left
After you pass the A & P.
(When you wish upon a star
Makes no difference who you are
Except of course that it's advisable
To be a member of a superior race.)
Try Spry, my soul, and let it rain.

This is the lumber for the bookshelves,
These are the white pine boards
Dressed down to seven-eighths,
Low shelves for children's books—
I promised I would build them. That was
Before Trondheim. That was before Narvik,
Before Danzig, Prague, Warsaw, Vienna, when
there was some sense to building shelves
for books.
I suppose I'll build them anyway
Since they are planned. Blitz-carpentry,
A new technic in building shelves!
Mine will be a daring piece of construction
Never before attempted in the history
Of the world,
An interesting and unique experiment:
Every sawcut mapped, every joint
Worked out in advance. Every nailhole
Drilled, ready to receive the nail. Ends
Squared in readiness to make the butt,
A six-inch baseboard with a molded edge,
The top shelf beveled slightly to give
A softer line. (Thirty-two and one half inches
between sections, center to center, thirty-
two and one half, the whole operation to be
supported by shore and sea batteries and
from the air.) I will send agents ahead
To prepare the minds of the children;
I'll swing the first end-piece in place,
Toenail it, first marking with the square
The exact position of the bottom shelf
(For the tallest books of all for the littlest children
of all)
And before the inhabitants can resist,
My shelves will be complete. There'll be
Little resistance from the people, and I will meet
this by superior force and by telling them it
is for their own good.
The secret of success in carpentry
Is speed, audacity, and ruthlessness,
And the willingness to throw lives away
Once you've begun. Never to turn back,

Never to think. Never to let the mind
Present its side of the case. Shelves!
There is no time to lose in this war,
Bring up the reserves of books:
This place for Alice, this for Toad,
Here will march Babar, elegantly dressed,
Here Arthur and Celeste. Elizabeth Eliza
Your place is there! Pinocchio,
Einar, Dorothy, Bartholomew Cubbins,
Everyone in position, please,
Ready for the event!
"This is Berlin
The resistance will be easily met and the books
destroyed, the time for books being past.
The stage is set.
There is no need for books now, for their work is
done;
They merely confuse the children's minds
(Except of course the one I wrote myself).
Superior children must have simple minds,
One book, not many, and one plain desire."
Thank you, Berlin, we now return you to the stu-
dio.
Sit still, my soul, and remember:
Thirty-two and a half inches, center to center.
Section after section, section after section,
section after section and
If you don't know the name of your dealer
Just write your name on a postcard.

Barometer reading 29.52, unsteady.
Next broadcast of weather conditions at 6:45 p.m.
You will be amazed
At the prevailing low prices.

Allied Chemical	179
American Smelting	48¾
Continental Can	45½
Dupont	186½
International Harvester	57
Radio Corporation of America	6½
Union Pacific	93¾
U. S. Steel common	60

Here is a breakfast treat: cinnamon twist
Sunk early to-day by a direct hit
Between the two forward gun turrets.
Observers in the attacking plane said flames shot
upward fifteen hundred feet into the air.
Keep tuned in for your favorite flames,
Upward shooting.

This dark adventure that we know as rain,
This condensation of all mortal pain
Measured in inches, preserved by mulching,

This is the liquid part of sorrow,
Failure, in the inundated furrow.
How old is rain?
There must have been long centuries of rain
And sun-following-rain, æons when
The rain fell, sometimes boisterously,
Sometimes quietly, on a world infinitely
Receptive to rain. I like to think about
Those early rains, wetting the aloof woods,
Descending coolly on untraveled seas,
Converging
In the eventually navigable streams
Time motionless, the world so still and pure
Rain on palmetto leaves, making the sound
Of rain, in calm centuries still free
Of trouble and still innocent of gain,
Just long, cool, unobserved rain.
Earth was a solitary drinker then;
How many million summer showers earth
Sipped quietly and quite alone
Standing at the bar of time, its foot
Cocked up upon the rail, thinking
Its green immeasurable long thoughts;
How many million times the sun
Bursting primordial barriers of cloud
Came forth upon the glistening land
And shone! Sit here, my soul, this is
The Yankee network prophesying rain:
Rain in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia,
Rain in the Ozarks, rain on the banks of the Wabash, along the Suwanee River, rain, rain on the roof of my old Kentucky home where the sun shines bright before and after rain;
Rain in Ohio, in the Lehigh Valley,
On the sidewalks of New York—rain
In East Eleventh Street, in the Oesterdal,
On Lake Ladoga in the rain,
Rain in the jungle in the night
And in the morning of the world.
Sit here, my soul, and let it rain.
How lovely is thy dwelling place!

Where shall I find freedom on the dial?
What number on the dial, please?
Is it between the magnetic mines and the ABC shoe polish?
Or is it that humming that I hear
Between the well-informed source and that incomparable substance that has been toasted to a rich golden brown?
Perhaps it has escaped the box
And lies hidden somewhere in the shelves alongside the radio. Perhaps it is in the new shelves I am about to build.
That's where it is—in the books,
All written down.
I must remember to instruct the young
So they will know where they are going.
It is of the utmost importance
That the young be told in plain words

Where they are going—that much
Was demonstrated by our success
In the occupation of Bargravia
Where the stupid inhabitants—
Six hundred thousand of them—
Were taken by three light companies
And one brass band. (They cheered the band.)
I must give detailed instructions:
What the objectives are, what rules obtain,
What to look out for on the way, how best
To deal with prisoners and the unsympathetic elements,
I must equip them with the most advanced weapons and show them how to use them.
Books are their weapons, strange as that may seem —books, ideas,
The same old swords but brighter now
For having shown themselves imperishable.
First of course books must be burned;
This tempers them and makes them hold their edge.
The enemy will take care of all that—
I mean the book-burning. The fires
Will soon be set; a day will come
And you will smell it in the air, the unmistakable aroma of charred books.
This happens when someone comes along
Who hates and fears the irritant of Truth,
The quiet disrespect of libraries.
These old burnt books
If only the incendiaries knew it
Are like burnt pastures in the spring, cleansed,
Ready for the new growth pushing through.
It's never hurt yet, this burning of the books;
The pages burn all right—words, songs, conclusions
The dots and commas, the immediate dream;
But when the fire cools there yet remains
The fine imperishable ash. Young man
Fear not the destroyer and the flame;
Truth laughs at these. Fear only your own mind
Where Truth, neglected, can so soon abort.
Things must be right if anything's to grow.
O spark unquenchable, ember that will not cool,
O youth if only I could make you see: This is your sword,
This is your double-bitted ax,
This is your miracle of gasoline chemistry.
Books seem so ineffectual beside a tank;
Nevertheless,

Your enemy fears them in his heart
He knows they'll find his heel at last.

Young man, advance! Stand here! Stand so!
I shall instruct you where to go
(If we are to retake the fort it is vital that we be in possession of certain strategic ideals, and I don't mean railroad centers. You've got to hang on to the things that must be hung on to, and let the superior races worry about the iron ore.)
Let me now fit you out:
I give you this bright western star
To be your armored motor car;
I give you songs old poets made
New forged into a stainless blade,
(Truth, however hard to bear,
Will guard your rear).
I give you Tolerance and Mirth,
Love of rain and the wet earth
(Without these you must not go forth).
Wear Justice handy in your belt.
Our lines will be spread out
Over an immense front
Too wide to specify
Yet no one need go far
To find the war—
The foe is everywhere.
It is for you to dare
Individual combat.
There is no leader in this strange campaign
Your secret thoughts, quick to wander
Will be your commander;
This is the gist of our attack,
This is our strength, our cause,
Our victory. Young man, be brave!
It is yourself that you must save.
Forget the railroads and the ore,
Remember what you're fighting for!
I will be there with reinforcements.
See these shelves? I have begun
I am throwing trained regulars into the breach
Section after section . . . Alice!
Pinocchio! To arms! The war is here!
Einar, Dorothy, Bartholomew Cubbins,
Everyone in position, please, ready for the event!
Young man, take your position! Do not wait for drums, this is a drumless war.
Sit still, my soul!



POSITION MAINTAINED

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

MAYBE you had better move right on to "Personal and Otherwise," for you know all this. It is elementary and is spoken in private to some of my brethren in the cloth. It is about autobiography or, as some call it, literary criticism. Some of the brethren have observed that I sometimes use those words "literary criticism" with reluctance if not reproach, and that grieves them. They think I show an unruly spirit when I foul my own nest. This is to comfort them.

Edmund Wilson once put my case perfectly. "What," Mr. Wilson said, "what a wonderful is liquorary quiddicism!" Exactly: there you have it for all time. Later on, however, Mr. Wilson got impatient and required me to take a stand on some liquorarily quiddical words. Complying, I said, sure, if we must put a label on the notions expressed here, let's call them pluralistic, relative (contingent), and empirical. Mr. Wilson was satisfied and lost interest, but several of our colleagues have been complaining about those words ever since. Recently Mr. Bernard Smith announced a finding. If I insisted on being pluralistic, relative, and empirical, he said—then I must, as clearly I seemed to want to, end by making thought impossible. That is an impressive compliment but unfortunately it is not true. Mr. Smith and I mean different things when we say "thought," but he is right in this: that if our brethren were to practice what the words pluralism, relativism, and empiricism stand for there would be less liquorary quiddicism in the world. And so much the better for us all.

It is only the wonderfuls of literary criticism to which I have ever expressed any objection. When I have so far conquered my docility as to protest I have objected only to a kind of thinking that gives results which can be proved either wrong or meaningless. I have not objected to the use of abstractions, for instance, but only to the use of abstractions in the illusion that they are bricks, girders, and tie-bars. I have not objected to the use of theories, but only to their use in ways that produce what are called higher truths. I have not objected to simplifications, but only to the use of simplifications in order to avoid facts which, if they were not avoided, would prove you wrong. And my objections rest on the observation that such ways of thinking produce confusion wherever they are applied and on the belief that criticism has no privilege of confusing us.

It is interesting to observe that the brethren also object sometimes when they find themselves in congenial company. You may remember the Pareto episode, long, long ago. The boys found no higher truths in Pareto and one of them worked out an astrological equation which showed that Pareto equalled exactly one forty-eighth of William Graham Sumner with no remainder. Later, Thurman Arnold's *Folklore of Capitalism* came out and the boys saw at once that it was a wonderful;

our necromancer has been using it ever since as a divining rod. You produce Mr. Arnold's book by taking one drop of Pareto's first volume and diluting it with one liter of distilled water. Then there is Dr. Percy Bridgman, who for years and in this magazine has been formulating principles for which the boys could find no use till Mr. Stuart Chase, also in this magazine, helpfully emulsified them. In these dolorous times there is no surplus of entertainment, and I hope you watched the brethren practicing semantics after Mr. Chase told them about the things that must end by making thought impossible.

What is truth? What is a higher truth? What is a twelve-inch steel rod? What is your blood count? Those questions are of two different kinds and the kind of thinking I have sometimes objected to in this column finds answers to the first kind. The kind of thinking I have sometimes praised here does not know the answers to the second kind—and is not interested in them. If you ask qualified machinists to make a twelve-inch steel rod for you no one will take the contract. You will be offered a rod that can be passed between the jaws of a micrometer set at 11.9 and 12.1 inches; or at greater labor and expense, one that can be passed between more delicate jaws set at 11.999 and 12.001 inches. There is no twelve-inch steel rod and there never will be one. Yes, there is a piece of calibrated steel somewhere that is twelve inches long—when the temperature is figured to two decimal places and the barometer has been read against a calculated variation, and be it further provided that you will not mention the earth's relative motions. But when someone comes into the room or the wind shifts or someone changes his position in the room upstairs, when you calculate the third decimal place or allow for the relative speeds and positions of the earth, that piece of steel is not twelve inches long any more. The machinist is content with his empirical steel rod, but criticism says, "Good God! Can such things be?" and breaks its heart because it has been denied its absolute.

Or when you complain of feeling tired a physician counts the red cells in a drop of your blood. He tells you there are 4,500,000 per cubic millimeter. That answer serves his purpose but it gives literary criticism the screaming meemies. For 4,500,000 is a lie. The brethren hold out for 4,351,628 and are willing to die for it, though your doctor is satisfied to work within ten per cent of a statistical average and knows that he can never possibly get closer than five per cent. He knows that there is no absolute number of those cells per cubic millimeter. He knows further that the 4,500,000 he gets will be 4,250,000 when his assistant counts the same specimen under the same microscope against the same scale, and will become 4,750,000 when the man in the next office comes in to take a look at the slide. He knows also that his count is relative to how much sleep and how much liquor you had last night, what you ate for lunch and when you ate it, whether you quarreled with your wife this morning or read that the Germans had sunk a British cruiser or bawled out your secretary. If he gets 4,750,000 when he makes another count on the following day he keeps a tranquil mind. He is not interested in the higher truth about your red count or even in the truth about it. He is interested in finding out whether you need iron or liver-extract or a couple of weeks at the seashore.

But there is a kind of thinking, in literary criticism and outside it, which knows that your blood count is 4,351,628 without relation to anything but eternal truth. Whosoever shall say otherwise is in danger of hell fire, has not written a good book, and must be suppressed for the good of society. How does criticism know? It has found that number in Isaiah, Plato, Marx, Hegel, or Thomas Aquinas, and it has proved by deduction from first principles that the number is implicit in the moral order of the universe and the economic order of the per-

fect state. You and your physician are living a lie, and cynical approximations that may do for the diagnosis of anemia or the determination of a star's parallax, or for the manufacture of a cylinder ring within a tolerance of two ten-thousandths of an inch, are the entering wedge of compromise, which God forbid. Criticism repudiates the table of logarithms because it is calculated to five places with the intention of ignoring what may lie beyond, and that is a betrayal of the ideal. Criticism rejects Sinclair Lewis because his books do not show a blood count of 4,351,628, and Robert Frost because he is not twelve inches long. When criticism says twelve inches it means twelve inches.

So far that is all right with me, though I myself find tennis and the circus better fun. I don't object to the brethren's living in a world where blood counts come out even and steel rods are twelve inches long. But my sense of propriety becomes active when they take that twelve-inch rod, which does not exist, apply it as a measuring rod to things that do exist—and then as a result of those measurements, order me to believe and behave in specified ways, order someone else to write books in specified ways or else, and order society to reconstruct itself according to syllogisms premised on a meaningless reading. My feeling for amenity is offended by such thinking, whether a literary critic or someone else does it, and I begin to protest.

For non-existent measuring rods can be applied only in theory, only deductively—in the elaboration of systematic general ideas which may fit together perfectly but cannot be checked by reference to fact, experience, and common sense. I have a greater respect for criticism than the brethren have, and I object to the critic who devotes himself to such deductive elaboration, though I do not object to him till he reaches the point where he insists that his unreal structure shall have priority over empirically known things. Why do I object to him when he reaches that point? Because at that point his activity becomes dangerous. When an unreal structure conflicts with real things it can be given priority over them only at a certain cost, most of which is assessed against you and me. That cost includes delusion, a lust for machine guns, and a helping hand to dictatorship. Idealism, whether moral or metaphysical or literary, may be defined as a crosslots path to the psychopathic ward, Berchtesgaden, and St. Bartholomew's Eve. Absolutes mean absolutism—not verbally or logically but empirically.

Neither theory nor deductive reasoning is objectionable *per se*. You and I rely on them when we mix a cocktail, when we start out on a motor trip, when we stay in bed because a frontal sinus has begun to kick up. The race at large relies on them when it glances at a clock or picks up a telephone, and is able to use the telephone because some parts of the process that developed it applied them. An engineer uses theory and deductive reasoning when he designs a gang drill or a subway tunnel. Your physician uses them when he decides that a pain in your ear can be referred to an infection in your sinus. But when an X-ray shows that there is no infection there he decides either that his data are faulty or that his method has gone wrong—not that, since his theory and reasoning are infallible, your sinus is infected and you are a heretic. If he passes you on to a psychiatrist the psychiatrist uses theory and deductive reasoning when he decides that the pain in your ear can be referred to your juvenile envy of an older brother. He checks that decision not by clapping you into a labor camp as an enemy of truth and suppressing your book on the ground that his theory is infallible, but by making a series of observations of your behavior. If the observations conflict with his theory he sacrifices the theory, not you or your book. But the kind of thinking we are talking about does not behave in that way: the theory is true and the reasoning is right, and you must conform to them or here come the storm

troopers. That kind of thinking is immortal, and in all history it has never abandoned a premise or changed a conclusion in recognition of a fact.

The engineer's theories are summaries of facts, observations, processes, and operations, and he is not in love with them. A physician's theories are a convenient expression of what has been observed to happen in stated circumstances, and the salvation of your soul does not depend on them. A psychiatrist's theories are statements of experience, shorthand for what many observers have reported about many people, and he changes them when more complete statements of more numerous observations make it expedient to change them. Such theories are a bridge from fact to fact. But there are other theories which make a bridge from idea to idea, unreferred to fact, unmodified by common sense, and unconditioned by experience. They may be logically unassailable and they seem to be orgasmically pleasurable, but they do not stand for what is and what happens. It is desirable to recognize them for what they are, whether we encounter them in literary criticism or somewhere else.

Here we might examine the picture of Soviet Russia which some of these thinkers composed by deduction from Marx and other systems of ideas in defiance of observed fact, human experience, and the testimony of common sense. They got that picture by marrying idea to idea and breeding, as always in that marriage, a hallucination. The Russia thus produced was outside the world where things exist and happen, and to that phantom they progressively sacrificed their intelligence and, when need be, their integrity, as some of them are busily confessing. It was a product of pure thought, of theory and deduction, of gospel, of revelation, of doctrine. Whenever it encountered a fact they got rid of the fact by means of an abstraction. Finally, however, a fact happened to hit the hallucination square in the king-pin and it collapsed. Some of the thinkers are explaining that the picture is a higher truth nevertheless, others are rearranging the fragments of delusion in a new picture, and there are some others.

But let Russia go. That kind of thinking is eternally the same, whether applied to Russia, to Mr. Lewis's new book, the Albigensian heresy, the World of To-morrow, or is a third term right or wrong? It is the kind of thinking which, when it undertakes to find out how much a five-pound bucket of water will weigh after a one-pound trout has been added to it, works out the answer by a syllogism based on what someone has said it ought to weigh according to first principles. It is the Holy Hardshell Roman Methodist Church of England, Marx, Plato, Health, and Q.E.D. On a humble, harmless level it tells you that you must not like Mr. Lewis's book because first principles and their logical implications show that he should have written some other book. It moves on to a more arrogant, more dangerous level and then tells you that you must shoot somebody because some beautiful words have been worked into a system of higher truths, and if you won't shoot him then you are a fool, a liar, a heretic, and an enemy of the state. It is quite true that, at all levels and in all ages, this kind of thinking finds numerous supporters among high-minded, generous, and self-sacrificing men. But experience shows that on all levels and in all ages also a machine gun is set up at the core of every higher truth thus revealed, and that it is dangerous to let even a generous man get his hands on a machine gun. There are various expedients for keeping generosity and its machine gun separated. The method periodically attempted in this column is to place a forked stick over the neck of the higher truth and to set up a yell for the facts.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

Personal and Otherwise



No More Summer in Austria

M-DAY

Though the War Department has been engaged in working out an Industrial Mobilization Plan since the passage of the National Defense Act in 1920, little public notice was taken of the Plan until 1931 when it was introduced as an exhibit during the hearings of Hoover's War Policies Commission. Since then the Plan and its implications have received more attention. The plan was discussed during the munitions investigation and a considerable number of books and magazine articles—mostly critical—have been written about it. A great deal of the public discussion of the M-Day Plan has revolved around this fact: The installation of this Plan upon the outbreak of war promises a centralized and arbitrary control of our national economy and society. Many persons have feared that an inescapable result would be the abrogation of the Bill of Rights and the loss of many hard-won advances made in social legislation. There has been apprehension in other fields, particularly among many classes of business men. But in respect to these latter there has been very little in print that would tell them exactly what their position would be on M-Day.

They could guess, but there was not much to guide them. "M-Day and the Business Man," the leading article this month, is by ***Leo M. Cherne,*** a man who made it his particular business to examine the Plan in respect to its demands and restrictions upon the business community. Mr. Cherne is the Executive Secretary of the Research Institute of America, an organization in New York, which publishes for subscription a series of services for business men, dealing with social security, taxation, and business legislation. This organization also issues a fortnightly *Business and Legislation Report* which Mr. Cherne edits. These reports were described by Ferdinand Lundberg in his article "News-Letters: A Revolution in Journalism," which appeared in the April number. The services include what is called the *War Coordinator*, a loose-leaf volume with supplements, which proposes to guide business men in transactions affected by the war now going on and to help them prepare for the possible entrance of our own country into the war. The *War Coordinator* developed out of a book which Mr. Cherne published last year, *Adjusting Your Business to War*. This book, based on a study of all the materials assembled by the War Department in drawing up the Industrial Mobilization Plan, was the first attempt made in print to introduce business men to the subject. It provoked something of an uproar during the neutrality debate in the Senate last fall.

DUBLIN INTERLUDE

"THEY Also Serve . . ." is ***Mervyn Wall's*** first story to appear in *Harper's*. Mr. Wall was born in 1908 and was educated at the Jesuit School where James Joyce had been a pupil thirty years before. He spent some years of his boyhood at Bonn in Germany and returned to enter the National University of Ireland from which he graduated at nineteen. After that he studied medicine but soon gave it up and after some experience of Dublin offices entered the Irish Civil Service in 1934.

TONS OF GOLD

BY September, 1938, the United States possessed twelve and a half thousand tons of gold; most of it was buried at Fort Knox, Kentucky; the rest was either in Washington or New York. Since then more and more gold has come in; the German invasion of the Low Countries brought still more gold, fleeing from the invader. ***Peter F. Drucker's*** "Can the Gold Problem Be Solved?" is an attempt to analyze the reasons for our huge gold hoard and to chill any hopes that money tinkering schemes will reverse the flow.

Mr. Drucker has been a frequent contributor to the Magazine during the past two years. "Europe's Frontier Lies on the Danube" appeared in the April number.

AFTERNOON IN ATHENS

"DR. HOLMES's Boston" is the first of two papers by ***Van Wyck Brooks.*** "Boston in the Nineties" will appear in the August issue. Both are taken from Mr. Brooks's forthcoming *New England: Indian Summer*, a sequel to *The Flowering of New England*, the immensely popular literary history of New England from 1815 to 1865 which was published four years ago. Both volumes belong to a series of books on American literary history that Mr. Brooks has under way.

At one time or another Mr. Brooks has done editorial work for various New York publishers, but most of his life has been given to his own writing.

The definition of criticism which he follows is that it is "the intellectual study of origins and relations. It regards the work of art, not as a record personal to the critic, but as a specimen to be investigated dispassionately, intellectually, and in its relation both to art and life." The author of a biographical sketch of Brooks says that "personally he is interested particularly in frustrated artists such as Amiel." Brooks's second book, published in 1913, was called *The Malady of the Ideal* and was a study of Amiel, Obermann, and Maurice de Guerin. Subsequently Mr. Brooks translated *Philine*, a novel of Amiel's.

This interest in the frustration of the artist is shown again in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, published in 1920. The book raised quite a storm of literary argument and subsequently was severely castigated by Bernard DeVoto—Easy Chair to the rear—in *Mark Twain's America*. Mr. DeVoto's book started the argument all over again and John Chamberlain—Book Review to the front—thought that "It is difficult to see how Mr. Brooks's thesis that Mark Twain was a 'frustrated' writer will survive the shock of Mr. DeVoto's scansion."

A complete list of Mr. Brooks's books in-

(*Continued on second page following*)



How innocent is a "Stomach-Ache"?

A "STOMACH-ACHE" means *something*'s wrong.

True, it may be nothing dangerous. But because it *can* be very serious, no one should treat such a warning signal lightly.

▶ All too frequently a severe so-called "stomach-ache" means an acute attack of appendicitis—one of the more important causes of death among children, adolescents, and young adults. Yearly it takes some 15,000 lives in this country.

▶ Many of these lives are lost as a result of "self-treatment." Many could be saved if the following three-point safety rule were observed whenever intense abdominal pain persists for more than an hour or two:

1. Call a doctor.
2. Apply an ice bag and remain quiet.
3. Do *not* take a laxative, food, or medicine.

The importance of prompt medical attention is clearly indicated in a recent survey of appendicitis cases made by medical authorities. It reveals that the death toll, among those who delayed going to the hospital from two to three days, was from *three to four times greater* than among patients admitted to a hospital within the first 24 hours. The survey further shows that fatalities, among those who had taken a laxative after pain developed, were more than *three times greater* than among those who had taken none.

▶ Even if a persistent "stomach-ache" is not appendicitis, it cannot safely be considered innocent. It may mean one of a number of other serious diseases.

▶ When in any doubt whatsoever about abdominal pain, call your physician for *safe* guidance—and call him in *time*. Then if serious disease is indicated, an early diagnosis and treatment may speed recovery, reduce the cost of illness, and decrease the possibility of dangerous complications.

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WILL THE GOLD EVER BE TAKEN OUT?
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cludes *John Addington Symonds*, *The World of H. G. Wells*, *America's Coming of Age*, *Letters and Leadership*, *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, and *Emerson and Others*. He edited Randolph Bourne's *The History of a Literary Radical and Other Essays* and Christopher Columbus's *Journal of the First Voyage to America*. With his wife he translated George Berguer's *Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus*. By himself—in addition to Amiel's *Philine*—he translated several of André Chamson's novels.

CALL TO PRAYER

Emily Newbold's "Business and Religion," with evidence pieced together from many sources, shows how many of our business institutions, which view with apprehension the European storm, and are far from convinced of the solidity of our own economic and social underpinning, are coming to the support of the churches in promotion of the idea that "Religion is the safeguard of democracy." The author is a New York newspaper woman; the name Emily Newbold is a pseudonym.

ESCAPE

Carl Zuckmayer, the author of "No More Summer in Austria," was one of the best known of the Austrian playwrights. He was born in 1896 and served in the first World War. After the war he began to write plays; "Der Froeliche Weinberg," "Der Hauptmann von Koepenick," and "Schinderhannes" are among them. He adapted Anderson and Stalling's "What Price Glory?" and Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" for the German stage. Along with the plays Mr. Zuckmayer wrote novels and poetry also and wrote a number of scenarios. "Rembrandt," the film in which Charles Laughton played the Flemish painter, was based on Mr. Zuckmayer's scenario. He was able to get out of Austria after the Nazi invasion and since then has lived in the United States. Now he is at work on a book called *Second Wind* and this story of his escape is to be a part of it.

(*Continued on second page following*)

On heels of Spring

Now the earth has finished yawning and stretching and set about the business of being fruitful. The trees have come into leaf and there is an air of fulfilment abroad. It's time to relax a little and invite repose.

Time to lie in the shallow pools of shade splashed down by the elms. To listen to the susurrus of the leaves and watch the shimmering dance of the heat waves over the fields of ripening grain. To feel the pleasant shock of cool swift water on sun-drenched body, to taste the air of places new and strange. In short it's time to shed the shell of winter stodginess and go out and enjoy the world around us.

This is a particularly favorite season of ours. Vacation time brings home most clearly the fact that the steel we make makes life well worth living. It goes along even on so routine an affair as a family picnic of a Sunday afternoon.

First off there's the frenzied round-up of the family. Junior has strayed off for a final game of catch; Sister is busily stowing the car with gear that will have to be rearranged before the start. Mother is arguing heatedly the moot question of pulling the windows down in case of rain and Father rouses the drowsing neighbors with repeated collecting blasts on the horn.

The car starts more smoothly than it did even a few years ago, rolls more swiftly and more comfortably along the broader highways; even cushions the jolts of a rutted trail.

At the favored picnic spot there's wood to be gathered, steaks to be broiled, ice cubes and salads to be unpacked from thermos bottles, a cloth to be spread and set and the pleasurable business of eating. Then Father takes his rod for desultory casting in the stream, Mother dozes placidly by the portable radio while Junior gets gloriously filthy chasing tadpoles and Sister forgets her adolescent dignity to swoop jauntily on a grapevine swing. And then it's time to go home again and resume plans for a vacation. The mountains, the shore, a motor-trip, a cruise, a transcontinental jaunt on a streamliner? It makes no difference.

You may ride in the most modern of streamliners or the veriest jalopy; you ride in and on steel. It helps you scour campfire-stained coffeepots and chase off the midges with steel-carried sprays. It may form the canoe you paddle in the drowsy coolness of a mountain lake. It does form the golf club you swing, the rod you whip over trout-rich waters. Wherever you go, whatever you do, steel accompanies you.

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Orchids are often as useful to prospectors as they are to glamour girls. A certain rare type thrives in iron-bearing soil and indicates the presence of rich deposits of iron ore.

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PEOPLE'S CHOICE

THE conventions this summer meet in a more stormy time than any since the summer that saw the Democrats break in half and put two candidates—Douglas and Breckinridge—in the field against the rail splitter. As we go to press no word has yet come from the President about a third term, yet there are delegates enough now pledged to nominate him. ***Harold Laski's*** "The Conventions and the Presidency" is a chapter from a book called *The American Presidency* which is to be published shortly. Mr. Laski is too old a contributor to require an introduction; we have rehearsed his distinctions and the titles of his books many times. His most recent *Harper* article was "The Duty of the Intellectual Now" which appeared in the December number.

DONE WITH MIRRORS

WHETHER Shakespeare was himself or somebody else is a question that has occupied a good many people ever since Miss Delia Bacon in 1856 pinned the authorship on Francis Bacon. Leonard Bacon told something about her in a chapter of his autobiography called "The Bacons and the Hazards," published in *Harper's* in January, 1939. In "Shakespeare Himself" ***Oscar James Campbell*** undertakes to show that it is just barely possible that Shakespeare wrote his own plays. Mr. Campbell is Professor of English in the Graduate School at Columbia. Shakespeare and other dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are a specialty of his and his most recent volume, *Comical Satyre and Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida,"* is an attempt to throw some light on Shakespeare's purpose in writing the play. Professor Campbell was born in Cleveland, educated at Michigan and Harvard and, in succession, taught English at the Naval Academy and at Wisconsin, Michigan, and Columbia. From 1934 to 1937 he was a Research Associate at the Huntington Library.

SERMON

AT the last minute ***Elmer Davis*** sends in this note about his article, "The God of Hitler and Spinoza": "The political passages of my piece," he says, "may be outdated by the time they appear. The theology, I fear, will be as sound as ever, even on June 20th." Mr. Davis's most recent article was "The War and America," published in the April number.

DEPRESSION INDUSTRY

Harland Manchester, the author of "The Great Diesel Boom," was born in Vermont, educated at Dartmouth, served in the Marine Corps during the World War, and then became a newspaper man. He was in charge of the first weekly page of news interpretation—it appeared in the Boston *Herald*—and afterward became a radio news commentator. Three years ago he quit newspaper work to give all his time to magazine writing. He lives in New York. Last December we printed an article of his about the great munitions explosion on Black Tom Island in New York harbor in the summer of 1916.

KINDRED A-COOMIN

"TABLE FOR ONE" is the first story of ***Frances Taylor Patterson's*** that we have published, though a sketch by her appeared in the Lion's Mouth Department. Mrs. Patterson lectures at Columbia on motion pictures and has written three books about the movies: *Cinema Craftsmanship*, *Scenario and Screen*, and *Motion Picture Continuities*. She has also written a biography: *White Wampum, The Story of Kateri Tekakwitha.*

INDIAN FERMENT

Anup Singh, the author of "The Crisis in India," was born in Amritsar in the Punjab. He went to Khalsa College in Amritsar and after that came to the United States to study. In turn he went to school at the University of California at Berkeley, got his A.B. from the University of Kansas, and finally came to Harvard for work in the graduate schools. He holds both a Master's and Doctor's degree from Harvard. While in Cambridge he was awarded a Goodwin Fellowship which permitted him to go to London and Geneva for further study. In 1935 he went back to India to study the Nationalist movement at first hand. Since 1937 he has been back in the United States writing and lecturing. Just now he is the Director of the Research Bureau of the India League of America. In addition to articles in various magazines he has written *Nehru: Rising Star of India*, a biography of the famous Nationalist leader.

(Continued on second page following)

HOW WE SAVED
Pandora's Life

by Westinghouse



▪ *If you have been* one of the millions of visitors to the New York World's Fair you, of course, know that Pandora is the name of the cute Panda playing such a star role at the Exposition.

▪ *Spectators who crowd* around her cage these days little realize that if it hadn't been for the quick action and resourcefulness of our air conditioning engineers they might never have seen this rare animal brought all the way from the Himalayan Mountains.

▪ *While recognizing* that there was quite a bit of difference between the climate of Pandora's home land and that of Flushing Meadows, those in charge hoped that she would be able to adjust herself to the change. But she just couldn't.

▪ *What happened was* that she refused to eat or perform; and it became quite evident that she would probably die unless something was done about the weather.

▪ *With* no time to lose, our air conditioning engineers were called in and asked to duplicate the cool, stimulating climate of Pandora's native habitat. So well did they succeed that immediately she started to perk up, and in no time at all was her old playful self, keeping the crowd in uproars.

▪ *This is just one* of the hundreds of air conditioning problems that have been put up to our engineers. Generally, when a person thinks of air conditioning he thinks of it in terms of making a home more comfortable, or of seeking escape from summer heat in a restaurant, store or theater.

▪ *And yet* beyond these now commonly accepted uses you'd be surprised to learn what a varied role our air conditioning is playing in industry.

▪ *Taking just* a few examples at random, we are reminded of the way our equipment helped a pharmaceutical house to step up the manufacture of pills and tablets; of how we aided another laboratory to hasten the cooling of creams and salves for quicker packing. Or take rayon, for example—its manufacture would be almost impossible if it were not for the part air conditioning plays in the drying of the fibres. Air travel, too, is a lot safer because flying instruments are now calibrated more accurately in air conditioned rooms.

▪ *Naturally,* to produce air conditioning for such a wide variety of applications requires engineering skill of the highest order, plus a range of equipment which extends in our case from a small self contained home unit to a 100 ton compressor.

▪ *With such equipment* now available, air conditioning is rapidly fulfilling its promise of becoming one of America's leading industries.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

POETS

THERE are four poets this month: ***Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Edward Weismiller, Martha Keller,*** and ***Jessica Powers.*** The first three are familiar contributors. Miss Powers is new this time. She is the author of *The Lantern Burns.*

SELLING TO THE ENEMY

IN the March number we published an article by Frank C. Hanighen called "Selling to the Enemy." The article dealt with the traffic in steel, coal, and iron, passing in and out of Luxembourg to France, Belgium, and Germany. It has provoked the following letter to *Harper's* from M. Charles Rist, Economic Adviser to the French Ministry of Blockade. Appended to it is a subsequent letter from Mr. Hanighen. It is clear from the correspondence that the time element in respect to publication is one of the factors involved. Mr. Hanighen completed his article in mid-December and shortly thereafter it was sent to the printer. *Harper's* is made up many weeks in advance; the forms for the March number—which was published on February 20th—were closed early in January. New developments between the closing of the forms and publication day are, of course, a constant hazard.

We publish this correspondence only for the sake of the record, since obviously the German invasion ended the possibility of any such traffic as is discussed here.

Here is M. Rist's letter, dated April 27th:

Please permit me to make a few remarks about an article that appeared in the March issue of *Harper's Magazine*, called "Selling to the Enemy." Fundamentally, the author of the article makes two claims.

1. According to him, *French iron ore* is being sent through Belgium and Luxembourg into Germany so that French industrialists can get coke in return. Thus French industrialists would in wartime be furnishing the enemy with supplies to be used against their own country.

All that need be said for the information of your readers is that, after long negotiations, an agreement was reached with the Belgian-Luxembourg Union on December 11, 1939 (*three months* before your article appeared). This agreement specified that no iron ore whatsoever, exported from France to these two countries, could be re-exported to Germany, either as iron ore or as manufactured products.

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Q: What if the insured does not specify a particular method of settlement?

A: In such cases, the beneficiary may make the choice at the death of the insured.

Q: May any of these 4 methods of settlement be used in combination?

A: Yes. For example, here's how Dick Gay and the Prudential man arranged for the life insurance money to be paid if Dick should die tomorrow:

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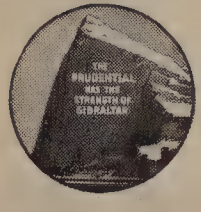
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of this agreement have been taken by the French government in co-operation with the Belgian and Luxembourg governments. Thus to-day not a single ton of French ore shipped into Belgium and Luxembourg can reach the enemy.

Before December 11, it was impossible for the French government to stop reshipments of this ore from the Belgian-Luxembourg Union into Germany. According to peacetime agreements the governments of these two countries were entirely free to continue acting to suit their own convenience. The reshipments were made by Belgians and not by Frenchmen. Furthermore, it appears completely improbable that any important quantities could have reached Germany for two very simple reasons: in the first months of the war French shipments to Belgium and Luxembourg were much smaller because of general mobilization and these two countries vitally need the eight million tons of iron ore shipped them each year from France to keep their own iron and steel industries running.

2. So much for French iron. But according to the author of the article not only iron ore from *France* is concerned; the iron produced in *Luxembourg* and shipped to Germany, he states, is in reality being sent by French industrialists.

Mr. Hanighen presents just one single argument to back up this statement: the fact that in June, 1939, there were French directors on the boards of two of the largest Luxembourg firms.

It is perfectly natural and normal for French directors to be on the board of a foreign corporation. In every country in the world there are foreigners on the boards of directors of large corporations, and no one has ever dreamed of drawing any conclusions about the attitude of these directors in time of war.

From the beginning of the war French law has imposed the severest penalties on any Frenchman not only for carrying on business with the enemy but also for having any relations at all with enemy subjects. The French directors of Luxembourg corporations have therefore had the choice of doing one of two things: either preventing their companies from shipping iron to Germany, or resigning if this was not possible. No other course was open to them under penalty of being brought before the French courts.

May I add one more word. The author of the article relies on assertions of the same sort published in *Iron Age*. It is regrettable that he does not at the same time tell us where *Iron Age* got its information. For the name of a publication is not sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of this sort of information. The name of the informant and the place where he observed the events reported alone are interesting.

I should be very grateful to you if you could find space to print these few remarks in your magazine.

CHARLES RIST

Here is Mr. Hanighen's reply:

Thank you for letting me read M. Charles Rist's letter. Even though the invasion of Luxembourg and Belgium by the Germans abruptly closed the issue, I am naturally interested in any details concerning my article in the March number of *Harper's*.

I am gratified to note that M. Rist does not really challenge the facts of my article. He admits, for instance, that before December 11, 1939 (date of the signing of the agreement between France and Belgium-Luxembourg) French ore was reshipped from Belgium to Germany—"the reshipments were made by Belgians and not Frenchmen." That is what I said in my article: "But at Athus the iron is welcomed by a Belgian export-import firm of Antwerp. This concern forms at Athus trainloads of this French ore and sends them across Luxembourg to Germany." M. Rist's admission officially confirms my facts.

I wish to emphasize, in this connection, that my article was written in mid-December (at which time the nature of the Franco-Belgian-Luxembourg pact had not been made public), and that I made clear in the article that I was describing the situation in the first three months of the war. That the article appeared two months later was of course beyond my control.

M. Rist's second point concerns French interests in Luxembourg who have been selling to Germany. M. Rist's reply, in essence, is that Frenchmen would either have stopped this traffic or would have resigned from the companies.

But it appears that the traffic (up to the German drive) did not stop. A number of reports, among them one from M. W. Fodor, *Chicago Daily News* correspondent, in the New York Post on April 19, stated that Luxembourg continued to ship about 80,000 tons of iron ore monthly to Germany and received considerable quantities of German coke. Also, the *Iron Age* on April 4, 1940, said that the central sales office of the French-Belgian-Luxembourg pig iron cartel, which also controls the whole export trade "is in Paris. The majority of shares of the cartel is in French hands. . . . The pig iron for export to Germany is sold by the cartel and the invoices are made up in Paris for the account of the German buyers." I learn from reliable sources in Belgium and France that while HADIR in recent months has tried and largely succeeded in stopping intercourse with Germany, ARBED (of which the French arms magnate, M. Eugene Schneider, was, and so far as is known, still is vice-president) has continued to deal with Germany. It is significant that a statement published in the New York *Times* on April 1st from M. de Monzie, French Minister of Public Works, which absolves HADIR from guilt of dealing with the enemy, says nothing of ARBED.

If French directors resigned—as M. Rist suggests—the news has not reached the general public.

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Up to November 1, 1939 (the last opportunity I had to make a thorough survey of financial publications) no public announcement to this effect had appeared. Since that date I have not been able to discover, in a partial survey of the financial and popular press, any such announcements. It would seem to any impartial observer that any French industrialist, in justice to himself, would have taken great pains to give wide publicity to his resignation.

I think that all this not only confirms assertions in my article concerning the situation in the first three months of the war, but leads inescapably to the conclusion that the traffic continued until even a later date. In addition to the above data on recent traffic between Germany and Luxembourg, I should like to call attention to the following evidence which has appeared concerning Franco-German traffic via Belgium and Luxembourg since I wrote my article. On December 20, 1939, the *Paris-Soir* (a newspaper with the largest circulation in France) reported that German coke shipped into Belgium from Germany was "partially re-exported to France." On January 12, *Nouvel Age*, a Paris weekly, said, "We have been informed by at least ten independent informants that consignments of Lorraine ore to Germany and consignments of coke from the Ruhr to Lorraine continue. With regard to the coke, an official confirmation of the fact appeared during the second half of December in the national press, notably *Paris-Soir* (December 20). With regard to the iron ore we said nothing. We were waiting for documents. We have at last received the way bill which accompanied a consignment of ore which was sent through Belgium."

It is important to point out that these two pieces could not have been published without the permission of the French censorship. Since the French censorship is particularly thorough, it seems unlikely that these pieces would have appeared unless the situation as I described it was generally recognized.

M. Rist raises the question of the *Iron Age* article to which I referred in my article. The assistant news editor of the *Iron Age* (the organ of the iron and steel trade in this country), Miss Ricciardi, tells me that the article came from Copenhagen, Denmark, last December; that it was written by Paul Fidrmuc who has been in the employ of the *Iron Age* for ten years and is regarded by the staff as an honest and reliable reporter; that *Iron Age* has seen no evidence to lead them to retract the article; and that they believe that this traffic has been going on.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN



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ACT III

Scene: Again, the Swifts' living room, and Mr. Veteran is calling on the Swifts.

MRS. SWIFT: It's good of you to come over this evening, Mr. Veteran. John and I are full of our adventures, and we want your help in the final selection of Jack's school — we're down to three now.

MR. VETERAN: Good — I take it your tour of the schools was successful.

MR. SWIFT: I think so. It was darned interesting. *I* learned a lot, anyway, and I had a swell time in the bargain.

MR. VETERAN: I'd like to know what impressed you most, John.

MR. SWIFT: I can tell you that easily — what a lot of good boarding schools there are!

MRS. SWIFT: We liked the ones we saw so much that I'm wondering if we oughtn't to look at more.

MR. VETERAN: Curb that impulse, Polly. You can't possibly look at all of them, and if you've found three that satisfy you, concentrate on them. Some parents with the best motives in the world insist on visiting so many schools that their powers of discrimination are exhausted. Remember, too, that you very wisely narrowed the field by careful consideration before you started on this round of visits.

MR. SWIFT: You mean, you very wisely made us. We're grateful for that, and grateful, too, for some of the tips you gave us before we went — like the one about school equipment, for instance. Whether it's a swell laboratory, a workshop, a library, or a collection of phonograph records — I noticed that in some schools the boys were using the equipment all the time; in others, it seemed to be there largely to make an impression.

MRS. SWIFT: And you do get a feeling about some schools, simply from asking directions. Remember, John, how extraordinarily nice the boys at St. Abbot's were when we got lost?

MR. SWIFT: I do indeed. This business of a school's personality is a funny thing. If you talk to two or three people about a school, you may get entirely contradictory reports, but if you talk to enough people, the differences wash out, and you get a definite picture.

MR. VETERAN: And didn't you find that the real picture was often quite different from your own preconception?

MRS. SWIFT: Over and over again. Take the Field School. I'd always thought it must be the lap of luxury because it's considered fashionable. Not at all, the boys work like Trojans and live like Spartans.

MR. SWIFT: The whole matter of expense is another odd phenomenon. What with endowments and scholarships, most of what I'd thought of as schools for the wealthy turn out to have a large number of comparatively poor boys. And another thing that struck me, there's not so much evidence of financial standing in a boarding school as among Jack's friends here at home.

MR. VETERAN: Surely that didn't surprise you. Most boarding schools define pretty sharply such things as room furnishing, forbid radios and phonographs, and, of course, don't allow the boys to have cars, so that opportunities for competitive spending are automatically limited. Movies and other entertainments are provided, and I think you'll find Jack's ideas about pocket money will contract rather than expand — it's true in both boys' and girls' boarding schools . . . Will you let me guess the three schools you're thinking about for Jack? . . . St. Abbot's, the Field School, and Oxton.

MR. SWIFT (*admiringly*): Mind reader too, aren't you!

MR. VETERAN: Not exactly. They'd be my candidates for Jack.

MRS. SWIFT: It's awfully hard to make the final choice, we like all three so much. Thank Heaven, none of them would be a mistake.

MR. SWIFT: I believe that Field has a slight edge if Jack's going to go into banking. I think the contacts he'd make there would perhaps do him the most good later on.

MR. VETERAN: May I suggest that you do not fix your mind too firmly on the nature of Jack's future career. The boy's interest hasn't been focussed yet. For all you know, he may find that chemistry is the thing that fires him most. This isn't an argument against Field, it's an argument against *your* argument.

MRS. SWIFT: I confess to a slight prejudice in favor of St. Abbot's because of the wonderful work they're doing there in preventive medical care.

MR. VETERAN: I know about that, and it's very fine.

MRS. SWIFT: Another thing about St. Abbot's — they do marvellous things for boys who aren't socially particularly well adjusted.

MR. VETERAN: True, but I never thought of Jack as a lone ranger. His social adjustment seems to me to be about all right. Which school does he like best?

MR. SWIFT: Oxton.

MRS. SWIFT: He likes the other two, but Oxton's the place he's got his heart set on.

MR. VETERAN: Well, as long as it's satisfactory to you too, that settles it, don't you think? It's a grand school, you both like it, Jack's crazy to go, there's no argument against it. Congratulations!

A. R. A.

Act IV will appear in the next issue

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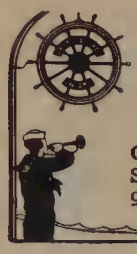
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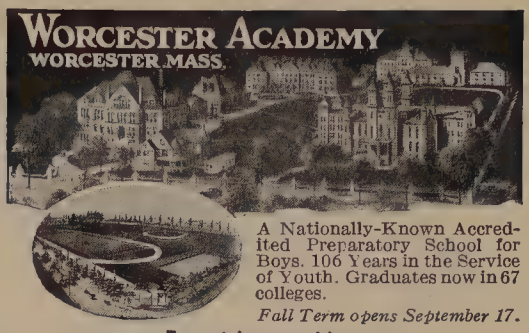
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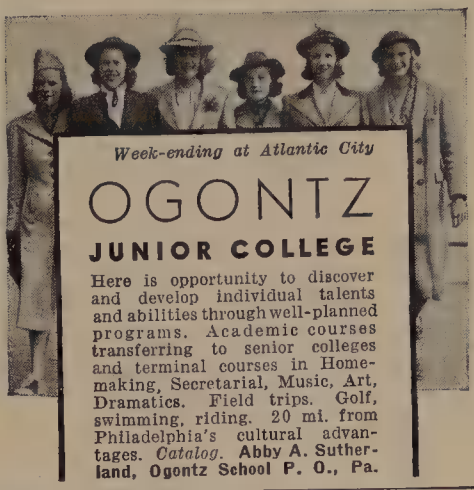
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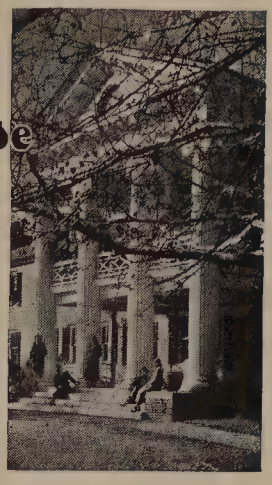
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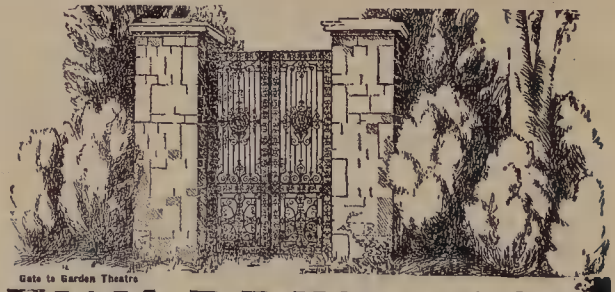
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THE NEW BOOKS

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

THIS is the month for sackcloth and ashes. Nearly all of us, so it would seem, were surprised out of our wits by the manner in which the Germans sliced through northern France to the sea and up around to Dunkirk, almost trapping the British as Hannibal trapped the Romans at Cannae. Yet no one need have been greatly surprised: the Germans, it now appears, had committed practically all of their "revolutionary" military ideas to paper—and had tested their new weapons (the dive bomber, the armored vehicle, the antiaircraft gun adapted for use against tanks) with considerable Teutonic thoroughness in Spain. A retired U. S. Army officer, Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly, drew the proper deductions from the Spanish campaign in August of 1939 in the *Illustrated London News*, telling all about the effectiveness of *panzer* divisions, and the support of tanks by diving airplanes. And now comes ***The Art of Modern Warfare,*** by Colonel Hermann Foertsch, with an introduction by Major George Fielding Eliot (Veritas Press, $2.75). Presumably this book by an officer of the German General Staff was available to French and British staff officers long before it was translated for publication in the United States. Hitler misled everyone west of the Rhine by telling the truth about his intentions in *Mein Kampf;* and this tactic seems to have been followed to the letter by Colonel Foertsch.

By implication, Colonel Foertsch convicts the democratic peoples—and their leaders, both military and civil—of a vast failure of the imagination. For here, in precise language, is outlined the war of the "future" (it was still the future when Colonel Foertsch was writing)—yet no one heeded a word of it in Paris, Brussels, or London. On page 157 Colonel Foertsch explains that the Germans had learned the lesson of the tank (ironically enough, a British invention). The tank answered the old question of fire *or* movement by putting fire *and* movement together in one place. But tanks alone cannot hold territory; the infantry (always, in land warfare, you come back to the infantry) must move in with them, or behind them. Very well, said Colonel Foertsch (page 159), we will load the infantry in trucks and bring the speed of the armored thrust and the infantry follow-up into unison. The way to counter the motorized attacks of the war of movement is to organize a defensive in depth, which Weygand finally succeeded in doing south of the Somme. But Colonel Foertsch indicates that the Germans were ready for this (page 160) when he says "the depth of the defensive . . . requires a similar deeply organized attack of the tanks." These words were written at a time when the Allies were putting all their hopes on the linear defenses of the First World War; in other words, Foertsch was two jumps ahead of the Allies. (In justice to General Gamelin, however, it may be remarked parenthetically that a linear defense at the Albert Canal in Belgium might have worked if King Leopold had allowed the French and the British to move their troops into position sometime last winter instead of calling for help at the confused eleventh hour, when it was much too late.)

When the Russians used parachute troops in Finland, the democracies scoffed. But Colonel Foertsch didn't scoff: he says (page 180) that "parachute troops have become a recognized entity. The fact that their tactical employment in thickly settled, cultivated country is limited does not affect the possibility of this method of fighting from the air." Transport of troops by airplane has opened up possibilities of a "vertical encirclement," a trick that was actually achieved to some extent by the Germans in the Netherlands. "The co-ordination of the motor on the ground in tanks and trucks," says Colonel

Foertsch on page 182, "with the motor in the fighting and transport plane, will be able to bring about tactical successes which will have the greatest influence on the duration and methods of fighting." As events proved, Colonel Foertsch was a good prophet. But for once an old adage didn't work: unfortunately for the Netherlands, Belgium, France, and Britain, this particular prophet was honored in his own country. Maybe Winston Churchill should take warning from Colonel Foertsch's statement (page 180) that "cannon, *and even tanks*, may be seized in the claws of great planes and put down where they are needed." The italics are mine.

A year ago the author of this review was talking with John Underhill, a free lance military authority on the staff of *Life* magazine. Like many other laymen and "experts," I was hopeful that the German habit of docile obedience would make for unenterprising soldiers. "Won't the individualistic soldiers of France and England be superior to the Germans in an emergency?" I asked. "Don't you believe it," said Mr. Underhill; "the German soldier to-day is an individualist." At the time I considered this an attempt on Mr. Underhill's part to be foolishly paradoxical. But Colonel Foertsch says (page 204): "In this era of motorization and mechanization, quick, determined action will frequently be the precursor of victory. It calls for better training, but it also includes many possibilities of success." And on pages 263–64: "The individual soldier is no longer the helpless tool of a methodical mode of warfare. He ought not to be. What the war of the future will call for is good all-around men, self-confident, and each able to take his place in the community of fighting men standing on his own feet. As individual fighters, each will be a person. Each individual, being a necessary means for the carrying on of the battle, will be the counterpart of the will of the commander." (I understand that Hoffman Nickerson underscores this point in his article elsewhere in this Magazine.) In other words, the Nazis have dispensed with the idea that the individual soldier must be a cog; the democracies (or what is left of them) no longer have a clear advantage on that score.

Reading Colonel Foertsch's book, one is constantly reminded that complacence is perhaps the great deadly sin of our society. What the Germans were up to was neither a deep mystery nor beyond the imitative capacities of the French and the British: indeed, with their superior resources, the Allies could have so far outpaced Germany in armament that Hitler would have had to give up the battle before trying. As for the United States, it has had a double warning. The books of the Colonel Foertsches are open for all to read. And besides, our own intelligence service has not let us down. For years Truman Smith, a U. S. military attaché in Germany, kept sending back horrendous reports of the progress of Nazi rearmament. But Truman Smith admired military virtues, and Washington newspaper correspondents got into the habit of dismissing him as a Nazi propagandist. Then Colonel Lindbergh went over to Berlin (my own guess is that he was asked to go by our government). Lindbergh hobnobbed with German aviators, and came out with accurate reports (as it turned out) of Nazi air strength. Whereupon Americans dismissed Lindbergh as a member of the Cliveden Set! When Lindbergh accepted a Nazi medal, no one stopped to ask whether or not this was a buttering-up move in the game of polite espionage that great powers must play if they are to keep tabs on one another's moves. Instead, Lindbergh was heaped with more obloquy.

Well, if we are going to slam and revile people who try to tip us off to the dangers outside our borders, how on earth are we ever going to achieve the concentrated will to arm against those dangers? Americans are all too prone to easy emotion, to self-righteous condemnation of people who tell them unpalatable things—which is to say that Americans think wishfully, not logically. The time has come when this sort of thing should cease. We ought to ask our less emotional military men, not our orators, the geographical location of our first line of defense. Moreover, the military men should not be muzzled by politicians. If the unmuzzled military men tell us that England and the Philippines are our outer ramparts, and that it isn't too late to help the British, well and good. If they tell us that our natural defenses are on the western Atlantic (where shorter communications favor our fleet as against an attacking expedition) and at Hawaii (our mid-Pacific Gibraltar), well and good. But the question should be answered with the law of conservation of force in mind, not in the light of what Shelley wrote or what the morals of the

Filipinos ought to be. That way lies the dissipation of our strength—and perhaps our ultimate defeat.

After the events of the Spring, almost every book that one picks up has an air of anti-climax. A year ago Upton Sinclair's ***World's End*** (Viking, $3) would have passed muster as a serious and important contribution to the understanding of a troubled age. Now I doubt that it adds very much to our comprehension of what has happened.

The story is panoramic social-consciousness, something on the order of Robert Briffault's novels, though the characterization and the taste are far superior to anything in Briffault. Lanny Budd, the hero, is a seeing eye: the son of a Connecticut armament manufacturer, he grows up in sophisticated society in Europe and America. Upton Sinclair has packed a lifetime's garner of knowledge into the pages that describe the education of Lanny Budd. But hovering over every page is the tacit supposition that socialism—or the absence of business competition—might have saved western civilization if it had only been made the creed of everybody in time. Somehow, after the miscarriage of communism in Russia, of social democracy in Germany, of the Popular Front everywhere, I can't believe this. The disease goes deeper—and the sowers of moral confusion include *both* the Manchester philosophers and Karl Marx. When the big corporation or bureaucratic unit calls the tune, great numbers of people lose the habit of exercising their wills, of assuming daily responsibility, of living up to personal principles. When the State is deified, the same thing happens. The identical disease has gripped peoples the world over, whether in capitalist France and England, in National Socialist Germany, in Social Democratic Norway, or in Communist Russia. How it all will end I do not presume to know. All I can say is that Upton Sinclair's faith seems as hollow to me at this point as the faith which he attacks—and his novel is, thus, interesting mainly for its lively surface quality, not for depth. There are, incidentally, extremely good portraits of actual people in *World's End*—of Lincoln Steffens, Isadora Duncan, and so on.

Another anti-climactic item of the month is Gertrude Stein's conversational ***Paris France*** (Scribner's, $2.50). This is a lovely, lucid evocation of the French spirit, the live-and-let-live-but-defend-your-own-way-of-life-to-the-utmost-if-attacked spirit that is supposedly the quintessence of Gaul. Only this *wasn't* the actual French spirit of 1919–40. (One doubts, too, that bulldog tenacity was the British spiritual hallmark during the same period.) As I write, the first stories of French disintegration are just seeping past the censorship: France was spiritually divided, the rich hoping to save their own skins, the workers half-believing in

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a will-less Marxian collectivism and almost ready for a National Socialist version of it. Maybe England is not as far gone as France in the ways of spiritual lassitude: at least so one hopes. And maybe the United States has more gimp than any European country. But at this lugubrious point in history I wouldn't bet a nickel on any cloud's presumptive silver lining. One does not restore an old faith, or create a new one, overnight.

IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Travel

FOR those who are still planning a vacation there exists a rich crop of helpful books. ***The Vacation Guide,*** by Robert Spiers Benjamin (Whittlesey House, $2.50) has everything—ideas, prices, places, food, gardens to see, and where to get travel literature. Through Adventures in Good Eating, Inc., Bowling Green, Kentucky, it is possible to obtain Duncan Hines' two excellent books, ***Lodging for a Night*** (tourist camps, hotels, etc., throughout the country) and ***Adventures in Good Eating,*** $1.50 each. Houghton Mifflin (Boston) has all the books on the New England states in the splendid American Guide Series, sponsored by the Federal Writers' Project, at $2.50 each, another on New Orleans at the same price, and one on Death Valley, $1. Random House has, in the same series, ***The New York City Guide,*** $3. Viking Press publishes, at $2.50 each, the guides to Delaware, Iowa, Kansas, Mississippi, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, and Tennessee, as well as ***Cape Cod Pilot: A Loquacious Travelogue,*** at $2. Oxford Press has Maryland, in the series, at $2.75 and Virginia at $3. The University of North Carolina Press has naturally captured the one on North Carolina ($2.50), while Hastings House has Texas, New Mexico, Arizona ($2.50 each), one on the Oregon Trail at $2, and one on California at $3. (Prentice-Hall has an informative book of California history—not in the series: ***California,*** by John Walton Caughey, at $5.) ***Idaho,*** again in the American Guide Series, is published by the Caxton Press, $3.50; Duell, Sloan and Pearce have ***Mount Hood*** in two bindings: at $1.50 in cloth, $1 in paper. ***Oregon*** is published by Binford & Mort (Portland, Ore.) at $2.50, and ***Alaska*** by Macmillan, $3. If rivers are of special interest, remember the Farrar & Rinehart Rivers of America Series at $2.50 each—the Arkansas, Delaware, Kennebec, Upper Mississippi, the Suwannee, the Powder, the James, Hudson, Sacramento, and Wabash. ***The Pan American Highway: From the Rio Grande to the Canal Zone*** (Appleton, $5) by Harry Franck and Herbert Lanks, will start you toward South America, the center of interest for every American to-day. And ***The East Coast of South America*** by Sydney A. Clark (Prentice-Hall, $3) will help you when you get there.

Fiction and General

The Underground Stream, by Albert Maltz.

Mr. Maltz's prize-winning story, "The Happiest Man on Earth," appeared in *Harper's* in 1938. In this tense novel he squeezes into the short space of four days of February, 1936, not only a picture of working life in Detroit as it existed at that minute, but also much rich understanding of fear and hate, courage and love and sacrifice, as they have always existed. Little, Brown, $2.50

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As I Remember Him, by Hans Zinsser.

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VOLUME 181

AUGUST 1940

Harpers Magazine

WANTED: A PLAN FOR DEFENSE

BY HANSON W. BALDWIN

On May 10th Germany commenced her long-awaited and long-expected bid for victory.

As the German legions swept through the Netherlands and Belgium and on into France the great American capacity for fevered thinking—largely latent during the war's months of "Sitzkrieg"—started to manifest itself. Our emotional pendulum swung from boredom to excitation. Congress and the public, stirred by the possible implications of a German victory, became more defense-conscious than at any time since the war to end war, twenty-two years ago.

In itself this was a healthy reaction in a world racked by war in which we have seen the impossible become history. The defense services of the nation have been too long closely held private corporations, their actual balance sheets hidden in a maze of carefully chosen statistics, their assets known only to a few, their liabilities to still fewer. And the sincere efforts of some conscientious and balanced individuals to improve, modernize, reorganize, and strengthen what are, after all, public corporations charged with the public good have been too long met by public complacency and indifference.

Not that the public has been antagonistic to defense. Not that it has ignored it. Not that the Administration has failed to recognize the fundamental importance of national security amidst international chaos. The facts refute all such contentions. This is a campaign year. We must, therefore, expect footless statements. But it is not necessary to believe them. The facts are shown in the accompanying table.

At Pine Camp army maneuvers in 1935 I saw a lamentable spectacle. The United States Army then had some seven usable tanks, of which we were very proud. Military attachés of many foreign nations were invited to view some of these tanks in action. Four started to cross a dreary, stump-pocked field and charge up a sandy bank where the military attachés were standing. Two broke down. One "bellied up" on a stump, its tracks working helplessly like a crab

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COSTS OF DEFENSE

1934 Fiscal Year	*1940 Fiscal Year*
$580,689,784	$1,900,000,000 (approx.)
$4.58 per capita	$14.61 per capita
9.7 per cent of the budget	20 per cent of the budget

Total amount appropriated for national defense, 1934–1940, $7,307,936,466.

THE ARMY

1934	*1940*
134,000 officers and men (Regular Army)	242,648 officers and men
189,000 National Guard	251,000 National Guard

THE NAVY

	1934	*1940*
Ships underage	84, of 708,550 tons	134, of 929,070
Building	47, of 152,760 tons	77, of 488,860
Ships overage	288, of 330,110 tons	235, of 328,290

THE AIR FORCES

	1934	*1940*
Navy	933	1,765
Army	1,497	2,800

out of water. One charged gloriously up the sandy bank to demonstrate the might of Uncle Sam to the representatives of foreign powers there assembled.

This fiasco probably represented the nadir of our post-war preparedness. About a month ago in the Sabine River area of Louisiana and Texas the Regular Army put almost 400 tanks into action. It is obvious that the funds appropriated for defense in the past seven years have not been "poured down a rat hole"; it is also obvious that the Administration of President Roosevelt (an Administration that has happened to coincide with the era of Hitler, of rampant Japan, of expanding Italy, of aggressive Communism) has done more for defense than any other Administration since the World War.

But it is also obvious that neither the results achieved nor the programs planned meet our present defense needs, and it is altogether questionable whether the modernization of our defenses has been properly directed. We have got too little for our defense dollar. Red tape and inefficiency have caused delay and waste. At least forty of 107 naval vessels commissioned in the past seven years have had initial defects or mistakes in design which have cost millions to rectify. It takes us four or more years to build a battleship; Britain in peacetime requires about four years. So dim has been our military vision that we have had to buy the basic design for our anti-tank gun (a weapon still unavailable in any quantity) from Germany, for an aircraft cannon from France. We have but recently begun the manufacture of new and more powerful anti-aircraft guns (37 mm. and 90 mm.), although such weapons have been in service in European armies for years.

Jealousy and conflict between the infantry and the cavalry have materially hampered the development of mechanized forces such as the German *Panzer-divisionen*, and have led to such absurd extremes that the cavalry, which uses almost precisely the same type of light tank as the infantry, cannot call their tanks "tanks," but must designate them "combat cars." Last summer the National Guard units engaged in the maneuvers at Plattsburg faced army tanks for the first time in their experience. And last winter a special program of field exercises ordered by the President to bring the Regular Army to a high state of efficiency was emasculated in one unit by a general officer who displayed a meticulousness for whitewashed tent

pegs and an insistence upon the "spit-and-polish" of housekeeping duties rather than upon the more onerous and far more important duties of the field.

It seems evident, therefore, that past expenditures have not bought present security and that the problem of defense is much more complex than the passage of legislation. In the past seven years the taxpayer has been willing to see Congress appropriate substantial sums for defense; but that done, he has washed his hands of further responsibility. Neither Congress nor the people have manifested much intelligent interest in the all-important task of transmuting dollars into guns, with the result that much has been done that ought not to have been done and much has been left undone that ought to have been done.

II

The nation has now, however, swung to the other extreme. All sorts of interest—intelligent and half-witted—has been displayed in our defense problem since the Germans marched on May 10th. The pendulum has swung with startling rapidity. The danger now is not indifference, but hysteria. There seems little sanity in the land. Wall Street (and no matter how you damn it, Wall Street is a barometer of the nation) fears a German invasion of the United States this summer. Even the President talks about 50,000 planes, more than in all the combat air forces of the belligerents put together. Organizations called "Sixth Columns," that are little more than thinly-veiled vigilantes, are sprouting in the sunshine of unreasoned fear. We are talking blandly about the suppression of hard-won civil rights in the interest of national security. In early June the nation—spy-conscious, fearful—was almost poised and ready for a "witch-hunt," for a repetition of the execrable Palmer "red raids." In seeking methods to strengthen the defense of democracy we may be in danger of sacrificing that democracy.

The times call for balanced thought, sane judgment, and the floodlight of fact. Any defense program must have the close and careful supervision, not alone of the Administration, but of the taxpayer. For the taxpayer, the man-in-the-street, must do the dying if war comes; he is not only entitled to, but should participate in defense-planning; for in essence defense-planning is merely planning for the defense of the citizen's own life, for his family's security, for the ways and things which are dear to him, for the democracy and freedom which are more important than himself alone. But in doing it he must be careful that he does not lose those things—intangible, but real—which he is trying to defend.

All of this is a necessary preface to any discussion of our present and future defense needs. For our defense program must be based upon the starkest sort of reality, not upon bogies of our own creation, not upon complacent indifference. In the past ten months we have seen the Allies come tumbling out of a world of dreams and mistaken theories; we have read the record of their mistakes, perhaps fatal mistakes, emblazoned in newspaper headlines. The cold truth is, in summary, that Germany prepared for *this* war; France prepared for the *last* war; Britain prepared for *no* war. To-day we stand somewhere between France and Britain. Too many of our preparations have been for the *last* war; too many for *no* war of reality.

Now any defense program must be bedded deep in the virile soil of realism. We must get away from outworn concepts, from the "spit-and-polish" school, the "Colonel Blimps," the political admirals. We must recognize, as the Germans have done, that the gasoline engine, in the air and on the ground, has revolutionized the art of war. We must study the lessons of *this* war, digest them and apply them to our defense. This is fundamental in any approach to a sound defense.

The major lessons of the war are not many. First and most important must

be the renewed and emphatic stress laid upon the basic truth that the fighting individual is nowhere near as strong as the fighting team. The Germans owe much of their success in war to this principle and to the failure of their opponents to recognize it. The German command is unified, their strategic planning and tactical training unified, their operations co-ordinated and directed to a common end. Their fighting machine is more of a team than that of any other nation; there is little room in it for temperamental individuals. Their complete co-ordination of ground and air has been exemplified over and over again—in Poland, in Norway, in The Netherlands, Belgium, and France. Similar co-operation between naval units, ground forces, and air forces was demonstrated in the Norwegian campaign. Such co-ordinated effort is essential, not alone to the winning of a war, but to the rounding out of a balanced defense program.

Our defense forces suffer from its lack. Our officers stand too much upon pomp and prerogatives of rank. We have no unity of command, no unified planning, no higher war college where strategic planning by all arms is possible, as in France, no group or general staff of experts who know the capabilities and limitations of armies, navies, air forces, who understand the finely articulated integration of all these arms into a fighting machine.

The Germans, moreover, have had military vision. They knew that the machine gun had stabilized the lines in the past war; they sought for its answer. They found it in the plane in the air, mechanized forces on the ground. The world saw a rehearsal of the German tactics in Spain, where the plane was used somewhat like artillery for bombardment of front lines, strafing of ground troops. It saw a full-dress rehearsal in Poland. France and Britain paid it scarce heed; we paid it less. It is a curious commentary too that, though the German air force is the world's largest, it is not designed or organized primarily to fight in the air. Rather is its every effort directed to one end—the common end toward which the sea and land forces of Germany are also directed. Its objectives are ground targets or sea targets; it will fight in the air if it has to, but that is incidental to its purpose.

Understanding the importance of the gasoline and Diesel engines in the air, the Germans have also recognized their capabilities—when armor-protected—on the ground. The tank and the armored motor vehicles; infantry in trucks and soldiers on motorcycles; artillery towed at thirty miles an hour, have made *time* a paramount factor in war; such mechanized and motorized units combine the functions of cavalry with the World War function of the tank — that of the battering ram. Infantry has not been abandoned; it is still the essential mass of all armies; it is recognized that in the last analysis the man in the shell hole is the one who must consolidate control of conquered territory. But the modern army that has not a considerable proportion of its strength harnessed to the motor and protected by armor is an obsolete army.

The struggle at sea has shown that for our purposes the fighting ship is of more importance than ever. The influence of air power upon sea power is evident; in narrow waters operations of fighting fleets will be circumscribed and hampered by air power; the menace of the plane must be reflected in greater deck armor and more adequate protection for exposed personnel, perhaps in the development of new types.

The epic of the Allied retreat from Flanders—one of the greatest rear-guard actions in history—illustrates most vividly the fact that, despite the importance of machines, the fundamental worth of trained and intelligent man is one of the most important elements in any recipe for an adequate defense. Contrary to most suppositions, the German doctrine also stresses this; *Truppenführung*, the German Field Service Regulations, specifically states that "in spite of technic,

the worth of man is the decisive factor." Indeed, man must be more finely trained than ever if he is to handle the terrific engines of destruction which the mind of man has conceived. To achieve the impact of material mass it may be necessary, in our manufacturing processes, to sacrifice some degree of quality for quantity, to build, for instance, aircraft engines which have lives of thirty to a hundred hours, instead of 2,000; but if we sacrifice the training of the individual we shall pay for it in blood in the next war.

Such are the broad general lessons of the war, lessons upon which we must predicate our defense program if we are to prepare, not blindly, but intelligently. But if we are to have a defense program that is more than the blind appropriation of dollars we must first define what we are prepared to defend, and we must know, second, against whom we are to defend it.

III

Neither task is easy. For no definition of defense will ever satisfy all of the vocal pressure groups of this country, much less public opinion as a whole. Nor is it easy to delimit our vital areas. Are the East Indies, for instance, with their supplies of rubber and tin—strategic raw materials which we lack—vital to us? And should we build up a defense organization capable of defending the Philippines, even though we are now legally committed to withdrawal from those islands in 1946? Must we attempt to defend our commercial shipping and interests everywhere, as the naval policy enunciated by the Navy Department would imply, or should we, on an even broader basis, prepare to defend that philosophy which President Roosevelt described as "a way of life not for America alone but for all mankind"? Is our frontier in France or on the English Channel?

There has been no unanimity on these questions, and where there is no reasonable public agreement no reasonable defense program can be developed. But there can be, and is virtual unanimity of public opinion on Hemisphere defense, which is simply a strategic way of describing the Monroe Doctrine, the most firmly rooted foreign policy in our history. The American people seem determined that the Western World is for the Western nations; this, they say, we defend; upon this concept of defense can be built a program.

Strategically, Hemisphere defense does not mean what it implies geographically. There is no need for a rigid attempt to defend every bit of the land mass of the Western Hemisphere—first, because not all of it is worth defending strategically; second, because all that is required for effective defense is sufficient control of strategic points within the Hemisphere to enable our planes and ships to guard any vital areas and to prevent any enemy from establishing "bridgeheads" in the West.

Practically this means perhaps that our supervision should extend over that area bounded by the International Date Line from northern Alaska to the vicinity of Canton Island, thence eastward to the Galapagos; thence southward to the vicinity of 40 degrees south latitude; thence eastward again to the Atlantic and northward on a line running roughly through the Brazilian island of St. Paul and through the Azores to Greenland.

This seems like a large order—and it is; but it can be simplified. For a relatively few bases, properly situated, organized, defended, and garrisoned, and with the proper forces operating from them, or ready to be sent to them, can for all practical purposes insure our control.

But bases are the first, and perhaps the most important, of our problems of Hemispheric defense; regardless of who our potential enemies may be, we must have bases if Hemisphere defense is to be more than a phrase on Capitol Hill. Bases—air, naval, and military—within the continental United States, in Alaska and the Aleutians, and in the complex of islands radiating round Hawaii have

been, or are being, satisfactorily provided, though the Laocoön coils of red tape which have delayed construction progress need to be completely severed. Such bases effectively cover the continental United States, Alaska, western and northwestern Canada, and our mid-Pacific possessions. Farther south near the Canal Zone agreements similar to the understanding with Nicaragua, which allows us use of the Gulf of Fonseca, should be reached which would permit our use of the Galapagos and Cocos Islands in case of war. Some similar understanding—in return for economic or other concessions—might be reached with Chile, which would allow us the limited use of Valparaiso in case of a threatened attack against any western South American countries. However, the geography of the Pacific, with its great distances and the remoteness of any great power from the southern portion, would seem to preclude any serious attempt against western South America, particularly if we had the use of the Galapagos Islands.

In the Atlantic the real defense of southern South America must begin at the shoulder of Brazil which juts far out into the ocean, although the richest and most industrially developed part of that continent—the only part not within our continental purview in which important alien base areas would be likely to be established—extends from south-central Brazil to the River Plate and the Montevideo-Buenos Aires area. Agreements with Brazil (tacit ones probably already exist) which would permit our use of Brazilian airports and harbors such as Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco, Belem, and the island of St. Paul, should be definitely reached. Farther north in the West-Indian-Caribbean area Aruba, Curaçao, Trinidad, and air bases in Venezuela would be of considerable utility in extending our hold upon the Caribbean and the approaches to the Panama Canal. We should at this time settle definitely any speculation as to the future status of Dutch, British, or French possessions in the West Indies or Central or South America by announcing that these possessions will be taken under our protection, if necessary, and that no change in their *status quo* will be permitted regardless of developments in Europe. Bermuda most particularly should be included in such a category, and we should also declare that any change in the status of the Azores would concern us.

Coast Guard cutters, a squadron of patrol planes, and a few submarines should cruise to Greenland occasionally, and a seasonal base might well be established there by arrangement with local authorities. And finally, definite talks with Canada and Newfoundland should be started, looking toward the use by us of their air bases and harbors (particularly Botwood, Newfoundland; St. John's, Newfoundland; Cartwright, Labrador; St. John, N. B.; Halifax, Nova Scotia) in case of war with any non-American power.

IV

But preceding and accompanying any such program must be the promotion of political, economic, and cultural rapprochement with all other nations and dependencies of the western Hemisphere. We must *make it worth those nations' while* to be on our side; we must make it worth their while to maintain systems of government friendly to our own; we must foster Pan-Americanism to the point where general staff talks and definite understandings are possible.

Once political, economic, and cultural ties have linked the Hemisphere, once understandings have been reached in regard to bases (and it is important to remember that the first must precede the second), then *we can staff those bases* with the necessary men and guns and equip them with the long-range planes and fighting ships necessary for effective Hemisphere defense.

Yet the implementation of those bases must depend upon the answer to another question: Who are our enemies? Nor can we lightly shunt aside this question or

answer in the ambiguous language of diplomacy if we are to build a realistic, an effective, defense. We must know *against whom we may fight*, since our military strength is *relative*—not absolute—to that of our potential enemies.

There is no question but that the vast majority of the American people consider Germany as our No. 1 potential enemy. There is no official unanimity on such a subject; many naval officers feel that Japan is a more dangerous menace. Others think there is little to choose between Communism and Fascism and that we may have to face a Europe and Asia dominated by the totalitarian powers—Germany and Japan, Russia and Italy. Even to Army and Navy experts, paid to imagine the worst possible contingencies and to prepare against them, such a combination, particularly one intent upon conquest in the Western World, seems most unlikely. But it is a possibility, no matter how faint or remote, and it is against possibilities that national defense—a form of national life insurance—is designed to protect us.

Now in so far as Hemisphere defense is concerned (and the scope of this article is limited to that alone) it is perfectly clear that there is no problem whatsoever unless Germany wins the war. For without a victorious Germany no combination of powers can be imagined that could challenge our predominance in the Western Hemisphere. And there are no nations, or combinations of nations within the Hemisphere which could threaten us—even should they wish to do so.

The ten nations of South America could mobilize among them only five battleships—all of them old and obsolescent, three modern cruisers, and a few destroyers and submarines. Their combined armies total only 290,000 men, very poorly trained; they have between them only 500 to 600 planes; their industries are in no sense adequate for the strain of war, and the war *matériel* they possess is almost entirely foreign-bought.

V

The increases in our defenses requested by the President in May are therefore primarily insurance against a victorious Germany. But the character of our defense problem in such an event would depend upon the character of a German victory.

This writer, for one, cannot accept easily the contention that the German conquest, if achieved, will be complete and overwhelming. We may well be facing another Napoleonic era; the odds of victory are, at the present writing, heavily on Germany—*but not for the kind of victory that Washington is talking about.* Naziism, Fascism, and Communism have, indeed, considerable in common, but wolves do not for long lie down with lions. It seems to me to be self-evident that if Germany wins she will reap bitter crops—mistrust and fear by Russia and Italy, the necessity for constant surveillance and uneasy domination over conquered peoples, the exhaustion consequent to any major war. Nor does it seem at all probable—even if Britain is conquered (an easy assumption, but far from an easy task)—that the British Fleet will be surrendered to Hitler. It is far more likely that if Britain is defeated the British Fleet will have gone to the bottom of the sea defending England or will have retired to Canada or other Empire points.

If Germany wins we must anticipate increased power and influence and arrogance among those German and Fascist minorities which are now only irritants within the body politic of the Western Hemisphere. But our first battles—if indeed, we should ever come to such a clash of arms—would not be military or naval or air—but economic and political. For we cannot of course escape the effects of a German victory; our standards of living are almost certain to be reduced if autarchy stretches across Europe; we shall have to wage a fierce economic war for our markets in South America.

It will be at first an economic war, not a war of bullets, and it is possible that a

military clash might never develop. But we must nevertheless—for the sake of our security, and because modern instruments of defense are not built in a day—initiate now preliminary steps to dampen the effects of any German victory. We must gage our defenses against the strengths of the totalitarian powers. In the accompanying table their standings are given.

	Armies (*Maximum effectives*)	Navies (*Ships built and building*) No.	Navies (*Ships built and building*) Tonnage	Air Forces (*Total planes of all types, combat, training and reserve*)
Germany	3,500,000	140–180	500,000–550,000	10,000–20,000
Japan	2,000,000	249	1,007,416	3,000–5,000 (?)
Russia	4,225,000 (?)	218	326,313	5,000–10,000
Italy	1,500,000	318	700,803	4,000– 6,400

None of this strength—or at most an inconsiderable portion of it—is now in the Western Hemisphere. (There are about a dozen old commercial transport planes of German make and possibly of German ownership in northern South America—about which so many headlines have been written—within flying distance of the Panama Canal, which is now defended by 200 to 300 planes and scores of anti-aircraft guns. If anything happens to the Canal because of those dozen German planes somebody is criminally negligent.) And none of that military strength of our potential enemies can be put into the Western Hemisphere except by sea or through the air.

Now the normal combat plane uses from forty to sixty gallons of gasoline per hour; the pay load of the Clipper ships, for instance, that now fly the Atlantic, is only about 34,000 pounds. From eight to fifteen men are required—pilots, mechanics, ground crew, etc.—to keep one plane in the air, and it must have bases from which to operate, with a vast complex of fuel tanks, machine shops, ammunition and bomb dumps, food and water supplies, anti-aircraft guns, etc. Mass bomber squadrons of Europe to-day have comfortable operating radii of 500 miles (500 miles out, 500 back), while the effective limit (and that for only a handful of planes) is not much more than twice that figure. It seems obvious, therefore, with the distances on the map in mind, that although mass bombardment, the transportation of troops by air, and parachute troops have proved of great effectiveness in the European War, we have little to fear from any of them—unless an enemy can establish bases within this Hemisphere. And the plane alone cannot transport the vast *matériel* required for such bases over the great distances involved. There is only one carrier with cargo capacity and radius of action sufficient to do the job, one means of transportation by which the force and supplies necessary for a serious attack upon this Hemisphere can be brought to this Hemisphere—and that means is the ship. Yet we must remember that seven and a half tons of shipping are required, on the average, for every soldier (and his equipment) transported. . . . It is obvious, therefore, that since it is only by sea and by air that an offensive force can strike at the West, ships come first, planes second, in considering the strength of our defenses.

The public has rightly been impressed with the achievement of air power in the European War. But nothing that has occurred in that war has invalidated the basic concept of sea power. German sea power put the German forces of occupation into Norway and German air power kept them there. Yet probably no more than 150,000 German troops were ever in Norway; they were transported over sea and air routes only one hundred to three hundred miles long. Nor has British sea power, as such, been defeated by German air power. Germany almost controls the continent of Europe because of her

land and air power; yet the British blockade still cuts her off from the rest of the world. The British Navy put British troops into Norway and took them out again (with minor losses) when German air power forced their retreat. The British and French navies successfully evacuated 335,000 men from Dunkerque in the face of the most intensive air and land attacks ever known.

If so important in the scheme of Europe's war, sea power is therefore all the more important to us, separated as we are from potential enemies by 3,000 to 7,000 miles of ocean—ocean that can be dominated by ships alone.

The strength of our Navy, therefore, is still of primary consequence. That strength to-day consists of about 446 ships totalling 1,746,000 tons, built and building. The extraordinary funds requested by the President will provide moneys to lay down during the 1941 fiscal year eighty-seven new vessels, which will increase our grand total to 2,212,070 tons. And, at writing, eighty-four fighting ships of 399,600 tons had been requested of Congress, bringing our potential total to 2,611,670 tons—by far the world's greatest fleet.

Compare these figures with the naval statistics of our potential enemies. The combined sea power of all four states is somewhat superior to ours in total tonnage, but in so small a ratio as to offer no danger to our security. This becomes all the more evident when one goes beyond the façade of statistics. For Russia is negligible as a sea power; her submarines could be, at worst, an irritant in the northern Pacific; it is extremely doubtful if her principal units are seaworthy enough to cross the oceans. Italy's fleet is composed of high-speed but short-range ships for Mediterranean service; some of Germany's ships have small crusing radii designed for duty in the North Sea; Japan's navy has been built primarily for service in the Far East; our fleet is really the only blue-water navy. To-day the totalitarian powers could muster against us a tenuous and theoretical superiority only if their own waters were entirely stripped of all naval protection, and a weird conglomeration of ill-adjusted fighting ships sent 3,000 miles across the seas on a mission for which they were never designed and never intended. Even then, our own fleet, a tactical, unified whole, fighting in close proximity to its own bases, aided by shore-based aircraft, would have an insuperable advantage over a conglomeration of ships operating thousands of miles from bases and constantly subject to air and submarine attack.

But our fleet has certain weaknesses. Most of it is concentrated in the Pacific. The Atlantic Squadron—which contrary to general belief, would *not* be a "push-over" for any power—is an integral part of the U. S. Fleet, and is under the direct command of Admiral James Richardson, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Fleet, who flies his flag in the Pacific. Naval forces in the Atlantic comprise three old but still serviceable battleships, with thick deck and side armor but inferior range and slow speed; an old battleship converted into a training ship which might again be made into a fighting unit; an aircraft carrier; five swift, modern cruisers (plus others temporarily on this coast), more than a match for any ships of their type in the world; and a torpedo fleet of very considerable strength and mobility consisting of forty destroyers and twenty or more submarines, and a growing "mosquito" squadron of motor torpedo boats—all backed up by the Navy's long-range patrol bombers. These Atlantic forces should be strengthened by two or three more battleships, another aircraft carrier, and some more cruisers, and will undoubtedly be so strengthened when ships of these types now building are completed.

Both the fleet in the Pacific and that portion of it in the Atlantic are deficient in minelayers—most useful for defensive purposes—and both coasts should have a larger number of long-range submarines. Greater attention should also be paid to the development of ships for specialized

purposes—minelaying and anti-aircraft cruisers, netlayers, etc.

These are on the whole minor weaknesses. So long as our *present naval strength relative to the totalitarian powers is maintained—and this is the crux of our naval preparedness problem*—we have little to fear from attack by sea. The present ratio of naval strength can change only if we neglect our own building program, if the totalitarian powers outbuild us, or—the final possibility—if the bulk of the Allied fleets should fall into German hands. Only the latter contingency could change the present ratio of naval strength overnight. The other possibilities would present a picture of gradual change, a picture to which we could adapt our own actions in ample time to conform with that change. If the swastika were raised to the gaffs of the *Nelson*, the *Rodney*, and other British and French vessels—and as we have said previously this can be considered a most unlikely possibility—our building program would unquestionably have to be increased. But we cannot in reason attempt to outbuild the world and to prepare to the fullest against every faintly possible contingency, for to do so would be irremediably to weaken our economic and perhaps our political structure before we even entered a war. We have already taken reasonable precautions against the possibility that the British fleet might fall into German hands by appropriating funds to start construction as soon as the ways are available of 171 new men-of-war. Our plans are therefore made and our dollars appropriated; what we need now is not further naval appropriations but the proper transmutation of dollars into fighting ships.

And that brings us to the shore organization of our Navy. We cannot maintain our present relative naval strength, vis-à-vis other powers, unless we can build good ships as rapidly as other powers, and this our Navy has not satisfactorily demonstrated that it can do. The reorganization of the Navy Department, partially carried through in recent months, should be completed; design and procurement methods altered; red tape sliced; our navy yards shaken up; new shipbuilding ways provided.

In fighting efficiency our fleet probably equals any when its actions are limited to purely naval operations; it still has a lot to learn, however, about combined operations—that type of naval, land, and air force action which requires to the highest degree co-ordination of all fighting services and which is the type of operations most likely to occur in any defense of the Hemisphere.

VI

The German Air Force is a separate air force—organized, trained, and equipped under a ministry separate and distinct from the army and navy ministries. So is the French air force; so is the British. But it is obvious that the German air force has developed the use of air power to a far higher degree than either the British or French. We do not have a separate air force; our Army and our Navy control their own air forces. It ought to be evident from the lessons of the war that the type of organization doesn't matter. What does matter is the co-ordination between surface and air units—so marked in the case of Germany, so lacking in the case of Britain and of France.

The outstanding air lesson of the war is that air power is most effective when used in close and intensive support of naval units and ground troops—in co-operative action. Acting independently on long-range missions, it has sometimes achieved successes, but its record has been at best spotty and its success has been almost directly proportionate to the distance of the targets attacked from the home bases and to the number of planes used in the missions.

Applying these lessons to our problems we find, therefore, need for planes designed, organized, and trained to co-operate in close support of Army and Navy, and a need for powerful, long-ranging bombers capable of carrying out strategical missions in considerable mass

at considerable distance from base. Our strategical problem, as has been pointed out, involves distance and bases. Given the bases—and we must have them then—we then require planes of long enough range (longer than the range of any enemy planes—and this is a challenge to our technicians!) to cover all overseas approaches to those bases and to guard all vital areas of the Hemisphere. But the training and operations of these long-range bombers should be closely integrated with the operations of our fleet, for the first line of defense of the Western Hemisphere is primarily a water line.

The Navy's long-range patrol bombers —great flying boats which can carry several tons of bombs and some of which have radii of 1,000 to 1,800 miles—are ideally suited for this job. But we have not enough of them. The Army's Boeing "flying fortresses," faster than the patrol planes but with less range—are also well-equipped for this work.

For close co-operation with the fighting fleet and the battle line are the scout-bombers, fighters, and torpedo planes of the aircraft carriers, and the catapulted seaplanes of the cruisers and battleships. We shall require from seventy-five to one hundred more of the former types for each new carrier we put into commission; from two to six of the latter for each battleship and cruiser. We now have by far the largest ship-based air force in the world; there is no necessity for any great increment of this strength, merely the addition of sufficient new planes to provide air equipment for the new ships we build.

The Army, however, has no such closely integrated and well-knit air forces to support its ground forces. Observation planes are the only type closely attached to the individual ground units. The Army has no dive bombers; the air corps virtually gave up the attack plane —a type which it first developed and perfected—some time ago because some of our pilots were so bemused with the vision of an independent air arm winning wars by itself that we neglected the proper development of types to co-operate with ground troops. Dive-bombers (like the famous German "Stukas"), attack planes, and medium bombardment and pursuit types should be developed and merged into an instrument devoted to one end—support of the ground forces.

Here, then, is our air problem defined. How many planes do we need? An exact definition of our needs must depend upon an exact location of the bases available to us, but it can be said with some confidence that we do not need and should not attempt to maintain an air force of 50,000 planes. Indeed, the actual requests of the fighting services seem to be somewhat more realistic, and it is likely that the goal of 50,000 planes mentioned by the President in his defense message must have been intended to convey his conviction that our air forces should be greatly strengthened, rather than to set any such figure. The Navy has asked for 10,000 planes, 16,000 pilots; the Army's exact requests at writing have not been finally determined, but apparently will be about 11,000 planes. Unless a considerable proportion of these planes are to be training planes or held in reserve (as now seems likely) these figures appear excessive, for we have nothing to fear in the air from Japan, who is a weak air power, and even Germany, the world's greatest air power, probably does not maintain in active operating combat squadrons more than 4,500 to 8,000 planes, and only a handful of these would have range enough to cross even the southern Atlantic—from French West Africa to the hump of Brazil.

The Navy could utilize effectively about 1,500 to 2,000 patrol bombers scattered throughout the Western Hemisphere. The Army should have 700 to 1,000 or more long-range bombers—most of them organized in a centralized group, such as our present General Headquarters Air Force, but ready to be immediately transferred in mass to any threatened sector. These planes should

have the protection of a small force, say 200 to 400 long-range pursuits or destroyers. The Navy must maintain the strength of our ship-based aircraft; when our present building program is completed that strength will probably reach 1,500 planes. The Army must immediately build up a force of 400 to 800 planes—dive bombers, attack planes, medium bombardment and pursuit—designed for one purpose, to act as an attack instrument of the ground forces and to be under the command of whoever is assigned to command our field army. In addition, reserve fliers or civilian pilots should be organized in auxiliary fighter and interceptor squadrons, their duties the air defense of certain territorial and industrial areas in the United States. The total combat plane strengths of both Army and Navy (including perhaps 800 planes earmarked solely for the defense of such points as the Panama Canal, Hawaii, etc.) need not be more than 7,000 to 10,000 planes, plus perhaps twenty-five per cent reserve, plus training planes—of which a considerable number will initially be required.

For our immediate problem in the air is threefold: (1) devising the proper organization upon which our air strength can be built and achieving the maximum possible co-ordination of effort of army planes with naval planes, of both with the surface forces; (2) speeding up and increasing the supply of trained pilots; (3) increasing, not so much the capacity of our aircraft factories, which even to-day is large, but increasing their actual production rate, which to-day is no more than 8,000 to 12,000 annually, and which ought to be, at least for the duration of this present international crisis, perhaps 24,000 to 36,000 annually.

VII

The Army is this nation's and this Hemisphere's third line of defense. It is an important element of that defense (we should not make the mistake of thinking that wars can be won by sea power and air power alone), and some of its functions are particularly vital. In the past we have been committed to the principle of a small citizens' army, rather than the maintenance of a huge standing army which can be utilized effectively not in this Hemisphere, but only on European or Asiatic battlefields, where the borders of hostile nations crowd across the map and mass is still hurled against mass. The mass armies of Europe or Asia cannot easily be transported to this Hemisphere—can never be so transported provided we retain control of the seas and maintain a proper air defense. A small army could be transported, might elude our fleet or take advantage of its presence in another ocean to establish some beach-head in a remote area. But probably the maximum force that could be so transported—the maximum initial force that could be transported even if control of the sea were wrested from us—would not be much larger than 50,000 men. The transportation of such a force would require 375,000 tons of shipping, perhaps forty ships, about the largest force that could conveniently be convoyed in a single operation. To supply such a force might require from 650,000 tons of shipping to 2,000,000 tons monthly; in other words, perhaps half of the tonnage of the German merchant marine would have to be devoted solely to the job of supplying 50,000 soldiers. If this force were to be doubled, the shipping tonnage necessary would be doubled; to supply an army of 1,000,000 men in this Hemisphere would require at the very least 13,000,000 tons of shipping. Economically and commercially the problem seems impossible; not even Britain, or a combination of Britain and Germany, has sufficient shipping to divert such an enormous amount of it from their ordinary and vital trade routes to military purposes.

We do not, therefore, have to fear the employment of mass armies in this Hemisphere; the most we have to guard against is the possible transportation of a small expeditionary force.

There are now pending various proposals for the increase in size of our Army—some of them involving relatively small but necessary numerical increases, others a basic change in the whole fundamental structure of our defense forces, a basic change indeed in the concept of our democracy. In the latter category falls the suggestion, now vigorously pressed, for conscription. Conscription in time of war can be justified. But at a time like the present it cannot be justified *on a basis of Hemisphere defense*, for no such mass of men as conscription would provide can effectively be used in this Hemisphere—with one possible exception: if we were preparing for a death struggle with a Japanized Asia and with a completely Germanized Europe in which all the navies and merchant marines and shipbuilding facilities of the continent were in German hands—a possibility which we have previously discussed and considered to be most unlikely.

Events do not warrant the painting of the international picture in such black overtones as this. But whether or not conscription is genuinely needed, it should never be endorsed except after careful consideration and with an understanding of the basic change in our lives and our customs that it will entail. Invocation of a compulsory-service act has many arguments in its favor, but it should be clearly understood that its adoption would create a profound, lasting, and inescapable change in the economic, social, and political life of our country and might well retard the growth of our civilization. A measure of such consequence if enacted in time of peace may become a permanent part of our institutions; it should not, therefore, be considered by Congress in this era of hysteria, but, if intended as a permanent measure, only in a time of calm calculation. On the other hand, if conscription is needed merely as a temporary emergency measure to last for the duration of the emergency, then the emergency ought to be defined; if the international picture is black enough to warrant conscription then the President should declare a state of national emergency or Congress should declare a state of war.

And if the Army can fill its minimum needs in men without conscription there are still some valid arguments for it — but the most important, the need for manpower, falls by the wayside. And we have not yet even had a chance to try to fill our requirements by voluntary recruiting.

What are those requirements? The functions and responsibilities of our land forces are several. First, our Regular Army must provide garrisons and defenses for army, navy, and air bases now established, or to be established. This may require eventually 125,000 to 150,000 men, with the most heavily guarded points the Panama Canal, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and several points in the Alaskan-Aleutian area. Second: the Regular Army must provide the nucleus or cadre for coast defense and anti-aircraft troops to make our continental base within the United States secure; it must have eight to fifteen men per plane to operate its air force; it must provide officers and instructors to train the National Guard and to form the skeletal structure upon which a large mass army may be built up in case of necessity after "M-Day." And, under our broadened responsibilities of Hemisphere Defense, it has another function of recent development. It must provide a field force, highly trained, fully equipped, instantly ready for transportation as an expeditionary force anywhere within the Western Hemisphere—to quell, with the help of the Navy and air force, alien-inspired revolutions, to seize an advanced base, to repel an attack or hold an area, until larger forces are transported, if necessary, to assist it. Such a force certainly need be no larger than 150,000 men—perhaps half that number—about the number with which Germany, only one hundred miles away, seized Norway. Adding to this the numbers required for the Army's other functions, the Regular

Army, even to fulfill its broadened responsibilities, need be no larger than 400,000 men, if that large. Our present enlisted strength is about 228,000; authorized strength is 280,000; a further increase is indicated, but it should not be hard to fill the necessary quota by voluntary recruiting.

The National Guard should be reorganized and its duties redefined. Those duties should fall into two distinct categories. First, the Guard should furnish the major portion of the forces which would provide coast and anti-aircraft defense for this country. Home guard units—some of them composed of older men—ought to be created to provide such protection for their own localities. And the other part of the Guard, consisting of younger men selected for their physical fitness, should be organized and trained in peacetime to provide a field force of perhaps nine to twelve divisions to replace the Regular Army field force if that force should be sent out of the country, to supplement it, if required, for continental defense. The authorized strength of the Guard to-day is about 235,000 men. No increase is contemplated under the President's present plans; it should, however, have an increment of strength, primarily to furnish very considerably expanded forces for anti-aircraft and home defense purposes.

This reorganized and strengthened army needs above all to be a balanced army, with the proper number of anti-aircraft units, the proper number of mechanized divisions, etc. Despite the graphic lessons of the war there is as yet no indication that our future plans have been altered to fit those lessons; there is as yet no evidence that the importance of the gasoline engine in war has been fully realized.

Hemispheric defense, it should be obvious from a study of our geographical position, from even a cursory examination of the capabilities and the limitations of the fighting ship and the fighting plane, is primarily a problem for sea power, secondarily for air power. But it is not a problem which can be solved by any one service alone, or for that matter by the defense forces alone. Political and economic planning within the Hemisphere must precede strategical planning; the diplomatic and financial branches of government should be even more immediately interested in this problem than the military. And an integrated defense must be a defense into which each element of the fighting services, its supporting arms, and the other branches of government are nicely articulated, in which each service works—not on "its own," but as part of a machine.

There seems to be no such unity of concept or unity of planning in Washington. Our defense forces are, like Topsy, "jest growin'." Wanted above all is a plan for defense, a military policy, a directive, a definition of what we must defend and against whom, and the organization to carry out the plan.

We intend to spend more than $4,650,000,000—perhaps $5,000,000,000, or about $36 per capita, 42 per cent of the national budget, in this fiscal year of 1941. The dollars are flowing. But is there a plan?

THE NEW GERMAN MILITARY THEORY

BY HOFFMAN NICKERSON

THERE is nothing mysterious about the new German tactics and strategy which have so astonished civilian opinion. On the contrary, their general principles have for some time been familiar to educated soldiers and attentive students of war. At this writing details remain to be cleared up, for instance as to the equipment and use of parachute troops and the rumored, but as yet unverified, "new weapon." On the whole, however, the recent German operations in France, Belgium, and the Netherlands have followed the pattern already seen in Poland and Norway. In each case the extraordinary thing has been not what the Germans have tried to do but the smoothness and speed with which they have done it.

The new military technic has developed naturally and logically from the experience of the last war, as digested in the active discussion of military theory which has gone on everywhere since November 11, 1918.

For the most part the campaigns of 1914–18 served as signposts indicating what should be avoided in the future. That war was won by exhaustion. After more than ten million soldiers and probably an even larger number of civilians had been killed, most of the planet had gone bankrupt, and social order throughout the vast Russian Empire had broken down, Germany had finally collapsed. Obviously the strategy which had produced such a result was worthless because it was so costly that its victories were almost as bad as defeats. In 1914, before the Western Front had hardened into trench warfare, the Germans had had a chance to win the war at the Marne. Four years later, in the spring of 1918, a new offensive tactic had given them another chance. Neither opportunity had been grasped, and in the interval the opposing masses of infantry and artillery had battered fruitlessly against each other almost as crudely as two hostile unarmed groups who meet each other in a narrow corridor and can do nothing else but shove.

Everywhere military thinkers came to much the same conclusion as the man in the street: this must not happen again. The talented German General Von Seeckt, who organized the little Versailles Treaty Reichswehr for the inglorious and short-lived Weimar Republic, in his book *Thoughts of a Soldier*, of which the English translation was published fourteen long years ago, summed up the lesson of the last war thus:

> To what military success did this universal levy in mass . . . lead? In spite of every effort the war did not end with the decisive destruction of the enemy on the field of battle; for the most part it resolved itself into a series of exhausting struggles for position until, before an immense superiority of force, the springs which fed the resistance of one of the combatants, the sources of its personnel, its material, and finally of its morale dried up, although they were not exhausted. Has the victor really rejoiced in his victory? Do the results of the war bear any just relation to the sacrifice of national strength? . . . The soldier must ask himself whether these giant armies can even be manœuvred in accordance with a strategy that seeks a decision, and whether it is possible for any future war

between . . . masses to end otherwise than in indecisive rigidity.

Perhaps the principle of the levy in mass, of the nation in arms, has outlived its usefulness. . . . Mass becomes immobile; it cannot manœuvre and . . . cannot win victories, it can only crush by sheer weight.

(And again) The soldier, who seeks a decision in mobility, rapidity and inspiration, has grave doubts whether armed masses can ever secure a decision, and whether nations in arms can avoid finishing in trenches once more.

(On the other hand) Anyone who has the smallest idea what technical knowledge, what numerous instruments, operated only by carefully trained experts, what highly disciplined mental faculties are needed for the effective control of modern artillery fire, must admit that these essential qualities cannot be taken for granted with men whose training has been brief and superficial . . . such men . . . against a small number of practiced technicians . . . are "cannon fodder" in the worst sense of the term.

Unlike the man in the street, however, military thinkers did not interpret "this must not happen again" as meaning that strife would cease. Instead, since they correctly judged that no stable or lasting peace was being established, they diligently sought for more rational because more profitable ways of waging war.

In all cases they found the germ of their new methods in certain developments of the latter part of 1914–18. Some of these developments had been due to mechanization by means of the internal-combustion engine which had made possible the plane and the tank. Planes had had a real though limited effect upon ground operations, while the success of tanks had been startling—at Cambrai in 1917 they had broken clear through the German front in an attack which if properly supported might have ended the war. Independently of mechanization, the new German offensive tactic of 1917 and 18 had gone a long way toward achieving surprise and making maneuver possible not by means of new weapons but by high training of the assaulting troops. First, the approach march had been made in greatest secrecy, the troops moved by night so as not to be seen from the air; all gun and wagon wheels and horses' hoofs had been muffled, and all troops with their transport had remained under cover of woods or roofs during the day. Second, the bombardment before the assault had been short and without preliminary ranging, most of the shells being filled with temporary gases intended to hinder the defenders without barring the advance of the attackers. Third, the actual attack had been made by "infiltration"; each assaulting unit had gone ahead as fast and as far as it could, leaving to the Higher Command the job of protecting its flanks and rear by means of reserves. Thus in case of success the remaining "islands of resistance" had been surrounded as by water flowing through a break in a dam. Without high training secrecy could not have been achieved, the suddenly opened bombardment could not have been accurate, and the infiltrating attack would have been ineffective. Obviously such procedure contained valuable lessons for the future.

Considering all these things, and seeking constantly for some means of victory which would not be too costly in blood, in physical destruction, and in money, military theorists divided into two schools. A minority, the "air-frightfulness" people whose most logical and lucid representative was the Italian General Douhet, pinned their faith to the bombing plane. According to them a sudden rush of bombers could first destroy an opponent's air force and then terrify his civilians into panic by indiscriminately attacking cities, thus winning a war practically overnight.

Although this idea had some success in capturing the popular imagination, the majority of students of war put it aside with contempt. The verdict of that majority may be summed up in the words of America's best military historian, the late R. M. Johnston of Harvard and of the Historical Section A. E. F., in his admirable little book *First Reflections on the Campaign of 1918* in which he wrote: "We hear much from civilians and half-trained soldiers about

the war of the future being decided by . . . some particular arm, such as the bombing plane. The operations of 1918 emphasize a . . . very different conclusion . . . never before has the combination of all arms been so essential and so difficult to achieve." In other words, thoughtful soldiers and naval officers everywhere saw that the more powerful the plane might prove, the more essential it was to use it as part of a team of which the other members would be ground troops and ships.

Especially in Germany, angered and humiliated by the Versailles Treaty but still, thanks to that treaty, a great power, military thought set to work upon the difficult task of co-ordinating the use of the new and strangely assorted weapons provided by modern industry.

To this end Von Seeckt drew up a scheme or scenario for future land campaigns which he divided, as it were, into three acts. According to him, since the existing air forces—being manned largely by professionals permanently in the service—will be immediately available, they will be the stars of the first act, attacking not so much the hostile cities and centers of supply as the opposing air forces, and turning against other targets only after defeating those forces. He did not expand this remark, and by it he undoubtedly meant air attack against the factories and ground organization of the hostile air armada. Nor did he agree with Douhet in taking for granted a rapid decision as between the air fleets. In passing he noted the importance and vulnerability to air attack of large hostile troop concentrations, and in general the possibility of hindering the enemy's mobilization of men and supplies by such attack.

In his second act: "The attack initiated by the air force will be pressed with all possible speed by all available troops, *i.e.* in essence, by the regular army. The more efficient this army, the greater its mobility, the more resolute and competent its command, the greater will be its chance of beating the opposing forces rapidly out of the field, of hindering the enemy in the creation and training of further forces and perhaps of making him immediately ready for peace. While the two professional armies are fighting for the initial decision, the creation of defensive forces is in progress behind them. The army that has been victorious . . . will, while drawing on its own reserves of men and material for the necessary maintenance of its striking power, essay to prevent the newly formed masses on the other side, superior in numbers but inferior in quality, from developing their strength and above all from forming compact and well equipped fronts."

Thus the third act, that of the mass armies spreading themselves across the theater of war, may not take place at all, or only as an epilogue working out a foregone conclusion. It will at any rate be profoundly affected by the first battles between the regulars.

Summing up, Von Seeckt saw: ". . . the whole future of warfare . . . in the employment of mobile armies, relatively small but of high quality and rendered distinctly more effective by the addition of aircraft, and in the simultaneous mobilization of the whole defense force, be it to feed the attack or for home defense." His mobile "operating army," so he thought, had best require no reinforcement whatsoever for its first move, and in any case very little.

Already in reading this sketch the reader may have been reminded of what was to happen in Poland. He or she may also have noted that the only new arm mentioned in the above scenario is the plane. Since all the new weapons were at the time forbidden to Germany, probably the suave Prussian's omission of, for instance, tanks was a matter of tact. This idea is confirmed by what Von Seeckt wrote in another place: "He who believes that position warfare is the opposite of real war, that it may indeed lead to the gradual disintegration of the side that is weaker in material, but never to the decisive, annihilating victory

which is the aim of all military thinking, and who therefore believes that this future victory must be sought in a war of movement, will not relinquish the arm whose essential characteristic is mobility, *i.e.* cavalry." If for "cavalry" we read "planes, motor cycles, armored cars, and tanks" we probably come nearer to his real thought.

The reader will also have noted how full of the offensive spirit Von Seeckt was, and in this he is typical of present German thought which he did so much to form. Although Germans know at least as well as able but slightly one-sided writers like Liddell Hart the strength of the modern defensive, they are far too good soldiers not to realize that in war only the offensive can achieve positive results. Well aware that the problem is a hard nut to crack, the Higher Command in Berlin went at it energetically. Army administration and paper work were simplified, after a fashion that would have delighted the temporary American officers of the last war, so that the new German officers might give their whole time to training and study. Beginning in the days when Germany's weapons were still more or less restricted by the Versailles Treaty, every tactical exercise, even those of small units, emphasized the necessity for team work between infantry, artillery, tanks, and aircraft. To harness together an elephant, a giraffe, a race horse, and a yoke of oxen and to persuade them all to pull together would be simple in comparison. The jungle of written orders which had sprouted everywhere during the trench warfare of 1914–18 was wholly swept away. Even division commanders were taught to issue them seldom and then very briefly. Every subordinate commander was constantly thrown on his own initiative, both as to how he should execute the directions which his immediate Chief outlined to him in a handful of words and as to how he should act when wholly on his own. The idea was that all hands should cooperate sensibly and promptly according to the immediate situation, much like an American championship football team in a broken field.

II

In war, as in other human activities, ideas must be carried out by men. Although good officers will, in time, make good troops out of untrained civilians, nevertheless time is essential. In considering the German army of to-day the thorough training of the men as well as the officers cannot be over emphasized. In the little Versailles Treaty Reichswehr, a long-service professional force, the physical and military training of both officers and men was carried farther than in any modern army since the French Revolutionary conscripts, by defeating the regular armies of the Kings, had exalted military quantity above quality.

When National Socialist Germany reintroduced universal service the saving of time became all important. The military world wondered how Von Seeckt's hundred thousand professionals could be made the nucleus of a mass army of millions without ruinous sacrifice of maneuvering power. One way of inspiring the new formations was to keep alive the memory of the army of the Hohenzollerns—others may laugh at tradition; the soldier who must prepare himself for one of the greatest of ordeals will not do so. The tradition of many famous regiments of Hohenzollern days had been carefully preserved by naming a Reichswehr infantry company or cavalry troop after each of them. Also the thorough military education of the Reichswehr had fitted it admirably to serve as the nucleus of a far larger force. Nevertheless, the expansion was so sudden and so vast that it required the greatest efforts.

One cannot repeat too often that the essence of the new warfare is not merely the use of the new weapons but their use by a highly trained Command and by highly trained soldiers. This alone made possible the extreme boldness, the

great speed, and the smoothness of the German operations during the war.

In the case of many of the drafted men time had been saved by a preliminary course in the Arbeitsdienst, or Labor Service, an organization somewhat like our C.C.C. There future recruits had been physically hardened, disciplined, and taught marching and simple drill. Once in the army, they could spend their whole time on training and practice with weapons.

In the same way the preliminary training of military airmen was given in the Lufthansa, the civilian air transport service.

The whole team of ground and air forces was built up with a view to the greatest possible mobility and the boldest sort of attack, preferably by surprise. In the German General Staff School nine "offensive problems" were given out for each defensive one. In order that artillery support for the infantry might always be prompt, the typical "combat team" for mobile warfare was the "reinforced regiment," an infantry regiment with a battalion of light field artillery permanently attached.

No less than nine mechanized "Panzer-divisionen," *i.e.* armored divisions, were organized as compared with forty-two active peace-time infantry divisions. Each armored division had about fourteen thousand men and three thousand motor vehicles. Each was divided into three groups: a reconnaissance group of fifty armored cars and a company of motor-cycle infantry, an attacking group of about four hundred and fifty tanks, and a ground-holding group consisting of a motorized infantry brigade and a regiment of field artillery. The armored divisions required a high proportion of technical troops, mechanics for field repair work, signal men, and engineers for quick repair of roads and bridges—somewhat as the armored knight of former centuries, also a highly specialized fighting man, needed at least one squire and one groom to care for his armor, his spare horse, etc. The personnel of these mechanized divisions are picked men.

In general the German armored forces were to be used much like the heavy cavalry of a hundred years ago. They were seldom expected to attack a hostile front adequately furnished with artillery, for no tank—or at least none seen in battle before May of this year—is proof against cannon-shot. Instead, they were to punch through weak spots in the enemy's front or to turn his flanks, and then to disorganize his rear and attack his command-posts. Thus they were to play a prominent part in the effort to bewilder and confuse opponents, the experience of 1914–18 having taught that such procedure would be easier and more profitable than mere pounding.

On the other hand, the Germans were far from neglecting infantry and artillery. Their idea was to produce a balanced team in which either the older or the newer arm of the service was to take the lead according to the particular problem to be solved.

Meanwhile military thought developed on the same general lines in other countries. Indeed, it might be argued that intellectually the German soldiers borrowed and adopted more than they originated. For instance, in England General J. F. C. ("Boney") Fuller, the Chief of Staff of the British Tank Corps in the last war and the organizer of the Cambrai break-through, worked out in a number of books the tactics of tanks and their probable influence upon future warfare more thoroughly than this had been done elsewhere. Among other things, he predicted that planes and tanks would jointly transform "linear warfare" with regular fronts and inviolate rear areas into "area warfare" or "naval warfare on land" with the forces of the two sides intermingled. Nowhere, however, did the actual equipment and training of the armed forces go so far in the direction of what may be called the new warfare as in Germany.

In addition to its careful technical preparations for war, the National So-

cialist government of Germany also studied what we may call political preparations. No war can be other than a political act, for all wars are acts of organized force between two human groups each of which is trying to impose some policy upon the other. This is true even when the policy is purely defensive; for instance, if group A tries to enslave group B, then B is trying to impose upon A B's policy of remaining independent.

In the German case, policy has been and is aggressive. Whenever possible, each nation which was about to be attacked has been systematically disorganized by utilizing German sympathizers to act from within. At the same time, in addition to the admirable and praiseworthy study of how to surprise an enemy in the actual operations of war, National Socialist Germany also planned to achieve what may be called "political surprise"—by the simple method of attacking without a declaration of war. Neither practice is new: in 1904 the Japanese sank two Russian cruisers by "political surprise," while both the French Revolution and the Russian Revolution of our own day have at times tried to disorganize opponents from within. The old-fashioned name for both practices is treachery.

III

After the useful "preliminary canters" provided by the bloodless invasions of Austria and Czechoslovakia, the first objective of the new German military machine was Poland.

On the eve of the German attack the Polish State included over one hundred and fifty thousand square miles and nearly thirty-five million people. Most of the Poles were poor, but they were patriotic and in the past had had a considerable military tradition. Unfortunately for them, about forty per cent of their population were non-Polish. About thirty per cent consisted of peasants speaking Russian dialects, tilling the land in the eastern provinces under the orders of Polish officials and landlords from whom they were divided by the age-old cultural and religious gulf between Roman Catholicism and Eastern Orthodoxy. About five per cent of Polish citizens were Jews and another five per cent were Germans.

The Polish army was perhaps the fourth or fifth strongest in Europe, and great efforts had been spent on it. On the whole it was an army of 1914–18 type plus a high proportion of horsed cavalry. The active units included thirty infantry divisions, twelve cavalry brigades, and one mechanized brigade. The air force was of no great strength, poverty having limited the amount of money to be spent on planes. The Polish soldiers and company officers were good, the Higher Command more doubtful.

Geographically Poland is difficult to defend. From the Carpathian Mountains in the south to the Baltic in the north the country is a plain in which the chief military obstacles are the river lines. The common frontier with Germany and her little ally Slovakia bulged westward in a great sweep of nearly three-quarters of a circle, so that the Germans were well placed for their favorite maneuver of trying to surround and "envelop" their opponents by working around both of those opponents' flanks. None the less, the Poles placed practically all their active divisions, somewhat less than half a million, close to their unfavorable western frontier. Either they hoped to defeat most of the German army or else they counted upon effective aid from France and England in the form of an attack on western Germany or by sending French and English planes to Poland.

The Germans planned to stand on the defensive in the west, holding their fortified Siegfried Line with about eleven of their active divisions and a somewhat smaller number of reserved divisions. In the east they massed fifty active and about ten reserve divisions, perhaps a million men, all told. Von Seeckt's idea of a high-quality army was maintained to the extent that almost all the

work was done by the active divisions which took the field as they stood, without having their ranks diluted by reservists. Against the Poles practically all the German strength was in their northern and southern wings. The center was only a screen, on the assumption that the Poles would have little leisure in which to attack it. The German armored divisions were at first held in reserve.

At dawn on September 1, 1939, without a declaration of war, the German air and ground forces suddenly struck. To the long-range political effects of such attacks we shall return at the end of this article. All told, well over two thousand German planes of all types were available. The German bombers began by attacking every known Polish airfield and aircraft factory. Many Polish planes were caught on the ground, and in two days practically the whole Polish air force was out of action. Most of the German air attack was then shifted to the Polish railroads which were particularly important in a country possessing few paved roads. Warned by the experience of 1914–18, the bombers' favorite target was railroad rolling stock, for a line is more easily crippled from the air by wrecking a train than by trying to smash the road-bed. Having lamed the railroads, the invading airmen began to go after Polish troop columns.

Meanwhile the German ground forces had been advancing rapidly. During the first four days, in the north the "corridor," or strip of Polish land between East Prussia and the rest of Germany, had been cut near its southern end. In the south the rich industrial district of upper Silesia had been "pinched out" and taken unharmed with hardly a shot fired. Southwest of Warsaw a gap began to open in the retreating Polish front, setting the stage for the first of the astonishing mechanized German thrusts which were to follow. Through September 7th and 8th a strong German mechanized force rushed northeastward for eighty miles over one of the few good roads in Poland to the suburbs of Warsaw. If the long and narrow salient thus created could be held, the strong Polish center, nearly half of the Polish active army, which had stood near the westernmost point of the German border, would be hopelessly trapped. Its communications were already cut and it had no means of safety except to break the German front which had suddenly sprung up as if by magic in its rear. At the same time the Polish fortified line north of Warsaw along the Narew river was pierced after the repulse of several German attacks.

To anticipate events, the attempts of the Polish center group to break through resulted in the hardest fighting of the campaign. For a moment the Germans were locally in grave danger, but their lines, although forced back, did not break. With the help of a powerful air concentration and of strong German reënforcements rushed up in trucks, they were able to halt the Polish advance eastward, and by September 20th the trapped Polish center, a hundred and seventy thousand strong with three hundred guns and forty tanks, had surrendered.

Before the fighting west of Warsaw had ended, a second mechanized German column, launched about the same time as the first and farther to the south, had in its turn a startling success. This second column, rushing forward for a hundred miles, cut off a considerable body of Poles in the Lysa Gora hills northeast of Cracow and west of the Vistula, barring them from retreat and holding them at bay until German infantry could come up. By September 13th sixty thousand officers and men with a hundred forty-three guns and thirty-eight tanks had surrendered there.

By a still more astonishing feat of military mobility, the last and, geographically, the greatest of the German mechanized envelopments surrounded practically all the remaining Polish field forces. After crossing the Narew on

September 7th, on September 12th the extreme left, or German, wing pushed forward mechanized bodies which advanced southeastward more than a hundred miles to Brest-Litovsk and took that antiquated fortress on the evening of September 14th. A Polish garrison in the citadel alone held out. On the same day a mechanized force from the extreme German right, or southern, wing surrounded Lemberg on three sides. Three days later German armored car and motor-cycle detachments which had dashed nearly a hundred and fifty miles northward from Lemberg met, about fifty miles south of Brest-Litovsk, similar detachments which had advanced southward from that point.

The campaign was now practically at an end. The Russians, marching in from the east, met little organized resistance. The courageous resistance of the garrison and civilians of Warsaw only prolonged a hopeless struggle.

On the broad plains of Poland the German tanks and planes had made all the difference between a slow and a rapid annihilation of a brave but ill-commanded enemy. If the motor-minded American be not impressed with the distances traveled by the mechanized detachments, forty or fifty miles a day, let him remember that since the beginning of the world twelve miles has been a good average day's march for fully equipped infantry. Obviously the strategic value of a small force suddenly appearing in the rear areas of an opponent is large out of all proportion to the size of that force—the enemy is caught off balance like an athlete who is tripped over a little stone or some other trivial but unnoticed obstacle. Another point is that the effectiveness of the mechanized thrusts depends upon skillful organization of military transport, ammunition supply, refueling, etc. Civilian transport is not quite the same thing, as we Americans, the great traffic-regulators of the world, discovered in the congested rear areas of the Meuse-Argonne drive.

As to losses, the Germans claimed nearly three-quarters of a million Polish prisoners and admitted only ten thousand of their own men killed, thirty thousand wounded, and three thousand missing. Even if these figures are badly "cooked," like some of the German statements during the last war, still the lightning campaign of last September was conspicuously economical of German blood.

IV

Norway provided a second morally base but technically brilliant example of the new German military methods. As a case-study in connection with the Polish campaign it can hardly be described except in terms of an Irish Bull —the two were so alike and yet so different. Norwegian circumstances were as unlike those of Poland as they could be, yet the German Command, using the same general principles of lightning war, were able to adapt those principles to the problem in hand and gain a second striking success.

Almost all Norway consists of a deeply indented, mountainous, and thinly peopled coast. For centuries there had been no serious fighting there. The troops were hardly more than ill-trained militia, and most of the people, although famous for their daring seamanship, had little fighting spirit. On the other hand, the country, being accessible by sea, was not cut off from French and British aid as Poland had been.

As in Poland, the Germans began by a treacherous attack. This time, however, the first blow, on April 9th, was struck by a combination of planes, surface warships accompanying troop transports, and soldiers smuggled into Norwegian ports in the holds of seemingly peaceful German merchantships. Overnight Oslo the capital, the principal harbors, and all the airports, together with the headquarters of five out of the six divisions of the Norwegian army, were seized. The original German forces were extremely small. A week later

"some officials" in Washington publicly estimated them at only eighteen thousand, about half in Oslo and the rest in tiny, isolated packets, widely scattered and in most cases cut off from all support except by air. Nevertheless, the Norwegian resistance was so feeble that the few invaders were able to paralyze the whole country except in the far north around Narvik. A handful of Germans in four motor buses is said to have chased the aged King of Norway far into the interior and missed capturing him only thanks to some peasants who barricaded the road by upsetting wagons. Most of the Norwegian reservists did not answer the call to the colors, as is shown by the high proportion of officers to enlisted men in the various German bags of prisoners. The blowing up of roads and bridges would have greatly hampered the ground operations of the invaders, but very little demolition seems to have been done. Small Franco-British expeditionary forces which landed in central Norway and pushed forward advanced elements, in one case over a hundred miles up country toward Oslo, were roughly handled from the air and then threatened with envelopment by mechanized German detachments which raced over the snow-covered Norwegian mountain passes at the same astonishing speed as across the Polish plain. Consequently, the French and British hastily reëmbarked. Everywhere the German air transport seems to have been skillfully managed. Only in the far north around Narvik were the Allies able to get the upper hand until the Norwegian surrender in June, and even there the German resistance was stubborn.

A month after the Scandinavian attack, it was dwarfed by a third German lightning campaign in Holland, Belgium, and northern France.

While the details of this, as yet the greatest operation of the present war, are most imperfectly known, nevertheless a glance at a map of the successive stages of the German advance is enough to show that again the new German military methods have been successfully adjusted to fit a particular situation. On the fifth day the Germans received the surrender of the Dutch army. By the twelfth day, after overrunning the most of Belgium, they had charged clear across northern France, and their mechanized detachments had reached tidewater at Abbeville near the mouth of the Somme.

The one wholly new feature of the campaign has been the use of parachute troops. By what seems an inexcusable lack of precaution, practically all the Belgian planes are said to have been surprised and destroyed on the ground as those of the Poles had been.

V

Two conclusions suggest themselves. First, the German is not technically a superman any more than he is morally a demon. Technically he is extremely competent. The tradition of his army is Prussian, and the Prussian has always been an excellent soldier. To-day he has upset the old art of war as thoroughly as the French Revolutionaries and Napoleon in their day, and far more rapidly. Morally, the Prussian is capable of high self-devotion, and has a sense of duty unsurpassed elsewhere. Unfortunately for the world, his devotion and sense of duty are at the service of a narrow, tribal patriotism. He considers only the interests of Prussia and Prussianized Germany without much trace of what the Declaration of Independence called "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind." Lifting the matter from the Jeffersonian to the religious plane, the Prussian is an extreme case of the prevalent modern disease of substituting one's country for God.

Second as to American national defense: most of us to-day are agreed that a world in which Prussianized Germany remains strong—Hitler, however important, is a temporary incident compared with Prussia—will not be a conspicuously safe place for nations which are ill-

defended and at the same time worth robbing. The new German military game can be learned as the opponents of Napoleon learned his game.

Certain of its political maneuvers will not tempt us, for instance attacks without a declaration of war, or the unprovoked invasion of neutral states. Indeed, in the long run these things may prove disadvantageous to Prussianized Germany herself notwithstanding her skill and courage; for known insecurity breeds determination to be rid of the source of the insecurity. Nor can masses of unwilling subjects be indefinitely held down—the effort of trying to do so is very great.

Returning to the technic of war, some of the recent German devices may not suit us. Others can perhaps be improved upon. All the intelligence in the world is not German, and the little U. S. Army is wide awake in such matters.

One thing, however, the Germans have conclusively proved: the essence of the new warfare is not merely the use of the new weapons but their use by highly trained soldiers, especially by a highly trained Command. This alone makes possible the extreme boldness and high speed of the German operations. We have the highly trained Command; our Regular Army Officers Corps includes plenty of men who have successfully commanded American troops in battle. Our recent training and maneuvers have most competently begun the adaptation of the recent military lessons for our own use. If there are perhaps somewhat too many examination-passers and not enough hardened field soldiers among our Reserve officers, that is not their fault; most of them are anxious for real training. When we have supplemented our Regulars by taking from our Reservists, our National Guardsmen, and our Collegians, a few tens of thousands of the best of our admirable material for junior officers, and when we have intensively trained those prospective junior officers both in theory and in the field, then we shall have begun to lay a real foundation for a powerful army.

After all, we helped to beat the Germans in 1918—and how!

ADVENTURES IN MONEY-RAISING

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

Up to the establishment of the Johns Hopkins Medical School in the early eighteen-nineties, medical education in the United States was probably the very worst in the world. Its improvement was sharply accelerated a decade later when the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research was founded. In 1910 the Carnegie Foundation published the so-called Flexner report on medical education, which was recently referred to as "the most powerful and stimulating educational document ever published." This report told the truth about American medical schools and called names. Less than ten years later, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., gave the General Education Board the sum of almost fifty million dollars, to be used, principal and interest, for the improvement of medical education. Mr. Flexner was at that time connected with the General Education Board, and subject to the approval of the officers of the Board, the fund was largely administered through him. It was spent in full between 1919 and 1928, being utilized as a means of stimulating gifts to put certain institutions on a sound basis, and thus demonstrating the possibilities of medical education, so that medical schools throughout the country had to meet the new competition or fall by the wayside. Thus the fund directly or indirectly added to the resources of American medical education the sum of four or five hundred million dollars. The Board had no power but it exercised vast influence. The following episodes—taken from the context of a volume of reminiscences called *I Remember* to be published shortly—illustrate some of the methods pursued by Mr. Flexner.—*The Editors*

TWENTY-ODD years ago, when I was working with the General Education Board, largely on behalf of improving medical education, I was struck by the absurdity of the situation which existed in the Middle West, where the University of Chicago, practically created and sustained by Mr. Rockefeller, possessed a medical school which was neither "fish nor flesh nor good red herring."

In his early days President Harper had proposed the absorption of the Rush Medical College, conducted by prominent Chicago physicians, while the University of Chicago, on its own campus, developed general laboratories of anatomy, physiology, and other underlying sciences. At that time Mr. Gates—Mr. Rockefeller's principal adviser in educational matters—was a novice or something less than a novice in this subject; but with the sureness of instinct which so often characterized him he warned Harper that a university medical school could not be thus created; for the Rush Medical School was situated in a distant section of the city and had absolutely nothing to offer the University of Chicago except clinical teachers, who were prominent physicians and surgeons. For a time President Harper desisted; but though he was one of the most vigorous personalities in higher education in America and brought many remarkable men to Chicago, he had a weakness when it came to organization; and he finally entered into an agreement with Rush Medical School, according to the terms of which the University would supply, on the campus, teaching of the fundamental laboratory branches, while the Rush Medical School, miles away, would carry on the teaching of the clinical branches, though the two parts of the institution never united. On the campus there were men like Mall, Bensley, Carlson, and Loeb. Across the city were a group of men most of whom were busy consultants, and the two groups barely knew each other.

Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Gates were

both properly indignant, and in consequence took no interest in medicine in Chicago. This situation lasted for a period of about twenty years. The Rush Medical School shared, it is true, in the general improvement under way, particularly as it drew its students from the laboratories maintained on the university campus; but its ideals and the ideals of the men on the campus were still worlds apart.

It seemed to me impossible that this sort of thing should continue. On one occasion, therefore, I suggested to Mr. Gates the absurdity of helping the Johns Hopkins and Washington University and the academic departments of Chicago while holding hands off the medical school. Mr. Gates was willing that I should unofficially visit Chicago and discuss with President Judson—Harper's successor—the possibility of completing the medical school on the campus of the University. I did so, but Judson was cool and skeptical. While we were sitting upon the veranda of the president's house one day in the early summer he told me that the City of Chicago was not interested in medicine. When I asked how he happened to know that, he said that Dr. Frank Billings, the leading medical man in the Middle West, had for ten years tried to raise $1,000,000 to improve Rush and had never got beyond $300,000.

"Good," I said, "for if Rush had a million dollars it would be an obstacle at this moment and not a help. To whom has Billings applied for help?"

"Everybody," replied Judson.

"Do you happen to know whether he has ever spoken on the subject with Mr. Julius Rosenwald?"

Mr. Rosenwald was a trustee of the University of Chicago and head of the great mail-order house of Sears, Roebuck and Company, and had frequently consulted me regarding his benefactions. He belonged to the great group of self-made benefactors inspired by the desire to show their appreciation of America by doing good generously and without ostentation. His wife, of blessed memory, shared his enthusiasms.

Judson did not know.

"Very well," I said, "one way or the other, I can do no harm by talking to Mr. Rosenwald."

"No," replied Judson, "I don't see that you can."

I telephoned Mr. Rosenwald at his office and asked if I might drive over and have lunch with him. He was delighted to have me come. We lunched in the basement of Sears, Roebuck and Company at a huge round table, where all the departmental heads gathered to gossip and talk business. Two chairs were unoccupied. As luck would have it, Mr. Rosenwald seated me next to a Mr. Skinner and himself took the next chair. In the course of our rambling conversation he said to me:

"By the way, you can do me a great favor. Mr. Skinner, your neighbor, is not well. No one here seems able to find out what is the trouble. What do you think we had better do?"

"Send him," I said, "to the Johns Hopkins Hospital."

When a little later Mr. Rosenwald and I retired to his office to smoke, Mr. Rosenwald asked:

"Did you want to see me about anything in particular?"

"Yes," I replied, "I came over here to talk to you about Mr. Skinner."

I can still see the perplexed look that spread over his countenance at my remark. He commented:

"Why, you never saw or heard of Mr. Skinner until you met him at lunch!"

"Yes," I said, "that is quite true, but none the less I came to talk to you about Mr. Skinner."

After I felt that the point was sufficiently emphasized, I asked Mr. Rosenwald:

"Why do you have to send him to the Johns Hopkins?"

"Because," he said, "we have nothing of that kind in Chicago."

"Very well," I said, "that is the very thing I came to discuss. How would

you like to participate in creating on the campus of the University of Chicago another Johns Hopkins? You have half of it already in your laboratories. You lack the clinics."

"Oh," he said, "that would make a powerful appeal to me. Come out to Ravinia" (his country home near-by) "with me this evening and talk to Mrs. Rosenwald and me about it."

After dinner that evening I explained what the Board had done in Baltimore and in St. Louis and what I had hoped we should do elsewhere in possible centers of medical education and research, and I explained why the two schools I mentioned were superior to schools like Rush or Columbia or Harvard. Mr. Rosenwald took fire.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

I replied, "It will be necessary at once to raise a fund of perhaps five million dollars. I believe that the General Education Board and the Rockefeller Foundation could perhaps be prevailed on to contribute two million dollars. If you give half a million dollars, the rest could, I am sure, be obtained by subscription in the City of Chicago."

Mr. Rosenwald turned to his wife with the words: "What do you say?"

She replied, "I shall be glad to have you do anything that you think is right."

"Very well," said Mr. Rosenwald, "I will start the subscription with half a million."

I went back to President Judson and gleefully reported:

"Well, whatever else we do, we have one subscription, obtained from Mr. Rosenwald last night, that is almost double what Dr. Billings has raised in the past ten years."

I told Judson the whole story and he was both amused and pleased, but we agreed to make no mention of it until Mr. Rosenwald and his wife, who were going east, had had an opportunity to visit the Johns Hopkins Medical School and the Rockefeller Institute, which they did in the near future, their enthusiasm growing day by day. I remember telegraphing President Judson with Mr. Rosenwald's consent as we left the Rockefeller Institute, confirming his gift and expressing his satisfaction in starting a new development in the University of Chicago.

Shortly thereafter at President Judson's suggestion I prepared a short pamphlet setting forth the defects, as I saw them, of the medical school of the University of Chicago, the assets available for the formation of a genuine university school of medicine, including, for example, the McCormick Institute, the possibility of his interesting the trustees of the Sprague Fund, amounting to about $2,000,000, the precise use of which had not been determined, and showing that with the sum of $5,000,000 a start could be made toward developing a school of medicine worthy to rank with the great school at Baltimore.

Returning to New York, I wrote or telegraphed to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who was summering at Seal Harbor, Maine, and asked permission to come to see him. He invited me to come. I spent the night with my brother Simon, who with his family was spending the summer in a cottage there. The next morning I called on Mr. Rockefeller and laid the plan before him; for up to this time neither the General Education Board nor the Rockefeller Foundation had authorized an appropriation, so that Mr. Rosenwald's gift, still confidential, was conditioned upon the favorable action of these two bodies. I can remember Mr. Rockefeller's asking:

"What did Dr. Buttrick and Mr. Gates say?"

"They are both favorable."

"Well," he replied, "so am I. I will speak with Father, and I think he will agree"—which, as a matter of fact, he did.

In the autumn President Judson and his colleagues launched an appeal to the citizens of Chicago to raise $3,000,000, the purpose of which was to complete the medical school by building a hospital on

the campus of the University of Chicago, and to convert Rush Medical School into a postgraduate or a "refresher" institution for the benefit of practitioners of medicine and surgery who from time to time wished to be brought up to date. Within three weeks an amount in excess of the sum requested was raised.

II

A research fund was subsequently established in the new medical school under somewhat amusing conditions. Sitting in my office at the General Education Board at 61 Broadway, I was one day called to the telephone by Miss Loula D. Lasker, who informed me that her brother, Albert D. Lasker, who had been head of the Shipping Board during the World War, was about to give a million dollars to the University of Chicago for the investigation of the cause and cure of cancer. Miss Lasker asked if, in my opinion, this would be a wise gift. On the spur of the moment I said to her that I should be going to Chicago at the end of the week (up to that time no such idea had entered my head) and I asked whether her brother could defer final action until I could get there. She offered to telephone him, and in the course of an hour or so called me back to say that he would meet me at the Drake Hotel at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. Reaching Chicago on Saturday morning, I drove to the Drake Hotel, where in the course of a few moments Mr. Lasker appeared. He explained that he had deferred completing the gift in consequence of his sister's telephone message and asked whether, in my opinion, he was right to make it. I replied:

"Why cancer?"

He said, "Why not?"

I rejoined, "Do you happen to know that the University of Chicago is in a privileged position in respect to men and money for the investigation of cancer, its cause and cure?"

He replied that he did not know. I went on, "If you limit your gift to cancer, what will happen to its income if the gift succeeds in accomplishing its purpose?"

He saw the point of this at once. "Do you mean then that I should not give them the money?"

"No," I replied, "I do not mean that. I mean only that you should tie no strings to it. There is no telling at this moment to what purpose income should be used as time goes on—Bright's disease, rheumatism, cancer, or other clinical problems. Moreover," I added, "is this all you ever expect to do for the medical school of the University?"

"No," he said, "I am making money, and as time goes on I hope to add to this fund."

"In that event," I said, "why not establish a research fund, the income to be used in the discretion of the medical faculty for the investigation of such problems as appeal to their judgment?"

It was quite obvious that Mr. Lasker was confused. "Why the devil didn't they tell me this?"

"Probably," I said, "because you gave them no chance. You mentioned cancer and they may have been fearful that they would lose the money entirely unless they accepted it on your terms."

"No," rejoined he with some heat, "I am no fool. I do not want to be a party to waste. I should have supposed it their duty to enlighten me as you have done. I will send for my secretary and let you dictate to her the kind of letter which, in your judgment, I should send the president of the University."

Within a few moments the secretary appeared, and I dictated a simple letter of gift, establishing the Albert and Flora Lasker Fund for Medical Research, leaving all details to be determined from time to time by the members of the faculty. Mr. Lasker was pleased and started to sign the document.

"No," I said, "you must not sign it until the president of the University has been informed of the proposed change."

I telephoned to the University, and some twenty minutes later the president

appeared. Having shaken hands, we sat down, and I turned to him with the words:

"I have advised Mr. Lasker not to give you a million dollars for a cancer research fund."

His jaw dropped. Mr. Lasker watched him intently. There was a pause, during which nothing was said. After a brief silence I resumed:

"I have advised him to establish a general research fund in the medical school, which will be started with this sum as the initial gift. The medical faculty will be free to use its income for the study of cancer or for any other purpose."

The President's face lighted up. "Oh," he remarked with obvious relief, "that is immensely better."

Mr. Lasker turned upon him. "Why the devil didn't you tell me that?"

I rescued the president from his embarrassment by saying: "Let me answer that question. Perhaps you didn't give him a chance. Unfortunately, college presidents in America do not often try to educate donors."

Mr. Lasker with supreme good sense said, "I should hope that if ever again I make an offer to the University of Chicago, the object will be discussed in the first place rather than the sum."

"Yes, Mr. Lasker," I said, "if we could only educate American donors to this point of view, millions tied up would be saved and turned into productive channels."

I relate this incident in some detail because it seems to me of prime importance, and the moral applies widely. There has been in recent years a very distinct tendency toward the giving of sums, large and small, on specific conditions or for the promotion of specific ends. No one, whether a private individual or an important official, possesses the wisdom and foresight that would justify such specific designation and such specific choices except in very rare instances. Our universities have grown great not by reason of the special funds that they possess but because of increasing endowments, the income of which can be deflected from one individual to another, from one subject to another, as time goes on. I do not know whose money supported Banting's brilliant work in insulin; I know very well that the income from general, not special, funds supported the interest of Whipple and Minot in pernicious anemia; and I do know, moreover, that neither I nor anyone else would have dreamed of giving General Education Board grants in these specific cases or in hundreds of others that could be mentioned. Dr. Buttrick and Mr. Gates clung to this general principle with stubborn tenacity, and time has proved them absolutely right. Unquestionably, however, an emergency may occasionally, though rarely, arise in which temporary support of a man, a project, or the investigation of a problem may prove abundantly worth while; but if institutions are sufficiently endowed they will neither be compelled to make such specific appeals nor to fix a time limit or work on a sliding scale which compels university presidents to consider from year to year how the university is to perform its part of the bargain. Finally, there is an even more fundamental objection to specific grants: a scientist thus supported may be compelled to keep on with a project in which his faith or interest has disappeared; and he cannot suddenly switch his efforts from a topic which is not working out as he calculated in order to take advantage of some surprise that has unexpectedly developed. Could Faraday, Ehrlich, or Einstein have outlined a project for presentation to some donor to whom it might appeal? No more can the more numerous scholars and scientists working to-day.

III

One of the most interesting of the projects in medical education with which I was associated was the creation of the medical school of the University of Rochester in 1920.

I had previously tried, without avail, to

accomplish something toward reconstructing the medical work at Columbia and Cornell. In the former case, initial progress was made. I remember a long conversation at the Century Club with the president of Columbia, during which I tried to explain the impossibility of carrying on a modern medical school which did its laboratory teaching at Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue and its clinical teaching with practicing consultants in the Presbyterian Hospital at Seventieth Street and Madison Avenue. He appeared to be convinced and referred me to the dean of the school. But neither of them was half as much interested in scientific medicine as in the persons who held posts from which they would have to be dislodged. At Cornell the situation was not fundamentally dissimilar. The underlying subjects were properly equipped, taught, and inspired in a building on First Avenue. The clinical subjects were in the hands of practitioners and consultants at the New York and Bellevue Hospitals. But for the moment New York seemed impossible.

It struck me, one day, as Dr. Buttrick (of the General Education Board) and I were returning from the South, that the situation might be taken in the flank. As we sat together in a Pullman car I said to him quite casually:

"The University of Rochester is a modest but good institution, isn't it?"

"Yes," he replied, "I know it well. Gates and Burton and I are graduates of the Rochester Theological Seminary. I know Rhees well—a fine college head. Why do you ask?"

"It has occurred to me that if we could help to plant a first-rate medical school there, perhaps New York City would wake up."

"Why Rochester?" he asked.

"There are medical schools at Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany; it won't be easy to find money or men to reorganize them. Rochester has a clean slate; and besides there is Mr. Eastman."

"Do you know him?"

"No, but I do know that he has endowed a dental clinic. Perhaps that would prove a step toward medicine."

The conversation dropped. We soon reached New York. Dr. Buttrick found on his desk a letter from President Rhees: he would be in New York the following week. After their interview Dr. Buttrick brought President Rhees to my office and, having introduced us, left us together. Our interview was brief:

"President Rhees, there is no medical school in Rochester; would you like to have one?"

"Only if we could have a first-rate one."

"We are not interested in any other kind. Do you know Mr. George Eastman?"

"Oh, yes, intimately."

"Can you arrange a meeting between us in Rochester?"

"I think so."

For the time that was all, but within forty-eight hours Rhees telegraphed me an invitation to breakfast with Mr. Eastman at his home in East Street. I reached Rochester about eight-thirty and motored to Mr. Eastman's home. As I entered I was greeted by the strains of organ music. After laying aside my hat and coat I was ushered into a large reception room, where I was met by Mr. Eastman—a pallid gentleman in the sixties, well dressed, his thin white hair covered by a skull cap. The music continued. Before me was the organ, banked with flowers, the organist himself being almost invisible. A butler whispered in my ear, asking what I wished for breakfast. "Orange juice, eggs, and coffee," I replied. Mr. Eastman followed the music intently; not a word was spoken. A tray was soon brought and placed on the table before me. The strains of music continued unbroken. Promptly at ten the music ceased, and the organist made his way out through the fragrant flowers. Thereupon Mr. Eastman arose and asked me to his study. Before a wood fire, the ashes of which were snow-white, we seated ourselves on a couch. Mr. Eastman, lighting a ciga-

rette, turned to me with the words, "President Rhees tells me you wish to talk with me."

I might have been embarrassed, but his gentle smile and his soft voice were disarming and reassuring. I asked if I might tell him the story of medical education in the United States. He nodded affirmatively. I recounted what had been the situation when the Johns Hopkins Medical School was founded about thirty years previously, the efforts of Dr. Bevan's Council on Medical Education, the influence of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, the effect of the Carnegie Bulletins, the present interest of the General Education Board, Mr. Rockefeller's great gift, my notion that an excellent school might be created at Rochester, and, finally, by way of contrast, I explained the superb work of the German medical faculties over a period of almost seventy-five years as against the slow and ineffectual efforts which we had been making. Mr. Eastman asked an occasional question, but he was so good a listener that I was quite uncertain as to the impression I was making. Mr. Eastman's biographer aptly comments, "Eastman is a typical example of Disraeli's remark that nature gave man two ears but only one mouth." Toward noon he rose, pressed a button, and ordered luncheon for two. That I thought indicated progress.

We talked of other things during luncheon. About four o'clock he said: "I must go to my office now; what are you doing this evening?"

"I take the nine-thirty train back to New York."

"Dine with me here at six-thirty. I shall ask President Rhees also."

After an excellent dinner the three of us repaired to the study. Mr. Eastman set the ball rolling.

"I am interested in your project," he said, "but in these recent years I have given away $31,000,000. What will the new school cost?"

"Eight to ten millions."

"Let us figure on ten. I have spoken to my associate, Mr. Bowen (the name I remember). He tells me that I can spare $2,500,000."

"Where is the rest to come from?" I asked.

"From Mr. Rockefeller's fund."

"In that event, it would be our school, not yours; it must be yours."

"That is the best I can do now."

"There's no hurry. Wait until you sell more kodaks."

On that note I departed to catch my train. A few days later a telegram from Mr. Eastman brought me back to Rochester.

"I have been going over things carefully," he said. "I can, I think, do a little better. I'll make it three and a half million dollars."

There was the same objection.

"I'd like to do this thing," Mr. Eastman said, "and now; for I am going to Japan with Frank Vanderlip. I should like to see it settled before I go."

"You shouldn't have said that," I responded, "for now I know you will go higher."

"I will not."

And once more I returned to New York. A few weeks later, in a handwritten note, Mr. Eastman invited me to lunch with him at his office in Kodak Park. I can see him now as he rose behind his desk, smiling and pointing his finger at me:

"I shall make you one more offer and then I never want to see your face again."

I expressed my regret and asked for the offer.

"I'll give $5,000,000, including the dental clinic valued at $1,000,000, if the Board will give $5,000,000."

"Very well," I said, "that offer I will accept. But," I added, "beware; with one gift, we have finished, but you have just begun."

"You are mistaken," he replied, "I too have finished."

"We shall see."

I was back in New York the next morning and told Dr. Buttrick and Mr. Gates what I had done.

"But," said Mr. Gates, "you had no authority."

"I know that; but if the Board refuses I'll make good on my understanding."

Needless to say, the Board approved with alacrity. Mr. Eastman wrote a personal letter to Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., reading as follows:

I venture to take this occasion to say that I am proud to have my name associated with yours in a philanthropic enterprise. For many years I have considered you the foremost philanthropist of the age and have admired the wisdom with which your vast wealth is being distributed. In this case it is not only the money contribution that this community appreciates, but the co-operation of your organization, without the skilled services of which the mere money would be impotent to obtain success.

President Rhees began at once to seek a head. Dr. Welch and my brother Simon suggested Dr. George H. Whipple, then director of the Hooper Foundation at the University of California, formerly Dr. Welch's first assistant.

"I shall write him at once," Rhees said to me.

"Don't do that," I advised; "go to see him. No letter can convey the full import of this undertaking."

Dr. Rhees wrote and Whipple declined. Rhees came to see me again.

"What shall I do now?" he asked.

"Go to San Francisco to see Whipple."

He went and within a week or so returned. Whipple had accepted.

Mr. Eastman shared my conviction that the laboratories and hospital should be built simply and out of income; the principal should be conserved. He himself supervised the construction, which, though plain, is dignified and admirably adapted to its purpose. He told me once that he had showed the new buildings to a New York architect.

"What style is this?" asked the architect.

"Early penitentiary," rejoined Mr. Eastman.

The medical school has fully justified all expectations. It has been excellent both as a teaching and a research institution. Dr. Whipple a few years ago made the fundamental discovery which subsequently led Dr. Minot of Harvard to use liver extract in cases of pernicious anaemia. For their brilliant work—alone enough to justify the Rochester School—they shared the Nobel Prize in medicine. Moreover, the medical school, pitched on the highest standard as it was, immediately made its influence felt throughout the rest of the institution. At the time I first approached Mr. Eastman the endowment of the university was $4,000,000. By the time the medical school was completed it was plain that "the tail was wagging the dog." Dr. Rhees and his associates undertook to rebuild the university on a site adjoining the medical school and to raise new endowment. Dr. Buttrick and I were both skeptical of his ability to raise the large sum required, but Rhees succeeded in record time. To-day the university's assets are over $40,000,000; it is one of the richest American universities.

Thus the creation and adequate endowment of the medical school had promptly reacted upon the entire university and transformed it from a small and inconspicuous college into an institution of national importance. Toward these further developments Mr. Eastman contributed generously during his life and in his will, as I had warned him long before that he would feel impelled to do. I myself had no part in this splendid development. One amusing note I must, however, quote. During the spring of 1921, when Dr. Burkhart, his adviser in dental matters, was absent on vacation, Mr. Eastman wrote him as follows:

Yours of March 21st from the steamer was received yesterday, and I was amused at your account of what Flexner said. He himself is the worst highwayman that ever flitted into and out of Rochester. He put up a job on me and cleaned me out of a thundering lot of my hard-earned savings. I have just heard that he is coming up here June 2nd to speak at the graduating exercises of the allied hospitals. I have been asked to sit on the stage with him, but instead of that I shall probably flee the town for fear he will hypnotize me again.

IV

After the reorganization of the Cornell Medical School had been achieved I received a message asking if I could see Mr. J. P. Morgan in his library on the following Saturday morning. We sat in the large room before an open fire. Mr. Morgan said:

"I have followed with interest the announcements in the *Times* regarding the creation of the new Cornell Medical School. What do you propose to do about obstetrics?"

I explained that at the moment there were no funds with which to build and equip or carry on a really satisfactory women's clinic and that we should therefore improvise until some donor supplied the defect.

"Do you know the Lying-In Hospital?"

"Yes," I replied. "It is an admirable hospital, but it is not a clinic."

"What is the difference?"

"The difference," I said, "is vast. A clinic is a teaching and research institution with laboratories and full-time assistants who give their entire energy on fixed salaries with proper opportunities for teaching and research."

"Well," he said, "I am the chairman of the board of the Lying-In Hospital. We have an endowment of approximately three million dollars, and we own a piece of property that is worth three-quarters of a million. Why should not that become the women's clinic of the Cornell Medical School-New York Hospital combination?"

"Do you run a deficit?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "a deficit of about fifty thousand dollars."

"How is it made up?"

"During his lifetime my father paid it. Since my father's death I have paid it."

"Under those circumstances," I said, "I should advise Mr. Sheldon and President Farrand to decline the gift."

"Decline four or five million dollars?" he said.

"Yes," I replied. "Deficits grow larger, not smaller, as time runs on." Then after a pause. "Mr. Morgan, have you ever read *Potash and Perlmutter?*"

"No," he said, obviously puzzled at the apparently sudden change of topic.

"Well," I replied, "Potash and Perlmutter were two East Side Jews engaged in the cloak-and-suit business. They prospered and foolishly signed their names to a bond which was ultimately forfeited, and they were forced into bankruptcy as a result. While they were making a schedule of their assets and liabilities Potash called the goods upon the shelves while Perlmutter made out the list. Finally, having exhausted the goods and furniture, Potash cried out, 'Von 1902 Cadillac.' 'Vat,' replied Perlmutter, 'von 1902 Cadillac? Von 1902 Cadillac ain't no asset. It is a liability.' That," I said, "Mr. Morgan, would be the case if the New York Hospital and Cornell people accepted your women's clinic with its deficit."

Mr. Morgan laughed and reflected. "On what terms do you think it ought to be offered?"

"If," I replied, "you added two million dollars to its endowment."

"But," he said, "I am not a foundation. I am a private individual."

"Yes," I said, "that is quite true, but you will never get out of this hole any cheaper."

"What are you doing Monday? I will call you by telephone to make an appointment."

On Monday morning about eleven Mr. Morgan called. I stopped at his banking house on my way to luncheon.

"I have decided," he said, "to take your advice. What shall I do?"

"I will tell Mr. Sheldon, and you can arrange details with him."

Many months afterward I was in Paris, and my name appeared in the columns of the *Paris Herald* among the visitors from America. Mr. Morgan happened to be in Paris at the same time and invited me to see him at the offices of Morgan, Harjes and Company. I called at the appointed time, and we sat down to chat, Mr. Morgan lighting his pipe.

"I have nothing in particular to tell you," he said, "but there is one thing I think you ought to know. My father and I have been givers for many, many years. I have never participated in but one transaction with which I am absolutely and wholly contented."

"What," I asked, "is that?"

"The gift I made to the Cornell-New York Hospital combination."

"Why are you so happy about that?"

"Well," he said, "that is now off my mind altogether. It will never return to plague me."

"I am glad, Mr. Morgan," I said, "that you are no longer worried, but I cannot say as much for myself." Mr. Morgan was puzzled and asked me to explain.

"You see," I said, "I had to think very rapidly. I wanted to obtain from you the last dollar that I supposed you would give, and so I fixed the sum at two million dollars. I have often wondered since if I might not have got more."

"No, sir," he replied, with a hearty laugh. "You got the last possible dollar."

AND STILL THE DARK WIND CRYING

BY NANCY BICKEL

AND still the dark wind crying in the night
Exalts the presence of immortal fate,
And still the wild geese, terrible in flight,
Ride north in spring, trumpeting soon and late
Of destiny. Why do these portents stir
No awe in men and women any more,
Why does the raging thunderstorm infer
Only the shutting of a windward door?
There was a time when every thread of rain
Was tangled in a life, in a belief. . . .
That time has passed; is that why we in vain
Implore the heaven's guidance in our grief?
I fear that man in living and in dying
Against his will must hear the dark wind's crying.

OUR POLICY IN THE FAR EAST

BY A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD

Once again, as in 1914, a World War has diverted the attention of the American people and their government from the affairs of China and Japan to the darkling plains of Europe. For two decades prior to the First World War the Department of State had been playing an active role in Far Eastern politics. It had been trying, by a variety of methods, to bolster the independence and integrity of China against the machinations of England, France, Germany, Russia, and Japan. The first year of the War saw these efforts redoubled in the Wilson Administration's opposition to the Twenty-One Demands of Japan. Yet it was not long before the European death-grapple had thrown these Far Eastern preoccupations into an almost total eclipse.

To-day the World War pattern of our Far Eastern policy has re-established itself. It has become part of, hence subordinate to, our European policy. This latter amounts to a commitment (from which all qualifications are rapidly being stripped) to the success of the Allied cause in Europe. American neutrality is a thing of the past. Isolationism and collective security are academic phrases. We are intervening in the European war on the side of England and France, and all other American national policies, foreign or domestic, with the possible exception of our own defense program, are as tributaries to this.

Not the least tragic aspect of this situation is the absence of any particular theory of international relations upon which we can rely in facing it. The era of textbook diplomacy is over. For the time being, perhaps for an indefinite future, force occupies the throne upon which scholars and statesmen of the post-Versailles era failed to place reason. The United States stands alone, inadequately armed, and for most practical purposes friendless, in a world at war. The only powers whom we might claim as effective allies are fighting for their lives. The twenty Latin American republics and Canada, for whose security we have assumed all but legal responsibility, are helpless by European military standards, many of them fertile fifth-column culture beds, some of them farther from the protective range of our armed forces than Europe itself, all of them, in the aggregate, a defense problem of staggering proportions. To this we have added a concern for the *status quo* of China and the East Indies, not forgetting the European commitment already mentioned. And while thus extending our political interests over the face of the earth we have officially condemned Japan, Italy, Germany, and Soviet Russia, the most formidable array of military power in history. Without having (as we now realize) the military strength essential to our own security, much less to enforce the admonitions which we meted out to these nations, we have incited them all, simultaneously, to alliance and revenge.

From such a predicament as this no doctrine of world peace or appeal to abstract justice, but only our own strength and wisdom in the ways of man

can rescue us. We have traveled a long way down the same path that led the British and French to Munich and earned them our most scathing criticism. If the far-flung political interests that we have endorsed should begin to disintegrate, or the four powers whom we have condemned should descend upon them, we too might have to dig up a Chamberlain. This is no world for diplomatic window-shopping. There are certain things within our means and certain things beyond them, and it is high time we decided which were which. At any moment, perhaps before these words appear in print, another military or political cataclysm in Europe may narrow our choice still further. If we can define our own defense area and complete the armament program to cover it before our hand is called we shall be fortunate. The British and French were denied that privilege not alone by Hitler but *by the short-sightedness of their own rulers.*

II

In the Far East, long before the city of Munich and the word "appeasement" acquired their sinister connotations, the United States has pursued a policy not wholly unlike that which gave rise to those connotations. This policy is no mystical dispensation. It is a rationalization of certain very earthly economic, racial, and geographical facts, reflected in the light of a characteristic American idealism. The Open Door, which means equal opportunity for Americans to reside and do business in the Far East, is an expedient principle to apply to a region too remote and too much under the influence of powerful competitors for us to maintain exclusive privileges there. It is also part of our democratic faith. Since 1842, when it was first formally defined in an agreement between the American Commodore Kearny and the Governor of Canton, it has been affirmed and reaffirmed in innumerable declarations, agreements, and treaties embodying the most-favored-nation clause. As a first principle of our diplomacy it is unexceptionable. The only trouble with it is that, in the Far East, particularly in China, the Open Door depends upon the good graces of the door-keeper, and there has been much aggressive rivalry for that position.

Until 1900 we bargained for the Open Door in a rather detached manner. During the Opium Wars of the mid-century we allowed Britain and France to force China to open her ports, then claimed with the most-favored-nation clause the same trading privileges as they obtained. We took no territorial concessions from China, as did the British and French, though we did—and still do—exercise the right of extra-territoriality in China. We pursued essentially the same policy in Japan where, however, we took the initiative from the British and French and where we relinquished the right of extra-territoriality in 1899. Our aims during these years were largely, if not wholly, commercial. Such political intentions as existed favored the development of Chinese and Japanese autonomy as a barrier to our principal rivals, the European imperialists.

In 1900, however, this policy underwent a subtle change. The imperialist impulse that carried us into the Philippines in 1898 advanced our frontiers to within just eighty miles of Japan's—and farther. In the famous Open Door Notes of 1899 we still took for granted the existing (and expanding) foreign concessions and spheres of influence that impaired China's sovereignty. The Notes merely requested from each power equal opportunity for Americans within the particular Chinese areas under its control. But the next year, conscious of our new imperial stake in the Philippines, we followed up these Notes with a circular to the same powers proclaiming the doctrine of the territorial integrity and administrative independence of China. This we did with the Boxer Rebellion in progress and the partition of China by the European powers seemingly imminent. We did not of course assume legal

responsibility for defending China's independence, *nor have we ever done so.* Like the Open Door policy itself, the new doctrine was a declaration of our own intentions, a principle to which we publicly subscribed and hoped the other powers would follow suit. Nevertheless, the periodic reaffirmation of that principle projected what was once a commercial policy farther and farther into the realm of politics. Originally the means by which we sought to hold open the Open Door, the territorial integrity of China, became, in our diplomacy, more and more of an end in itself, or if not that, the means to a greater and more complicated end, the balance of power in the Pacific.

Pursuing this goal, we entered boldly —*via* the back door of Eastern Asia—the arena of world politics to which we denied ourselves access *via* the front door of Europe. We have, at one time or another, formally protested the encroachments of all of the principal powers in China, notably those of Russia in Manchuria, of England in Tibet, and more lately of Japan in China proper. One after another of our Presidents and Secretaries of State, from Theodore Roosevelt and John Hay to Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, have sought the co-operation of Europe against those who would violate China's independence. The search led Theodore Roosevelt into fruitless efforts to bring England and Germany together in China while they prepared to fight each other in Europe. It led Taft and Knox into a promotional scheme in Manchuria that called for England's co-operation against her ally, Japan, and resulted in Russo-Japanese co-operation against the United States. It led Wilson and Lansing into bitter opposition to the Japanese retention of Shantung and the mandated islands when both of these had been guaranteed to Japan in secret treaties with the Allies; into the mazes of the China banking consortiums; and into military intervention in Siberia for the purpose of keeping watch over the chicanery of our British, French, and Japanese partners in that enterprise. Harding and Hughes carried on the torch to Washington in 1921, where the most ambitious (and successful) effort on record was made to bring Europe and Asia together in a common balance. Coolidge and Kellogg passed it on to Hoover and Stimson, whose desperate, though futile, action to preserve that balance is fresh in our memories. Roosevelt and Hull have kept the torch burning in the non-recognition doctrine and sundry other measures presently to be noted. Since 1900 we have been no more isolationist in the Far East than Great Britain.

III

There is no need to question the good faith of the American statesmen who have pursued this policy. In diplomacy nothing succeeds like success, and if the policy could be shown to have attained greater objectives than those explicitly claimed for it, or to have averted worse dangers than it has caused, the many tactical failures that mark its history would all be justified. Perhaps, some day, there will be such a reckoning. Meantime there is no blinking the fact that the policy has neither kept the Open Door open nor preserved China's territorial integrity from periodic, and at present most serious, impairment. This by no means invalidates the two principles *as principles.* They still represent accurately the ideals and desires of the American people. But it does call into question the reasons why they have not been realized in practice as well as the wisdom of more forceful implementation of them at the moment.

Apart from the fact that applies to all our foreign policies—that they are relatively less vital to us than our domestic policies—there are four closely related reasons why our Far Eastern policy has failed to achieve its stated objectives. These are: 1, the geography of the Pacific area; 2, the cross purposes within the policy itself; 3, our inability to secure

the co-operation of Europe; 4, our failure, as a people and a nation, to discover in the Far East a region of vital interest to our strategic security and domestic welfare, the twin imperatives of any dynamic foreign policy. The last of course is the fundamental reason, but it can be more clearly perceived by considering briefly the three which precede it.

Geography is perhaps the strongest deterministic agent in international relations. Even Napoleon bowed to it. "*La politique de toutes les puissances est dans leur géographie,*" he conceded, after some experiments with a different theory. The facts that Japan is to-day overrunning China instead of Mexico and that the American people have more investments in Canada than they have in the Far East are geographical facts. The Monroe Doctrine clothes in democratic folk lore one of the earth's most vivid geographical realities. National ideals may be achieved in diplomacy in direct ratio to the measure of their harmony with geography. In a better world the high truths of international relations might not be thus subject to revision by the map makers of the general staffs. In the international politics of this world the truth is frail that ignores a mountain range or an ocean.

One of the same oceans that make our strategic security greater than that of any other power stands between us and the realization of our ideals in China. It is seven thousand five hundred miles from San Francisco to Hong Kong *via* Honolulu and Manila. West of Pearl Harbor our military and naval potential diminishes with each advancing mile. The Philippines, taken on the assumption that they would be developed into an American Singapore, have become instead a British West Indies. Within ten years of their annexation Theodore Roosevelt, who more than any one man had planned and executed that stratagem, had regretted it, called the islands "our heel of Achilles," and declared in favor of their independence. Far from bridging the Pacific in a military sense, or providing us a weapon with which to support our China policy, they have caused periodic retrenchments on the China policy in order to protect the Philippines. "I would say," testified Admiral Yarnell before the House Committee on Naval Affairs in 1930 . . . "if you wanted any assurance of going to the Philippines in time of war with a reasonable chance of success you need to build dry docks and a base in the Philippines and you need proper fortifications, and you need a fleet perhaps two to one with regard to Japan." Eight years later Admiral Leahy told the same Committee: "It would be almost as difficult to project an offensive naval power to the Philippines as it would be to make an attack on the mainland of Asia, and the Navy which America now has and the Navy which it will have when it is increased by the authority contained in this bill will be seriously inadequate to the task of sending a naval force to the Philippines."

The decision not to strive for command of the China Sea was not taken suddenly, in the Five Power Naval Treaty of 1922, or in the acquiescence in the League of Nations Mandate that screened the Philippines with hundreds of Japanese submarine and air bases. It was taken by default during the period in which Theodore Roosevelt made up his mind that the Philippines were a liability to be liquidated. It has been retaken every time it has come to an issue since then, the latest instances being the Philippine Independence Bill of 1934, the refusal last summer of Congress to postpone the date of the Philippines' economic independence from 1946 to 1960, and its similar refusals to sanction the fortification of Guam. We believe in the Open Door and the territorial integrity of China, but we have not been willing to assume the costs of the indispensable prerequisites to the sustained and effective defense of those beliefs. Why? Because we have been more interested in other things within our own borders and our own hemisphere, even in Europe,

for which we have spent our money in preference to docks, forts, and battleships in the China Sea.

The conflict between the Philippines and the China policy constitutes the second reason for that policy's tactical shortcomings. Nor was this the only dilemma. By the turn of the century the issue of Oriental immigration had arisen to match and worsen it. Granting that some form of restriction of this immigration was, and still is, necessary, the methods by which it was accomplished gratuitously antagonized the very nation whose co-operation we were seeking in China and whose good graces we desired for the Philippines. No foreign policy is free of dilemmas. But the one precipitated by an imperialist impulse of 1898 and an immigration law of 1924 is unusually serious.

The third reason for a lack of tactical achievement in the Far East—the failure to secure the co-operation of Europe—is part and parcel of the failure of collective security as a *modus vivendi* on this planet. Until the first World War the European powers were themselves too interested in Far Eastern monopolies to give heed to our trust-busting sentiments. All had large stakes in China, territorial and financial, and played them according to their own ambitions. But there was a more serious element than mere local rivalry. England was Japan's ally; France was Russia's; the Entente Cordiale, the Anglo-Russian Entente, and French and Russian understandings with Japan closed the ring round Germany. What its members did in the Far East sprang from European rather than Far Eastern—much less American—calculations. The whole logic, indeed the express terms, of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance showed that Britain rated the security of India ahead of China, and of her position in Europe ahead of India. We could enlist the co-operation of the European powers in the Far East only in so far as it comported with their prior arrangements and concerns elsewhere.

The same thing proved to be true after the War, in spite of the League of Nations, the Washington Treaties, and the Kellogg Pact. The co-operation of Europe was the only substitute for the unilateral costs and obligations that we were unwilling to assume. Whether we might have earned this co-operation by joining (and reforming) the League is one of the biggest if's of history. As it was we stayed outside, but in the Far East continued to play a leading role in co-operative diplomacy. Yet this, in 1931 and 1932, was not sufficient to halt Japan in Manchuria. An American initiative bolder than that of any League member could not draw the League's controlling powers, England and France, from their own affairs in Europe. We were thrown back once more upon our own ideals and our own resources, the latter inadequate to enforce the former.

IV

The underlying reason for all these disappointments is that we have not yet, as a nation, identified the Far East as a region of vital significance to our own security and welfare. Specialists in Far Eastern affairs constantly deny this statement. But how can anyone who reads American, not Chinese or Japanese, history find in the record of what we have done in the Far East evidence that would place that region on the same plane of importance to ourselves as our own domestic affairs, our defense of the Monroe Doctrine, and our relations with Europe?

It is no answer to this question to label one who raises it an isolationist. Factual evidence is needed. And if more of that be required than is presented here it may be had by consulting the New Deal budgets of the past seven years. These reveal more clearly than any amount of theoretical argument the way in which a great, decentralized, continental democracy consumes at home energies which less-favored nations expend abroad.

Of the eight per cent of the total foodstuffs and manufactured articles pro-

duced in the United States that goes into foreign trade, a relatively small proportion finds its way to the Far East. Central and South America, Canada, the West Indies, Greenland (not forgetting our own territorial possessions, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Canal Zone) are all obviously more closely integrated with our economy. In 1939 our total exports and imports were divided among Canada and Latin America, Europe, and Eastern Asia as follows: Canada and Latin America took 35 per cent of our exports and supplied us with 38 per cent of our imports; Europe, 40 per cent exports, 26 per cent imports; Eastern Asia, 10 per cent exports, 9 per cent imports. The Far Eastern figures show a decline from a 1931–1935 average of 15 per cent of our exports and 24 per cent of our imports. But even this average was less than half of our trade with Europe and no greater in export value than our trade with Canada. Moreover, of our trade with the Far East, Japan's share has been double (at times nearly triple) China's for the past forty years. Of an estimated total of $12,630,000,000 foreign investments, $8,705,000,000 are in countries of the western hemisphere, $3,543,000,000 in Europe, and $758,000,000 in the Far East. China's share of the latter is about $132,000,000, or a little over 1 per cent of our total foreign investments. American diplomacy cannot be measured solely in dollars and cents; but where there are dollars there are also Americans: the more dollars, the more Americans; the more Americans, the more representative a national interest and the more emphatic a foreign policy to cover it.

Culturally Europe eclipses the Far East in our scheme of things. Ourselves transplanted Europeans, we are naturally more responsive to the currents of European than to those of Asiatic civilization. China and Japan could revolutionize their institutions and systems of government every six months without having half the impact upon our own of the advance of totalitarianism in western Europe. Our cultural sun rises in Europe and sets in Asia. Our policy toward the European war proves this, if it needs any proof.

In a strategic sense, finally, Europe also takes precedence over the Far East. For the balance of power in the Far East has always depended on, and therefore been determined by, the balance of power in Europe; and the balance of power in Europe has always been achieved in Europe, not in the Far East. At the moment, the plans of even the most determined advocates of sanctions against Japan call for the restoration of British naval power in the Pacific. To accomplish this, British naval power must first be assured of survival in Europe. The only alternative would be a degree of co-operation with Russia that has seemed, up to now, beyond the realm of practical American politics. Stalin's intentions toward both the European and the Far Eastern wars will have to be clarified before the American government can place any such confidence in his co-operation as some of his private American sympathizers have done. Meantime the most we can hope for is a makeshift balance, not of the European variety that achieves freedom for one power by balancing two others, but with ourselves a much-inhibited part of the balance, the other part of which is Japan.

We are confronted, then, with a situation in the Far East that we have faced many times in the past forty years. The old dilemmas within our Far Eastern policy persist; an extremely serious crisis in our defensive security commands the first attention of our statesmen; a commitment to the Allies in Europe takes precedence over one to China in the Far East. For better or for worse the Philippines are ours until 1946. There is no denying the necessity for restricting Oriental immigration. Nor is there any apparent disposition to relax the nonrecognition doctrine or to modify the two principles of the Open Door and the territorial integrity of China. The Pacific is still too wide, our Navy and Air

Force still too small, to enforce these principles. European co-operation, the only possible substitute therefor, is at present out of the question. The wheel is at dead center. What can move it?

There is, obviously, no categorical answer. It is a matter of record that to the cause of China's independence we have contributed something more than our sympathies. In addition to the moral embargo which has shut off the sale of all planes and munitions to Japan, two Export-Import Bank credits to China, a silver-purchase agreement which, despite an unfortunate beginning, ended by greatly strengthening the Chinese currency, and the abrogation of the 1911 treaty of commerce with Japan, we have assisted China with medical and educational supplies, industrial and transportation technicians and instructors in aviation. There is no way of estimating the amount of good we may have done China by keeping the Navy in the Pacific and simply existing as a military potential with which Japan has had to reckon. Since the abrogation of the 1911 treaty we have held the club of an embargo over the latter's head. And we have exchanged with Tokyo polite expressions of concern for the *status quo* of the now "independent" Dutch East Indies.

It is hard to see how the substitution for these of more warlike measures *vis-à-vis* Japan would serve our purpose. Should we become involved in actual war with that country there is good reason to believe that we should triumph. But what would become, meanwhile, of our European policy? Doubtless Hitler is praying for such a war. For it would almost surely preclude any further effective assistance to the Allies in Europe. Conversely, intervention in the European war, carried to the extent of full military participation, would leave not only China and the East Indies but also our own insular possessions at the mercy of Japan. Japan's armies may be busy in China, but Japan's navy is not, and despite many wishful prophecies to the contrary, she still has the economic resources with which to make use of that navy. Whether she turned it toward the Philippines or the East Indies, on which, together with British Malaya and Ceylon, we are dependent for over 95 per cent of our rubber, she could deal us a costly blow, forcing us into still more costly retaliations. She could spread the war like a plague into the British Dominions and Indo-China, drawing ourselves and the Allies into a diversion that would suit no one better than the German High Command.

Not only would war with Japan be likely to defeat the purpose of our European policy; it would be unlikely to serve very long that of our Far Eastern. To drive Japan from her present conquests including Manchuria (the metes and bounds prescribed by the non-recognition doctrine) would take several years of full-scale warfare. This would cost us more than we have gained from trade with China in the past or have any reasonable hope of gaining in the future. And unless we stayed on after the peace to police and protect our victory, it would probably evaporate as quickly, and with as dire results for China, as the Allied victory over Germany in 1918. Preventive wars, in the age of industrial technology, do not prevent much. New factories, new arms, new armor, and a more determined and vengeful pursuit of thwarted aims are their result. As soon as we turned our backs on the Far East, Japan's energies would probably spill over again and follow the lines of least resistance into China and the South Seas. Meantime Russian communism in China and Nazi imperialism in Europe and South America would be more likely beneficiaries of the turmoil than American democracy.

V

If Japan holds the cards against us in her own waters, however, we possess an even greater advantage over Japan in ours. With exposed land frontiers to defend, with Russian air power at her

back, with the fortress of Pearl Harbor re-enforced by the superior American Navy and Air Force confronting her, she could not carry war into our hemisphere. Moreover, if we have political hostages in the Far East, Japan has economic hostages in the United States. She is our third best customer, ranking immediately after the United Kingdom and Canada, and we are her best customer and first source of imports. A shrunken, volcano-studded, grotesquely overcrowded country, Japan's future, like England's past, seems inevitably bound up with overseas commerce. The acquisition of the world's greatest and richest empire did not free England of the desire, much less the necessity, of participating in world trade. How else could she have cashed in the assets of her empire? And thus participating, England became our best customer.

By embargoing rubber shipments from the East Indies Japan could do us instant harm. But in the long run, as John Chamberlain has cogently pointed out, to deny us this rubber would be to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. Japan has not, nor is she likely to have, the capacity to use more than a small fraction of it herself. To turn it to profit she must sell it, and as soon as she sells it we can buy it—we who consume annually 600,000 long tons of crude rubber, or more than half of the entire world's output. To say nothing of the possibility that synthetic rubber will soon join Nylon in building our own autarchic independence of Japan! If Japan closes us out of the China market our financial losses will be insignificant, our commercial losses potential rather than actual. To do this, moreover, she must first achieve complete domination over all China—a goal which seems beyond her reach—and she must either pay for her exclusionist policy in China by increasing her own imports from us or by a decline in her own exports to us.

There exists, in other words, a basis as well as a reason for improving our relations with Japan. And there are means to that end that have nothing to do with appeasement and smatter far less of Munich than a continuation of unfulfilled Stimson doctrines. In a normal year two-thirds of Japan's foreign trade is with the British Empire and the United States. The war has cut down her business with the former, increasing her economic dependence upon ourselves. Out of this economic relationship could be drawn a trade pact which would be of equal profit to both parties and which, by careful definition, would not compromise China. Out of the exchange of notes regarding the Dutch East Indies could come a renewal of the Root-Takahira Agreement (which Secretary Hull cited) and the Four Power Pacific Treaty of 1922, each pledging the signatories to respect one another's territorial possessions in the Pacific. To strengthen the pledge, the non-fortification agreement (Article XIX of the Five Power Naval Treaty of 1922) might also be renewed, if in restricted scope, with a provision for periodic joint inspection of the territories to which it applied. Recognition of racial equality, whether carried into revision of the immigration law or not, would be another card that we could play at no cost to ourselves. And the maintenance of our fleet in the Pacific, together with our new defense program, would indicate to Japan that we negotiated with her in strength and not in weakness.

If for political or factual reasons not knowable to those outside the State Department, such a plan is impossible, there is one alternative. That is to explore the possibilities for a rapprochement *in the Far East* with Soviet Russia. But whichever move is attempted, the action should be divorced from any idealistic or emotional attitude. A cold-blooded consideration of the interest and security of the United States is the only possible basis for a policy.

Japan and Russia having recently compromised some of their differences over the Mongolian frontier, it might be possible—certainly it would be desirable

—to improve our relations with both of these powers. A gesture to Moscow looking toward co-operation *in the Far East* might well stimulate the friendship of Tokyo, and *vice versa*. In any case, to detach either Russia or Japan or both from the side of Hitler seems an essential counterpart of our European policy, our defense program, and our Far Eastern policy. There is every reason to believe that China would benefit by such a move in the more stable Far Eastern balance that would result from it. Perhaps peace mediation between China and Japan could be made a part of it. In any case it need not interfere with our war relief work in China or compel us to repudiate categorically the principles of the territorial integrity of China and the Open Door.

Whether the war is prolonged or brought to a sudden and tragic end, the world balance of power is sadly in need of righting; and if there is any chance at all of our doing this by such means as here suggested, we should seize it. We cannot defy all four of the world's greatest military powers on grounds which they despise and expect our defiance to accomplish anything or to go unchallenged. The circumstances of this fateful hour require that we undertake no commitment whatsoever that is not within our military competence to fulfill; that we guard at all costs against cheapening our word, as the British and French cheapened theirs, by moral aggressiveness, military weakness, and political capitulation. If we grant the other powers, including China and the Allies, the right to plan and execute their own policies in their own national interests, surely we may claim and exercise the same right. If the British and French did no violence to the democratic proprieties in seeking dickers in Rome, understandings in Tokyo, and alliances in Moscow; if it is proper for China to accept military aid from Stalin and barter for arms with Hitler and Mussolini, why is it improper for us to play a similar game? The American democracy would not suffer from undemocratic diplomatic associations as much as from a systematic alienation of all the powers against whom it is arming to defend itself. We too have diplomats. Franklin, Jefferson, Adams, Seward, Fish, Hughes, Morrow, Houghton, Grew, Welles, Hull—they have had no peers. Must we forever leave the initiative with Hitler?

FIVE SONNETS

BY CONRAD AIKEN

SHAPE has no shape, nor will your thinking shape it;
Space has no confines, and no borders time;
And yet, to think the abyss is to escape it,
And fix that horror's margin in a rhyme.
Wind blows from heaven, the worlds from chaos pour,
Pour into chaos, gone again, the night
Foams on an emptiness that has no shore,
And all infinity like leaves in flight—
All flowing, passing, like the bloodstream here,
Which shapes its whispered moment in your hand,
Shapes too the hand that holds this moment dear,
Itself already pouring into sand;
Yet, in the instant that we think it, will
That chaos shape our kiss, and so be still.

How then the wingèd splendors round us tower!
Ourselves enthroned amid a hushed dominion
Where rock and voice speak of the selfsame hour,
And time, like space, stoops to become our minion.
Angelic presences of fire and ice,
The humbler presences of tick and mote,
Whisper of thunder to the oriole's voice,
Evening and morning in a single note.
There past and future, for ourselves conjoined,
Lift the vast vault that shadows our embrace:
For us, this heavenly arch of stars was groined,
God's waste and wreckage builded for your face.
All things despised, dispersed, in us unite,
And shape a glory of the Infinite.

Green, green, and green again, and greener still,
Spring toward summer bends the immortal bow,
And northward breaks the wave of daffodil,
And northward breaks the wave of summer's snow.
Green, green, and green again, and greener yet,
Wide as this forest is, which counts its leaves,
Wide as this kingdom in a green sea set,
Which round its shores perpetual blossom weaves;
Green, green, and green again, and green once more
The season rounds its term; then greenest, even,
When frost at twilight on the leaf lies hoar,
And one cold star shines bright in greenest heaven.
But love, like music, keeps no seasons ever:
Like music too, once known is known forever.

How many clouds must wraithlike rise from ocean,
Shine and assemble toward the dragnet sun,
How vast and slow, how subtle all that motion,
Before the darkening, and the rain begun!
How many nights of rain to end this drouth,
The dark sky laboring on earth's laboring breast!
How many kisses, love, to brim that mouth,
And lead the goddess to her fruitful rest!
O southwest wind, bring back the rain, and bring
Propitious darkness to my love and me:
Though love no season knows, let this be spring,
And in my shadow let her fruitful be.
Trefoil and cinquefoil shine on earth's bare bosom.
This be our omen, that we too may blossom.

Sun-born and moon-born, sun-birth and moon-birth, we
Like the twinned stars were twinned, and twinned to dance
Each in the other's flame, the Gemini
Circling and changing for each change and chance:
Flame-light and swift, our steps divinely vary,
Yet never farther than each circle rings;
Thus to time's end we dance our alfridary,
Bringing to pass, and pace, predicted things.
As the great Ptolemy, proud chronocrat,
Plumbed the Chaldean tables, drew his chart,
Set out his watery moon, marked this from that,
The cabalistic housings of his heart—
So we these names and numbers, all foreseeing,
Dance, like the day his weather, into being.

BUSINESS MEN, GET A WRITER!

BY ST. CLAIR McKELWAY

Now that the 1920's and the 1930's are far enough in the past to be examined with the detachment of the historian, it may be seen that a book was the undoing of the American business man. It is clear too that it was the stifling effect of American literature on American industry that caused the depression to continue all the way through 1939, and that the domineering position held by the writers after the downfall of the business men was the only thing that stood in the way of complete economic recovery.

A reversal of the traditional relationship between writers and business men occurred during the past two decades. For years American literature had been stifled by American industry. From the end of the pioneer period until long after the first World War the business men were in charge of the country. They were not intentionally cruel to the writers. They simply overwhelmed the writers with their success and their exuberance and made the writers feel inferior and impotent. The country teemed with well-to-do business men, all gurgling with gladness. This got on the writers' nerves, causing widespread literary neuroticism. A handful of writers revolted and went to France to escape from jollity and commercialism, but most of them stayed grumpily at home and were looked upon as harmless freaks. America might still be a contented, prosperous, back-slapping nation, with writers as its only seriously underprivileged class, if one stay-at-home writer had not got so beside himself with fury at the complacence of the American business man that he determined to tear one apart. This writer was Sinclair Lewis. He wrote a book about a business man whom he called Babbitt. The book made the American business man an object of derision, and Babbitt became a household word meaning a-man-whose-children-are-ashamed-of-him-because-he-is-so-silly.

The business men grew self-conscious and introspective when they discovered that the rest of the population was laughing at them. They tried to join in the laughter in order to show that they appreciated the joke. They faltered for the first time in their progress toward lasting prosperity and happiness. They gave up light-heartedness and pursued culture. They stopped singing inspirational songs and began reading realistic, depressing novels and cynical biographies. They stopped getting together at gay businessmen's luncheons and gradually lost contact with one another.

The prestige of the writers went up as the prestige of the business men went down. The profession that had with one book brought the business men to their knees was idolized by the country at large. The public was awed by the writers and at the same time curious about them. The writers began to sell more books and make more money. They got together at literary cocktail parties in New York, slapped one another on the back, and talked condescendingly of business men. They trav-

eled about the country in club cars and lectured to enthralled audiences on how wonderful it is to be a writer and how stupid it is to be a business man. The stock market crash of 1929 caught the business men full in the face. They weren't even looking. They were staring inward, gnawed by a virulent inferiority complex.

The writers blamed the crash on the business men and claimed that nobody but business men could have got the country into such a mess. Many articles and books were written on this theme, increasing the prosperity of the writers. Instead of fighting back, the business men kept examining themselves morbidly and reading more books. A national election came and a new Administration was swept into office largely on a platform of disdain for business men. The new President was something of a penman himself and his early brain-trust was composed almost entirely of writers of one kind or another. The final triumph of the writers over the business men came when the captains of commerce made a pilgrimage to Washington and paid homage to one Hugh S. Johnson, a former writer of cowboy stories who, resting between two literary phases, was in charge of something called the National Recovery Administration, then popularly known as the NRA. Johnson, egged on by the President and other writers like Tugwell, Ickes, and Hopkins, told the business men how to run their businesses, and the business men, still groping pathetically in their collective subconscious, took the advice like lambs and tried to follow it.

Johnson now writes a syndicated newspaper column and gets more money for it than he got for writing cowboy stories or even for administering the NRA. Writers in all fields of literature are richer than they have ever been before. The business men, on the other hand, are still not as prosperous as they used to be and most of them are unhappy and neurotic. They lack self-confidence and are consequently indecisive. They are apologetic, self-effacing, polite, modest, and full of book learning. Many of them are downright cultured. They are beginning to show signs of a vague resentment over the condition to which they have been reduced. Everywhere they turn they find themselves being patronized by affluent writers who are prospering either in journalism or government by telling the country what is wrong with American business. In recent years a few business men have revolted and gone to Russia to get away from the new literary civilization, but most of them have stayed disconsolately at home, where they are looked upon by writers not as harmless freaks but as dangerous characters. The writers have been intentionally cruel to the business men. The business men cried "Uncle!" almost eight years ago but the writers are still sitting on their chests, pummeling them. Gradually the business men are beginning to lift their arms, which have been folded over their faces. The movement is almost imperceptible, like the opening of some exotic flower, but more business men's luncheons are being held these days in medium-priced hotels, and at the New York World's Fair, promoted by business men, some inspirational songs are being sung by the bolder commercial groups. It may be that the business men are plotting the overthrow of the literary men. Obviously, if any real recovery is to be expected, the business men will have to build themselves up by pulling down the writers just as the writers found mental health and material prosperity in pulling down the business men.

II

The writers are riding high and are going to be hard to reach. They are as firmly entrenched in government and society circles as the Morgans and Astors used to be. The literary trend in Washington is familiar to most people; the fact that the writers have muscled into the aristocracy is not generally realized. The American equivalent of the

former Prince of Wales is Lucius Beebe, a columnist, who sets the male styles and has a good deal to do with what both sexes eat and drink. The best-dressed woman is Clare Boothe, a playwright, whose husband, Henry Luce, is a multi-millionaire journalist. Read any New York gossip column or society page and you are forced to read a great deal about the doings of rich writers. What the writers have accomplished in New York is typical of their social progress in every urban community in the country. The snob appeal of literature, plus its promise of affluence for its practitioners, has entered the consciousness of simple people in small towns and villages. Housewives neglect their duties to read books and to listen to fashionable writers talking either from the lecture platform or over the radio. Young people have had their heads turned by literature. A considerable section of the unemployed is made up of youngsters who wish only to write and cannot find steady writing jobs in an already overcrowded profession. The WPA was forced to have all kinds of things written, including guide books to every State in the union (for which there was no audible demand) in order to occupy the idle hands of would-be writers.

New York to-day is the counting house of literature as it was once the center of business and commerce. There the rich writers may be observed, moving about behind plate glass like the unreal inhabitants of a tropical aquarium. "Café society" in New York is what used to be called "Society" in that the term is used to describe the group of people who populate the most exclusive restaurants and the most expensive cafés and night clubs, who are seen at Saratoga in August and at Palm Beach in January and at opening nights the rest of the time—who get the best tables everywhere, spend the most money, and give all the other outward evidences of being the important people of the community. Look behind a Scotch grouse steaming on a platter in the most expensive New York restaurant and you will find a literary face. Move aside the magnum of champagne and you will see the head and shoulders of a writer. At such places as Voisin's, Jack and Charlie's, the Passy, the Colony, the Stork Club, El Morocco, the Plaza's Persian Room, the Iridium Room at the St. Regis, and the Monte Carlo rich patrons who are in one way or another connected with the literary business occupy over half the tables. These are the smart places in New York, so if the old aristocracy goes out at all it must fight for caviar elbow-to-elbow with literary men and women.

Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, which is the headquarters of New York's café society, was asked last fall what sort of people would be admitted to his new luxury establishment, the Nine O'clock Club. "Oh, the younger people from the best families," he said, "and the writing crowd of course." Twenty-five years earlier he might have said "the riding crowd," meaning the outdoor segment of the industrial aristocracy; but now he said "the writing crowd" and it was no slip of the tongue. Actually, the writing crowd not only forms a part of café society but dominates it. It is a moving experience to stand in the foyer of the Stork Club and see well-born debutantes waiting patiently for tables with their millionaire escorts while eccentric-looking literary men accompanied by garrulous penwomen are led past them by one of Mr. Billingsley's flunkies and shown to the choicest seats in the place. Just as proprietors of forgotten places like Sherry's once catered to the industrial aristocracy and let in the others if there was room, Billingsley caters to the writers and allows the industrial aristocracy to take second best. Billingsley knows where the money lies. He sends cases of champagne to the homes of writers he has never even met and otherwise truckles to the literary profession as the headwaiters at Delmonico's once truckled to the Astors and Vanderbilts. Harold Ross, editor of the *New Yorker*, became

so incensed at Billingsley's fawning over writers that he once paid out forty dollars in cash simply for the sardonic pleasure of sending Billingsley a case of champagne, enclosing his card. It was cheap champagne.

A research worker delving into the secrets of the New York literary life recently asked all the leading cafés and restaurants to furnish him with lists of names of the famous and regular customers. The lists contained on an average five writers to three non-writers, the term "writers" being used here in its broadest sense, meaning persons who put words on paper for a living. If one runs an eye through the literary names culled from these lists one may get a panoramic view of café society, which is difficult to get unless you are a writer. Here it is, alphabetically: Faith Baldwin, Lucius Beebe, Ernest Boyd, Clare Boothe, Bennett Cerf, Marc Connelly, Paul de Kruif, Edna Ferber, John Gunther, Moss Hart, Ben Hecht, Mark Hellinger, Lillian Hellman, Ernest Hemingway, Roy Howard, Rupert Hughes, Fannie Hurst, Henry Luce, Charles MacArthur, Ward Morehouse, George Jean Nathan, Dorothy Parker, Louella Parsons, Maury H. B. Paul, Westbrook Pegler, Quentin Reynolds, Grantland Rice, Damon Runyon, William Saroyan, Louis Sobol, Dorothy Thompson, Carl Van Vechten, Walter Winchell, Thyra Samter Winslow, and Alexander Woollcott. Martinis all round, and a glass of amontillado for Mr. Woollcott.

In other capitals of the world literary folk have always been encouraged by the aristocracy; in London and Paris successful writers are taken up by duchesses who wish to see what they are like and usually dropped after a short time, the sight often being unattractive. It has almost always been true that as long as a writer is able to mingle with the aristocracy he will do so at the expense of his art. Marcel Proust, who wrote a great social satire on Parisian society, kept going to parties in the Faubourg St. Germain so long that he barely had time left to write what he had seen, and died, in fact, before he finished correcting the proofs.

In New York rich writers seem to patronize the aristocracy. It is a rare sight to see a group of aristocrats with one writer in their midst. The familiar tableau is a group of rich writers with one aristocrat hanging on. The gayest parties, the most brilliant dinners are attended by writers with perhaps two or three members of the industrial aristocracy filling in as odd men and women. Young writers in New York progress overnight from complete obscurity to a café table alongside the oldest families, provided the aristocrats have been able to get into the place. Before Pietro Di Donato, a bricklayer, had completed his first novel, called *Christ in Concrete*, he was taken by his publisher to Jack and Charlie's and there met the cream of New York society, including Walter Winchell and a Vanderbilt who writes. "This certainly is wonderful," the bricklayer said. It was. A publicity release got out recently by the Hotel St. Regis unconsciously gives a glimpse of the encirclement of both government and aristocracy by the writers. It is about Maury H. B. Paul, the rich society writer of the Hearst newspapers, who writes under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker, and it says, "He frequently stays late [in the Iridium Room] and usually comes with people like Postmaster General and Mrs. Farley. He offers advice to Vincent Astor, owner of the hotel, who asks him what he thinks about new ideas." The tenacity of the Astors is staggering.

An ordinary rich young man of good family finds it difficult to assume a place in New York café society or to get a good table unless he is somehow identified with the writing profession. The case of Lucius Beebe, though somewhat extreme, bears out this point. Beebe comes of a Boston family whose official genealogy goes back to Charlemagne. He is worth about half a million in his own right. His ambition when he left Harvard was to be a man about town in

New York. It was necessary for him to climb into the writing profession in order to become a leader of café society. In getting a foothold in the writing set and keeping it Beebe's tactics have been as pushing as those of a Texas oil millionaire trying to enter old New York society. He gets up at eight o'clock every morning no matter when he went to bed and hammers doggedly at his typewriter, doing a column for the New York *Herald Tribune*. He does everything possible to hide the fact that he is a gentleman and to create the impression that he is an up-and-coming literary man. The case of Richard Watts, Jr., who succeeded Percy Hammond as dramatic critic of the *Herald Tribune*, is perhaps even more heartrending than the case of Beebe. Watts is also well off in his own right but tries to obscure this fact. He has a genuine dislike of showiness and fears that if he dresses or otherwise acts like a man of means nice people will mistake him for a successful literary man. He prefers to pose as a struggling dramatic critic and invariably wears conspicuously cheap-looking blue shirts and plain blue suits, refusing to dress for dinner or the theater. Watts is probably more sensationally confused by his position in the world of letters than any other active New York writer. He accused Robert Benchley one time of having too many rich friends, such as the Whitneys. "You toady to the rich," he said to Benchley. "Well," said Benchley, looking pointedly at Watts' man-of-the-people costume, "that's better than toadying to the poor." Such remarks have not helped to straighten Watts out.

III

Because of their material success, writers on the whole have achieved a state of complacency which is wider and more articulate than the mood of the Babbitts of the 1920's. Writers are inordinately fond of public meetings and in recent years have organized a number of writers' associations at which they make speeches to one another and sometimes actually sing songs. Their speeches are more impressive than Babbitt's were, for the writers talk not of the condition of real estate but of the condition of the world. The writers are more self-assured than Babbitt was, for while Babbitt had doubts about what was going to happen to real estate, the writers know exactly what's going to happen to the world. Well-to-do journalists who made reputations and fortunes out of reporting events after they had occurred are now to be found earning a better living by being prophets. They too are highly self-satisfied. "The British Cabinet has studied this speech and so have I," wrote Dorothy Thompson of Hitler's Nuremberg address. Walter Winchell, who rightfully has a fair reputation as a prophet, is not satisfied with that but last autumn cabled Neville Chamberlain advising him how to conduct the war against Germany. "Of course," said Winchell to the British Prime Minister, "I speak only as a layman." Obviously Winchell thinks he may be something else.

The writers are so passionate in their approval of the way things are going in the literary business that each of them is understandably reluctant to vary the particular vein in which he has discovered gold. "When a writer gets hold of a good thing," Somerset Maugham once admitted, "you may expect him to hang onto it for a lifetime, like a dog worrying a bone." Modern writers are the world's most incorruptible specialists, which is usually hard on their readers. Edgar Rice Burroughs, generally conceded to be the greatest writer of the day, has made good by doing one thing well, the Tarzan stories. Alexander Woollcott, as a biographer has remarked, built a handsome fortune almost entirely on treacle. Dorothy Thompson makes a cool seventy-five thousand dollars a year out of unchanging indignation at the dictators. Hemingway stays tough. Gunther stays inside. Faulkner sticks to his ellipses. Thomas Wolfe was windy to the end.

Pegler snarls, Winchell gossips, Beebe goggles, and Louella Parsons plugs. The writers like their ruts and evidently intend to stay in them, come what may.

There is an atmosphere of dizzy unreality about the New York literary scene and one receives a distinct never-never-land impression in contemplating it. Vincent Sheean was in conference recently with his lecture manager and his literary agent. "I'll put Sheean in Detroit on the 16th and fly him to South Bend on the 18th," the lecture manager said, and the literary agent nodded her approval. Sheean said later he felt like a parcel about to be stamped. It happened that Mrs. Sheean was to have a baby along about this time. The lecture manager and the literary agent turned this matter over in their minds, unwillingly aware that Sheean would like to be with his wife for the occasion. "When is this baby due?" the lecture manager asked the literary agent, ignoring the prospective father. "On the seventeenth," said the literary agent, consulting her notebook. The lecture manager went over his schedule for Sheean and swore. "Damn it," he said with exasperation, "it would suit me a whole lot better on the fifteenth."

The existence of the literary agent has much to do with the rampant commercialism of the present literary set-up. In Emerson's time the literary agent was rare and, if she functioned at all, was a gentle little old lady who mailed the author's manuscripts for him and perhaps discreetly asked a publisher for an advance of one hundred and fifty dollars on the book the author had already spent four years in writing. She lived with her cousin, a seamstress. To-day literary agents may be of either sex and are usually not old, little, or gentle. There are sixty-five of them listed in the Manhattan business directory alone. These include all the well-known run-of-the-mill agents such as Brandt & Brandt, who represent talented writers like Dr. Logan Clendening, Fulton Oursler, and John Gunther; and George Bye, who handles the products of such literary figures as Ursula Parrott, John Erskine, and Eleanor Roosevelt. An agent charges the writer ten per cent of what the writer is paid by editors, book publishers, play and movie producers, radio and lecture engagements, and manufacturers willing to pay for writers' endorsements of various products. The most successful agents are almost as well off as the most successful writers. They have luxurious suites of offices in the best office buildings and are kept extremely busy conferring with authors, editors, producers, publishers, manufacturers, and so on.

The literary agent usually is worth the ten per cent he charges the writer because the agent never thinks of the full price of the novel or play he is selling for the writer but only of the ten per cent of it that he himself hopes to seize. With his mathematical vision thus ninety per cent impaired, an agent can argue with sincere conviction that the writer should get more money. The writer knows that the only reason he has an agent is that the agent is able to get more money for his products than even the dreamiest writer would have the face to ask for. The agent identifies himself so closely with the writer's products that he often thinks of them as the result of his own labors. Thus he can say to himself, "I can't accept $5,000 for this play of mine," meaning that he thinks $50,000 too little for a movie company to pay the author for the screen rights to the author's Broadway hit. This state of mind on the agent's part often becomes audible. "I have two plays running on Broadway and three new novels coming out in the fall," you may hear an agent boast. "I knew we would succeed," an agent once told a young novelist after the author's new book had reached a sale of 100,000 copies. "Now we're getting somewhere," he added, which is somewhat as if the Old Man of the Sea had said that to Sinbad the Sailor as they crossed the first mountain range.

The money they are making these days seems to be almost uppermost in

the minds of the writers. In Hollywood especially the salary of a writer usually forms a phrase in a casual introduction. "This is so-and-so," you may hear, and then, *sotto voce:* "Six months contract—Paramount—$1500 a week." S. J. Perelman, the humorist, once suggested that butlers at Hollywood parties announce the salary of the guests at the same time they announced the names, so that one could hear, "Oliver H. P. Garrett, $1500 a week," and "Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Spewack, $2500 a week for the team" and so on. The suggestion was never carried out, possibly on the grounds that Hollywood writers may be depended upon to furnish the same set of facts themselves a few minutes after they enter a room.

Money also constitutes a major theme for serious talk in literary groups in New York. "That was a wonderfully moving paragraph at the end of John Steinbeck's novel," a writer of tender love stories will say. "How many copies has it sold?" "I don't know," a prosperous poet will reply, "but I hear *The Grapes of Wrath* went for only $70,000 to Twentieth Century Fox. Do you suppose Hollywood is tightening up?" A soulful writer full of grim integrity has been known to get in step with the current literary fashion in a single evening. Clifford Odets was asked to dinner by the late Sidney Howard some years ago after Odets' first play had appeared on Broadway. Odets accepted, although with condescension. "I am glad to be able to meet a typical commercial Broadway dramatist," he said to Howard rudely when he shook hands. At dinner Odets talked about his abhorrence of money and his detestation of the motion picture industry and Howard listened politely. After the *demitasse* Odets said to Howard, "How much do you get in Hollywood?" With whiskey-and-soda at the end of the evening Odets asked Howard, "How much do you think I could get in Hollywood?" It was only a week or so afterward that Odets was in Hollywood.

IV

The essential trouble with American literature, both as it affects the reader and the economic picture, is that there is too much writing going on. When you mix together a publisher and a writer the chances are you will get a book, but when a literary agent is added as an active ingredient there is hardly any way to keep from getting two or three books, plus a number of articles, radio performances, lectures, and perhaps a play. This is undoubtedly one of the causes of the overproduction which is painful to readers and which has upset the national economy by pouring too much gold into an industry that turns out nothing but words.

On the other hand, the extravagant demand for literary products which arose after the public became curious about writing and writers is to some degree responsible for the modern-style literary agent. It was once a writer's custom to fool around, sometimes for years, before he got a good idea for a book; then he sat down, wrote the book, and sold it to a publisher who passed it along to the public. This was a sound procedure from the reader's point of view because the best man to think of an idea for a book is the man who is going to write it. Then came the overwhelming demand for new books. There were not enough new books to go round. Publishers naturally tried to supply the demand. Writers were to be had in vast numbers but the writers had nothing to write about. They were like mills with no grist. The publishers adopted a new system. Instead of waiting for writers to get their own ideas and write them down, the publishers began feeding ideas to the writers, exactly as cotton is fed to a cotton gin. Even the publishers, however, could not think of enough ideas to supply the demand and this gave the agents their great opportunity. The agents met it squarely. They turned out ideas for writers on a scale hitherto undreamed of. If a writer these days

happens to get an idea for a book he wants to write the chances are he will never have time to write it because he is already signed up for two books which the agent thought of first. Thus comparatively few books are written in which either the writer or the reader may be expected to have more than a passing interest.

Even firstclass writers, if they have been forced into the high standard of literary living, often find it impossible to write a good book when they want to. It takes a good writer a year or so to write a good book. For a writer accustomed to earning and spending from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, writing a good book is an extremely foolish investment on his part and one that his wife and children might justifiably seek to prevent, by force if necessary. The high pay for writers is a reason for the scarcity of good books and for the evidences of carelessness and hurry to be found to-day in even the best literary products. A man whose time is worth anything over $25 a day finds it extremely difficult if not humiliating to spend an afternoon perfecting a paragraph or a week getting his facts straight. He simply cannot afford it. Even if he is willing to throw money to the winds it makes him nervous to see his financial meter ticking away while he is engaged on such childish enterprises. When a writer's time is worth as much as $200 a day—which is what the time of innumerable modern writers is worth—it becomes almost uneconomical for him to write at all.

For this reason writers to-day are going in more and more for not-writing, or for literary by-products which can be turned out by fast dictation or by somebody else. With a few notable exceptions like Marquis James, who spent eight years writing personally his biography of Andrew Jackson, much of the research that goes into present-day books is performed by paid researchers who turn over their material to writers who cannot afford to spend time in libraries or traveling about the country talking to people. Hollywood of course offers a sane solution of this problem to writers who cannot afford to put in much time at the tedious business of writing. There writers are furnished with as many secretaries as they need. Much of the dialogue for pictures is dictated at high speed and put into finished form by the director, and the plots are mostly worked out in a conference room where nobody so much as puts finger to typewriter, but just talks. The radio offers another solution, except that here the author has to take care what he says and must achieve a certain level of entertainment value or the radio companies will cancel the program, or just turn a cutoff switch in the middle of a sentence.

There is some evidence that the public is in favor of the trend toward not-writing among writers. Authors are popular on the radio. One of the most widely appreciated radio programs of the moment, called "Information Please," is composed of four famous writers not-writing, with one famous composer not-composing thrown in as a sop to music lovers. The public's enthusiasm for the stage appearances of Sinclair Lewis and Thornton Wilder last season was keen. More and more writers may find it possible to go on the stage and thus avoid writing. There is a definite swing away from writing in modern journalism and book publishing. *Life* magazine made an immediate success by keeping reading matter down to a few lines on each page. Simon & Schuster's most ambitious undertaking to date, *A Treasury of Art Masterpieces*, is a picture book, with one paragraph of words devoted to each picture. Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, former publisher of *Time*, who for the past year has been preparing the new New York newspaper called *PM* told a prospective employe this spring that he was almost ready to start. "Everything," he said, "is going fine—new presses have been designed to print pictures fast the way we want them, dummies have been worked out and so on. Of course there's one detail we haven't straightened out yet."

"What is that?" he was asked. "The text," said Ingersoll. "We don't know what the text will be like yet."

There is evidence, however, that in spite of the fact that many writers are giving up writing the public may have a vague notion that too much writing is still going on. So-called "digest" publications engaged in gathering together the choicest prose and then emasculating it, cutting it down to around one-quarter of its original length, have been enormously admired by the public. In this particular case the public is being shamefully duped because the digest publications are using some of the money paid them by the public for their work of abridgment to encourage writers to write original full-length articles and books for periodicals and publishing houses subsidized with more of the money paid for digestion by the public.

Taking the literary set-up as it is today, it looks as if the time is exactly right for the business men to see their chance and overthrow the writers. The writers are feeling guilty about their affluence, which makes them peculiarly vulnerable to criticism. Outwardly they are happy, sleek, and full of self-satisfaction. Every way you look at the literary scene, the writers appear to be in much the same position the business men were in before Sinclair Lewis administered the *coup de grâce* to the business men by writing *Babbitt*. All that is needed to bring complete chaos to the world of letters is a book about a literary big-shot which will do to the writers what *Babbitt* did to the business men of the '20's. The writer of this book should be easy to find, for almost any modern writer will do a quick job for spot cash. The business men could take up a collection among themselves and make it worth the writer's while. They should be careful to get a writer who has himself succumbed to the literary temptations of the period. Sinclair Lewis is said to have been enough of a business man to understand and sympathize with the character he called Babbitt. It was the human, appealing quality of Babbitt that made him an unforgettable literary creation. The business men must get themselves a modern Sinclair Lewis to write such a book about writers. The country then would begin to laugh at writers as they once laughed at business men. The writers would fall from their present domineering position and the business men could at least rise to a level alongside the new position taken up by the writers after their downfall. The surplus money now going to writers could be used to irrigate the industrial deserts. The younger generation would be stimulated; instead of striving to be writers they would turn against literature and adopt useful occupations, thus reducing the burden of unemployment. The writers that survived could get back to writing again and assume a standard of living that would permit them to write well. General happiness and prosperity would follow. Business men, get yourselves a writer!

NEBRASKA CRANE

BY THOMAS WOLFE

The train had hurtled like a projectile through its tube beneath the Hudson River to emerge in the dazzling sunlight of a September afternoon, and now it was racing across the flat desolation of the Jersey meadows. George Webber sat by the window and saw the smoldering dumps, the bogs, the blackened factories slide past, and felt that one of the most wonderful things in the world is the experience of being on a train. It is so different from watching a train go by. To anyone outside, a speeding train is a thunderbolt of driving rods, a hot hiss of steam, a blurred flash of coaches, a wall of movement and of noise, a shriek, a wail, and then just emptiness and absence, with a feeling of "There goes everybody!" without knowing who anybody is. And all of a sudden the watcher feels the vastness and loneliness of America, and the nothingness of all those little lives hurled past upon the immensity of the continent. But if one is *inside* the train everything is different. The train itself is a miracle of man's handiwork, and everything about it is eloquent of human purpose and direction. One feels the brakes go on when the train is coming to a river and one knows that the old gloved hand of cunning is at the throttle. One's own sense of manhood and of mastery is heightened by being on a train. And all the other people, how real they are! One sees the fat black porter with his ivory teeth and the great swollen gland on the back of his neck, and one warms with friendship for him. One looks at all the pretty girls with a sharpened eye and an awakened pulse. One observes all the other passengers with lively interest, and feels that he has known them forever. In the morning most of them will be gone out of his life; some will drop out silently at night through the dark, drugged snoring of the sleepers; but now all are caught upon the wing and held for a moment in the peculiar intimacy of this pullman car which has become their common home for a night.

At the far end of the car a man stood up and started back down the aisle toward the washroom. He walked with a slight limp and leaned upon a cane, and with his free hand he held onto the backs of the seats to brace himself against the lurching of the train. As he came abreast of George, who sat there gazing out the window, the man stopped abruptly. A strong, good-natured voice, warm, easy, bantering, unafraid, unchanged—exactly as it was when it was fourteen years of age—broke like a flood of living light upon his consciousness:

"Well I'll be dogged! Hi, there, Monkus! Where you goin'?"

At the sound of the old jesting nickname George looked up quickly. It was Nebraska Crane. The square, freckled, sunburned visage had the same humorous friendliness it had always had, and the tar-black Cherokee eyes looked out with the same straight, deadly fearlessness. The big brown paw came out and they clasped each other firmly. And, instantly, it was like coming home to a strong and friendly place. In an-

other moment they were seated together, talking with the familiarity of people whom no gulf of years and distance could alter or separate.

George had seen Nebraska Crane only once in all the years since he himself had first left Libya Hill and gone away to college. But he had not lost sight of him. Nobody had lost sight of Nebraska Crane. That wiry, fearless little figure of the Cherokee boy who used to come down the hill on Locust Street with the bat slung over his shoulder and the well-oiled fielder's mitt protruding from his hip pocket had been prophetic of a greater destiny, for Nebraska had become a professional baseball player, he had crashed into the big leagues, and his name had been emblazoned in the papers every day.

The newspapers had had a lot to do with his seeing Nebraska that other time. It was in August, 1925, just after George had returned to New York from his first trip abroad. That very night, in fact, a little before midnight, as he was seated in a Childs Restaurant with smoking wheatcakes, coffee, and an ink-fresh copy of next morning's *Herald Tribune* before him, the headline jumped out at him: "Crane Slams Another Homer." He read the account of the game eagerly and felt a strong desire to see Nebraska again and to get back in his blood once more the honest tang of America. Acting on a sudden impulse, he decided to call him up. Sure enough, his name was in the book, with an address way up in the Bronx. He gave the number and waited. A man's voice answered the 'phone, but at first he didn't recognize it.

"Hello! . . . Hello! . . . Is Mr. Crane there? . . . Is that you, Bras?"

"Hello." Nebraska's voice was hesitant, slow, a little hostile, touched with the caution and suspicion of mountain people when speaking to a stranger. "Who is that? . . . Who? . . . Is that *you*, Monk?"—suddenly and quickly, as he recognized who it was. "Well I'll be dogged!" he cried. His tone was delighted, astounded, warm with friendly greeting now, and had the somewhat high and faintly howling quality that mountain people's voices often have when they are talking to someone over the telephone: the tone was full, sonorous, countrified, and a little puzzled, as if he were yelling to someone on an adjoining mountain peak on a gusty day in autumn when the wind was thrashing through the trees. "Where'd you come from? How the hell are you, boy?" he yelled before George could answer. "Where you been all this time, anyway?"

"I've been in Europe. I just got back this morning."

"Well I'll be dogged!"—still astounded, delighted, full of howling friendliness. "When am I gonna see you? How about comin' to the game tomorrow? I'll fix you up. And say," he went on rapidly, "if you can stick aroun' after the game, I'll take you home to meet the wife and kid. How about it?"

So it was agreed. George went to the game and saw Nebraska knock another home run, but he remembered best what happened afterward. When the player had had his shower and had dressed, the two friends left the ball park, and as they went out a crowd of young boys who had been waiting at the gate rushed upon them. They were those dark-faced, dark-eyed, dark-haired little urchins who spring up like dragon's teeth from the grim pavements of New York, but in whose tough little faces and raucous voices there still remains, curiously, the innocence and faith of children everywhere.

"It's Bras!" the children cried. "Hi, Bras! Hey, Bras!" In a moment they were pressing round him in a swarming horde, deafening the ears with their shrill cries, begging, shouting, tugging at his sleeves, doing everything they could to attract his attention, holding dirty little scraps of paper toward him, stubs of pencils, battered little notebooks, asking him to sign his autograph.

He behaved with the spontaneous warmth and kindliness of his character. He scrawled his name out rapidly on a

dozen grimy bits of paper, skillfully working his way along through the yelling, pushing, jumping group, and all the time keeping up a rapid fire of banter, badinage, and good-natured reproof:

"All right—give it here, then! . . . Why don't you fellahs pick on somebody else once in a while? . . . Say, boy!" he said suddenly, turning to look down at one unfortunate child, and pointing an accusing finger at him—"What you doin' aroun' here again to-day? I signed my name for you at least a dozen times!"

"No sir, Misteh Crane!" the urchin earnestly replied. "Honest—not me!"

"Ain't that right?" Nebraska said, appealing to the other children. "Don't this boy keep comin' back here every day?"

They grinned, delighted at the chagrin of their fellow-petitioner. "Dat's right, Misteh Crane! Dat guy's got a whole book wit' nuttin' but yoeh name in it!"

"Ah-h!" the victim cried, and turned upon his betrayers bitterly. "What youse guys tryin' to do—get wise or somep'n? Honest, Misteh Crane!"—he looked up earnestly again at Nebraska—"Don't believe 'em! I jest want yoeh ottygraph! Please, Misteh Crane, it'll only take a minute!"

For a moment more Nebraska stood looking down at the child with an expression of mock sternness; at last he took the outstretched notebook, rapidly scratched his name across a page, and handed it back. And as he did so he put his big paw on the urchin's head and gave it a clumsy pat; then, gently and playfully, he shoved it from him and walked off down the street.

The apartment where Nebraska lived was like a hundred thousand others in the Bronx. The ugly yellow-brick building had a false front, with meaningless little turrets at the corners of the roof, and a general air of spurious luxury about it. The rooms were rather small and cramped, and were made even more so by the heavy, overstuffed Grand Rapids furniture. The walls of the living room, painted a mottled, rusty cream, were bare except for a couple of sentimental colored prints, while the place of honor over the mantel was reserved for an enlarged and garishly tinted photograph of Nebraska's little son at the age of two, looking straight and solemnly out at all comers from a gilded oval frame.

Myrtle, Nebraska's wife, was small and plump, and pretty in a doll-like way. Her corn-silk hair was frizzled in a halo about her face and her chubby features were heavily accented by rouge and lipstick. But she was simple and natural in her talk and bearing, and George liked her at once. She welcomed him with a warm and friendly smile and said she had heard a lot about him.

They all sat down. The child, who was three or four years old by this time, and who had been shy, holding on to his mother's dress and peeping out from behind her, now ran across the room to his father and began climbing all over him. Nebraska and Myrtle asked George a lot of questions about himself, what he had been doing, where he had been, and especially what countries he had visited in Europe. They seemed to think of Europe as a place so far away that anyone who had actually been there was touched with an unbelievable aura of strangeness and romance.

"Whereall did you go over there, anyway?" asked Nebraska.

"Oh, everywhere, Bras," George said—"France, England, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Italy—all over the place."

"Well I'll be dogged!"—in frank astonishment. "You sure do git aroun', don't you?"

"Not the way *you* do, Bras. You're traveling most of the time."

"Who—*me?* Oh, hell, I don't git anywhere—just the same ole places. Chicago, St. Looie, Philly—I seen 'em all so often I could find my way blindfolded!" He waved them aside with a gesture of his hand. Then suddenly he looked at George as though he were just seeing him for the first time, and he

reached over and slapped him on the knee and exclaimed: "Well I'll be dogged! How you doin', anyway, Monkus?"

"Oh, can't complain. How about you? But I don't need to ask that. I've been reading all about you in the papers."

"Yes, Monkus," he said. "I been havin' a good year. But, boy!"—he shook his head suddenly and grinned—"Do the ole dogs feel it!"

He was silent a moment, then he went on quietly:

"I been up here since 1919—that's seven years, and it's a long time in this game. Not many of 'em stay much longer. When you been shaggin' flies as long as that you may lose count, but you don't need to count—your legs'll tell you."

"But, good Lord, Bras, *you're* all right! Why, the way you got around out there to-day you looked like a colt!"

"Yeah," Nebraska said, "maybe I *looked* like a colt, but I felt like a plow horse." He fell silent again, then he tapped his friend gently on the knee with his brown hand and said abruptly: "No, Monkus. When you been in this business as long as I have, you know it."

"Oh, come on, Bras, quit your kidding!" said George, remembering that the player was only two years older than himself. "You're still a young man. Why, you're only twenty-seven!"

"Sure, sure," Nebraska answered quietly. "But it's like I say. You can't stay in this business much longer than I have. Of course Cobb an' Speaker an' a few like that—they was up here a long time. But eight years is about the average, an' I been here seven already. So if I can hang on a few years more, I won't have no kick to make. . . . Hell!" he said in a moment, with the old hearty ring in his voice, "I ain't got no kick to make, no-way. If I got my release to-morrow, I'd still feel I done all right. . . . Ain't that so, Buzz?" he cried genially to the child, who had settled down on his knee, at the same time seizing the boy and cradling him comfortably in his strong arm. "Ole Bras has done all right, ain't he?"

"That's the way me an' Bras feel about it," remarked Myrtle, who during this conversation had been rocking back and forth, placidly ruminating on a wad of gum. "Along there last year it looked once or twice as if Bras might git traded. He said to me one day before the game, 'Well, ole lady, if I don't git some hits to-day somethin' tells me you an' me is goin' to take a trip.' So I says, 'Trip where?' An' he says, 'I don't know, but they're goin' to sell me down the river if I don't git goin', an' somethin' tells me it's now or never!' So I just looks at him," continued Myrtle placidly, "an' I says, 'Well, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to come to-day or not?' You know, gener'ly, Bras won't let me come when he ain't hittin'—he says it's bad luck. But he just looks at me a minute, an' I can see him sort of studyin' it over, an' all of a sudden he makes up his mind an' says, 'Yes, come on if you want to; I couldn't have no more bad luck than I been havin', no-way, an' maybe it's come time fer things to change, so you come on.' Well, I went—an' I don't know whether I brought him luck or not, but somethin' did," said Myrtle, rocking in her chair complacently.

"Dogged if she didn't!" Nebraska chuckled. "I got three hits out of four times up that day, an' two of 'em was home runs!"

"Yeah," Myrtle agreed, "an' that Philadelphia fast-ball thrower was throwin' 'em too."

"He sure was!" said Nebraska.

"I know," went on Myrtle, chewing placidly, "because I heard some of the boys say later that it was like he was throwin' 'em up there from out of the bleachers, with all them men in shirt-sleeves right behind him, an' the boys said half the time they couldn't even see the ball. But Bras must of saw it—or been lucky—because he hit two home runs off of him, an' that pitcher didn't like it either. The second one Bras got, he

went stompin' an' tearin' around out there like a wild bull. He sure did look mad," said Myrtle in her customary placid tone.

"Maddest man I ever seen!" Nebraska cried delightedly. "I thought he was goin' to dig a hole plumb through to China. . . . But that's the way it was. She's right about it. That was the day I got goin'. I know one of the boys said to me later, 'Bras,' he says, 'we all thought you was goin' to take a ride, but you sure dug in, didn't you?' That's the way it is in this game. I seen Babe Ruth go fer weeks when he couldn't hit a balloon, an' all of a sudden he lams into it. Seems like he just cain't miss from then on."

All this had happened four years ago. Now the two friends had met again, and were seated side by side in the speeding train, talking and catching up on each other. Nebraska's right ankle was taped and bandaged; a heavy cane rested between his knees. George asked him what had happened.

"I pulled a tendon," Nebraska said, "an' got laid off. So I thought I might as well run down an' see the folks. Myrtle, she couldn't come—the kid's got to git ready fer school."

"How are they?" George asked.

"Oh, fine, fine. All wool an' a yard wide, both of 'em!" He was silent for a moment, then he looked at his friend with a tolerant Cherokee grin and said: "But I'm crackin' up, Monkus. Guess I cain't stan' the gaff much more."

The quiet resignation of the player touched his friend with sadness. It was hard and painful for him to face the fact that this strong and fearless creature, who had stood in his life always for courage and for victory, should now be speaking with such ready acceptance of defeat.

"But, Bras," he protested, "you've been hitting just as well this season as you ever did! I've read about you in the papers, and the reporters have all said the same thing."

"Oh, I can still hit 'em," Nebraska quietly agreed. "It ain't the hittin' that bothers me. That's the last thing you lose anyway. Leastways, it's goin' to be that way with me, an' I talked to other fellahs who said it was that way with them." After a pause he went on in a low tone: "If this ole leg heals up in time I'll go on back an' git in the game again an' finish out the season. An' if I'm lucky maybe they'll keep me on a couple more years, because they know I can still hit. But, hell," he added quietly, "they know I'm through. They already got me all tied up with string."

As Nebraska talked, George saw that the Cherokee in him was the same now as it had been when he was a boy. His cheerful fatalism had always been the source of his great strength and courage. That was why he had never been afraid of anything, not even death. But, seeing the look of regret on George's face, Nebraska smiled again and went on lightly:

"That's the way it is, Monk. You're good up there as long as you're good. After that they sell you down the river. Hell, I ain't kickin'. I been lucky. I had ten years of it already, an' that's more than most. An' I been in three World's Series. If I can hold on fer another year or two—if they don't let me go or trade me—I think maybe we'll be in again. Me an' Myrtle has figgered it all out. I had to help her people some, an' I bought a farm fer Mama an' the Ole Man—that's where they always wanted to be. An' I got three hundred acres of my own in Zebulon—all paid fer too!—an' if I git a good price this year fer my tobacco, I stan' to clear two thousand dollars. So if I can git two years more in the League an' one more good World's Series, why—" he turned his square face toward his friend and grinned his brown and freckled grin, just as he used to as a boy—"we'll be all set."

"And—you mean you'll be satisfied?"

"Huh? Satisfied?" Nebraska turned to him with a puzzled look. "How do you mean?"

"I mean after all you've seen and done, Bras—the big cities and the crowds, and all the people shouting—and the newspapers, and the headlines, and the World's Series—and—and—the first of March, and St. Petersburg, and meeting all the fellows again, and spring training——"

Nebraska groaned.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Spring trainin'."

"You mean you don't like it?"

"Like it! Them first three weeks is just plain hell. It ain't bad when you're a kid. You don't put on much weight durin' the winter, an' when you come down in the spring it only takes a few days to loosen up an' git the kinks out. In two weeks' time you're loose as ashes. But wait till you been aroun' as long as I have!" He laughed loudly and shook his head. "Boy! The first time you go after a grounder you can hear your joints creak. After a while you begin to limber up—you work into it an' git the soreness out of your muscles. By the time the season starts, along in April, you feel pretty good. By May you're goin' like a house a-fire, an' you tell yourself you're good as you ever was. You're still goin' strong along in June. An' then you hit July, an' you git them double-headers in St. Looie! Boy, oh boy!" Again he shook his head and laughed, baring big square teeth. "Monkus," he said quietly, turning to his companion, and now his face was serious and he had his black Indian look—"you ever been in St. Looie in July?"

"No."

"All right then," he said very softly and scornfully. "An' you ain't played *ball* there in July. You come up to bat with sweat bustin' from your ears. You step up an' look out there to where the pitcher ought to be, an' you see four of him. The crowd in the bleachers is out their roastin' in their shirtsleeves, an' when the pitcher throws the ball it just comes from nowheres—it comes right out of all them shirtsleeves in the bleachers. It's on top of you before you know it. Well, anyway, you dig in an' git a toe-hold, take your cut, an' maybe you connect. You straighten out a fast one. It's good fer two bases if you hustle. In the old days you could've made it standin' up. But now—boy!" He shook his head slowly. "You cain't tell me nothin' about that ball park in St. Looie in July! They got it all growed out in grass in April, but after July first—" he gave a short laugh—"hell! it's paved with concrete! An' when you git to first, them dogs is sayin', 'Boy, let's stay here!' But you gotta keep on goin'—you know the manager is watchin' you—you're gonna ketch hell if you don't take that extra base, it may mean the game. An' the boys up in the press box, they got their eyes glued on you too—they've begun to say old Crane is playin' on a dime—an' you're thinkin' about next year an' maybe gittin' in another Series—an' you hope to God you don't git traded to St. Looie. So you take it on the lam, you slide into second like the Twentieth Century comin' into the Chicago yards—an' when you git up an' feel yourself all over to see if any of your parts is missin', you gotta listen to one of that second baseman's wisecracks: 'What's the hurry, Bras? Afraid you'll be late fer the Veterans' Reunion?'"

"I begin to see what you mean all right," said George.

"See what I mean? Why, say! One day this season I ast one of the boys what month it was, an' when he told me it was just the middle of July, I says to him: 'July, hell! If it ain't September I'll eat your hat!' 'Go ahead then,' he says, 'an' eat it, because it ain't September, Bras—it's July.' 'Well,' I says, 'they must be havin' sixty days a month this year—it's the longest damn July *I* ever felt!' An' lemme tell you, I didn't miss it fer either—I'll be dogged if I did! When you git old in this business, it may be only July, but you think it's September." He was silent for a moment. "But they'll keep you in there, gener'ly, as long as you can hit. If you can smack

that ole apple they'll send you out there if they've got to use glue to keep you from fallin' apart. So maybe I'll git in another year or two if I'm lucky. So long's I can hit 'em, maybe they'll keep sendin' me out there till all the other players has to grunt every time ole Bras goes after a ground ball!" He laughed. "I ain't that bad yet, but soon's I am, I'm through."

"You won't mind it then when you have to quit?"

He didn't answer at once. He sat there looking out the window. Then he laughed a little wearily:

"Boy, this may be a ride on the train to you, but to *me*—say!—I covered this stretch so often that I can tell you what telephone post we're passin' without even lookin' out the window. Why, hell yes!"—he laughed loudly now, in the old infectious way—"I used to have 'em numbered—now I got 'em *named!*"

"And you think you can get used to spending all your time out on the farm in Zebulon?"

"Git used to it?" In Nebraska's voice there was now the same note of scornful protest that it had when he was a boy, and for a moment he turned and looked at his friend with an expression of astonished disgust. "Why, what are you talkin' about? That's the greatest life in the world!"

"And your father? How is he, Bras?"

The player grinned and shook his head: "Oh, the Ole Man's happy as a possum. He's doin' what he wanted to do all his life."

"And is he well?"

"If he felt any better he'd have to go to bed. Strong as a bull," said Nebraska proudly. "He could wrastle a bear right now an' bite his nose off! Why, hell yes!" the player went on with an air of conviction—"he could take any two men I know to-day an' throw 'em over his shoulder!"

"Bras, do you remember when you and I were kids and your father was on the police force, how he used to wrestle all those professionals that came to town? There were some good ones too!"

"You're damn right there was!" said the player, nodding his head. "Tom Anderson, who used to be South Atlantic champion, an' that fellah Petersen—do you remember him?"

"Sure. And that big fellow they called the Strangler Turk—"

"Yeah, an' he was good too! Only he wasn't no Turk—he only called hisself one. The Ole Man told me he was some kind of Polack from the steel mills, an' that's how he got so strong."

"And Bull Dakota—and Texas Jim Ryan—and the Masked Marvel? Do you remember the Masked Marvel?"

"Yeah—only there was a whole lot of them—guys cruisin' all over the country callin' theirselves the Masked Marvel. The Ole Man wrastled two of 'em. Only the real Masked Marvel never came to town. The Old Man told me there *was* a real Masked Marvel, but he was too damn good, I guess, to come to Libya Hill."

"Do you remember the night, Bras, when your father was wrestling one of these Masked Marvels, and we were there in the front row rooting for him, and he got a stranglehold on this fellow with the mask, and the mask came off—and the fellow wasn't the Masked Marvel at all, but only that Greek who used to work all night at the Bijou Café for Ladies and Gents down by the depot?"

"Yeah—haw-haw!" Nebraska threw back his head and laughed loudly. "I'd clean fergot that damn Greek, but that's who it was! The whole crowd hollered frame-up an' tried to git their money back.—I'll swear, Monk! I'm glad to see you!" He put his big hand on his companion's knee. "It don't seem no time, does it? It all comes back!"

"Yes, Bras—" for a moment George looked out at the flashing landscape with a feeling of sadness and wonder in his heart—"it all comes back."

THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE WRIGHTS HAD FLOWN

A STUDY IN HUMAN INCREDULITY

BY FRED C. KELLY

When Wilbur and Orville Wright had returned from Kitty Hawk, N. C., to their home in Dayton, Ohio, after their historic feat, on December 17, 1903, of becoming the first men ever to fly in a heavier-than-air machine, they naturally knew they "had something." They felt a glow of pride and satisfaction in having both invented and demonstrated the device that had baffled the ablest scientists through the centuries. But they did not expect to make their fortunes. True, they had applied for certain patents (not issued until 1906) nine months before they flew, but that was by way of establishing a scientific record. They hadn't even employed a patent lawyer.

Not long ago I asked Orville Wright: "What would you and Wilbur have taken for all your secrets of aviation, for all patent rights *for the entire world* if some one had come along and made you an offer just after those first flights?"

"I don't know," he replied, thoughtfully; "but I imagine that if we had received an offer of ten thousand dollars we might have accepted it."

Since there was not yet any practical use for the airplane, ten thousand dollars might have been considered a big return for their time, effort, and outlay. They had had all the fun and satisfaction and their expenses had been surprisingly small. Their cash outlay, as nearly as Orville can now recall, was less than $1,000, including their railroad fares to and from Kitty Hawk. Of course the greater part of their expenses would have been for mechanical labor, which they did themselves. But skilled labor was low-priced at that time; one could hire a better than average mechanic for as little as $16 a week. Even if the Wrights had charged themselves with the cost of their own work, their total expenses would still have been less than $2,000. Inasmuch as their costs had been spread over more than three years, they had spent no more than do hundreds of young men on hobbies. Many fantastic stories have been told about the sacrifices the Wright family made to enable the brothers to fly, and of how they were financed by this person or that. One persistent story is that they raised money for their experiments by the sale of an Iowa farm they had inherited. The truth is that this farm, which had been deeded by their father to the *four* Wright brothers, was sold about 1900, before Wilbur and Orville had even begun their experiments, and the reason for the sale had no relation to aviation. Another story is that their sister Katharine had furnished the money they needed, out of her salary as school teacher. Miss Wright was always amused over that tale, for she was never a hoarder of money or a financier and could hardly have provided funds even if this had been necessary. Nor was it true that the Wright home was

mortgaged during the time of the brothers' experiments. More than one man of wealth in Dayton has admitted that *he* financed the Wrights. Indeed, one man told such a mythical story so often that he came to believe it himself. The fact is that no one ever financed the Wright brothers' experiments but the Wright brothers themselves. And whatever financial scrimping was necessary came *after* they had flown; after they knew they had truly made a discovery worth following up. What made their work more costly from now on was that, as aviation absorbed more and more time, they had little left for their job of building or repairing bicycles. Indeed, they never built any more bicycles after that first Kitty Hawk flight. They disposed of the bicycle frames still on hand and turned over most of the routine work of the shop to their chief mechanic.

But the Wrights' belief that they had achieved something of great scientific importance was not bolstered by the attitude of the general public. Not only were there no receptions, brass bands, or parades in their honor, but the neighbors paid less attention to the history-making feat than if the "boys" had simply been on vacation and caught a big fish or shot a bear.

One neighbor, Mr. Webbert, father of the man from whom they rented their bicycle shop, did concede:

"I know you boys are truthful and if you say you flew through the air in a machine, I believe you. But then," he added, "down there on the Carolina coast you had *special conditions* to help you. Of course you couldn't do it anywhere else."

Then the brothers remembered that this man was a spiritualist.

Other neighbors thought if the thing had been done at all it must have been an accident, because of unusually powerful winds, and at best was just a stunt, not likely to happen again. One had remarked, just before the Wrights went to Kitty Hawk: "People will fly at the same time they hit on perpetual motion." But even if the boys *had* flown, what of it? Men had been flying in Europe for a long time, hadn't they? Hadn't Santos-Dumont flown some kind of a self-propelled balloon? Many of the Wrights' acquaintances made no reference when they met the inventors to the reported flight, because it was embarrassing to discuss anything so preposterous.

One reason why nearly everyone in the United States was disinclined to swallow the reports about flying with a machine heavier than air was that important scientists had already explained in the public prints why the thing was impossible. When a man of the profound scientific wisdom of Simon Newcomb, for example, had demonstrated with unassailable logic why man *couldn't* fly, why should the public be fooled by silly stories about two obscure bicycle repairmen who hadn't even been to college? In an article in the *Independent*—October 22, 1903, less than two months before the Wrights flew—Professor Newcomb not only proved that trying to fly was nonsense, but went farther and showed that even if a man did fly, he wouldn't dare to stop. "Once he slackens his speed, down be begins to fall. . . . Once he stops, he falls a dead mass. How shall he reach the ground without destroying his delicate machinery? I do not think that even the most imaginative inventor has yet even put on paper a demonstrative, successful way of meeting this difficulty."

Though these pooh-poohing articles by Newcomb and other scientists were probably read by relatively few people, they were seen by editors, editorial writers, and others, and thus indirectly had much influence on public opinion. Naturally no editor who knew a thing couldn't be done would permit his paper to record the fact that it had been done.

The Wrights were amused rather than disturbed by the lack of public recognition that flying was now possible. They inwardly chuckled when they heard people still using the old expression: "Why, a person could no more do *that* than he

could *fly!*" But they knew they had only begun to learn about handling a flying-machine. If their machine was capable, as they had demonstrated, of flying by its own power for 852 feet, there was no reason why it shouldn't go many times as far. They determined to learn also how to steer the machine in a circular route. Much practice would be necessary and they began to look for a suitable field not too far from home.

II

They found a field fairly level, handy to an interurban railway, between Dayton and Springfield. This cow pasture of eighty-seven acres was part of a farm belonging to a Dayton bank president, Torrence Huffman. Without delay they introduced themselves to Mr. Huffman and asked if they might rent his field for their experiments. He granted the request, simply because he knew that the Wright brothers were decent young men, and he told them they were welcome to use the field free of charge. But he said he hoped they wouldn't run over his cows.

Toward the end of April, 1904, the Wrights had built a tar-paper shed at the field to house their flying-machine and were ready to continue their experiments. Compared with a modern aviation field, the Huffman pasture was not quite ideal. It contained a number of trees and was near power wires and poles. Also there were cows to be shooed out of the way. Orville, being the younger brother, usually acted as herdsman and drove the cows over into a corner separated from the rest of the field by a small ditch.

At first the flyers had to wait for a suitably stiff wind before launching the machine, from a short stretch of wooden track; but later they set up a sort of derrick with a pulley and weights to aid them in taking off. The feet of their engine—that is, the projections by which it was fastened to the plane—had been broken at Kitty Hawk, and during the winter they had built a new engine. Though of the same size and design as the original engine, the new one developed a bit more power, partly because the Wrights took a little more pains to decrease friction. Later, again using the original parts, they built a third engine that developed still more power, and, as there were no further mishaps to necessitate its rebuilding, that is the engine now in the original Wright plane on exhibition at the Kensington Museum in London.

Though the experiments in the Huffman cow pasture were the big scientific news of the century, almost nothing was ever said about them by the newspapers, not even by those in Dayton, only eight miles away. This was not because the Wrights were secretive. It was true that they preferred to work unhampered by curiosity-seekers; but they knew the best way to be unmolested was to make no mystery of what they were doing. Even if they had tried to they could hardly have kept secret what they were up to in that open field, with an interurban car line and a public highway on one side of it and a railroad on another. Moreover, though they did not want any personal publicity, yet they realized that their experiments were of great scientific importance, presumably of interest to newspapers. It would hardly be courteous not to let the newspaper people know that they would always be welcome. Therefore, before they attempted even one trial flight at the Huffman pasture they wrote letters to each of the Dayton papers, as well as to each of the Cincinnati papers, that on a certain day they would attempt to fly and would be glad to have any newspaper representatives who felt interested come to watch them. About a dozen or fifteen newspapermen showed up. Also on hand were a number of friends and neighbors of the Wright family. Altogether perhaps fifty persons were present.

The Wright brothers dragged their machine out of the shed and started to warm up the engine, but the engine did not work properly. This had not hap-

pened before. They had never had the slightest engine trouble at Kitty Hawk. Whatever was wrong now was too puzzling to remedy in a few minutes. Moreover, the wind was low—only about five miles an hour, and at least an eleven-mile wind was needed to launch the plane. The Wrights said they would try a flight if the wind picked up, even though the engine wasn't behaving well. But the wind failed to increase. The crowd waited and two or three of the reporters—too experienced to be easily fooled—began to make comments to one another. They hadn't wanted to come in the first place. Why had they been asked to waste time on such an assignment? A few of the bystanders though had only sympathy for the brothers. They actually seemed sincere in thinking they *could* fly.

The Wrights were sorry to disappoint the spectators but showed no signs of embarrassment. They had learned to take events as they came. Finally, after the day had dragged on with no sign of a more favorable wind, one of the brothers announced:

"We can't fly to-day; but since you've taken the trouble to come and to wait so long, here's what we'll do: we'll let the machine skim along the track until it rises a few feet in the air and you'll get an idea of what it's supposed to do. With so short a track and the engine not acting right, we shan't much more than get off the ground, but you'll see how it operates."

The machine rose five or six feet from the ground and went perhaps sixty feet before it came down. That wasn't much of a story for the reporters, but most of them wrote something about it. The versions differed widely. Some reports had the machine rising to a height of about seventy-five feet.

The newspapermen asked if there would be a flight the next day. But the Wrights couldn't be sure. First of all they must find out what ailed that engine. They might be able to do that overnight or it might take another day. However, all that wished to return the next day would be welcome. Indeed, any newspaper representative would be welcome at *any time*.

One or two of the newspapermen did return the next day. But they didn't tarry long. The wind was a bit more favorable but the engine still sulked. None of the reporters ever came again!

One friend of Orville Wright still insists, jokingly, that the Wrights purposely failed to fly when the newspapermen came to the field to insure against being bothered by reporters again. That would be a good after-dinner story except that it isn't true.

Recently I talked with genial Dan Kumler, who was city editor of James M. Cox's *Daily News* in Dayton during those early years of flying.

"People who had been on interurban cars and seen the Wrights flying used to come to the office," Kumler recalled, "to inquire why there was nothing in the paper about the flights. Such callers got to be a nuisance."

"And why *wasn't* there anything in the paper?" I asked.

"We just didn't believe it," he said. "Of course you remember that the Wrights at that time were terribly secretive."

"You mean they were secretive about the fact that they were flying, over an open field?"

"I guess," said Kumler, grinning, after a moment's reflection, "the truth is that we were just plain dumb."

The Wrights did aim at first not to be in the air when an interurban car was passing. But that precaution soon proved to be unnecessary. Few people ever paid any attention to the flights. One day the general manager of the interurban line was on a passing car when the plane was in the air and he ordered the car stopped for a few minutes. He and a friend stood gazing at the incredible sight. But none of the other passengers bothered to step off. Passengers on the Big Four railroad trains which passed near the field must have observed the

flights from time to time. Yet there was no indication that their stories of what they had seen ever caused any "talk." As the train sped by they had seen what appeared to be a flying-machine high in the air but it couldn't have been *that*, because everyone knew flying was impossible. Probably if it was anything it was some kind of new-fangled balloon. If it had been a flying-machine surely there would have been something about it in the newspapers.

One fact that kept the flights relatively inconspicuous was that much of the time they were within 10 or 15 feet of the ground. Only occasionally were they up 75 or 100 feet. They never flew beyond the field itself, because if they had had to make a forced landing elsewhere they might have faced an irksome job toting the machine back to its shed.

At first, the inventors made only short straightaway hops, as at Kitty Hawk. But they knew of course that if their machine was to be practical they must be able to steer it in any direction, and by the late summer of 1904 they were making circular flights. On September 15th Wilbur turned the machine a half-circle in the air, and five days later Orville made the first complete circle.

It was not until the autumn of 1905 that they began to attempt much distance. As they used only a small gas tank and had no grease cups on their bearings, each flight ended either when a bearing became overheated or the fuel was exhausted. But they added grease cups, one at a time, as more lubrication proved to be necessary, and then installed a larger gas tank. On October 3, 1905, Orville flew about 20 miles, in 32 minutes; and two days later Wilbur flew 24⅕ miles in 38 minutes and 3 seconds. The gas tank had not been full when he started, or he might have continued much longer.

Yet the miracle of flight still failed to attract much attention. Amos Stauffer, plowing corn in an adjoining field, could not help seeing the flying-machine in the air, but he kept right on plowing. Across the Springfield pike from the cow pasture lived the Beard family, tenants on the Torrence Huffman farm. They had a young son, Torrence, named for their friendly landlord, and this boy often came over with a bucket of drinking water. Whenever the plane landed abruptly Mrs. Beard was likely to dash across the road with a bottle of arnica, feeling sure it would be needed, as sometimes it was. But there were few other visitors.

III

Two somewhat mysterious visitors did come, however. The Wrights saw two men wandering about nearby fields during most of one day and thought they must be hunters, though there was not much game thereabouts. On the following day the two strangers were seen again, and finally they came across the field to where the Wrights were tinkering with their machine. One of them carried a camera. They asked if visitors were permitted.

"Yes, only we'd rather you didn't take any pictures," one of the brothers courteously replied.

The man with the camera set it down off to one side, twenty feet away, as if to make it plain that he was not trying to sneak any shots. Then he inquired if it was all right to look into the shed. The brothers told him to make himself right at home. Was he a newspaperman? No, he said, he was not a newspaperman, though he sometimes did writing for publication. That was as near as he came to introducing himself.

It was some time later that the Wrights learned the identity of that visitor. Orville chanced to recognize him in a group picture of members of the Aero Club, in a magazine. It was Charles M. Manly, chief mechanic for Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institution. The Wrights had not been "secretive" about what they were doing even though their visitor had been needlessly uncommunicative.

That the Wrights were secretive had

become such a legend, however, that nearly all who wrote about them felt in duty bound to build up that idea. In 1905, M. Coquelle, representing the magazine, *l'Auto*, of Paris, came to the United States to attend the six-day bicycle races in New York, and made a trip to Dayton. His magazine was a competitor of *Le Sport*, in Paris, and these rival publications had taken opposite sides regarding the possibility that the Wrights really had flown. Since M. Coquelle's magazine was pro-Wright, he wished to report in a way to make a sensation. Unhampered by facts, he did an imaginative tale almost worthy of his compatriot, Dumas. While in Dayton, according to his story, he went to a newspaper office to learn if anything had been printed about the Wrights' experiments. One of the printers, after at first refusing to talk, finally took from a leather case in his pocket a proof sheet of an article about the Wrights' first flight. It was the only article of the kind ever printed, but had never appeared in the paper, the inventive Coquelle said the printer told him, because the Wrights had enough influence to suppress it!

Though Dayton newspapermen did not exactly besiege the Huffman pasture for details of the great news story lurking there, one of their number was in frequent contact with the Wrights. That was Luther Beard—no kin to the other Beards mentioned—managing editor of the Dayton *Journal*. Besides being a newspaper editor, Beard also taught school at Fairfield, about a mile from the Huffman farm, and went back and forth by the interurban car line that passed the field where the Wrights were making history. It frequently happened that on the trip back to Dayton he was on the same car with one or both of the Wright brothers, returning from their flights.

Beard, now an insurance agent in Dayton, told me recently about those trips with the Wrights.

"I used to chat with them in a friendly way and was always polite to them," he said, chuckling over the joke on himself, "because I sort of felt sorry for them. They seemed like well-meaning, decent enough young men. Yet there they were, neglecting their business to waste their time day after day on that ridiculous flying-machine. I had an idea it must worry their father."

In conversation with the Wrights Beard sometimes tried to steer away from the subject of flying and talk of something sensible. But one day several of the school children had told him the Wrights had flown around the field for fully five minutes. Maybe there might be an item in that for the paper. So that afternoon when he saw Orville Wright on the car Beard asked him if it were true they had stayed up in the air for five minutes.

Oh, yes, Orville admitted, they often did that. Sometimes they flew for even longer periods.

Evidently then the story didn't amount to anything after all. Orville Wright himself didn't seem to think it was unusual or important. There was no use putting it in the paper. One more reason perhaps for not printing much in the *Journal* about what the poor misguided Wrights were doing was that such items were annoying to Frank Tunison, another of the editors, who also represented the Associated Press. It was Tunison who had turned down the story of the first flight at Kitty Hawk when he had the first chance at it. Having decided that the Wrights were not news, he was naturally irritated to see an occasional reference to them, even on an inside page. "Why do we print such tripe?" he would ask.

However, Beard said to Orville, as they rode along on the car: "Well, if you ever do something *unusual* be sure and let us know." From time to time he or one of his reporters went or telephoned to the Wright home to find out if by remote chance the brothers had done anything worth mentioning.

"Done anything of special interest lately?" asked a *Journal* man of Wilbur Wright one evening.

"Oh, nothing much," replied Wilbur, trying to be modest. "To-day one of us was able to steer the plane in a circle."

"How big a circle was it?"

"Around the field."

"I see. Well, we'll keep in touch with you."

Doubtless, reflected the newspaperman, the Wrights' circling of Mr. Huffman's pasture was pretty good for two local boys. But it was hardly a thing to take up space in the paper. Hadn't Santos-Dumont in Paris circled the Eiffel tower and flown all around the city? One more newspaper writer, like hundreds of others, had failed to distinguish between an airship with a gas bag and a flying-machine heavier than air.

Another bright young newspaperman in that locality didn't grasp quite the full significance of what the Wrights were doing. The Dayton *Journal* had a branch office at Xenia, about eleven miles from where the Wrights did their flying. The reporter in charge at that branch office was an enterprising lad, just out of college, who answered to the name of Fred C. Kelly. His eagle eye spotted an item about the Wrights and their flying machine in a country weekly, the *Osborn Local*, published in a village a mile or two from the Huffman field. Did he investigate the story? Of course not. Being exceptionally smart, he didn't need to investigate it to know it must be nonsense. No one could fool *him*.

Curiously enough, the first public announcement by word of mouth about the Wrights' flights at Kitty Hawk was in a Sunday school. A. I. Root, founder of a still prosperous business for the sale of honey and beekeepers' supplies at Medina, Ohio, taught a Sunday-school class. One morning shortly before the dismissal bell, observing that the boys in the class were restless, he sought to restore order by catching their interest. Perhaps he wished to show too that miracles as wonderful as any in the Bible were still possible.

"Do you know, friends," he said, "that two Ohio boys, or young men rather, have outstripped the world in demonstrating that a flying-machine can be constructed without the aid of a balloon?" He had read an obscure item about the Wrights in an Akron paper.

The class became attentive and Root went on: "During the past few months these two boys have made a machine that actually flew through the air for more than half a mile, carrying one of the boys with it. This young man is not only a credit to our State but to the whole country and to the world."

Though this was in February, 1904, several weeks after the Wrights had flown at Kitty Hawk, no one in the class had ever heard about it, and incredulously they fired questions at the teacher.

"Where do the boys live? What are their names? When and where did their machine fly?"

Root described not too accurately the Kitty Hawk flight, and added: "When they make their next trial I am going to try to be on hand to see the experiment."

An important part of Root's business was publication of the still widely circulated magazine, *Gleanings in Bee Culture*, and in his issue of March 1, 1904, he told of the episode in the Sunday school. By printing that story, the Medina bee man became the first editor of a scientific publication, indeed the first editor of a magazine of *any* kind, to recognize that man could fly.

In September, 1904, when the Wrights were experimenting at Huffman field, Root went down to see them. He chanced to arrive in time to see that first circular flight. Later he offered to contribute one hundred dollars to help the Wrights in their experiments; but they returned his check. Root continued to print articles about the Wrights in *Gleanings in Bee Culture*.

In December, 1905, he wrote that he had permission from the Wrights to tell that a great number of long flights were made during the previous summer, "one of 24 miles in 38 minutes." His

publication of that record-making flight was probably the first in the United States.

Not wishing to be miserly with his information, Root sent an eye-witness account of what the Wrights were doing to the *Scientific American*, with a letter telling the editor he was free to use it. But the editor was not to be taken in and made no effort to investigate what Root had dropped into his lap. Though the *Scientific American* printed in 1905 many articles about flying, nearly all were about devices that maybe ought to be tried. The theme was: "If man *ever does* fly, possibly this is the way he will do it." In the issue of December 16, 1905, the editor appeared to have heard rumors about the Wrights, for in an editorial headed "Retrospect for the Year," he wrote: "The most promising results (with the airplane) to date were those obtained last year by the Wright brothers, one of whom made a flight of over half a mile in a power-propelled machine." Earlier in the same editorial, however, was the assertion: "the only successful 'flying' that has been done this year—must be credited to the balloon type." More than two months before that editorial appeared the Wrights' flying had totalled about 160 miles; and their record flight of more than 24 miles had ended only because the fuel tank was empty. Yet as late as October 6, 1906, the *Scientific American* devoted considerably more than a column to a letter from J. C. Press of Norwalk, Conn., seeking to justify his belief that "man *may fly* within a few years."

Though hundreds of people by now had actually seen the Wrights flying, the vast majority throughout the country, including practically all scientists, simply didn't believe any flying-machine had ever left the ground by its own power. Human flight was not only unacceptable as *fact* to scientists; the idea was ridiculous even to professional humorists. The humorous weekly, *Puck*, in its issue of October 19, 1904—just two weeks after that flight of 24 miles—published a joke, inspired presumably by absurd reports about two Dayton boys.

"When," inquired the friend, "will you wing your first flight?"

"Just as soon," replied the flying-machine inventor, "as I can get the laws of gravitation repealed."

Indeed, human flight, not to be swallowed by either scientists or jokesmiths, seemed shocking to certain professional readers when they encountered it in fiction. In the spring of 1908—more than four years, remember, after the first Kitty Hawk flight—appeared an H. G. Wells novel, *Tono Bungay*, in which the leading character built a gliding machine "along the lines of the Wright brothers' aeroplane," and finally a flying-machine, in which he made thrilling journeys. At least one or two American book reviewers chided the author for bringing such fantastic material into an otherwise logical tale. Wells' earlier books about men from Mars had been frankly scientific fairy tales and there it was permissible to let his imagination run riot; but now when he was trying to depict realistic human behavior, was it not silly to bring in the impossible?

Alexander Graham Bell, though one of the first scientists to concede that the Wrights had flown, published a statement in 1907 expressing fear about the reported speed of thirty-four miles an hour—so dangerous, he said, that the airplane would always be impractical.

IV

Still another group of people, the nature of whose jobs might have been expected to make them curious about rumors that man could fly, were more annoyed than interested. These were in the United States War Department, predecessors of those who to-day are always besieging Congress for more appropriations for airplanes.

The Wrights patriotically wished to offer to their own government a world monopoly on all their patents and, more particularly, all their secrets relating to

the airplane. They thought it might finally be useful for scouting purposes, and this belief was supported when foreign governments, especially the French, began flirtations with them. Hence the inventors got in touch with their Representative in Congress to find out how to begin negotiations with the proper officials in Washington. Not long afterward, at the suggestion of their Congressman, they wrote a letter to the Secretary of War, expressing their willingness to give the United States government first opportunity to control all rights in their invention. The War Department evidently regarded the letter simply as something for their "crank file." They had of course received many proposals in the past from inventors of flying-machines and perpetual-motion machines and had form letters to use in reply. The letters to the Wrights from the War Department people invariably seemed to follow routine forms and contained stock phrases bearing no relation to anything the Wrights had written.

One of these letters, signed by a major general of the General Staff, and president of the Board of Ordnance, in October, 1905, said that "the Board found it necessary to decline to make allotments for the experimental development of devices for mechanical flight, and had determined that, before suggestions with that object in view would be considered, *the device must have been brought to the stage of practical operation.*" (At no time had the Wrights asked for or even remotely implied that they sought any allotment for the experimental development of their machine.) A little later in 1905 the Wrights got another reply to a letter of theirs, this one signed by a captain in the Ordnance Department, who told them the Board of Ordnance did not care to formulate any requirements for the performance of a flying-machine or take any further action "*until a machine is produced which by actual operation is shown to be able to produce horizontal flight* and to carry an operator."

Certain French interests, on the chance that the Wrights' reported feats *might* be true, had sent a representative to Dayton to talk with the inventors with a view to a possible deal. When this Frenchman was about to sail for home, early in 1906, he admitted to ship news reporters at the New York pier that he had seen the Wrights. He didn't give many details, but newspapers carried an item that the Wrights were dickering with a foreign country for use of their new-fangled "airship." A member of the Cabot family in Massachusetts noted the item and wrote to the Wrights inquiring why they did not give preference, if they had something worth while, to their own government. The Wrights replied, telling how they had repeatedly tried to interest their government; and Cabot sent the correspondence to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, who forwarded it to the Secretary of War—who shoved it along, with a memorandum, to the Ordnance Board. There it presumably went into the files. But nothing else was done about it.

Early in 1907 someone sent to President Roosevelt a clipping from the *Scientific American*—whose editor had now learned more about the Wrights. Roosevelt marked the clipping "Investigate" and passed it along to Secretary of War Taft. Taft added his own "Investigate" on a memorandum slip attached to the clipping and sent it to the Ordnance Board. The personnel there had changed, at least partly, since the correspondence with the Wrights in 1905, but they had the same skepticism. Though they made a half-hearted, tongue-in-cheek "investigation," consisting of a letter or two, they made it plain to the Wrights that War Department people were still too shrewd to be taken in. They were now only complying with orders from higher up.

The Wrights had begun to suspect that the War Department did not believe them when they said they could fly. They didn't get angry; still, they did feel a bit of vexation, mixed with amusement. That may have been one reason why, early in 1907, partly in a spirit of mis-

chief, and with a sense for the dramatic effect, they planned a little joke on the government as well as on the general public. An exposition was held on the Virginia coast that year to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first English colony, at Jamestown. In connection with the Jamestown Exposition there was to be a big naval review, on April 26th, at Hampton Roads. President Roosevelt and various other important government officials would be there. It occurred to the Wrights that it might be a neat idea to equip their plane with pontoons for emergency landing, take it to Kitty Hawk, and then fly from there up along the Virginia coast. They would fly nonchalantly right over the battleships during the big naval review. All government officials and others who knew that flying was impossible would be set to wondering. The Wrights put an engine on pontoons and placed it on the river near Dayton for preliminary experiments. But the propeller hit the water and was damaged in the first tests, and before repairs could be made a flood broke the dam in the river. The brothers had to abandon their plans for a practical joke that would have been a national sensation.

V

It was a curious chain of circumstances that aroused more interest abroad in the Wrights' scientific work than in the United States. Captain Louis F. Ferber, of the French Army, was acquainted with Octave Chanute, of Chicago, with whom the Wrights had formed a friendship after writing to him for information about suitable places in the United States for experimenting with gliders. Chanute, born in France, made annual trips to Paris, and, as he and Captain Ferber were both interested in aeronautics, the Captain heard from Chanute about the Wrights. Ferber had already seen a reference to their work in a ballooning journal published in Berlin. But he thought Chanute's stories might be exaggerated and wrote to the Wrights asking for information about their later experiments. The Wrights sent a brief report. Ferber turned this over to the French Aero Club. All members of the Aero Club then wondered, during many months, just how much truth there could be in the Wrights' statements.

One member of the club, F. S. Lahm, was an American. He had gone to France from Mansfield, Ohio, many years before, and had introduced the Remington typewriter in Europe. As a hobby he had taken up ballooning and held a pilot's license. Other club members appealed to Lahm. Did he happen to know anyone in the part of the United States where the Wrights lived, and could he have an investigation made? Yes, Lahm had a brother-in-law in Mansfield, Henry M. Weaver; and the latter had a son, Henry Jr., probably not too busy to go to Dayton and get the facts. Thus it came about that Lahm, in December, 1905, sent a cable to the younger Weaver asking him to "investigate the claims of the Wright brothers at Dayton." The young man, never having heard of the Wrights, supposed the message must be intended for his father, then on a business trip to Chicago, and he forwarded the message to him there. Weaver, Sr., had never heard of the Wrights either, but if they had a claim against his brother-in-law he would see what could be done about settling it. As there might be more than one firm of Wrights in Dayton, he wired a message with no address but to "Wright brothers," asking if they knew F. S. Lahm in Paris. The Wrights did know Lahm, that is, they had *heard* of him as a balloonist, and wired back: yes. Then Weaver sent another message that he would like to have a talk with them and would come to Dayton the next day.

When he reached Dayton, however, he had difficulty in finding them. There was no firm of Wright brothers in the telephone book or city directory. But by inquiring at the office of the telegraph company that had handled his message,

he got in touch with Orville Wright. He learned also at the telegraph office that the Wrights were supposed to have been interested in making gliders. The mystery seemed to be lifting. Doubtless the Wrights had made a glider for Lahm and now there was some misunderstanding about the price.

When he met Orville, Weaver said: "You made a glider, I believe, for Mr. Lahm, in Paris."

Orville, puzzled, of course shook his head. No, he said, they had never made a glider for Mr. Lahm or for anyone else.

"Then," asked Weaver, even more puzzled, "what in the world can be the meaning of this cable?" And he handed to Orville the message from Paris.

Orville then understood. Evidently, he said, Lahm as a member of the French Aero Club wished to find out if it could be true that the Wrights had done any flying.

As Weaver later reported, he was already impressed by this Wright brother, and thought it unlikely that any faker would have such a modest, honest demeanor. But Orville laughingly said if an investigation was desired they might as well get right at it. It was too late in the season for flying, but he could show him the machine; and he could introduce him to many responsible people who had seen them fly.

First of all, Orville took him to the home of Mr. Billman, head of the West Side Savings & Loan Company. The Billmans were a fairly large family and all, except one daughter, had seen the Wrights fly. When the callers were taken into the sitting room the first member of the family to appear was a four-year-old boy. "Son," asked Weaver jokingly, "have you ever seen a flying-machine?" He wasn't expecting to get evidence just yet; but the boy began to run round the room, trying to imitate with his hands the motion of a propeller and to make a noise like the machine.

Turning to Orville, Weaver laughingly observed: "I'm about convinced already. That boy couldn't be a bribed witness."

They also went to talk with the Beard family, across from the flying field, and with Amos Stauffer, the nearest farmer up the road.

"Did they *fly?*" repeated Stauffer. "I've seen 'em fly around and around the field until I thought they wasn't never goin' to stop!"

Weaver was completely convinced before he left Dayton and on December 6th rushed a letter to Lahm in Paris, giving exact details of what the Wrights had done. That letter when read at the French Aero Club provoked a violent discussion lasting well into the night. Nearly all, except Lahm and Ferber, were skeptical. In fact, many did not wish to believe the story, as several Frenchmen were experimenting at attempts to fly and it was hoped to have the honor of the first successful flying-machine for France.

Lahm gave a copy of Weaver's report to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*, the first to "break" the story so far as the general public in Europe was concerned, in an article headed "Flyers or Liars."

The news was taken up by one or two of the wire services and was cabled back to the United States where it reached various newspapers, including those in Dayton. Editors in Dayton couldn't imagine why the Wrights should have stirred so much excitement in France, unless it was simply that—well, the French, they are a funny race.

A few months after Weaver's letter reached Lahm the latter's son, Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm, recently out of West Point, reached Paris for a stay, preliminary to entering the French Cavalry School. He had already been initiated into ballooning by his father; and in September, 1906, he won the James Gordon Bennett cup at the International Balloon Races, in Paris. Since his father believed the Wrights had flown, Lieutenant Lahm saw no reason to disbelieve it. Later he met the Wrights

at dinner and observing the kind of men they were, had not the slightest doubt they had done whatever they said they had. He was in accord with many French army officers who had decided the flying-machine should now be taken seriously. In September, 1907, Lieutenant Lahm was transferred by the War Department from the Cavalry to the Signal Corps. Shortly after that the War Department was seriously negotiating with the Wrights and the contract finally made was handled by the Signal Corps, though the funds came from those allotted to the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications.

Lahm, now a Colonel in the Air Corps, stationed at Governor's Island, insists that he knows of no influence any word or action of his could have had on the decision of the War Department to buy an airplane. But the presence of a new man in the Signal Corps who frankly felt enthusiasm for the airplane's possibilities may have had its effect.

It is true, however, that the War Department had begun to show a different attitude toward the Wrights some time before Lahm entered the Signal Corps. News about the interest of European governments in the airplane had begun to reach them from their military attachés and others. In 1907, the Ordnance Board, after repeatedly treating the Wrights as if they were a pair of cranks, wrote a letter asking what their price would be for a plane. The Wrights did not believe the letter was much more than a gesture and Orville replied briefly, mentioning a price of $100,000. The brothers had no expectation of receiving such a price; but since the War Department had been somewhat "snooty," it was now their turn. The next letter from Washington, received by the Wrights in London, was the first really polite one they had had from the Ordnance Board. It said, in substance, that the War Department thought it might be nice to have an airplane; but, the budget being what it was, they just wouldn't know where they could lay their hands on $100,000. To which Orville replied that if the only thing in the way was the price, they would gladly make that satisfactory.

But not until 1908 was a deal made. It provided that if the Wright plane met certain tests the price would be $25,000. The tests, as published at the time, included provisions that the plane should be able to carry for one hour a passenger besides the pilot, the two weighing not less than 350 pounds; that it should have a speed of 40 miles an hour, and carry enough fuel for 125 miles. It was arranged that a demonstration should be made at Fort Myer, Virginia, near Washington, in September.

VI

During 1906–07 the Wrights had not done any flying. They had become too busy pressing their law suits against patent infringers and dickering with foreign governments. But they had been planning important improvements in their machine. During all their experiments at the Huffman pasture they had continued to ride "belly-buster," as a boy usually does when coasting on a sled. Someone had described a Wright flight as resembling a man lying on his stomach looking out of the front of a chicken coop. Lying flat in that way and controlling the machine partly by swinging the body from one side to the other was good enough for the experimental stages of aviation; but the Wrights knew that if a plane was to have practical use the operator must be able to take an ordinary sitting position and to do the guiding with his hands and feet as in an automobile. It was not all fun lying flat for an hour at a time with head raised to be on the lookout for possible obstacles. "I used to think," says Orville, "the back of my neck would break if I endured one more turn around the field."

The brothers therefore had set to work to design a new steering apparatus. Wilbur used to lie in bed mentally practicing the necessary movements until he

was sure he could do it satisfactorily the first time in actual flight. But many more trial flights were needed before the new manner of steering could be done with almost automatic responses. For these trials the Wrights returned once more to Kitty Hawk, in the spring of 1908, and moved back into the rough cabin they had lived in during the momentous days of 1903. They had lost none of their skill. But now with that U. S. government demonstration ahead of them—not to mention a similar demonstration one of them was expected to make in France—and need to master a new method of control, there was no time to lose.

They had not yet decided which of them should fly at Fort Myer and which should go to France. But both had to be equally well prepared.

We must remember that the general public still did not believe flying was possible. But on May 6th a reporter accidentally got wind of the fact that the Wrights had been flying, and from a distance he saw one of them in the air. This reporter was D. Bruce Salley, who had a roaming assignment from *The Landmark*, of Norfolk, Virginia. His job was to "cover" the Virginia and North Carolina coast, in search mainly for maritime news. Besides his work for the Norfolk paper, he sent news stories to a number of other papers from time to time about important wrecks or other exceptional events, but only when they were ordered in advance. These were paid for at space rates. Following common practice he would send a telegraphic "query" giving briefly the gist of the story, and the telegraph editor could ignore it or wire a reply indicating how many words were desired.

Salley was at Kitty Hawk just by chance when he learned that one of the Wrights had flown that day more than 1,000 feet, at about 60 feet above ground. That seemed to him an item good enough to offer not only to his own paper in Norfolk but to all the others he dealt with. Among these was the New York *Herald*. When the query from Salley reached the *Herald* office on that evening of May 6th, the editors were much disturbed. Crazy as the story sounded, they hesitated to ignore it because the owner of the *Herald*, James Gordon Bennett, living in Paris, was excited about aeronautics, and if by any remote chance the report *could* be true any editor implicated in missing it would probably be fired. They decided to print the strange tale but sent a wire to Salley cautioning him to be sure of his facts. The story appeared the next morning, and even on page one of the *Herald*, though not in the most prominent position.

At Cleveland, Ohio, however, the telegraph editor of the *Leader* not only wasn't interested but was indignant that his intelligence should be insulted by so silly a tale. He declined to pay the telegraph toll even for the brief "query," though at the night press rate of only one-third of a cent a word the cost was probably less than ten cents. His only reply to Salley was an admonition to "cut out the wild-cat stuff."

Salley's news story in the New York *Herald* though had started something. The editors immediately decided to send a staff man to Kitty Hawk for the facts. For this they picked their star reporter, Byron R. Newton—later to become Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Collector of Customs in New York—one of the most brilliant newspaper writers of his generation. If the Wrights proved to be fakers no one could do a better job than "By" Newton at exposing them. Salley was asked to stay at Kitty Hawk to assist Newton. Other editors too who saw the story in the *Herald* felt that the time had come to get the "lowdown" on the Wright brothers. By the time Newton had reached Elizabeth City, Virginia, he had been joined by three other correspondents, William Hoster, of the New York *American;* Arthur Ruhl, of *Collier's Weekly;* and James H. Hare, news photographer for *Collier's*, and P. M. McGowan of the London *Daily Mail*.

Thus, with Salley, they were a group of six.

One must look at a map of the North Carolina coast to get an idea of the location of the long strip of sandy beach between the ocean and Albemarle, Pamlico, and Roanoke sounds. If the Wrights had been seeking primarily isolation and privacy they had it here; but it was not isolation but the prevailing winds that had first brought them to Kitty Hawk and the Kill Devil sand hills. They had first learned of the desirability of this locality for their purposes in a letter from the United States Weather Bureau. Still, when the newspapermen arrived and noted the desolate isolation of Kitty Hawk they were doubtless justified in assuming that the Wrights wished to be let alone.

The correspondents decided to be no less secretive than the Wrights. After arranging for a place to stay in Manteo, twelve miles away, across the sound, they made a dicker with a boatman to take them back and forth each day and to act as their guide. Provided with food and water, they would hide in the nearby pine woods, within sight of the Wrights' base, and observe with field-glasses what happened. Meanwhile, immediately after his arrival, Newton had sent a dispatch to the *Herald* based on what Salley had told him. Salley appeared to be so sincere in his account of having seen the plane in the air that Newton was inclined to believe him; yet he cautiously hedged by saying "according to Salley" when he wired his report, and it was printed inconspicuously on an inside page.

For four days, beginning at dawn, the correspondents kept their vigil in the woods, fighting mosquitoes and ticks, startled occasionally by a moccasin or other snake, and sometimes drenched by heavy rains. But to their astonishment they several times witnessed human flight. They even saw what no person on earth had ever seen before—flights with *two men* in the machine. Wilbur and Orville each made a flight on May 14th, carrying as passenger Charles Furnas, their mechanical assistant. One of these passenger flights was for nearly three miles.

"The first flight we all witnessed," says one of Newton's reports, "was early in the morning [of May 11]. . . . For some minutes the propeller blades continued to flash in the sun, and then the machine rose obliquely into the air. At first it came directly toward us, so that we could not tell how fast it was going except that it appeared to increase rapidly in size as it approached. In the excitement of this first flight, men trained to observe details under all sorts of distractions forgot their cameras, forgot their watches, forgot everything but this aerial monster chattering over our heads."

The Wrights knew they were being observed. From time to time they caught glimpses of men's heads in the distance. Moreover, they heard about the visitors from members of a life-saving crew. But they simply thought it was a good joke on the mysterious observers, whoever they were. Why did they stay off there where surely they must be pestered nearly to death by mosquitoes, when they might have come right to the camp and been relatively comfortable?

Arthur Ruhl, of *Collier's*, did come to the Wrights' camp. Whether he came at the request of his associates, as an emissary to find out if the Wrights could be induced to be less "secretive," or on his own, he did not say. Indeed, he said nothing about being one of a group who had been observing the flights.

"We did not know he had been with the others we had seen in the distance," says Orville Wright.

The Wrights invited Ruhl to stay for lunch. But he declined. He seemed to the Wrights nervous, ill at ease, and anxious to get away. Not until afterward did they understand the reason. Ruhl was afraid he might give away the fact that his associates had hidden themselve in the nearby woods, and that if the Wrights knew they were observed

they would do no more flying—thus putting him "in Dutch" with the other correspondents. When he left he evidently still felt, despite the Wrights' offer of hospitality, that they were "secretive." Or, if he did not, he was unable to change the beliefs of his associates.

Though the Wrights, with so much work to do, were doubtless glad to be let alone, certainly they would have chased no one away.

"What would you have done," I recently asked Orville Wright, "if all five of the correspondents had come right to your camp each day and sat there to watch you?"

"We'd have gone ahead just as if they weren't there," he replied. "We couldn't have delayed our work. There was too much to do and our time was short."

That the Wrights would have treated the correspondents hospitably was indicated in a letter, in humorous vein, from Orville Wright to Newton, dated June 7, 1908. Newton immediately after his return to New York had written graciously to the Wrights, enclosing clippings of his dispatches to the *Herald*, and expressing his admiration for them and their achievements.

"We were aware of the presence of newspapermen in the woods at Kill Devil Hills," wrote Orville; "at least we had often been told that they were there. Their presence, however, did not bother us in the least, and I am only sorry that you did not come over to see us at our camp. *The display of a white flag would have disposed of the rifles and shotguns with which the machine is reported to have been guarded.*"

Now at last came front-page headlines announcing what the Wrights had accomplished. Newton had written to his paper: " . . . there is no longer any ground for questioning the performance of these men and their wonderful machine." Ruhl in *Collier's* told how the correspondents had informed the world that "it was all right, the rumors true—that man could fly." Yet even such reports by leading journalists still did not convince the general public. People began to accept that perhaps there *might* be something in it, but many newspapers still did not publish the news. When Newton sent an article on what he had seen at Kitty Hawk to a leading magazine it was returned to him with the editor's comment: "While your manuscript has been read with much interest, it does not seem to qualify either as fact or fiction."

Not until the formal public demonstrations of flying, from the parade grounds at Fort Myer, in September, 1908, did widespread incredulity about the Wrights' achievements finally cease. Then, at last, everyone, editors and even scientists, agreed that a practical flying-machine was a reality. But the disbelief persisted up to the last minute. Orville Wright himself got the impression that no one, not even the Army officers in charge of the event, expected him to fly.

Considering that this was to be the first public demonstration of the outstanding wonder of the century, the crowd that strung about the Fort Myer parade ground was small. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., remembers that he estimated it for his father's benefit at less than one thousand. Indeed, it was considerably less than that. People hadn't come for the simple reason that they didn't think anything more than a fiasco would occur.

"When the plane first rose," says Roosevelt, Jr., "the crowd's gasp of astonishment was not alone at the wonder of it, but because it was so unexpected. I'll never forget the impression the sound from the crowd made on me. It was a sound of complete surprise."

When Orville Wright landed after this flight it was his turn to be astonished. Three or four newspapermen rushed up to interview him, and each of them had tears streaming down his cheeks. The drama of witnessing the impossible had "got" them.

BORN IN 1921

BY ROY HELTON

To inquire into the origin of the impulse that made more American parents beget children in the year 1920 than had ever begotten children before might take us far afield. The War was over. Our boys were home. We were experiencing an exalted prosperity. Prohibition had not yet destroyed our stomachs, yet the experiment was new and men still stayed home from the saloons. There was also among us a large number of the foreign-born in the begetting age. The future of the world was assured. Aggression was crushed forever. Throughout all Europe, as well as all the Americas, 1920 was a year of carefree generation.

These children were born in a time of depression. After a bad period of pampering they ran into another depression when they were nine or ten years old. They have passed their adolescence in a disillusioned and a baffled world, when all the old gags are still being mouthed and imposed on the young, though few believe them. Now these young people emerge into the arena of self-responsibility—more of them than industry, business, or service ever absorbed in a single year in our nation's history.

These boys and girls, now sixteen to twenty-three, are not just a part of what we call by custom *the younger generation.* They are something else; they are also the largest generation. They represent an anomaly, the result of a freakish combination of the complicated laws of causality. As long as they live their position will be a little different from that of any other age-group. There will be more of their particular kind, in proportion to the whole of us, than is reasonable or convenient for them, or for anybody else. What is to happen to these young men and women?

Their problem is part of the general problem of employment, nearly all discussions of which start at the wrong end of the stick—at the historic causes, and not with the present fact.

History is in the past and we can do very little about it but deplore it, or be proud. Nor can time be reversed, however much we might sometimes like to have it so. The living present is the beginning of every constructive enterprise.

These millions of young people are an important part of the living present. Most of them are being graduated now into that division of our population called the lowest income group, and until lately called the very poor. They will not like to be classed with that group, but that is where they belong, economically speaking—in that segment whose median income, married or single, is less than eight hundred dollars a year.

One cannot think about the nature of unemployment, or of poverty, without understanding what the position of the lowest third of our people really means. And I think it is also vital for our young men and women to realize what their position in that group really means. The basic fact can be stated very simply. In a great industrial civilization, capable of producing a surplus of all material

things, one-third of our people, and perhaps much more then one-third, are not producing anything that anybody else actually wants, or doing anything that anybody else definitely needs them to do. Consequently they have no exchange with which to buy what they want for themselves.

Let us consider the essence of this problem. If a man wants a chair—for men are so foolish—he must do something or produce something that is wanted by someone else, or by everyone else, until a chair is somehow loosened from its owner and comes into his possession. Granted that the rules of the game are not very sporting, that still remains the fact under any rules whatever.

Now suppose the chair-desirer were I (which he is not) and suppose that, wanting the chair, I should sit down on the grass and produce with great anguish (or ecstasy) an inferior sonnet. Would that get me the chair? I think not. It might on a bet, but the odds would be very heavy against it. Yet I should have labored and suffered and bitten my nails, it may be, for many more hours than did anyone to produce the desired chair.

But notice—nobody had asked me to write that sonnet. It was a volunteer effort altogether. Moreover, I should be less than a fool if I did not know that the market for such a product is perpetually dull except perhaps among charming ladies with large eyes, who are all too rarely charming ladies with unoccupied chairs. So at the end of the day's or month's work I should still have the sonnet, and the chair owner still have his chair, and where is the justice in that? In nature, or rather a little deeper, in the nature of reality.

It is conventional to assume that poets are capable of the sort of folly which I have described, if it be folly. But the matter is very serious when millions of people act, or are compelled to act, in much the way I have described.

A sharecropper is a human being with normal human wants, but no one asks him to do what he is doing. He is merely permitted to farm a patch of weedy corn land or cotton land, does it inefficiently, because he has poor training or equipment, and produces almost nothing that anybody really wants. Hard as he works, his labor has little or no exchange value. So he lives on the edge of starvation all the time.

There in simple outline lies the problem of our industrial world and of the hordes of young men and women coming this year to a need for self-support: there are millions of people in the United States to-day who are willing to work and in fact are working hard, but at things that nobody gives a hang whether they work at or not. There is the nut which must be cracked.

II

Look at it closely and then cast a quick glance at our present theories as to what will crack the nut, and you will see that they do not touch the problem at all, as we should already know from practical experience, for they have not done so.

They are all based on the absurd theory that we are still in a Depression, and that to get us out of the Depression will get us out of unemployment and remove poverty. They follow certain eminent Cabinet members in contending that all our country needs for everything to be well is Recovery. But we have Recovery. We have been having normal, and indeed on the basis of the past twenty years, above-normal business. We had, in fact, an extraordinary Recovery in both 1937 and 1939. The eminent gentlemen mean that we need a boom, like that of 1929, an entirely drunken year whose extravagance was purchased with the lifetime savings of most of our citizens. Yet in that year, to which we now look back across a decade or more as normal (like a child remembering Christmas morning as the way every day ought to be), there was widespread unemployment and widespread poverty. Twenty-five per cent

of all Union members in the building trades were unemployed, seven per cent in the metal trades, and twelve per cent in all trades, which is only one per cent better than the employment among Union labor in 1937. You may think that a very unfair comparison because, despite Dorothy Thompson, there are unquestionably millions more unemployed now than in 1929. I am merely contending that Recovery, even to the level of that riotous era of over-financing and over-production, could not solve our present problem.

For though many are now unemployed, or in need, because of technical improvements and the decline of foreign trade, there are millions of others unemployed for reasons that have nothing much primarily to do with economics—that is, there are millions more in the employable age now than in 1929, and the employable class also forms a higher percentage of our population now than ever in the past.

Some contend that foreign commerce will eventually see us out of this difficulty, but they are wrong. It has been held, for instance, that the modernization of China would give employment to millions of American workers. But for what money or return? We need tungsten and tung-oil from China, but that is all. We cannot pay a million American workers in lychee nuts or lacquer boxes, and there is nothing else in the Chinese agenda that we can receive without taking work from American men. This problem is not to be solved by postponing its solution nor by taking in wider territories than our own.

Some hold that what we need is a new industry. But automobile manufacture is, relatively speaking, a new industry. Moreover, besides its own growth it has produced immense parallel growths in petroleum refining, in highway construction, and in the restaurant business, and is still providing collateral employment to an extent paralleled only in the early history of the railroads. There is nothing in sight that is not picayune in comparison with this vast automotive upheaval, still going on. Yet, during its progress, we have had unparalleled unemployment. The radio has left us with widespread unemployment and it is on the height of its popularity. The moving picture, and the organic chemistry of the plastics have not done any permanent good for the employment of a great mass of the people of our land. If the new-industry effect were real it would be working now. For the past fifteen or twenty years our technological advances in manufacturing have about balanced our increased use of new inventions.

Nylon seems to be a discovery of far-reaching usefulness and to be ushering in a new industry of great importance. It may stimulate the knitting industry, but it will inevitably hurt our markets in Japan and China, and a large part of its activities will be substitute activities competitive with the present silk and rayon industries, or in various ways replacing their products. The invention is a gain, but in no large way a gain in employment.

For fifty years we have been increasing the variety of our food consumption and we have to-day a more complex and adequate diet than ever before in our national history. Yet the number of our farms and the number of our farmers has steadily declined, not only proportionately, but absolutely. The whole succession of new agricultural industries, when balanced against technological advances in production, have resulted merely in declining work for men on farms. The truth seems to be that we do not need more land in agricultural production unless we have more people, and by all available present evidence we do not want more people.

Efforts to shorten working hours still further, so that the manufacturing industries can absorb a larger number of workers, are now necessary, wherever they can be applied. But to believe that such expedients will solve our problems is merely to chase a will-o'-the-wisp. Shorter hours may to some extent

compensate for the growth of technological unemployment. But the plan is wrong in principle. To hold that it is excessive for a man to work one-third of a day or one-third of a lifetime is to hold that activity for personal advantage is bad for man. Five thousand years of human experience lead to an opposite conclusion. Human nature is not adapted to unlimited leisure. To have sixteen or seventeen hours a day to spend as one chooses is a good enough fate so long as man inherits the physique of his neolithic ancestors.

To retire all men at sixty into enforced idleness, just when many of them are reaching the prime of their powers, may be an attractive political idea. But it is also wrong in principle. It is a product of industrial astigmatism—that bias in our mental processes which has led us to believe that the machine is the only god which human effort can properly serve and that idleness is life's ultimate blessing. The benefits of the machine are no illusion. But the curse on human living to-day is our inability to perceive, before frightful consequences ensue, that machinery is perfectly adapted to the production of human necessities and for the ground work of living—but that living itself has to stand clear of machinery or our industrial civilization will fail to bring happiness to men.

If we are all to be happy all men should work, young and old alike, and all women, so long as they are able. Any other ideal is mere moonshine for people of flesh and blood. But to move on from that certainty to the conclusion that our success as a nation depends on unlimited factory work, on the unending multiplication of mechanical products, with a consequent endless struggle to force our surplus of those products upon foreign nations, receiving in return wealth of some unnameable and mystical sort which will not compete with our practically universal variety of production, is not moonshine or sunshine but only the brewing of a devastating storm. If we follow that path we are lost. Europe is now illustrating its *reductio ad absurdum*.

Mr. Roosevelt's ideal of free trade as the cure for the world's ills reveals no hint of insight into the fact that, under the competitive conditions of modern industrialism, foreign trade is a constant and unremitting war—that our peaceful most-favored-nation sale of oil and metals to Russia was war on Finland and that our enormous exports of steel to Japan have been, for three years, nothing else but a war on China.

This year, in Europe, the world's greatest production of young men of all time that ever was is being sent to death. But war also cannot solve this problem for anybody, however widespread its destruction. It creates no values. Those who are dying are the energetic and the producers, for whose lost vigor and intelligence the world of to-morrow will have to ask in vain.

Merely to state the obvious fact that a large number of our people are not creating values is not explaining how this comes about. But the "how" can, in this case, be put briefly. First, labor-saving machinery actually does save labor. Second, durable goods are actually durable goods. These two facts, instead of being calamities as we now hold them to be, are the very greatest triumphs of our civilization. Yet they have become calamities because we have refused to accept them as being real. We are against them in principle. We believe that although a motor car has eight years of usable life, that fact should be hidden as one of the most shameful secrets of nature. That any modern product is durable is rarely mentioned among its merits. To call attention to such a property would be, it appears, high treason against the spirit of the times, embodied in to-morrow's models. It is the one thing we do not wish to believe important. Yet it is just the one thing that is truly important if unemployment is ever to be solved. For to these two facts—that labor-saving machines do save labor, and that durable goods as well as many consumer goods

are durable—is to be added one more factor of immense significance.

In production, coal, oil, and sunlight are our vital partners. But coal, oil, and sunlight are not consumers. They do not eat breakfast-food, wear changeable clothes, use lipstick, or need amusement. Yet they are immensely more powerful as producers than is man. Consequently, the present partnership and balance of production and consumption is too uneven for human capacity to compensate for, if all of us try to live on values created only by production. What the natural-energy sources contribute to material production has to be compensated for, and compensated for increasingly, by values created outside of their province altogether. And the more we save labor by the use of non-consuming energy sources—whether the sun, through scientific agriculture, or through water power, or through gas engines or steam engines—the more must people inevitably become producers of other than power-created values, or industrialism will not work. The adjustment to that condition is the one we have not accomplished.

III

In the youth of the body an organ serves the body best by serving itself—that is, by growing. In maturity an organ serves itself best by serving the body of which it is a part, and that is as true of individuals in a country as of leaves on a tree. In the spring the almost frantic growth of leaves, each for itself, is an impulse on which the whole summer of the tree depends for future sustenance; but when summer comes and growth is relatively over, the leaves must live chiefly for the tree. As our nation, in common with most of the Western world, has progressed toward maturity, the production of physical additions to wealth has absorbed less and less of our manpower, and promises, in the future, to absorb even less than it does to-day. And it is the measure of our material success that it should do just that.

Such a process has been going on for a long time, but far too slowly, as yet, to meet the circumstances that face our present generation of young men and women.

In 1870 in trade and transportation, clerical service, domestic and personal service, public service and professional service, 23.7 per cent of our population found employment. By 1890 that class formed 29.7 per cent of our workers. By 1910, 38.5 per cent. By 1930, 47.1 per cent. And while it has steadily risen, the number employed in agriculture, mining, and manufacturing has declined—and that in the most completely mechanized world ever created by man.

Mining, by 1930, was below the record of 1900 as a proportionate source of employment. It is now probably below 1890. Manufacturing and mechanical industries in 1930 were back to the proportion shown in 1910. They are probably providing to-day the share of national employment they gave us in 1900. Why do we fight these facts? Well, only God and our native stubbornness in holding on to traditional ideas can explain it. But if we keep on misleading our young people as to where their bread and butter is going to come from, the results will not be reassuring for them or for us.

If industrialism is to work successfully, industrial production must inevitably become a minority occupation. The moment we accept that fact we shall be on the right road to solving the problem of unemployment, and the moment the individual man accepts that fact he will probably be on the right road to finding a proper means of creating value through his own activity.

This is the primary reality that has to be faced by our rising generation. Against their facing it in time stand pretty solidly the beliefs of most of our mature generation of parents, writers, statesmen, and economists. For all alike are devoting their thought to the traditional problem of how more of our people can find indus-

trial employment. But the real problem is very different. It is this: how can more and more of our people find employment in non-industrial occupations, so that technology may move on unhampered to greater and greater triumphs, through the elimination of unnecessary labor in the production of material wealth? That is its task and that is the inevitable direction in which industrialism has to move.

It seems completely obvious that to preserve industrialism for all of its benefits, which are many, we must create through manual and individual products and through personal services more and more value to exchange for machine-made products. And only in that way can our productive capacities be used for all of our potential consumers, and the worth of our whole life be enjoyed by all of our producers. To increase illimitably or even to increase moderately the output of machine-made products also increases the amount of work done for us by such unconsuming producers as sun, wind, water, and coal, and ultimately aggravates our problem of selling, for any desired return, all the things which we can produce.

What are our assets and what are our liabilities in the solution of this problem? For if I appear to be writing as though there were no advantages in our present situation, I shall be very much mistaken by my reader.

Briefly, our assets are these:

1 While it is true that technological advances are increasing the output per man-hour of labor, and will continue to do so, the largest advance in that direction has already been made. Just as our population is growing at a declining rate, so our man-hours per product of labor are also declining at a declining rate. That is true in the shoe trades, in the sewing industries, in all textile manufacture, and in fact in all industries where labor-saving machinery has been long developed.

2 Most modern products produced by a low ratio of labor to output are growing more durable. That is, metal goods, and even textile goods of all kinds. If we accept the conditions of our problem, the need to spend most of our money for such products is declining. The need is growing to spend more of our money for the neglected handmade products, such as houses, and the possibility of doing so is improving, and would exist to-day if we could face the truth as to the durability of our manufactured goods.

3 Birth control in the United States is gradually adjusting the supply of people to the demand. The supply of labor is consequently being adjusted to the demand for work under a maturing population age distribution. Though this process of itself takes a long time to yield results, children born in the past ten years will probably not enter a much overcrowded labor market.

4 The changing age pattern of our population will, of itself, put pressure upon the production of houses and similar goods, and increase the demand for services.

5 Maintaining our present national wealth is now, and must always be, a continuous task for a large number of people.

6 Our sixth and most important asset is the millions of young men and women now crowding into the market for employment. The sharecropper and migrant worker, and the people of the city slums are too bogged down in the results of our past errors for us to do more about them than to help them to some kind of self-sufficiency. But it is by these young people that the question will be decided, whether or not industrialism, now at its maturity, can be made to yield happy lives for men. They stand, it appears to me, at the crossroads of our fate. Like their great-grandfathers, they are pioneers facing a new kind of world, a kind of world that America has never known anything about: a world in which something different from, and humanly better than growth will have to provide jobs and warm the cockles of our national heart.

What are the possibilities ahead for them? What values can they create that will impel a distribution of material goods from the producers of goods to themselves? Some will find work in industry, which must provide from their ranks for its perpetuation. It is what the others do that will decide whether we are to progress into more general happiness or whether we are to relapse into a condition of perpetual doles and increasing unrest.

IV

What services are needed now in the world, and are going to be increasingly needed for the next generation? The first answer to that is easy. We are going to need more physicians. Despite our partial conquest of tuberculosis, diphtheria, pneumonia, and various acute diseases, other diseases and morbid conditions are growing with appalling rapidity, owing partly to the increasing strain of life and partly to the increasing age of our people. A world as rich in productive goods as ours must inevitably make its next forward step through the improvement of national hygiene.

The cost of entering the medical profession is now from five to ten thousand dollars. That is prohibitive to almost all but the children of prosperous parents. Yet no one could contend that only the children of prosperous parents can be good physicians. Whether medicine is to be socialized or not, every State in our Union should, as part of its program of public education, provide a scholarship fund to enable gifted students without means to study medicine. In that profession we need, and shall increasingly need, the best available minds, without any artificial selection by parental-income levels.

Approximately five thousand medical students are graduated every year. That number will not give us an adequate supply of physicians. It will scarcely maintain the present *per capita* supply, though it is certain that in the future, if our national wealth is maintained, we shall be demanding a constantly improving health service, both public and private. We do not need any better motor cars than we have today, we do not need them to be faster or more comfortable, though we may get both. But we do need better health at age fifty, and when we are willing to demand such goods a cause of unemployment will disappear.

We need research men in a hundred different lines, in chemistry, in physics, in biology, in medicine, in dietetics, in every type of industry, in plant breeding, in agriculture, in economics where a science is still waiting to be born, and in meteorology, to name but a few. In all of these fields values are now being asked for by human wants. To supply those values is the task of the present generation. They are not likely to be paid very generously for that service but they will be paid. We are still far more willing to spend four or five billion dollars to prepare against almost impossible invasions than to spend a tenth or a hundredth as much to prepare against the constant and unremitting attack of enemies to civilization and even to democracy in our own bodies or our own towns. When we attain a real awareness of ourselves and of life and of civilization, that will conceivably be different, and it may come soon.

We do not now know the proper diet for men past sixty or even for men past forty. We do not know the effect of the vitamins on longevity. We know little about cancer, or heart lesions, and not enough about diabetes and nephritis—the four morbid conditions which kill most of our people. We do not know enough about the prevention of blight in towns and cities. We do not know whether men and women need the same or different foods. We are still profoundly ignorant about the prevention of those growing neuroses which afflict all civilized peoples. The mental causes of physical ill health are largely unexplored. Dental decay is a mystery.

Industrially, we need a good synthetic

wool and a satisfactory material for the soles of shoes. We need better antiseptics. We need substitutes for tungsten, rubber, manganese, and tin. If we had a few such substitute materials available we might never have to go to war to protect our foreign sources of raw materials.

We need engineers to build new works and also to maintain the vast structure of our present material civilization. We shall need them very badly, and the more young men who are adapted to technical training and can get it, the better for us all, if—but only if—they do not all anticipate that building bridges, dams, and skyscrapers is what they are being trained for. Durable goods are durable goods, and a good bridge or a good dam is built only once in many generations, and a good canal is dug only once. What we most need engineers for to-day is not the primary constructions. We need engineers who can deal with the consequences of engineering. We need economic and sociological engineers, and planning engineers, who know as much about human nature as they do about the modulus of elasticity. We need them for recreational plans and civic plans, in all kinds of communities, from the borough to the great metropolis.

The task awaiting this generation is to make a world in which human beings are not necessarily unhappy. To that end engineering training should be broadened, and young men and women sent out of our technical schools with sharpened but flexible minds; for we are going to need, in ever increasing numbers, engineers who understand humanity, physicians who understand industry, nurses who understand handicrafts, chemists who understand physiology, and architects who understand everything.

We do not need more courtroom lawyers, or let us hope we shall not need them. Judging by the enrollments in the universities of our most populous States, the supply of young men and women turning in the direction of law is growing less. In that fact of itself there is opportunity for really gifted legal minds. Unquestionably the law still offers great possibilities for the energetic and ambitious, for we do need attorneys who understand many kinds of technic, and also counsellors at domestic law who understand profoundly the psychology of men and women. We need lawyers who can keep people out of the courts.

To young men and women able to choose a professional career and naturally interested in the possible reward, it can be frankly said that among law, medicine, and engineering, on a financial basis, there is no marked difference in probable earnings. The average net incomes of physicians and lawyers and of certified public accountants are all in the same range—around four thousand dollars a year—certified accountants having somewhat the edge on the other two professions. Doctors appear to get ahead faster and lawyers to have more staying power and to earn more in their later years than practicing physicians are able to do. But the maximum is about the same in either case.

As to engineering, to quote a letter from R. L. Sackett, of the Engineers' Council for Professional Development, "For an engineer of average success, we would expect his income curve to rise from a beginning point of $1,200 to $1,800, to a maximum at the age of 60–65 years, where a figure of $5,000 to $7,500 may be reached. For those who are less fitted by training, temperament and other factors, incomes of engineers level off at ages from 40–50 to perhaps $2,500 per annum or less."

All of these figures refer to our present experience and not to the future. How perilous it is to guess about that we all know. But this much is certain: good hard training in the law, in medicine, or in engineering, or in any other exact profession, is a lifelong asset to those who can take it and survive it. Suppose conditions were radically to change, that training will still be humanly useful. It will be valuable to other men. And that is my test as to its worth.

Unless educational authorities can

first convince themselves, and then the public, of the vital importance of adult education and recreational training, the supply of teachers is going to exceed the demand for a considerable time to come. There will always however be a place for those who, with adequate knowledge of something to teach, are also endowed with that natural ability to instruct others for which no substitute has as yet been found by the pedagogical schools.

Recreation accounts to-day for a large and growing proportion of the national expenditure of our producing classes. In the largest meaning of the word, it involves, as a field of occupation, writing, acting, the equipping and management of public playgrounds, and of State and National parks. Our nation's consumption of power has scarcely risen for twenty years, but our national drive toward outdoor life, toward increased enjoyment of all kinds, has through all these years continued to grow like a thing of youth and promise. Does this change seem astonishing? Must we expect that the same forces will always be growing or giving us our opportunities? That is not the nature of life.

Those who are fortunate enough to get a sound training in any humanly useful branch of knowledge may approach the future with a minimum of concern for security, and a maximum concern as to all the utilities they can generate out of themselves. And that, it appears to me, is the only way men or women should ever approach their world. But professional training is not the only form of preparation the lucky ones can get.

There is also the training in skills. We have lately been shocked into an awareness of how precious the skill of human hands still is to the creation of machines for our defense, and of how little we have regarded that prime necessity. Trained young hands are needed to-day for the protection of our civilization, but they are needed more to make it work, now and hereafter, when this war is ended.

Handicrafts are generally regarded as a picayune business, a preoccupation for faddists and unworthy of serious discussion when the general problem of employment has to be considered. I do not agree at all. If rich people, who now have the bulk of our income, save too much money, it is because they have nothing sensible and contemporary to spend their money for. Handicrafts are individual creations in which the machine contribution is at a minimum and the human contribution at a maximum. Their products cost more than machine-made products, because they are produced entirely by consumers. They represent a very important device for the redistribution of income, for work done and value received. Twenty years ago the American handicrafts had almost perished. They are reviving now in obedience to natural law and in accordance with the principle I am discussing—that a distribution of income is to be accomplished not by taking from one class and giving to another, but by the creation of desired goods and services in successive layers outward, by which process value moves both ways.

In every civilization that has endured, the applied arts have had an importance astonishing to the American archeologist of a generation ago, who supposed himself —as most of us then did—to be living in a civilization in which the applied arts were an inconsiderable and effeminate diversion of women and half-men. But the point quite overlooked by all was this. Those ancient civilizations remained balanced, often for immense periods of time, while ours—witness Europe to-day—is unbalanced after a very limited life. They were balanced because they provided work for all men to do at all ages. Judging by their mortal remains, by all that is left of them, a very considerable part of their labor must have been devoted to the applied arts. Our industrial civilization will not be balanced, or provide work for all until a similar condition obtains among modern nations.

Two things are thus vitally necessary

for the salvation of industrialism—a public education in non-mechanical wants and a private enterprise in the supply of non-mechanical utilities.

Individualism, beginning with the pioneer efforts of our great-great-grandparents, created the basic capacities of our nation and developed them. Individuality always counts, but in the established and necessary industries of our country, for the great mass of workers, it is counting less and less. Some hold that its day is over altogether. But the reverse is true. Individuality is merely transferring its field of opportunity.

The search for values that can be created by one man for other men, outside and inside of industrialism, is certain to result in a constantly increasing variety of occupations.

It is easier to say what has to be hunted for than what will be found. Nobody could have told the early pioneers into Kentucky what their example would make of the Western territories that are now the heart of our nation, though John Filson in 1784 took this flyer at the prophetic:

"Let the iron of your mines, the wool of your flocks, your flax and hemp, the skins of the savage animals that wander in your woods, be fashioned into manufactures and take an extraordinary value from your hands. Then will you rival the superfluities of Europe and know that happiness may be found without the commerce so universally desired by mankind. The recital of your happiness will call to your country all the unfortunate of the earth who will find there deliverance from their chains."

To-day our men and women, old and young, face such a new frontier, a frontier of equal promise. They face it just when we had come to believe that all the frontiers of opportunity were being closed forever.

V

These are the things I would tell young men and women now coming of age. Hunt for a value which you can create for other men and you will find, not so much a job as an opportunity to get from this world the equivalent of what you give it. The values that will be sought and paid for in tangible returns are increasingly in needed services to human comfort, health, and pleasure. Whoever finds an acceptable way to add to any one of those three has found work that other men will pay to have done. If that seems too abstract a principle, we can bring it down to earth at once. You are twenty. You are out of a job. I do not know what kind of a job you want; but as I have said over and over in this article, its basis has to be the production of worth for somebody else. And that is a principle you can practice anywhere and at all times. You have, let us guess, lived on your parents up to the time of your graduation from high school or college. You have probably done little in equivalent for what it has cost for you to be alive—not so far. That is right enough, for what you have cost your parents you will pass on to your children. But from now on it is no longer right.

Your first job therefore is to begin to return some equivalent for your present support. But how can you do this if you have no job? Well, you can do that very easily if you are a normal person living in a normal American home. While you are looking for a job and cudgeling your brains for ways to add some use to other people's living, also take time to examine your house. That is the best and easiest laboratory for an experiment in creating value. What can you do to increase the wealth and security of your family? Your position makes it temporarily necessary for the family wage earner to exchange part of his earnings for the privilege of having you under his roof, and that is very natural on his part, but it is not so on yours to accept it without some return. Can you improve your own home? Can you make it more valuable by a coat of paint, by working on its shrubbery or grounds, by making needed repairs, by

fixing everything that is broken, by making new window screens, by decorating or refinishing its shabby furniture—by any one of a thousand activities I cannot suggest to you, because I do not know your family or your house? But I am certain there are ways in which you can add to your family's well-being and create new values that will make the family wage earner feel, by tangible evidence, that your support is appreciated. And you can do all these things without losing any opportunity to pursue your individual fortunes.

In fact, to do them will illustrate to you how you must pursue your individual fortunes, and what you must be doing if you are to advance in any job you get.

Dull and uninspiring? So is acting. So is Arctic exploration. So are all real jobs, much of the time. Men keep on plugging and once in a while a light breaks through. But light rarely breaks for those who do not keep plugging.

THE WONDERS

BY MARTHA KELLER

THESE seven several things there be
Whereof, of which, since man was made,
He has been mortally afraid—
But yet enamoured, equally.

And they be these: the moon and sun,
The wind and rain, the watery wave,
The grassy and familiar grave
That is the earth he walks upon.

And last—and like a sweet refrain—
The spring, the seventh wonder, she
Who cancels his mortality,
Like grass that springeth up again.

LIVING STANDARDS IN TO-MORROW'S WORLD

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

WHAT it is that men really live by eludes the wisdom of the wise; but men cannot carry on if they lack food, clothing, and shelter. When these slip from their grasp their restlessness increases. Only when men have a decent sufficiency of material goods and a rational hope of more do they retain the reasonable balance which allows the world's work to go forward with a minimum of force and violence. It is when large numbers of men find themselves on the outside, looking hopelessly in, that there is cause for alarm. We are faced with that condition to-day.

This generation has seen living standards crash suddenly in a world depression. It is now witnessing another extensive lowering of them, planned and unplanned, by the nations at war. Though felt most acutely at home, this nevertheless has its repercussions abroad. However willingly men may accept temporary sacrifices, they will do so only if they are persuaded that to-day's sacrifices are but preliminary to to-morrow's gains. Suggestions fruitful of advances in living standards will command the ready allegiance of men at all times; but if material gains are denied them and all schemes for realizing them seem equally fraudulent, then we can look for trouble. Under such conditions men become fair game for the peddlers of immaterial values which flatter self-esteem, as have the Nazis and Fascists. Democracy does not fill an empty stomach, but men will be enthusiastic democrats if they are sure of eating regularly and well. If they cannot eat regularly and well they may turn to some other form of government.

At the very moment when we have gained a clear idea of what standards can and should be if only we managed our affairs better it is disturbing to know that we are drifting away from the levels already achieved. We know what housing should be; we know what appliances families should have for efficient and happy living; we know more about clothing and its production than has ever before been known, and we are well aware of what foods should be eaten to conserve and improve health and how to produce these foods. But our clearly formulated standards dance before our eyes and elude our grasp. The knowledge, materials, and ability needed for an unprecedented advance continue to accumulate at a rapid rate, but men are singularly lacking in a capacity to put them successfully to work.

Let us examine the international position of recent years. Living standards are an acute domestic problem, as we know, but they are also an international problem. Figures will show a relationship between low standards and menacing foreign policies. If the world is really to achieve peace—the basis for constructive advance—then the whole problem of living standards must be thoroughly and carefully examined. Here the true foundations of lasting peace may be discovered.

International comparisons in living

standards are singularly difficult to make, for they include not only material factors but also social and moral values of an exceedingly elusive kind. What makes one standard acceptable to one people and not to another lies in the differences in social and moral values. Nevertheless, differences in the material factors are not to be taken lightly, for from them flow many of the disturbances which we should aim to correct. It is on the material level that all the peoples of the world show a tendency to move toward uniformity. Even agricultural civilizations like those of India and China, the centers of the lowest living standards in to-day's world, are now seeking progress through industrialization.

Let us look at some valuable tables prepared by a brilliant young English statistician, Mr. Colin Clark, lately of Cambridge University, now Director of the Bureau of Industry in Queensland, Australia. Mr. Clark has undertaken a study of the conditions of economic progress. When he delivered the Joseph Fisher Lecture in Commerce at the University of Adelaide in 1938 he released a series of tables illustrative of the international relations of living standards and related matters. From these I have selected examples which include old and new, contented and discontented countries. The first table shows the "true level of the real income per head of the working population in [certain] countries in 1936 or 1937" measured in "international units." *

Country	*Real income produced per occupied person*
New Zealand	2,040
U.S.A.	1,948
Great Britain	1,402
Australia	1,363
Germany	848
Italy	399
Japan	362
U.S.S.R.	345

These figures should be studied in relation to Mr. Clark's data showing the degree of economic progress or retrogression which took place in the countries mentioned from 1913 to 1930, or from a year before the World War broke out to the Great Depression. The figure of greatest importance for each country in this table is that showing the *change* in real income per person in work; and the countries have been classified in relation to it.

	Country	*Per cent increase in working population*	*Per cent change in real income per person in work*	*Per cent fall in working hours*
Gains	Japan	+14.5	+105	−10
	Australia	+21.	+39	−7
	New Zealand	+—.	+28	——
	U.S.A.	+24.5	+16	−9
	Great Britain	+10.	+13	−11
Losses	U.S.S.R.	+17.1	−4	−20
	Italy	+14.1	−12	−30
	Germany	+38.8	−22	−23

Taken together, these two tables show that the countries with high standards profited by rising standards. Japan appears in a paradoxical light, for it experienced a radical rise in real income and yet is one of the discontented nations. A possible explanation of this is that Japan started from a low level and moved upward rapidly without coming very close to Western standards. In recent years she has reacted badly to the obstacles (prohibitive tariffs against her goods, restrictive quotas, etc.) placed in the way of her further advance. Thus, while her case appears different from those of Germany and Italy, it really is not, for nations react in a uniform fashion to forced retreat and blockades to further progress. In part the positions of the nations are related to the productiveness of their workers. This is shown by the figures cited on the next page. The countries with high and (until recently) rising standards are also high in the productivity scale.

These figures refer to income from production and therefore differ from those given in the first table where income from all sources was included. The U.S.S.R. is not included in this table; but production per worker is undoubtedly

* Mr. Clark's international unit, which is used in all the tables here cited, represents the "amount of goods and services purchasable with one American dollar over the average of the period 1925–34." The figures should therefore be readily intelligible to American readers. We are of course more interested in the relationship between the figures than with their exact size and content.

AVERAGE PRODUCTIVITY IN INTERNATIONAL UNITS PER OCCUPIED PERSON IN WORK PER ANNUM

Country	*All income currently produced*	*Agricultural (Primary)*	*Manufacturing (Secondary)*	*Services (Tertiary)*
U.S.A.	1,945	736	2,410	2,340
Australia	1,277	1,408	1,461	1,148
New Zealand	1,481	1,872	1,653	1,296
Great Britain	1,095	827	1,151	1,072
Germany	760	440	810	935
Italy	426	328	471	541
Japan	365	146	959	374

low in that country, even in the new manufacturing industries, for it is well known that Soviet factories are overstaffed by American standards, as the Russian engineers admit.

You will notice, as you examine these tables, that a familiar pattern repeats itself in them. There is an association between high productivity per employed worker and high living standards. This is hardly an original observation. It is made here in order that it may be insisted that the road to still higher standards is through increases in the productivity of the individuals employed in the various industries. But we cannot rest our case on individual productivity; it must be accompanied by full use of the nation's equipment and working force. In other words, as the individual is able to produce more, there must be a corresponding and proportional rise in the total output of the nation and it must be rationally distributed. If this does not happen men are unemployed in large numbers because their labor is superfluous to the maintenance of old standards of production.

Unemployed men are a burden on the living standards of a nation no matter how ingenious they are in keeping off relief rolls. (So also are men on short-time.) In so far as they accept public assistance they further lower standards; for the allowances are a charge upon the national wealth produced. All the figures cited above are slightly misleading in that they do not take account of the wastage of unemployment. They refer to the persons at work. If a deduction were made for unemployment the figures would drop. A well-administered relief system is an admirable thing, but it is not a solution of the drag of unemployment on national standards. If rising individual productivity is coupled with heavy unemployment it is alarming, for it means that the gains are not real and that the fruits of progress are going to a section of the people only. Unemployment prevents that equitable distribution which is the goal of all rational persons.

Again, all the figures are somewhat distorted by tariffs and other protective schemes. But as the world shows no inclination to abolish them—even the Hull reciprocal trade treaties do not go that far—it is only necessary to know that when taken into account they do not modify the essential relationships of the figures. We may, however, question the social worth of these ingenious schemes. They do not increase the efficiency of production; rather they tend to protect inefficiency. The American farm program, for example, has the effect of stabilizing productivity on the farm at low levels, thus preserving a lack of balance between agriculture and industry which it is designed to correct. The condition is made worse when population backs up on the farms, thus increasing the numbers to be supported on the small farm incomes.

II

If our tables show anything, it is that the higher the productivity of the workers of a nation the higher its standards should be, all things being equal. Rising standards should make for social peace. Even when there is merely the hope that they will rise, that is sufficient.

On the other hand, low and falling standards make for discontent and disorder which eventually work out in the international arena as war and threats of war. Finally, if a nation which seems to be moving upward is suddenly seized with a conviction that it is being blocked in its progress it too will make trouble. This substantiates what has long been known to intelligent observers. Is it not logical then to insist that an intelligent attack upon the problem of raising living standards is a road to general peace?

When we find that a nation in which great progress has been made in the past and in which the conditions of further progress seem to be present in abundance has suddenly retreated from its advanced position, a renewed study of living standards becomes imperative. It is no longer possible to say to laggard nations, Go thou and do likewise! That has happened to the United States. While individual productivity has continued to rise in American industry in recent years, this has not resulted in all-round improvements in living standards in the nation because unemployment has cut down the prospective general gains. And support for the unemployed is a heavy burden upon income actually produced.

The Brookings Institution has recently released a study which shows that American industry has continued to become more efficient; that it is producing goods of better quality at lower prices to consumers than a few years ago; and that employed labor has been rewarded with high hourly wages and a shorter working week. But at the same time the *total output* has not proportionately increased and labor's total income has tended to decline. In short, unemployment is eating away American standards; and they will not rise in response to improvements in methods of production until it is eliminated. American society is in a bad state to-day. Department of Commerce figures show that in 1938 the *per capita* income payments in the United States were only 76 per cent of those of 1929. If the difficulties in America can be corrected the example might lead to an upswing throughout the world and, if accompanied by the necessary adjustments elsewhere, to an era of peace.

It is by increasing total production that the stage will be set for an attack upon the problem of better distributing the social income among the people. But it is impossible to rest upon this generalization which, for obvious reasons, makes a great appeal to the conservatives. They take it as a reason for opposing government spending for relief, insisting that the end in view, full employment, can be achieved by letting capitalism take its traditional course. They see in this position a final reply to the government-spending-for-purchasing-power theory. Their argument runs: capital investment is the only road to more production; and production leads to higher standards; so therefore the thing to do is to make a great noise about the so-called government-created obstacles to a renewal of capital investment. A shift here and there in government policy—clip the claws of the SEC, water down the NLRB, weaken the wage and hour laws—and capital investment will gradually return to something like the pre-depression level. But no consideration is given to the possibility that capital may not in the future find exactly the same outlets it did in the past.

This is the nub of the matter. The real situation can be better understood if attention is paid to the ideas of Professor Allan G. B. Fisher, an Australian economist now on the staff of Chatham House in London. His brilliant book, *The Clash of Progress and Security*, was published in London in 1935. Its thesis should have a wide appeal in this country. Professor Fisher begins by observing that men wish to progress but hope that they can do so without making any changes in the customary ways of doing things. But to-day no further progress can be made in already highly developed countries without radical changes. He argues that if we insist on following old ways and means we shall find ourselves

chiefly engaged in shoring up existing standards rather than going forward to new ones. In the long run this can only result in an increase of short-time employment and unemployment, both of which drag down general standards in spite of all efforts to the contrary. To quote Professor Fisher:

> We cannot enjoy the benefits of plenty unless we *organize the productive capacity* which has been released, so that it can be applied to the production of new things hitherto little known or entirely unknown. If we refuse to do this, we are likely to find ourselves in the curious situation where not only are we deprived of the possibility of enjoying these new things, but some of us are also deprived of the possibility of enjoying, except by way of charity, the goods and services which are already abundantly supplied.

Professor Fisher therefore argues, "We must in fact choose between progress and retrogression; if we deliberately prefer stability to progress, we shall before long find that we have sacrificed both." These are words of warning to all who are bandying about such terms as "a mature economy," "a finished world," and the like. Most of us will, without hesitation, choose progress. The end is clear. The argument is over means.

We come back now to the problem of capital investment. Readers of *Harper's* have been treated to several discussions of this matter in recent months. In general it may be said that there are two schools of thought about it: the "mature economy" school which believes that most of the capital invested in the future must come from government sources, and the opposite school which scoffs at the idea of a "mature economy" and thinks that private enterprise must and will continue to supply the bulk of the capital. These two groups are arguing a political issue. "You takes your choice."

But what neither can avoid is the question: What kind of enterprises are likely to require capital in the future? This stands quite apart from the question of who will supply the capital. Professor Fisher calls attention to the all-important fact that

> failure to make any radical examination of our productive organization is in large measure responsible for the new difficulties which in recent years have so much astonished people who believed that we were already well on the way to recovery. If disproportion between older and newer types of work was responsible for the dislocations which culminated in the depression, the depression could not be lifted unless such readjustments were made . . . even the wisest general credit policy can do nothing to remedy evils created by chronic insistence upon pouring more capital and more labor into industries which are already oversupplied.

There are far more people tinkering with ideas of credit policy than there are trying to discover the new industries into which capital and labor can be directed with useful social results.

All too often the words "new industries" mean new agricultural or manufacturing industries only; but the agitated search for these continues to be barren of results in terms of mass employment. New industries are turning up all the time, particularly in such fields as chemicals, but they do not employ millions of men and do not promise to do so, as I predicted in *Harper's* for January, 1937.

Professor Fisher takes the view that the really fruitful field for advanced countries is in what he calls the "tertiary industries," or what we call the services. These now already employ about half the working population in advanced countries; but as the productive capacity of the workers in the agricultural (primary) and the manufacturing (secondary) industries rises, the capacity of the economy to support workers in the service (tertiary) industries increases as well. Our present trouble is that we do not clearly know how to invade the tertiary industries in force. We have not discovered how to use capital and labor in them to the extent required for the next step in social evolution.

Professor Fisher includes among the tertiary industries

> . . . facilities for travel, amusements of various kinds, governmental and other personal and intangible services, flowers, music, art, literature, education, science, philosophy, and the like. These things . . . were not unknown in either the primary or the secondary stage. : : :

It is the growing importance of these services which characterizes the tertiary stage. Those countries which have the highest standards of life *ought* to be those employing the largest proportion of their populations in the supply of "luxuries." All that stands in the way are economic and ethical standards no longer appropriate to the tendencies at work.

The task is to see that the growth along these lines, already under way after a fashion, is continued as a matter of deliberate social policy. Professor Fisher says further:

The pressing problem of adjustment in the fourth decade of the twentieth century is the problem of reorganizing the structure of production so that the transfer of resources to the production of these "tertiary" products, both goods and services, may be made as smoothly as possible.

Our economy is not, therefore, "mature." It has arrived at a transitional stage; and the troubles we are experiencing are caused by our failure to discover how to make the transition to the higher economic stage. It is precisely here that the new frontier of American life is to be found.

Primary and secondary industries are not to be stopped dead in their tracks in their current forms or at their current levels. Professor Fisher emphasizes that "it is by appropriate action [at the tertiary level] that we are most likely to be able to introduce flexibility into the structure of production as a whole and provide opportunities for further expansion of employment in other fields as well." The older fields of activity will be reshaped to conform with the new level to be reached. They will not decline, nor should the workers in them experience low wages and poor living conditions. The new situation should give the workers access to the gains in productivity to a greater extent than at present; for all those employed in the older industries will be on full time and freed from the burden of supporting millions of unemployed. But the older types of production will not in the future act as the prime movers of our society. They will not provide the principal outlets for capital investment, though as they are reorganized they may take up millions of money. Nor will they absorb the excess workers of to-day and the new workers which come on the labor market each year. These will move chiefly into employment in the new services as they develop; and the older industries will be concerned only to maintain a labor force of high technical excellence, instead of expanding in a desperate effort to catch up with the supply of labor available.

The new shift of emphasis will correct many current evils. For example, the marked and undesirable difference in productivity between agricultural and manufacturing industries in the United States in so far as it is due to the excessive numbers of workers trying to get a living from agriculture will be corrected. Relieved of this unnatural burden, agriculture will be enabled to accept the technological revolution in agriculture. Fewer Americans will be employed in reorganized agriculture than ever before —perhaps not more than ten per cent of the working population—but their production will be adequate to all demands upon it. The same is true of manufacturing. For some years the proportion of the working population engaged in manufacturing has been declining. This trend will be accelerated, to the advantage of those who remain in this kind of work. And their productivity will insure that an abundance of manufactured goods will be available. As the working force redistributes itself in a more rational fashion, American society will make a rapid forward march to higher living standards than we have hitherto reached.

The great task to-day is to discover how to get tertiary or service industries going; how to capitalize them and train the working force for their operation. It can be undertaken only if men prefer progress to stability, for it will be necessary to search for ways and means pragmatically. No dogmas based on past experience will serve.

Material progress may be gained as follows: predominantly agricultural countries can make long strides forward by developing secondary industries, while predominantly industrial countries can make long strides forward by developing tertiary industries. In both instances the idea is to make full use in social terms of rising individual productivity. The redistribution of the population occupationally avoids unemployment, which always cancels the gains otherwise made.

Many agricultural countries are today actually following their line of progress. Argentina, Brazil, Australia, Canada, and many others are feverishly industrializing—an activity stimulated but not started by the war. But the industrialized countries are hanging back. They are confronted with a new situation. The field of tertiary industries is one in which there are no known rules. Mr. Colin Clark says that "the economics of tertiary industries are almost a closed book throughout the world—many people have a reluctance even to mention their existence—except that in the U.S.A. a certain amount of work has been done on the economics of retailing and transport." Since Americans have made a start, it behooves them to continue to explore the new field not only to solve their own problem but also to give the whole world a lead toward a healthy future.

III

If the people of this country once see where they really stand they will no longer butt their heads against the stone wall which prevents them from finding an outlet in agriculture and manufacturing for the older unemployed and for the thousands of young workers who appear in the labor market each year. They will recognize that the solution of the problem cannot be found in these fields. Minor shifts within them will not fundamentally change the situation. A few thousands may find work in the war industries. Thousands more may go into the armed forces. But millions will still be outside looking in. It is to the service industries that we should look hopefully. If we can figure out a way of financing what our grandfathers thought were luxuries then the job of producing the necessities will take care of itself. We want more and better trained people employed in

Public administration
Conservation
Social service administration
Running housing projects
Teaching, from kindergarten to university
Recreational activities
Painting pictures
Running art museums
Writing and playing music
Growing and selling flowers
Writing books
Scientific research
Running libraries
The theater and movies
New hospitals and clinics
Bringing us more, better, and fresher foods
Keeping our clothes clean and in repair
Taking heavy and dirty work out of the home
Transporting us swiftly and comfortably on roads, rails, and in the air to pleasant centers of work and play,

and doing the million and one things that make life both profitable to the serious-minded and good fun to the light-hearted.

What hinders our progress is neither the absence of capital (the banks are running over with money) nor of men and women able and willing to do the various kinds of work suggested. What hinders us are "economic and ethical standards no longer appropriate to the tendencies at work." Our standards are of an age in which hard work in field and factory was what really counted and all else was mere gilding of life's lily. This observation was not made by some elegant literary man, but by Professor T. E. Gregory, the distinguished English economist, now economic adviser to the Government of India. It is a rejection of Adam Smith's standard; for to Smith these things we should now demand involved labor which "does not fix or realize itself in any permanent subject which endures after that labor is past." Adam

Smith's standard was established in a society where "things" were primary and all activities not resulting in tangible "things" had a bad economic odor and a low moral standing. But we have traveled a long way from Adam Smith in time and capacity to produce things, though not in our judgment of what is wise, economically and morally, to do with what we produce. If we can now keep millions at work doing things which Smith condemned, why shouldn't we? Already we accept the presence of thousands of service workers, so why not have more? Why not push out into this field, into which we have moved crabwise, hardly knowing what we were doing, and really explore its metes and bounds? The only reason is that we are afraid of Adam Smith and his heirs and assigns. We are cowed by the traditionalists. We are afraid of ghosts.

IV

To-day in America the cry is raised that living standards must fall, not rise. The arms program cannot, it is argued, be supported otherwise. Its cost is enormous. The conservatives are pleading for the removal of the floor under wages and the ceiling over hours. Taxes must be increased. All of us must be poorer.

This is a false argument. Because of the specialized character of war goods, the economic effect of the upswing in production will be spotty rather than evenly spread throughout all industries. Its strongest impact will be on the machine tool, airplane, and automotive industries, and the suppliers of these. The rise in general production levels, while sharp, is unlikely to go to such heights that all the unemployed and underemployed will find work. It is not proposed to drain millions into the armed forces, the chief cause of true labor shortages in countries actually fighting. The lack of trained men of the proper kind at the proper places will be the outstanding difficulty, not the absence of hands altogether. We shall still be confronted by the fact that profitable full-time work is lacking for millions of able and willing people. One must agree with the Kiplinger Letter that "it is POSSIBLE for better internal economic organization to produce the needed armaments and still produce the needed stuff for better human living."

This possibility must be made an actuality. Otherwise the arms program will be an intolerable dead-weight burden. But if total national production can be increased, then the proportion arms bear to the gross production will be lessened. We must see that the arms are an addition to present production, not a subtraction from it. We must use our men and machines wisely, not wastefully. This will insure the maintenance of living standards at present levels. A little astute planning and they may rise.

For we can develop the service industries. We cannot now hope to make the changes in the fashion or at the moment we would select if we had a free choice, but we shall, if we are wise, make the best of a bad world. By expanding service industries at this particular time we shall lessen the difficulties which will confront us when we ease up the arms program. It will be criminal folly to assume that arms production is a permanent factor in our economic life. It will come to an end. And when it does the slump will be extremely serious. If we have mapped out a plan for expanding the service industries, and acted on it up to our full capacity at the moment, we shall be ready to accelerate their expansion when the slump comes and so take up the dangerous slack. This will not only enable us to defeat the economic but also the inevitable psychological slump. If these two are allowed to come on an unprepared country the social cost will be terrifying.

The arms program should not divert our attention from our basic difficulties. Since it will require capital investment and increased production along established lines it will be widely assumed that

the search for untraditional solutions of our troubles is unnecessary, even against the national interest. This is untrue. Of itself the arms program will further distort our productive equipment. It will not bring it into balance. Nor will it give employment to all available labor. Many lines of production will continue in the doldrums. Not even manufacturing will experience an evenly spread improvement. Agriculture will continue in a precarious way. And when the program is tapered off we shall find ourselves in a worse condition than to-day.

We shall be foolish indeed to divert all our attention to arms production. We must continue to seek a desirable future. And that means we must explore the service industries. We must do more than that. We must invade them. Only so can we avoid finding ourselves armed to defend a country in which social disorder is as characteristic as military strength. Inward social health is the firmest foundation for a sound patriotism. We must have it in full measure. Men will enthusiastically defend that kind of country. To build a healthy society is the greatest of the tasks before us. If we do not face it we are lost.

BOSTON IN THE NINETIES

A SECOND GLIMPSE OF NEW ENGLAND'S INDIAN SUMMER

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

With the advance of the nineties, the New England mind was steeped in disappointment and chagrin. The impulse that had characterized it seemed to be exhausted, and its mood was sad, relaxed, and reminiscent. Boston, absorbing its suburbs, had grown larger and larger; but this huge and cosmopolitan population had little to distinguish it from others. If the old race was not actually dying, if the old culture was not extinguished, there were many who felt it was merely a question of time. The Boston mind, once so cheerful, was full of the sense of last things, as if it hoped for no resuscitation. The older writers were all but gone, as the squirrels were disappearing on the Common; and Barrett Wendell, the Harvard professor, expressed a general feeling that the days of the Yankee folk were numbered. "We are vanishing into provincial obscurity," he wrote in 1893. "America has swept from our grasp. The future is beyond us."

In one way or another, many New England men of letters echoed and amplified this note of Wendell's. Henry Adams, George E. Woodberry, George Cabot Lodge—the son of Senator Lodge, Henry Adams's friend—were only a few of these prophets of doom and destruction. For Godkin, always close to the mind of Cambridge, the whole American enterprise had ended in failure; Parkman more or less agreed with Godkin; and Norton, for whom New England had meant so much, was struck by the waste and futility of all its effort. In the face of the foreign inrush, how apparently ineffective were the labors of the earlier generations! Others were cheerful and hopeful as ever—perhaps they were also the wisest; but the evidence seemed to be against them. William James looked forward calmly. John Fiske had few doubts. President Eliot serenely confronted the future. The Emersonian Eliot believed in the future: he had no tears to waste on the past in regrets. For Howells, as for Justice Holmes, so open in their sympathies, the good could never lose its sporting chance; and one found no ear for tales of woe on the part of Miss Sarah Palfrey, the historian's daughter, who every morning, at the age of seventy-five, took a spin on her tricycle round Fresh Pond before breakfast.

The older were the bolder in Boston, as elsewhere; and the older and bolder they were the less inclined to think the world was going to the dogs. They were tough enough to know that the good was tough; and, like all true aristocrats, they believed in their country, if only because their country included themselves. Those who had fought and bled in freedom's cause, like Justice Holmes and Colonel Higginson, were prepared to take long views of these ultimate questions; and so was Edward Everett Hale, the "grand old man of Boston," and Julia Ward Howe, the romantic old sibyl. These magnanimous

worthies, these generous natures, for whom nothing had ever existed that was common or mean, were destined to see mankind as forever triumphant. They ignored the signs of the times and lived above them, as Emerson had lived all his life.

But for those who lived close to the ground the signs of the times were anything but roseate or auspicious. It was easy for William James and Howells, John Fiske and President Eliot to take long views of the future. They were sufficiently realistic, but they were not New Englanders merely. Howells was not a Yankee at all, James was a Yankee only by courtesy, and the consciousness of Eliot and Fiske embraced the nation. Their ships were heavily ballasted and sailed on broad bottoms. The true-blue Yankees who were only imperfectly also American sailed in skiffs and found the water shallow. Most of their birds of the hour were of evil omen.

Was the Yankee race really dying? Barrett Wendell felt so, not without grounds for his feeling, both inward and outward. George Cabot Lodge, who agreed with Wendell, broadened the base of the question. He felt that the whole old American race was dying. That the Yankee stock which had leavened the nation was somehow wearing thin one saw in Mary E. Wilkins's remarkable stories. If the strength of the flower of Boston sprang from its roots, what was the meaning of these stories which had begun to appear at the turn of the nineties? What light did they throw on the human soil of the region? Mary E. Wilkins was only one of a number of writers whose minds were preoccupied with the ends of things, families running out, forlorn old women, ramshackle dwellings, lone eccentrics. The almshouse and the village pensioner figured largely in these stories. In Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's *Jonathan and David*, the man had only a dog to share his world; and dogs and cats, the children of the childless, ranked with men and women as *dramatis personae*. All these authors took fag-ends for granted. Their theme was desolation doing its best, or so at least it seemed to Boston readers; and up and down the scale, from roots to flowers, the New England mind repeated its tale of exhaustion. Had Hawthorne perhaps been right when he said to Howells that the apparent coldness of the Yankees was real, that the suppression of emotion for long generations would extinguish emotion at last in the soul of New England?

The Boston mind appeared to have lost its force. It was yielding, inch by inch, to the Catholic Irish; and the time was approaching when a Catholic Irish mayor of Boston was to say that the New England of the Puritans was as dead as Cæsar. It was the Irish, he added, who had made Massachusetts a "fit place to live in." There were cuts on both sides. The Bostonians resented the Irish, though the case already had its compensations —the conquerors were bearing gifts for the joy of the conquered. John Boyle O'Reilly was one of these gifts; another, just emerging, was the lovely spirit of Louise Imogen Guiney, the essayist and poet. Miss Guiney was the daughter of an Irish lawyer who had commanded a regiment in the Civil War. Brevetted a brigadier-general, like Charles Francis Adams—as gallant as all the Irish fighters were—he had been hopelessly wounded; and one day in Boston, twelve years later, he suddenly stopped in the street, removed his hat, knelt, crossed himself, and died. Miss Guiney's spirit rode forward in her father's stirrups. None of this was lost upon the city of the Puritans. The Bostonians knew a soldier, as they knew a poet. What they had seen in O'Reilly they saw in the Guineys; and the Irish, in the Protestant form, had given them Godkin and both the Henry Jameses and William James. Heaven only knew what future gifts the conquerors had in store for a later New England; and the Yankees were not ungrateful to them. Some of Miss Jewett's best stories were tributes to them, and certainly Miss Jewett knew

the Irish—she had spent the greater part of a year among them once at Bantry Bay. It was in the nature of things that the Yankees resented the Irish, but they resented their own impuissance more. They could present no equal counter-force; they could not hold their end up any longer. They saw their glory vanishing before the invaders.

The old New England was slipping away. The rock-bound coast was stern no longer: its villas, lawns, and gardens suggested the Hudson river or the Isle of Wight. The Reef of Norman's Woe was merely a rock. The old public spirit was fading, along with the old religious spirit, as they had faded away in an earlier Athens. Senator Lodge, the "scholar in politics," the first New England statesman who had played a national role for many years, the conscious heir of all his predecessors, seemed oddly small and shrunken in their light. This David who had slain Goliath Butler and who had been the hope of the younger Yankees traduced the spirit of his forbears, though he wore their mask. As virtually a nephew of Sumner, Motley, Parkman, and Holmes, who had called him "Cabot" from the cradle, he was the scion of all the old patricians. He owned and worked on Bancroft's writing table, he followed Bancroft and Parkman as a grower of roses; and his speech alone had style, as they said in the Senate—he led his fellow-Senators away from bombast towards reality and forceful expression. It was Lodge who brought about the copyright bill, deserving, as he won, the praise of authors. In these and other ways, he carried on the old line, and he went through all the motions of the older statesmen. But he had none of their breadth of soul and vision. Sectional interests and caste interests really governed his motives, while he stood as a defender of the nation; and he was merely the lawyer in his international policies, with none of the understanding of the life of nations that illumined the men of the past. The older statesmen had found their models in Plutarch, while he found his in the busts of the older statesmen. He was the victim of a day of small things, and one felt in him the end of a spent tradition.

The religious tradition seemed equally all but exhausted. There was little to withstand the Catholic power, except Christian Science, and within a few years the most prominent objects in Boston were the Catholic cathedral, the dome of the Synagogue, and the dome of Mrs. Eddy's Mother Church. The prevailing religion was comfort, with accessories, which varied from mind-cure and easy-going optimism to cults that gave æsthetic satisfaction; and the leading doctrine of Boston was not to offend, in the shade of which conviction turned to dust. The faith-healer had won the day, and invalids frequented practitioners who silently thought benevolent things about them. The miracles of mind-cure were naturally numerous, although Fletcherism flourished as a rival; and people solemnly chewed their food very fine and slowly to be slender enough to pass through the eye of the needle. A modish high-Anglicanism led the other cults, together with drawing-room faiths from Arabia and Persia; and young men who, in Channing's day, would have proselytized the West enjoyed a romantic destiny as high-church monks. The ethical caprices of Boston could scarcely have been numbered. They rivalled those of Los Angeles in a day to come; and anything but Protestantism, anything else than the Puritan past—this was their common emblem and their watchword. Anything, in fact, that was not Boston—for Boston had its forms for all these faiths and was bent on rejecting the forms because it had them.

In the Episcopal faith it possessed a genius in Phillips Brooks, who had reconciled Anglicanism with its inmost fiber; and what, with their beards and robes, did the Eastern mystics have to say that Channing and Emerson had not said before them in a form that

sprang straight out of the soul of New England? But Boston, as strangers gathered, no longer wished to believe in itself, and robes and incense now made all the difference. What came from Pusey's Oxford and somebody's Persia seemed necessarily better than anyone's Boston —which meant that Boston really believed in nothing, or so, at least, Bostonians occasionally said.

II

All this had happened in Athens as it happened in Boston, though in Athens, when the great days passed, literature remained. Then, in Athens, literature vanished also. Was it vanishing in Boston already? The Bostonians felt so. The bells tolled every year for a great man gone: Lowell in 1891, Whittier in 1892, in 1893 Francis Parkman. Holmes, who died in 1894, had lived to "sing the swan-song for the choir." These were "pitch-pine" Yankees of the stoutest timber. They had withstood the storms that battered down the lesser men, and the second growth had yielded few equals or rivals. Parkman alone perhaps was built for another millennium, but all had produced their planks for the house of the future; and whether their eminence was relative or absolute, this, after all, mattered little. Lowell as a sage was not impressive, but *The Biglow Papers* counted for much and long; so did a few of his literary essays, and his speech on Coleridge in Westminster Abbey might have made the fame of another man. His wit was as genuine as Holmes's, and this said much.

As for Holmes himself, most of his verse had had its day, but his "high-bred amicability"—Goethe's phrase on Molière—was a lasting possession. He had permanently enriched the Yankee scene with his genius of good sense and his gaiety and vigor. Green was the golden bough of life for him. At eighty-five at Beverly Farms he had found a mammoth elm that was finer than all his other favorites; and the charming little old man in his open carriage, holding his minikin sunshade, perhaps with Mrs. Bell on the seat beside him, had used his amicability to diffuse the sun in corners, unlike his, that were damp and dark. Mrs. Bell, Rufus Choate's daughter, whose mind was also of the kind one spoke, spoke it often and well, as well as he. Whittier too stood lastingly for the gods of New England, the passion for goodness and justice and the household lares; and Parkman, who never drew morals, lived the moral that all his books conveyed. These men had fought good fights in one way or another, and all of them had won the Promethean prize. They had carried their lamps unextinguished to the end of the race.

There were plenty of Bostonians who were never willing to say die, but who was to take the place of these men that had gone? The future echoed the question. There was no reply. That the fortunate bloom of Athens was only a question of fifty years, that Spain's great hour was brief, this mattered little. How long were any of these "heats and genial periods"?—Emerson's phrase for the "high tides" of the spirit. The morning after was always gray and sad; and Boston for twenty years counted its survivors before it reluctantly said, This is the last. It was too chagrined to observe the new generation that was rising in its presence, all unknown. Those who remained to recall the times that people called "heroic" or "Augustan," chips of the older block indeed, were smaller. They were the equals in character of those who had passed, but as writers they were subordinate and mostly humble.

On Cornhill, at the Athenæum, in the Old Corner Bookstore, one met these lingering worthies when the sun came out, Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Howe, or the sweetly, sadly beaming little Norton, with his habit of shaking his head as he smiled and sighed; or it might have been Colonel Higginson, on his high-wheeled bicycle, bolt upright, scorching at five miles an hour through

the streets of Cambridge. The great-grandmotherly Mrs. Howe, never at a loss for causes, appeared in her lace hood at every meeting. No meeting could have deserved the name unless she recited the "Battle Hymn," in her flowered silk cloak and lilac satin. She was never too old to appear at the State House to plead for justice or mercy—no day without its cause was her constant motto; and, as Holmes had celebrated birthdays, she celebrated centenaries, from Bryant's and Margaret Fuller's to Abraham Lincoln's.

As a national institution, Dr. Hale was her only rival. The rough-and-ready Hale, like Mrs. Howe, had kept the faith and gusto of the early republic. With his air of an untidy Pilgrim father, he seemed to say that Gilead still had its balm. Every child in Boston had sat on his knee, from Beacon Street to the by-ways and lost alleys where he searched for the lame in body and the maimed in spirit; and, moreover, this hardy old Christian, who loved adventure, and who knew all the world as he knew his country, had kept the statesmanly instinct of the ministers of old. "Cradled in the sheets of the Boston *Advertiser*," he had known most of the statesmen of America and England, and he who was soon to become the chaplain of the national Senate was one who had not been discouraged by the post-war years. No one knew politics better. No one knew the founders of the country better; and it was in their name that he took, at the age of eighty-one, the line that others followed in after decades. In his daily editorials, he defended the Rochdale co-operative system, the government ownership of coal mines, old-age pensions, and he asked why all these measures were regarded as novel. Did not the people own the roads, the canals, aqueducts, schoolhouses, lighthouses? Did they not own the libraries, reservoirs, churches? Was not the word "commonwealth" first used by Winthrop for a political organization? Had not the American genius always run in the line of the "government ownership of the essentials"? Was the "ownership of wealth in common" anything so odd? John Quincy Adams had asked, in his way, a similar question; and Hale, who was not "without a country," knew that the best way to possess a country was to follow the path of justice for the greatest number.

Dr. Hale and Mrs. Howe were living illustrations of the truth that New England perhaps was created to show—that character was what Emerson had called it; and one felt this in Colonel Higginson's presence as one saw the saber-scar on his chin, a souvenir of the fight for Anthony Burns. Norton too had character, though not so simply. When, attacking the war with Spain as "inglorious" and "criminal," he was called a traitor for his pains, Norton sighed perhaps but he shrugged his shoulders. He had heard all this before, with Lowell and Dana, when the Mexicans instead of the Spaniards were the bone of contention. If Norton lacked the moral sweep of Higginson and Hale, this was because his sympathies were far less open; and for this reason his teaching, fine as it was, was very far from what it might have been. Like his sympathies, his imagination was imperfectly developed, a fact that was all the more glaring because his field was of imagination all compact. So he left the "art" out of art, just as, in following Ruskin, he left out the heart of Ruskin's teaching—for was not Ruskin a socialist, like Dr. Hale? Strange as it might have appeared, the chaplain of the Senate had more in common with Ruskin than the exquisite Norton. Norton perhaps was not the "real thing." William James was certain that he was not; and the popular phrase about Norton that, entering heaven, he exclaimed, "Oh, oh! So overdone! So Renaissance!" expressed a general feeling that was true and just. Always an invalid, he had carried his fastidiousness to a point that was all but absurd and unsound as well. But those who said that Norton was

precious also said he was powerful, a teacher "in the mystical and personal sense" who was all but unique in his time; and his translation of Dante in masterly prose was a proof that his scholarship was vital. This was more important than Norton's writings. For scholarship and character one never had to look far in New England, character with salt and scholarship with wit and poetry. But poetry and wit themselves were another matter. Literature proper was evaporating, surely. In Gautier's verses the bust outlived the city, but in Boston the bust had also outlived the poem.

III

The Bostonians were convinced of this, whether it was true or not, and those who called the moment Alexandrian knew their history well. On its smaller scale, New England was repeating the conditions of the classical age that bore this name. The Alexandrians could return no longer to their homogeneous early Athenian life. The gods of the State and the household were diminished in stature. Idiosyncrasies flourished without rhyme or reason and women assumed the tasks in which men had failed. As in Greece, so in Boston the logic of cause and effect worked itself out in literature, as in all things human. Literature became merely literary—to use the phrase of the hour—because it had lost its native impulse. It was driven to follow models more abjectly than ever, and models that were also arbitrary, unlike the co-ordinated models of the earlier writers, who had borne an organic relation to the men they followed. Learning took the place that poetry had held in a day when men shared heroic passions; and no one better than Bostonians knew what this implied, however their prosperity had grown.

Boston was left to gather up its relics, with a feeling that its forbears had had "all the fun." The New Yorkers laughed when Oliver Herford characterized New England as "the abandoned farm of literature." The Bostonians did not laugh—the barb struck home. The *North American Review* had gone to New York, and the *Atlantic Monthly* was doing its best to forget that it represented Boston. Last things were in order now, and all the Boston men could do—or all they thought they could do—was to bury the dead. Mount Auburn was becoming overcrowded. Every other Boston book was somebody's *Retrospections*, and *Yesterdays*, cheerful or otherwise, flooded the bookshops. Doing the Pharaohs up in spices, in Dr. Holmes's phrase, was the central occupation of the literati. Dr. Holmes's own life was written by John T. Morse, Jr.—almost as salty as his subject—the veteran who edited the *American Statesman Series* and ran like a sugar-maple with wit and wisdom till he died at the age of ninety-six. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, the Boston historiographer, also began at this moment the long career that united the liberality of the old New England with the sunniness and fullness of New England culture. As a Rhode Islander, Mark Howe, so-called universally, saw Boston with an edge of difference; and this, no doubt, was the reason why, having so much in common with it, he was able to reveal to others its potent charm. He performed a historical function in so far as Boston was itself a historical city; for he was to live through all the decades in which the country turned against it, and more than anyone else, in his own person, he led the country back. Mark Howe possessed the secret that puzzled the burghers, like other Pied Pipers before him. The biographer of Phillips Brooks, Bancroft, Norton, Moorfield Storey, and later of Wendell, Holmes, and John Jay Chapman, was a poet all the time; and that is why, in Mark Howe's books, the Pharaohs came to life again, as they died again in other "lives and letters." He shared in whatever was human because it was human, so that all his heroes abounded in their own sense. Most of the other biogra-

phers were dazzled by their heroes, or they were humdrum themselves; and they so swathed the mummies of the Pharaohs that it took a generation to unwrap them.

This mood of retrospection, so closely allied to the moods of regret and defeat, expressed itself most fully in Barrett Wendell. He shared Norton's feeling—he was born too late in a world too old; and he could not find his way back to the earlier Boston. Where was Boston, the Boston of the springtime twenties? He whipped his horse about the roads in vain. For Wendell was Peter Rugg incarnate, and the image of this old man in the yellow-wheeled chaise, who was forever asking, "Where is Boston?" haunted many in these bewildered years. Miss Guiney and Amy Lowell wrote poems about Peter Rugg, who had stepped out of a story and become a folk-figure. He stood for the seekers of lost trails who abounded in Boston, for those who felt their world had gone awry and who tried to grope their way back to an earlier time when life had been vigorous and hopeful. There were many of these besides Wendell, and, like him, they sorted their family papers, as if in these yellowing documents they might possibly find the secret of the life which they had missed. Might not the virtue flow into them again if they touched these relics of their forbears that spoke of a large and active life in the past? This sorting of family papers seemed to them a public service, though in certain cases the families had scarcely been public and had never played a part in the larger world that called for any general interest in them. In other cases anxious descendants who longed to live up to a family tradition continued to go through the motions of a public life on the small private scale that was open to them. If they could not promote bills in Congress, they could write letters to the *Transcript*, declaring war on the sparrows, instead of the British, and urging the protection of the squirrels on the ground that they sucked the sparrows' eggs. The contrast between their inherited tone and the trivial field their world afforded was a fruitful cause of satire, both then and later. Robert Grant's *The Chippendales* anticipated by thirty years the delicate, but sharper satire of *The Late George Apley*.

IV

Barrett Wendell, like so many others, wished he had lived in the great good time when things were a-doing in Boston. But if he had lived in the days he longed for would he have shared in the "faith that made New England literature promise something"? He felt so. He wished to believe it. He was surely mistaken. For the tender-minded Wendell, who likened himself to "a Federalist in Jefferson's time, a sound Whig in Jackson's, or an honest Southerner in Lincoln's," could never have had the root of the matter in him. The "last of the Tories," as he also called himself, would have been a Tory all the time; but, glorying in this, as he was certainly free to do, how could he have shared the springtime faith? He was hostile to all its premises and all its results. Deploring the French Revolution, he deplored the American Revolution, which had divided the English-speaking world; and, missing the significance of all the Revolution stood for, he had missed the meaning of his country. And yet the paradoxical Barrett Wendell saw in himself a defender of "American traditions." By American traditions, he meant a number of things, no doubt, but mainly that good old families had good old glass, Heppelwhite chairs, and good Madeira; and he meant that they had been English and should have remained so. Meanwhile the important traditions were beyond his horizon, for Wendell, traveling over the country, wining and dining at Harvard clubs and sharing in "our funny local life," had certainly never experienced the American present; and only those who experienced the American present were able to comprehend the American past. Had he undergone any experi-

ence, for the matter of that, the vital kind of experience that affords one a key either to the past or the present? The wistful Wendell, who had always yearned for "peace," had never known, he said, the "stress of life"; and did he know what experience was? What did he mean by the word? Nothing that concerned the spiritual depths; for he observed that the Saviour died too young to have the sort of experience he knew and valued. He meant a certain mundane sophistication; and, when he said that American literature was a record of "national inexperience," this was the standard that lurked in the depths of his mind. The real experience of the country, which found a voice in literature, was vague and repugnant to Wendell; and naturally he was half-hearted, therefore, even about its greatest writers, even in his own New England, to say nothing of the rest. The defender of American traditions gave them away.

Thus the past, in Wendell's mind, as in others that shrank from the present, was a sort of phantasmal entity without life or substance. And not the American past alone. The remoter past was phantasmal also, as one saw in his efforts to recreate it; and it was phantasmal for an obvious reason, because tradition, like charity, begins at home. One can reach the background only through the foreground; for what makes the past real except a vigorous present existence that reads itself into the records of times that are gone? It was no accident that the great New England histories appeared in the days when New England was a force and a power. Prescott, Motley, and Parkman shared the pulse-beats of a great and developing nation, and their Spain, their Holland, their Canada lived through this. They were participants in the past, and recreators of it, because they were also participants in the age they lived in. That Parkman was a born explorer, like his Canadian heroes, that Motley was a diplomat and statesman, that Prescott had eagerly followed the Peninsular War—all this counted for something; and one and all had grown up at a time when young New England men were ardently conscious members of a country in the building. No one thinks of defending tradition in days that are making tradition, when people feel the past as a force of the present, an auxiliary, a ministrant, a helpmate. One only defends tradition, one resorts to tradition to fill the void in oneself, when life runs low. And then one grasps only the forms of tradition. Only the husks of tradition remain in one's hands.

Boston, sorting its papers, like a man who is dying, anxious to arrange his affairs, was full of these forms. Its dominant mind was a dry sea-beach where all the creatures of history had deposited their shells. Its tone was elegiac. It abounded in praisers of times past. Henceforth, the chief pursuit of the Yankee authors, and of most American authors concerned with New England, was the game of pulling the skeletons out of the cupboards. There were plenty of skeletons in them to pull, for no one had ever done justice to the fund of evil that lurked in the soul of the region. The Yankee mind was beginning to pay for its somewhat cocky optimism, and even for Emerson's noble ignoring of pain. It had had perhaps too easy a victory over a virgin world of nature, where every prospect pleased and man was good; and its energy reverted now to the earlier Calvinistic view that narrowed and all but closed the eye of the needle. New England was searching its conscience, an unlovely task, but one that it had to perform.

The day was approaching for Irving Babbitt to have his say, for Edwin Arlington Robinson, for Santayana, for Eugene O'Neill and T. S. Eliot, for Edna St. Vincent Millay and E. E. Cummings. It was true that in these writers—in Robert Frost especially—New England was to have another springtime. But, first of all, it had to dree its weird. It had to pass through the valley of the shadow. Only then was it ripe for these new revelations.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

To-day joined a society called Friends of the Land, as at my time of life a man should belong to a club so that he will have somewhere to sit in the afternoon. I am going to put an old chair out by my compost heap, and shall go there whenever I feel sociable and friendly toward the land. Membership cost me five dollars, which is the first time my high regard for earth has ever cost me a nickel; but these are expensive times.

* * *

Am writing this on the fourth day of the Battle of France, as the announcer calls it, so there will probably be no continuous thought from one paragraph to the next. I am not able to write on a single harmonious theme while jumping up frequently to hear whether freedom is still alive. I don't think I would lose my nerve if I were directly engaged in war; but this radio warfare makes me edgy. I suspect I joined my club only because I was rattled. When I am composed I feel no need of affiliating myself with anybody. There is a lot of the cat in me, and cats are not joiners.

* * *

So great is the importance attached to news from abroad, even my club intends to have foreign correspondents. I should imagine to-day would be a discouraging day for the northern France correspondent of Friends of the Land. The organic matter now being added to French soil is of a most embarrassing nature. Until we quit composting our young men we shall not get far with a program of conservation.

* * *

I have a letter from a trader in Santa Fe, New Mexico, which begins: "How would you like to wear a tie that no other man in your town could have—a tie handwoven exclusively for you?" He encloses a swatch and a drawing of the tie. It is very pretty. He invites me to join his "exclusive tie group." If you like this tie, he says, it is "yours exclusively—no other person in your town can get it." I replied immediately, inviting him to our next rummage sale.

* * *

A friend of the land wouldn't know where to go in an exclusive tie.

* * *

The question of what to wear is always baffling. From *Harper's Bazaar*, which is my Bible, I learn that the Boston group in North Haven frown on new garments in their summer colony, and that a man in a new pair of sneakers is snubbed. "The older the clothes, the bluer the blood," says the writer. Society of course has lately found itself in the difficult position of wanting the comfort of old clothes without relinquishing the prestige which has always been connected with new ones. It took a long time before the elite surrendered to old clothes, and even now they publish frequent denials in the papers, hoping to be both exclusive and comfortable. It must raise the spirits of the millions to whom old clothes come naturally and inevitably to learn how blue their blood has been these many years.

* * *

I am aging a pair of sneakers and a jacket in case I should meet a Bostonian in warm weather.

* * *

Next winter's supply of coal arrived in town yesterday, in a three-masted topsail schooner. They had to dock her five miles from the coal yard, however, because the wharf where she always used to

dock has been bought by an editor of a literary magazine. This must have disappointed the editor as much as anybody. He would rather have had a three-master in his front yard than almost anything—if it weren't for the coal trucks going to and fro all day long.

* * *

I have given up planning an almost perfect state for America, as it is too small a field. Henceforth I shall design only world societies, which will include everybody and everything. Don Marquis began work on the almost perfect state but died before it came into being. I should let that be a lesson to me.

* * *

It is easier to plan a good world than a good nation, or even a good hemisphere. Nothing can be worked out to the advantage of the human race as long as the mind is hampered and cramped by existing boundaries, however unfortified. The success of Hitler can be ascribed to his determination to see the planet whole. Besides, a man can always discuss a thing more intelligently and honestly if he knows he is not being taken seriously. The most honest book that was ever written was *Mein Kampf*, and nobody gave it a second thought.

* * *

Another advantage of planning a world society, over a national one, is that a world plan includes the Chinese, who are an indispensable ornament to any nearly perfect society, as are also the Japanese when they are in repose.

* * *

As yet I have not fully decided whether my world society will consist of men or of insects, but I lean toward men because they have shown a slightly greater capacity for repose—which is the ultimate condition necessary for perfection. Men have very little talent for repose, but insects seem not to have any. For the present I shall devote myself to men, although reserving the right to switch in midstream if men continue to annoy me beyond endurance. My society is based on the concept of repose and on the proposition that all deliberate activity is basically destructive, particularly activity which appears to originate from high motives.

Note: The preparation and writing of an article such as this is a form of activity and will not be countenanced in my world state. A good society will have no magazine articles planning anything. Nothing will be planned, but affairs will be allowed to work themselves out. Individual differences of opinion will be few, because most differences stem from some sort of activity; but such differences or disputes as do arise will be settled on the spot, by force, without recourse to courts. Courts will have no place in my world because they tend to create activity.

* * *

When I say activity I mean deliberate activity. Life is insupportable without some form of activity, but I intend to do away with forethought and premeditation. This will include children's pageants, target practice, and radio dialogues.

* * *

Obviously the first contingency to provide for in a world plan is war. In the perfect state there will be no war, but this state will be arrived at only after much fighting, and I shall plan for this too. From now on, no democratic nation must arm itself merely for defense, as the United States proposes to do. To arm defensively is to construct, not a series of fortifications and weapons, but a bad state of mind and a perpetual dilemma.

Parenthesis: The good world will be based on the democratic ideal of individual freedom, but I am learning a good deal from tyrants. End of parenthesis.

To arm defensively is to indulge in a most demoralizing form of deliberate activity. A vast defensive armament has all the costly, savage attributes of offensive armament and in addition is stuffy. A nation armed merely to defend its own territory is of no more consequence than a rather large safe deposit vault. It has become merely a front for

intrenched wealth, and will eventually deteriorate. (The desire of everyone to own a necktie which no other man in his town can get is sufficient evidence of the futility of arming for defense.) The armies of the democracies which will lead up to my world state will be built *for attack.* They will be imaginative, bold, and alive, but their minds will not be on conquest nor will they confuse raw materials with the good life.

They will be trained to attack to-day's injustice, rather than to repel to-morrow's invasion.

* * *

Remind me to discuss the necessity for reviving the word piffle.

* * *

War, in the preliminary period leading up to the almost perfect state, must be conducted in a reckless and hasty fashion, with no discussion in advance. The democracies must take over war from the despotic powers and use it to clinch their advantage. The technic of military science will be to meddle in other people's affairs frequently, gallantly, and without warning—but with no ulterior motive.

Thought: Before democracy can become stable and perfect it must become arrogant and tough. The punky spots in the character of free men will have to be cut out before it is too late. It is as essential for this free country that its young men despise American piffle as that they despise European poison.

* * *

Voice: If they despise piffle, how can they earn their living?

Answer: How should I know? The important thing is to despise it.

* * *

A first step in elevating the character of war and improving the world state is the abandonment of diplomacy. Events of the past few months have demonstrated that diplomacy gives the advantage to liars and tends to weaken democracies. Diplomacy reached its lowest ebb at Munich, when a conservative Briton carrying an umbrella entered a cage of live *Panzers.* A child could have seen that no good could come from any such heroics.

Diplomacy is the lowest form of politeness because it misquotes the greatest number of people. A nation, like an individual, if it has anything to say, should simply say it. This will be hard on editorial writers and news commentators, who are always glad to have diplomatic notes to interpret; but it will be better for the people.

* * *

Voice: How do you know what's good for the people?

Stinging reply: I know what's good for me.

* * *

Having dropped diplomacy, we can now employ the Army for the highest military purpose and train it for a career of inspired meddling. All branches of the service will be shifty, unpredictable, and arbitrary. Equipment will be the most modern and fierce obtainable. Singing will be a requirement of every soldier, and officers will be chosen for their likeness to Gene Autry.

Let us suppose we had adopted my principles of warfare a couple of years ago at the time of Germany's torture of the Jews. The President would have cabled the Nazi government the following message: CUT OUT TORMENTING MINORITIES—ROOSEVELT. He would then have dispatched a destroyer carrying a party of Marines, landed them at a German port, rescued two or three dozen Jewish families from the campaign of hate, and shot up a few military police in a surprise movement. Such a junket would have had no military significance and might easily have ended in the loss of the destroyer, but the effect on the world would have been incalculable. It would have excited the imagination of free men everywhere, and it would have put Germany in the extremely awkward position of being obliged to declare war on the United States at a time when she was in no position to do so. It would have called her bluff and disrupted her sched-

ule of aggression against small neutrals. The United States Marine incident would not only have forestalled the invasion of Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, and Belgium (in that order), but it might conceivably have increased Hitler's rage to such a pitch of insanity that even the Nazi party couldn't follow him.

U. S. Marines going to the rescue of persons in distress is in the best Hollywood tradition, and I am convinced that the gesture would have achieved the same general popularity that Hollywood personalities and themes enjoy among all the people of the earth. It would have saved the world billions of dollars and millions of men. If we knew then what we know now, there would have been no question that it was the thing to do.

* * *

Proposition: The duty of a democracy is to know then what it knows now.

* * *

The way to know the shape of things in advance is to listen to seers and mystics instead of to economists and tacticians. The world had ample warning of every event which it has greeted with such gasps of surprise in the past twelve months. Part of the preparation for the perfect world society will be the recognition of seers. It will be required of the President of the United States that he read one poem and one parable or fable a day, in addition to the editorials in the *Times*. The brotherhood of man can never be achieved till the democracies realize that to-day's fantasy is to-morrow's communiqué.

* * *

A seer a day keeps Armageddon away.

* * *

Impudent interruption: You're trying to sound like Don Marquis, aren't you?

Soft answer: Yes. I have not given up loving his almost perfect state, and will continue to discuss it any time I see fit.

* * *

My almost perfect army will be picturesque as well as fearless. Their uniforms and flags will be designed by the foremost Hollywood scene and costume designers. The army will be as reckless as a suicide squad, as shifty as an American backfield, as merciful as the Red Cross, as relentless as the Northwest Mounted Police, as swift and terrible as a tank division, as heroic as the Coast Guard, as resourceful and tender as Tarzan, as chivalrous as a knight. It will be copied by all nations—which will be its chief merit. At home or abroad it will meet life bravely. It will swoop down on lynching parties and annihilate them. It will break up the Daughters of the American Revolution whenever they try to keep Negro singers from singing their lovely songs. It will rush to the aid of every country whose land is being invaded and whose homes are being destroyed and whose people are being murdered. If it were in existence to-day my army would be in Europe, helping to stop the German tide.

* * *

Voice: We tried that once.

Answer: You mean we tried it once after waiting three years. My army doesn't wait. It is a swashbuckling organization, dealing with a foreign tyrant as brilliantly as with a domestic train robber. It would have started fighting Hitler years ago when he was just beginning to be a nuisance.

* * *

Voice: But your army would get us in trouble.

Answer: Where do you think we are now, pal?

LETTER FROM SANTA FE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

MY LAST peacetime conversation—that Thursday evening before the dam broke—was with two psychoanalysts who are writing books about literary figures and for whom I act as a kind of consultant in history and criticism. Friday's headlines said that my generation, which had had to fight one war and to shape its life to a decade of economic disaster, must now answer to another war. My companions of Thursday deal professionally with the basic stratum of the mind where blind terrors writhe and coagulate. It is a cave of horror and dread, hung with images of murder and mutilation and dismemberment, a quagmire of violence intended and violence fled from; it knows all terrors and has only one certainty, the knowledge of approaching doom. On Friday morning its phantasies became the realities of open day. Its monstrosities had taken flesh, and if its omens of doom had been peculiarly the birthright of my generation, there need be no further apprehension, for doom was here.

My nine-year-old son went off to school and I went with him. The day was dedicated to exercises on the lawns, before the budding lilacs of the reluctant New England spring, and the principal had asked me to photograph them. The children danced on the lawn, wound streamers round a maypole, sang in choruses, played their block flutes—and though it was the passenger plane for New York that droned overhead, children of the Low Countries, at that moment, had learned about other planes. For those other children the monsters from the cave were on prowl, and mutilation and dismemberment were no longer phantasies but doom met suddenly as they ran out to play. And also for these children singing in the soft May air, doom had come suddenly. . . . "Napoo." We said that in the last war: *il n'y a plus*, it's finished.

They danced before blossoming forsythia while the bodies of children like them were pulp and dust, and they might have been a promise for America, they might have helped bring on something better, more equitable, more secure. I knew their parents. For the first time in American history, a generation had not been free to work out its destiny. Three-quarters of the fathers of these children had had to take less than their capacities would have won them in their own fathers' time, to relinquish part of the dream otherwise within attainment. They had not whined about it but laid the dream away, taken on the extra dependents, kept this or that less fortunate one going, helped the families of relatives and friends, helped man the levee against the rising waters. And still, by virtue of obstinacy, they had expressed much that was born in them, shaped adversity somewhat to the form of their desire—and shaped it to the betterment of their country. The generation had held America together and given these children the best that was to be had. So it came to nothing. Napoo.

They were the children of decent, kindly people. We—and the school—had taught them to be decent and kindly. And that may prove to be how we betrayed them: that we taught them to believe in human decency.

All America lived through the next week as it best could. For my part, among innumerable decisions, one was immediate. My plans had been made to drive West, in part to recapture the sights and smells and feel of my native country, in part to revisit the sources of my thinking. The book that was to have come out of that journey would, like all books, count for nothing now that midnight had been tolled. But one came to realize that nothing else would count either till it should become clear which enlistment one was to make. The fathers of these children must do the next thing: teach the class, visit the patient, try the case, continue the titration—and, one of them, begin the journey. So with a young historian for companion I started out.

We have come twenty-five hundred miles, from Cambridge to Santa Fe. It is a dreamlike time for traveling across America, with the fears loosed from the cave and the whole country roused to dread; and yet as we moved westward we found it progressively less roused, so that we have been bearers of evil tidings, the wave following behind us down the sun's path. Yet the poignant core has not been the nightmare, however reinforced by one's private dreads flooding into this new channel, but the realization of how much would have gone farther toward completion, even in spite of the disastrous decade, to which the way has been closed.

It may be that the drab face of Cambridge—where no houses are built of adobe but most houses look as if they had been, centuries back—made me alert to the new houses I saw in town after town, in all towns from the New York line to where the dead land of the dust bowl closed round us in western Kansas. So many of them that amazement grows, and the realization that every one of them represents belief and dedication, something worked for and achieved. They stand in their little plots and the lawns are trimmed and the flowers are in bloom, so that we have had two thousand miles of tulips and iris. They are a windbreak and a breakwater against the erosion of the times; each one a place where roots go down to hold the soil. More striking still are the new schools. From the beginning up to now, generation by generation, America has done better by its children, built better schools and staffed them better. This held true through the disastrous years, and now it won't be true. I kept seeing my son's school in Cambridge. It is a far better school than any that was open to me or to his mother, and our path across the continent has run between schools more commodious, better planned, better equipped than any the children of those towns had had before.

Twenty-five hundred miles, and not a single irritation, not one act of rudeness or discourtesy experienced, but only good humor, the kindliness of a people who are habituated to peace, but now will not be. The casuals we picked up on the roads, the salesmen we talked to in the evenings at little hotels or automobile camps, the householders who set us on our way when we had missed a turn—whatever the decade had done to them, they showed the native pattern unchanged and clearly ineradicable by anything that might yet come from within America, ineradicable by anything to be conceived except the one thing that had now happened.

It was Poland when, nine months ago, I wrote here that the only question left was how much of America could be saved. Now it was the Low Countries, France, England—and the answer to that question was, much less than still seemed possible in one's darkest foreboding nine months ago. For new, clean brick houses where men in shirtsleeves mowed the lawn after supper and women wearing old gloves patted loam round the roots of gladioli, we should

have such fleets of transoceanic bombers as you would never have believed in a month ago, and the schools of our children's children would be converted into eighty-ton tanks equipped with, the correspondents say, spouts that throw flame a hundred yards ahead. . . . In Kansas City (where, one fancied, all the different American faces we had recognized blended together and became the American face) we picked up the June *Harper's* with Mr. O'Neill's article on the release of atomic energy. Two weeks past midnight, there was to wonder about this new power not how far it might liberate mankind but only whether a cupful of it could be used to run a tank. That is the way, we said, that much of America will be poured down rat holes in the effort to save what can be saved of the rest.

There was a radio in my car because during that lesser violence, the hurricane of 1938, I had been marooned in a ravaged town that could keep contact with the world only by means of automobile radios. We kept turning it on, mile after mile, for word of how catastrophe progressed. America was listening to the same news, while the slow mind labored, always more successfully, to comprehend the horror. Never again would I speak condescendingly of the radio. It was feeding my own hunger—and also it was instructing a whole people. My countrymen, as I verified at every gas station, soda fountain, and lunch counter we went into, knew more about this catastrophe than they had ever known about anything else. It had been expertly reported for them, thoroughly and judicially analyzed, held up to all known lights. They listened, they learned, they knew. And suddenly, why, yes, from the most unlikely sources, out of advertisements for cereals and shaving lotions, you get an instrument of democracy, one which is helping to preserve as much as may be of democracy. This time, thanks to the radio, no one will say that the Americans did not know what they were in for, or why.

Far off, their snows carmine in the setting sun, the first mountains thrust a scalloped edge against the sky. Half an hour later the Spanish Peaks, "the breasts of the world," were unmistakable thirty miles to our right, with the light dying on them. It was dark when, a mile outside Trinidad, we pulled up to the side of the road to hear the President's war message. Some Mexicans came out of a little adobe hut, bowing, smiling, apologetic, and asked if they might listen too. When it was finished one of our guests said, "I guess maybe America declare war pretty soon now." We waved good-by and drove on to Trinidad. I guess maybe.

This first leg of my trip has followed the old trail from Independence to Santa Fe. Northward the Spanish pushed up it till they could go no farther. They brought with them the Holy Faith for which this town is named, and always, flickering in the heat mirage, the golden ramparts of the Gran Quivira beckoned them on. Southward the Americans carried a peaceful commerce. Their armies moved down it too, in a conquest that has lain unhappily on the national conscience ever since. Most of its length was somber with decades of Indian blitzkriegs. The Pawnee and the Comanche raided here—burning the wagons, scalping and mutilating men, raping women and holding them for ransom, torturing children and beating out the brains of infants against any convenient stump. All these things are in one's mind, driving the trail while Europe dies and America prepares for war.

Yet nothing else was so important as the wheels that poured mud and sand and dust from their wide tires neither for trade nor conquest but for the new home in the West. For generations the Americans pushed farther down this trail into a country of passionless savagery which they made over into clean and garnished towns. Minute beings in the bottom of the prairie bowl, the unimaginable light diminishing them to points, the unimaginable heat disfiguring them—making headway against the land's malice, hold-

ing firm against the disintegrating force of loneliness and strangeness. That no less deadly war is a commonplace of our national experience, and it is a greater commonplace that the war was won. That there came to be those trees and lawns, those women working in flower gardens, those better schools, a tenderness and expectation for the children realized steadily as the dream bade.

So now my generation, which was charged with the fighting of a war it had no reason to expect, is charged with the management and direction of another war it has not helped to bring about. It has had a singular destiny, from war to war, with the collapse of the intellectual order and the failure of the economic order in between. We were the war generation and then some called us the lost generation and then we were the depression generation and now we regress to our first estate. At our majority our dreams were forbidden and our ambitions cut straight across. The reëstablished dream, the project undertaken, has had to be scaled down or given up entirely time after time, till we have learned some lessons. We learned to make toward the goal by whatever zigzag or detour, without expectation, under an at best suspended threat. We learned to make what terms were possible with disaster, with desire and dream, with ourselves, and to keep going. We learned, in a tired phrase, to take it.

In sum, we've done better than might rationally have been expected of us. We have, if barely, held America together, built barriers against the winds and waters that were just strong enough to hold. And in many areas, over wide fronts, we've even gone ahead. In the most unpredictable ways, with the odds against us and the hope humbler than ever before, we've contrived to do our science, our technics, our organization, our culture. America is cleaner and healthier than it was a generation back; it stands an inch or so taller, lives longer, lives more variously, wears its clothes more gayly and has more of them to wear, knows more about itself and about the world, thinks a little more realistically from a wider base of knowledge. And there are those lawns, those women working in the gardens, those new houses, those schools.

Up to now. The schools and the new houses are an earnest that we meant to try to push on a little farther in what time was left us. But that's over and this is the point from which we begin to slip back, with the generation's final job to fight a rear-guard action as successfully as possible in retreat. To give the least possible ground, to save for our children as much as may be of our America, with no way of knowing how much that is.

The mind of the generation these days is a wide, communal experience of what my psychoanalytical friends call *déja vu:* we've been here before, this is where we came in. Well, there's this: we know how it's done. If you buffet a generation long enough and hard enough you at last give it some compensating grasp on simplicities and realities, which will be helpful since what is to come will be simple and all too real. It learns, as I've said, to take it. It learns how to hold on. And it learns what is no arid lesson, what may have some counsel for our elders and juniors, that whatever of America can be saved is worth fighting for.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

Personal and Otherwise



MEN, MACHINES AND DEFENSE
TANK MANEUVERS AT CAMP BEAUREGARD, JUNE 1940

WHAT IS DEFENSE?

IN the confusion of the moment, one fact has been very clear and that is that the United States has had no plan of defense. Had there been one and had it been discussed in plain terms, much of the panic which has swept the country might have been avoided. But there has been none and now improvisation is the occupation of the hour. In the hope of assisting in the task of getting things down to earth, we asked ***Hanson W. Baldwin*** to discuss this question for us. In "Wanted: A Plan for Defense" he has done this. The pace of events has been so swift that by the time the article reaches print some of the phrases may well belong in the past tense. But the general outline should hold firm.

Mr. Baldwin is one of the best known American military and naval newspapermen. He was born in Baltimore and was graduated from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1924. He was commissioned Ensign and served as Ensign and Lieutenant (Junior Grade) until 1927 when he resigned and went to work for the Baltimore *Sun*. In 1929 he joined the staff of the New York *Times* and has been with them ever since.

He has specialized in military and naval and defense subjects, and has attended many maneuvers of the United States Army and Navy. In 1937 he traveled through Europe studying the military organization of the various countries. In addition to a considerable amount of periodical writing—he

did an excellent piece for us about the *Titanic*—he has written the following books: *The Caissons Roll—A Military Survey of Europe*, and *Admiral Death—A Collection of Sea Stories*. He was co-editor of *We Saw It Happen*, a collection of newspaper experiences by New York *Times* correspondents in various parts of the world. This was published last year. He was co-author of *Men and Ships of Steel*, a picture book of the Navy, and wrote the article on the present European War in the *New International Yearbook* for 1939. Mr. Baldwin is married and has two young daughters.

CONFLICT: NEW STYLE

Hoffman Nickerson, the author of "The New German Military Theory," has devoted many years to the study of tactics and military theory. In the last war he was a Captain in the Ordnance Department, and subsequently was on duty with the Second Section of the General Staff of the A.E.F. He was a member of the United States Section of the Interallied Armistice Commission at Spa, Belgium, from December, 1918, to January, 1919. His books include *The Inquisition, A Political and Military Study of Its Establishment; The Turning Point of the Revolution; The American Rich*, and *Can We Limit War?* He also collaborated in the writing of a volume on *Warfare*.

ONE FOR THE MONEY

THE span of years between the close of the Civil War and the crash of 1929 was the period when the great American industrial and banking fortunes were built up. It is within this period that ***Abraham Flexner,*** a member of a distinguished Louisville family, grew up and devoted himself to the task of altering the structure of education in America and extracting large sums from the pockets of the American rich in order to achieve his ends. In "Adventures in Money-Raising" he tells some of his experiences. Dr. Flexner was born in Louisville in 1866, educated at Johns Hopkins, Harvard, and the University of Berlin. He was for some years the expert of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching and subsequently held various administrative positions with the General Education Board, winding up as the Director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton. He remained there until his retirement last year. He told something about the Institute in an article we published last October called "The Usefulness of Useless Knowledge."

It would take up far too much space to catalogue all of his labors and achievements here. But the reader may be interested in the following quotation from Dr. Hans Zinsser's autobiographical volume *As I Remember Him*. (The report of Dr. Flexner's which Dr. Zinsser refers to was *Medical Education in the United States and Canada*, published in 1910. It created a sensation and was responsible for the extinction of a lot of diploma mills.)

There were few eminent American teachers of the fundamental sciences who had not spent a few graduate years in Europe, chiefly in German seats of learning, and could proudly call themselves pupils of Virchow, Koch, Cohnheim, Dohrn, Weismann, Helmholtz, Ludwig, and countless others of the masters, to say nothing of the great clinicians and surgeons whose wards were intimately related to and influenced by adjacent institutes of pathology, physiology, bacteriology, and chemistry. Gradually, Americans returning from these training grounds began to shape the course of American medicine. The leaders were assembling, but the opportunities for leadership of the right sort had yet to be organized.

America had before this time many medical schools. But, with few exceptions, they were "proprietary" ones—that is, privately founded corporations of groups of physicians and surgeons who organized courses without a well-conceived educational plan, often without hospital facilities. Taken as a whole the situation was a deplorable one.

In a few places, owing largely to financial support, university influence was gaining power, and in Philadelphia, Boston, Ann Arbor, and New York, schools of increasing strength developed. The situation was distinctly improving before 1880 but, at best, this would have been slow and might have taken many wrong turnings had it not been for the opening, in 1876, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. Thomas Huxley came over to make the dedicatory address, and the promises he made for the importance of the new school to American medicine were more than fulfilled.

Johns Hopkins had an endowment and a hospital of its own. It was equipped with laboratories and backed by a university. Few other places could, even with the best will, meet the new requirements. By 1900, great improvement had taken place. But the country was still full of second-rate proprietary schools and university schools that were limping along in penury. Then came Abraham Flexner's report to the Carnegie Foundation.

Oh, Abraham Flexner! We have fought with you on minor points, have alternately admired and

(Continued on second page following)



A Lot of "*Heart Trouble*" Isn't!

TOO MANY PEOPLE have fear in their hearts—about their hearts.

They have been told that "heart trouble" usually announces itself by such warning symptoms as shortness of breath, sense of oppression or actual pain near heart, or fainting.

However, no one symptom should make you decide, "I have heart trouble!" The cause may actually be disease of the lungs or digestive system, or nervous strain—or it may be something relatively unimportant. But, whenever any signs occur *—your physician should be the one to decide what's really wrong!*

▶ Such aids to accurate diagnosis as the stethoscope, the fluoroscope, the electrocardiograph, enable him in most cases to determine the heart's condition. He may be able to assure you that your heart is sound, that something minor needs correction.

Even if the trouble *is* in your heart it need not necessarily mean that you will be an invalid—if it is detected in its early stages. You may be able, by following the doctor's instructions, to continue working and enjoying life for many years.

▶ Today, many men and women whose hearts are not normal lead useful, active lives. They and their doctors know what their hearts can and cannot do; their habits of work, exercise, recreation, rest, eating, and drinking, are sensibly regulated.

The most common forms of heart trouble strike most frequently after the age of 40. As you and your heart approach this period, it is wise to modify your work and play so as to avoid overexertion. Too much of either is dangerous. Get plenty of rest and keep your weight down. Remember, too, that sudden indulgence in unusual or over-long exercise is apt to place too severe a strain on the heart.

▶ And at this time—more than ever—it is important to have thorough annual health examinations. Such examinations often can detect trouble before serious symptoms appear.

For information concerning the hearts of young and old, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Protecting Your Heart." Write today to Dept. 840-H.

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ORVILLE WRIGHT, FLYING A WRIGHT PLANE AT FORT MYER, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908

disliked you, have applauded you for wisdom and detested you for opinionatedness. But in just retrospect, layman as you are, we hail you as the father—or, better, the uncle—of modern medical education in America. You did, on occasion, hit below the belt, yet in the spirit in which the Christian knights slashed off the infidels' heads while shouting "Kyrie Eleison!" It was your report—uncompromising, cruelly objective, courageous and incisive—which opened the eyes of the medical profession to the state of their training schools, aroused public opinion to the need of better education of the guardians of health, and set the floodgates of the golden streams of philanthropy in medical directions.

For a decade, Abraham Flexner—backed by the huge resources of the Rockefeller Foundation and, indirectly, by similar funds, and advised by such wise men as Welch, Mall, Edsall, Pierce, and less wise ones who gave unsolicited advice which he did not follow—dominated the educational situation in medicine. Meanwhile, laboratories were founded in the schools; young men of spirit, training, and ambition were enlisted; professorships were bestowed for promise and accomplishments; and research institutes began to step up the pace of creative production.

One reads the increasing mass of literature on the origins of the great American fortunes of the nineteenth century, and one takes bicarbonate of soda. But however one feels about that, one must acknowledge that the preëminent position of American medicine to-day would have been impossible without a certain amount of rich malefaction in the eighties and nineties.

Thus, modern American medicine is, in a way, a phoenix arising from the ill-smelling ashes of a big business that is forever gone.



FAR, FAR EAST

How much of all the uncertainty about the Far Eastern policy of the United States resulted from the temporary absence from Washington of Secretary of the Navy Long on the afternoon of February 25, 1898, we shall never know; but a lot of it, no doubt. It's an old story now. Mr. Long was a very easygoing man. His Assistant Secretary, Theodore

(*Continued on second page following*)

Aesop's Crow

Long before Aesop recorded the feats of a waterworks engineer in the guise of a crow who raised water to beak level by dropping one pebble after another into a vase, man was preoccupied with water-supply. Bringing water that's clear and fresh from the hills has always been synonymous with a mode of living that is concerned with more than the mere struggle to survive.

The mysterious Minoan culture of Crete was plentifully supplied with fresh water and with surprisingly efficient and modern plumbing. Nebuchadnezzar piped water to his fabulous Hanging Gardens. The Pharaohs set aside special days to give thanks to the sluggish Nile when it overflowed its banks and flooded the tortuous system of irrigation canals that made Egypt the granary of the ancient world.

And the Romans, who brought creature comforts to a peak never before achieved and only recently surpassed, were more devoted to water than almost any other people. At the height of the Empire's glory, every city had its quota of baths, of public fountains, of reservoirs that were used not only to maintain the water supply of the town but to flood the amphitheatres for sham naval battles.

But after the barbarian hordes swept down from the East and North, water in abundance lost its importance. The great aqueducts that straddled the valleys and plains of France, of Italy, of Greece and Asia Minor fell into disrepair. Their carefully squared stones were used for forts. And water, brackish and plague-ridden, was hauled out of shallow wells and toted through the streets by vendors.

That's a state of affairs almost inconceivable to us. The idea of not being able to turn a faucet and have all the water we want is almost as startling as not being able to get into our car and drive off where and when we please, which leads us to remark that here again we owe a debt to steel.

The economy of modern steel production has done much to make it possible for every citizen to have all the water he wants, and more. Today, an average seven-room house requires for all services the equivalent of approximately 1600 feet of 1-inch pipe, a large skyscraper several hundred miles. And the demand is a steadily increasing one.

To keep pace with it and to anticipate future consumption, Bethlehem Steel Company has recently adopted a new method of manufacturing pipe from ½ inch to 3 inches in diameter—the continuous weld process that minimizes the possibility of leaks and weak spots. The production of Bethlehem Continuous Weld pipe is indicative of this Company's endeavors to make life even more worth living wherever possible—in this case by easing the dropping of pebbles into vases so that men and crows may drink and splash their fill.

The delicate hypodermic needles used by the medical and dental professions are usually made of high-grade steel in the form of cold-drawn seamless tubes—a highly specialized form of pipe.

The production of a single ton of finished steel in Bethlehem's Maryland Plant at Sparrows Point requires the use of 30,450 gallons of water. In a day's time this plant uses as much water as the whole city of Boston uses in the same period.

When William Murdock was ready to use coal gas for illuminating London in 1815, he collected old musket barrels for making the first wrought iron or steel pipe on record.

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Roosevelt, was in a great sweat for the United States to pursue an "aggressive" policy. Many a long hour had he talked the subject over with Henry Cabot Lodge. The day when Mr. Long was out of town gave him his opportunity; the Assistant Secretary cabled George Dewey, the commander of the Asiatic squadron, what he should do in the event of war—"see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands." The war came, Dewey did as he was told and the Philippines became ours, far, far away from the Cubans whose hapless plight had supposedly been the object of our solicitude. In later years, when he had become President, Mr. Roosevelt seems to have repented of his bargain and given the impression that it would have been better for us if we had left the islands severely alone. But by then the damage was done and the Philippine question has been a source of bitter contention and exasperation ever since.

In "Our Policy in the Far East" ***A. Whitney Griswold*** traces the course of our Far Eastern policy and seeks to show in what an embarrassing fix our country is with the Far East pulling from one side, Europe from the other—to say nothing of South America! Mr. Griswold is Assistant Professor of Government and International Relations at Yale. He is the author of *The Far Eastern Policy of the United States*, an elaborately documented volume published two years ago and widely regarded as one of the most important jobs on the subject ever done.



LITERARY BOURSE

St. Clair McKelway, author of "Business Men, Get a Writer!" has been an associate editor of the *New Yorker* for seven years. He went to work as an office boy on the Washington, D. C., *Herald* when he was fifteen and in 1924, at nineteen, was Assistant City Editor. From there he went to the New York *World* and then to the *Herald Tribune* where he worked for Stanley Walker. Subsequently he went to Siam and during the Hoover days was editor-in-chief of the Bangkok *Daily News*. He got back to the United States soon after Roosevelt's election and rejoined the *Herald Tribune*, going from there to the *New Yorker*. He has recently completed a book called *Gossip*, an account of the life and times of Walter Winchell and of the influence of gossip writing on American journalism. In recent weeks portions of this book have been appearing in the *New Yorker* as a serial Profile.



FINALE

READERS of ***Thomas Wolfe's*** novel, *The Web and the Rock*, will remember the brief appearance there of Nebraska Crane, one of the boys of Catawba, "bare headed, his shock of Indian coarse black hair standing out," who rescued George Webber from the West Side boys by the simple expedient of clubbing one of them with a baseball bat.

Out of Wolfe's last novel, *You Can't Go Home Again*, which is to be published early in the autumn, we have picked a story of Crane, a grown man now, and a big league ball player.

The publication of this novel will be a sort of formal farewell to Wolfe. Before his death at the Johns Hopkins Hospital on September 15th, 1938, he had delivered to his publishers the manuscripts of two novels. *You Can't Go Home Again* is the second and last of the two. Already legend has grown up so densely about Wolfe that before long it will be hard to tell whether he was human or myth. But that he was an extraordinary writer is certain and no doubt for many years there will be speculation about what he might have done had he not been cut off at thirty-eight.



WINGS

Fred C. Kelly's "They Wouldn't Believe the Wrights Had Flown" follows very easily after his "How the Wright Brothers Began" which we published last October. Here is what Mr. Kelly says about himself:

> Kelly grew up in Xenia, Greene County, Ohio, about ten miles from Fairfield where the Wright brothers had the use of a field for their early experiments in aeronautics. Being a bright young newspaperman, not easily taken in by nonsense, he never went over to witness any of those early attempts at flying because he knew the Wrights would never be able to get away with it.
>
> After working on various newspapers in Ohio he went to Washington, D. C., in 1910 and started the first Washington gossip column ever to be syndicated. It was called "Statesmen—Real and Near." Then he began to write for magazines and has been at this—and at writing syndicated newspaper articles—ever since.
>
> He lives near the village of Peninsula, in northern Ohio, on a 600-acre farm that because of the

(Continued on second page following)

TONIGHT

They're Playing Under Lights!

by Westinghouse



• *Few fans ever dreamed* the day would come when after dinner they could ride out to a stadium and watch a professional baseball game played under lights.

▪ *Yet, the idea* of night baseball was advanced as early as three decades ago. True, nothing was done about this so-called "fantastic dream" then. But twelve years ago, a minor league club toured the country with a portable lighting system and played before fans at night in much the same manner as a carnival troupe.

▪ *Night baseball* at last became a reality. And it proved increasingly popular, evidenced by the fact that in the past ten years it has developed in the minor leagues to a point where seven games out of every ten are today played under lights.

▪ *In 1935* night baseball graduated to its first major league park. So rapidly has it caught on here that eight of the big league parks are now equipped with the most modern lighting facilities. And we are proud to say that five of these lighting systems were designed and installed by our own company.

▪ *One has only* to check the turnstiles to appreciate how eagerly the public has taken night baseball to its heart.

▪ *In 1939,* for instance, nearly one million persons attended major league night baseball games. The night games at Shibe Park, Philadelphia, topped the daytime attendance average five to one. In Comiskey Park, Chicago, the first six night games drew over 188,000 paid admissions.

▪ *There has been* similar enthusiastic response to night games played in the Polo Grounds, New York; Sportsman's Field, St. Louis; Forbes Field, Pittsburgh; as well as those at other baseball parks.

▪ *Consider if you will* the unusual demands of a lighting system that must provide glareless illumination for a fast night baseball game. At Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, our most recent installation, more than 210 million candlepower of light is spread over the field from 864 floodlights, each of some 1500 watt capacity. Their combined output would be enough to light every home in a city of 25,000 population. Distributed as it is, the illumination over Forbes Field is 19 times brighter than the average business man's desk.

▪ *Fortunately,* we at Westinghouse were able to bring to this exacting problem a long and highly varied lighting experience. Through the important contributions we have made to better lighting, stores have been made more attractive to shoppers; factories and offices more efficient for employees; school rooms more conducive to study; public thoroughfares, airports and river docks infinitely more safe.

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natural scenery is one of the beauty spots of the state. For a time he farmed on a broad scale—until he discovered that it was easier and cheaper simply to plant trees. He has planted 156,000 pine trees, probably the largest private planting in Ohio.

His books, about a dozen, are mostly related in some way to human psychology, except *You and Your Dog*, which is dog psychology. *The Wisdom of Laziness* took its title from an essay that originally appeared in *Harper's*.

TWINS

THE question of how and where "American youth" are going to find jobs takes up a great deal of space in print and time on the radio. Most of the discussion is meaningless and a stall and resembles nothing so much as the reshuffling of an old and very ratty deck of cards. Last fall ***Roy Helton*** undertook to canvass this question himself with the idea of uncovering some facts. Meantime ***C. Hartley Grattan*** was engaged in writing an article on the decline of living standards. It so happened that both of these men, traveling by different routes, wound up at the same place and so Mr. Helton's "Born in 1921" and Mr. Grattan's "Living Standards in To-morrow's World" are published together. At the moment the interest in the war overshadows every other question, but underneath these long-term problems are as pressing as they have ever been. Both authors are old *Harper* contributors. Mr. Helton first appeared long ago with two famous articles called "The Perils of Prophecy" and "Sold Out to the Future," a discussion of the precarious fix of a society that paid for worn-out locomotives with bonds that came due in the twenty-first century. We published his "Old People: A Rising National Problem" last October. This was an argument to the effect that it didn't make sense to retire persons to idleness at the moment when they had reached the height of their skill and usefulness. For some time Mr. Helton has been making population studies for the Pennsylvania State Planning Board.

Mr. Grattan's most recent job for *Harper's* was "An Australian-American Axis?"—a subject that has become something more than academic since the arrival in Washington of Richard Gardner Casy, first Australian minister to the United States. In the case of his present article, the material is largely based on the economic researches of the Messrs.

Fisher and Clark, the first an Australian by birth, the other an Australian by adoption. Mr. Grattan recently spent a couple of years in Australia under grant from the Carnegie Corporation for the purpose of making a detailed study of Australian society. Since his return he has been at work on this book.

BOYLSTON STREET BLUES

"Boston in the Nineties" is the second of two articles by ***Van Wyck Brooks.*** The first, "Dr. Holmes's Boston," appeared in the July issue. Both are taken from Mr. Brooks's forthcoming *New England: Indian Summer*, the second volume of a history of literature in America. *The Flowering of New England* was the first.

MENTAL TESTS

Some months back we published an article called "Mental Testing: A Protest," by Professor James Mursell of Columbia. It has provoked the following letter from a Kansas City, Missouri, advertising man:

"I am not a psychologist and I am not a mental tester. During the past year I have been rather closely associated with people who are engaged in vocational counseling, using tests as part of the program, and I am far from convinced that Dr. Mursell has stated the full story.

"In a number of cases with which I am personally acquainted, the results of a complete battery of tests have been startling in their confirmation of character-traits which were revealed in the lives and actions of the client. They seem to be especially reliable in their ability to reveal timidity, lack of self confidence, lack of dominance, lack of social adjustment and other phases of personality which gum up the gears of an otherwise capable man. I have no doubt that men who have given a great number of these tests to a great number of people can produce some impressive data as to their accuracy.

"I personally feel that vocational tests go too far when they presume to reveal the precise career an individual should follow. That, I think, is between the individual, Lady Luck, and God. But I am well convinced

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that a complete battery of accepted tests, properly given and intelligently interpreted, can give an individual extremely valuable assistance in understanding his own habits of mind and attitudes of personality and can in that way help him to select congenial employment and to make repairs on his own weak spots. Every counselor can relate instance after instance where this has proved to be true. And every counselor can relate instances where test findings have been substantiated in later performance by the individual. Doubtless many reverse instances are available, also.

"It may be that personality testing has not been developed to the point where it satisfies the scholar. But I am in favor of letting it have its head. Certainly there are few things in this world more desperately needed than competent vocational counsel and social counsel. The enormous number of maladjusted individuals in business and in the professions is proof that an individual alone is not always able to chart his future course. I feel that I would have been saved ten years of struggling had I been able to take a battery of tests that many years ago. The flaws of character and habits which the tests revealed are precisely the ones which have been stumbling blocks in my path throughout life. I am now able to work toward their remedy with some intelligence and the results have been gratifying in every way—in my own happiness and success.

"I consider vocational counsel and marital counsel to be the two most important social development fields as far as the individual is concerned. I feel that from all this welter of experiment and fakery and sincere effort, much good is bound to come.

"And Dr. Mursell missed mentioning one of the most important factors pertaining to these tests:

"That taking the tests, becoming interested in and impressed with himself as an efficient or inefficient functioning unit, quite often is the spark plug which starts an individual on his way. Regardless of the merits of the tests as scientific indexes, they serve a powerful purpose in stimulating an individual to new effort and to new attempts to control and direct his energies toward a definite goal. If the tests had no other value at all, I still believe that this attribute would justify their existence.

"Your brief résumé of Dr. Mursell's career indicates that he has confined himself largely to the academic spheres. There is, as you well know, a profound difference between the academic way of thinking and the practical world's methods of operation. The mind of Dr. Mursell requires logical conviction; the mind of the befuddled individual in maladjustment to his life and activity requires stimulation, help, inspiration, direction. There are three types of people in occupations, in my opinion: The person who needs no guidance because he knows what he wants to do and possesses the intelligence, determination and resourcefulness to accomplish his purpose; the person who believes he knows what he wants to do and who spends a fruitless lifetime seeking to open a too-big door with a too-small key; and the person who is average —who can do a moderate number of things moderately well, who can do some things better than others, who is not spurred by any blazing drive toward any alluring goal but who is faced with the appalling necessity for inserting himself into remunerative life as effectively and happily as possible.

"Certainly the last-named group is the greatest of all groups and it is for these people, which includes more of us than we care to admit, that tests and guidance are created."

POETS

THERE are three poets this month: ***Nancy Bickel, Martha Keller,*** and ***Conrad Aiken.*** Miss Bickel, a newcomer, is just out of school, married, and is working this summer at the World's Fair. We published a poem of Miss Keller's in the July number. She is the author of a book of verse called *Mirror to Mortality.* Mr. Aiken is one of the best known of American poets. These five sonnets are part of a sequence to be published shortly in book form. Recently Mr. Aiken has been living in England at Rye, in Sussex, and much of the sequence deals with details of the English landscape. He was born in Savannah, educated at Harvard, and in the past twenty-five years has published twenty-four books and edited four others. Aside from his poetry he has written short stories and four novels: *Blue Voyage, Great Circle, King Coffin,* and *A Heart for the Gods of Mexico.* In 1929 he was awarded the Pulitzer prize for poetry.



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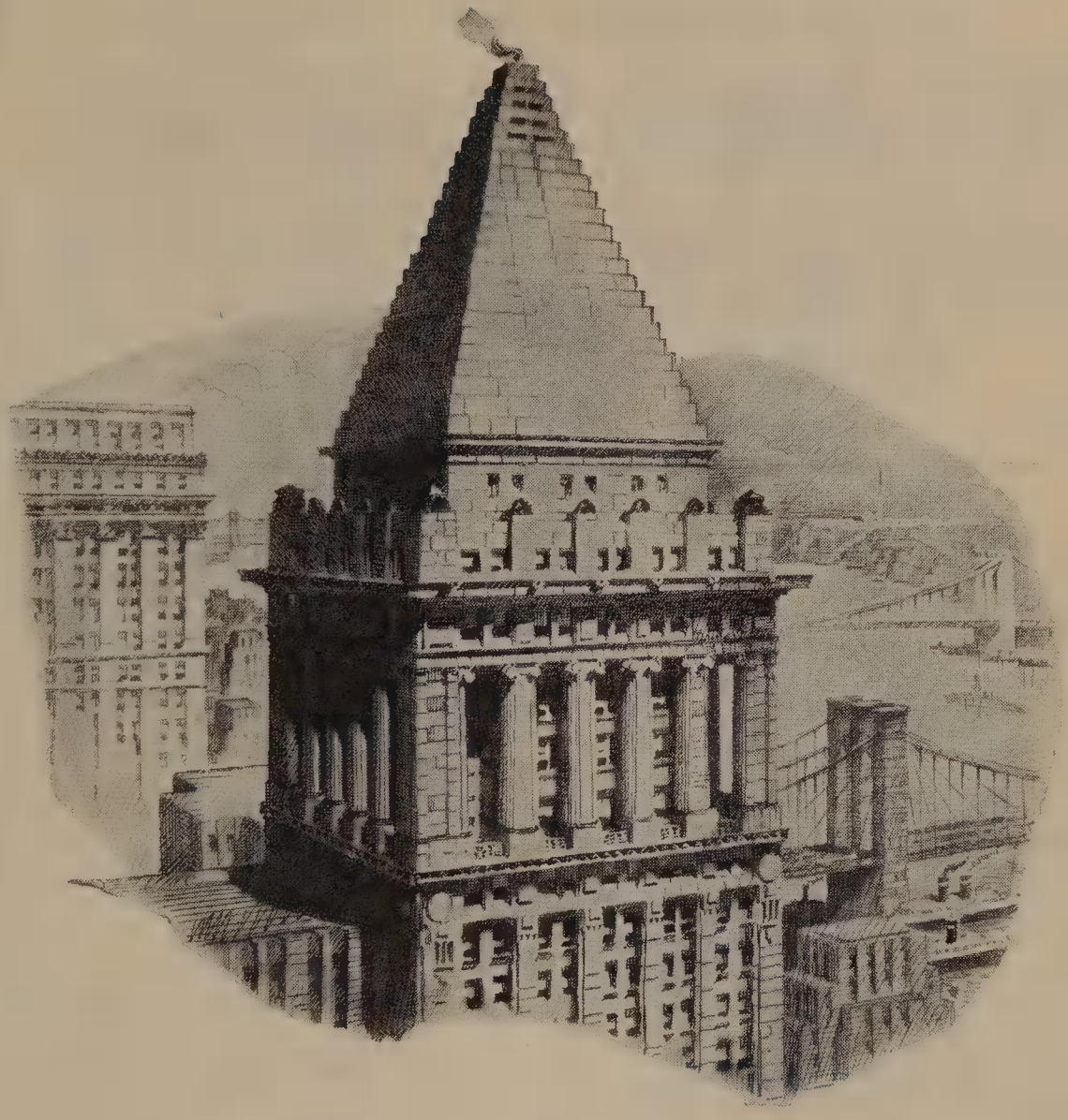
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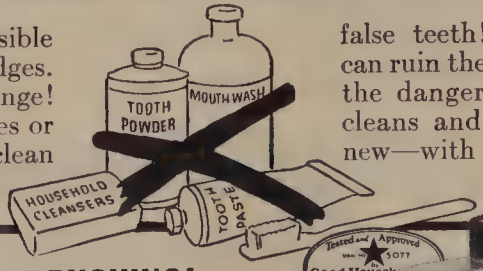
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THE NEW BOOKS

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

ALONG with *The Flowering of New England*, Van Wyck Brooks's ***New England: Indian Summer, 1865–1915*** (Dutton, $3.75) is the rich, full-blown product of a dedicated life. As readers of *Harper's* are already aware, it is dramatically told and magically colored, yet it cleaves to the line of criticism; if, as Bernard Smith has claimed, Van Wyck Brooks has gone in for "scholarly story-telling," the undercurrents of assessment and valuation, of relation to a central standard, are always present in a hundred subtle ways. Here is biography at its most telling, with the heroes and villains and half-men speaking for themselves out of their own environment. But here, also, is a commentary on the heroes, the villains, the half-men. *New England: Indian Summer* makes all recent books of criticism look pallid by comparison; laid alongside of it even Vernon Parrington's great *The Beginnings of Critical Realism in America: 1860–1920* seems somewhat thin and doctrinaire.

Brooks's method is to build up a community —the New England of the post-Civil War period—by an almost uncannily revealing selection of thousands of scattered evidences from a half-century's plethora of stories, novels, poems, essays, histories and recorded conversations. Shuffled into new combinations, these evidences make up a new and independently vital work of art; in terms of physics, Brooks takes fifty years of centrifugal force and makes it centripetal. All is grist to Brooks's mill: the indefatigably amicable witticisms of the good Dr. Holmes, Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, the coltish energy of Louisa May Alcott, the benign abstractedness of the aged Emerson, the ruralism of Whittier, the terrible immersion of Francis Parkman in his "history of the American forest," the sunny (and sometimes not so sunny) ruminations of Howells, the introspection of William and Henry James, the forebodings of Henry Adams (who was always ready to cry "uncle"), the seaside flittings of Celia Thaxter, the serene understanding of Sarah Orne Jewett, and the final cacklings of Charles Eliot Norton and Barrett Wendell, who (for all their elegance) represented the Puritan mind gone to seed.

Brooks describes a cycle: one by one as the great men die—a Longfellow, a Lowell, an Emerson, a Whittier—the youngest New Englanders are overwhelmed by the weight of the past, and the making of tradition gives way to the formal worship of tradition. It is all very well to imply, as Vernon Parrington, Granville Hicks, and Bernard Smith have recently implied, that New England's senescence was due to the workings of finance capitalism. Brooks himself paints a lugubrious picture of tenantless farmhouses, of haunted old maids, of befouled streams and shambling mill-town slums, of the countryside despoiled and forgotten, and of a Boston shared at the end by alien and rampageous Irish and juiceless aristocrats whose hearts are in their strongboxes down at the Shawmut. But finance capitalism is not the whole of the story: Brooks constantly recurs to the history of other upsurges of the human spirit, to what happened in ancient Athens, in renaissance Florence, in other culture-centers of the historic past. There is no way, so he seems to say to us, of insuring a perpetual renaissance; at times the energies of men must flag, or lie dormant, regardless of social systems. Knowing this, Brooks can be patient and forgiving—and wary for the appearance of tender new growth under the detritus. Besides, for America as a whole to find her voice, to produce a national literature, New England had to surrender her pride of place; the fall of Boston was as inevitable as the spanning of the continent by the Union Pacific, no more, no less.

Brooks, in his own patient way, makes you

feel the New England of Marquand's *The Late George Apley* and *Wickford Point*. But with him it is no permanent tragedy, for as New England dies in Boston it comes to life again in the Chicago of John Dewey (from Vermont) and Robert Herrick (from Cambridge) and the Minnesota of Sinclair Lewis (whose father went West from a New Haven suburb). Moreover, just as taps are in order in New England itself, there is a miraculous recrudescence of the old spirit: a Robert Frost repeats the truths about the fundamental Yankee character, an Edna Millay recaptures the morning shine of Whittier's rural world, an E. E. Cummings, oppressed by what he has seen in wartime France and in post-Leninist Russia, puts forth a passionate defense of the worth of the individual that is reminiscent (in its own way) of the gnarled self-dependence of Thoreau. And, in a manner that recalls the great days of the Abolitionists, or of Howells protesting the miscarriage of justice in the trial of the Chicago Haymarket anarchists, John Dos Passos and other New Englanders (native and adopted) spring to arms when Sacco and Vanzetti are facing the chair.

As Brooks sees it, the distinguishing characteristics of the New England mind were three: a passion for justice, a correlative insistence on individual worth, and a desire for regional as well as national identification. In the days of the pre-Civil War "newness" the drive for justice had expressed itself in a hundred militant causes. After the war the passion seemed to die down. But it still serves as a guiding thread to the work of the unlikeliest people who were part of the New England twilight. To couple the name of Henry James with "social justice" must inevitably evoke a smile, yet, as Brooks demonstrates, the great theme of James in his prime was that of American innocence wronged or betrayed by the caste-system hypocrisies of Europe. Howells thought of the young American girl as the flower of our civilization. Why? Because the young girl had not yet succumbed to the ambitious avarice, the desire to do the other fellow in, that was the distinguishing characteristic of some of the pirates who succeeded the generation of Silas Lapham as leaders of American business. Henry Adams failed to make his mark in the public service that was somehow expected of all the Adamses, and in his old age he became a surly opponent of "reformers." Yet even in his unregenerate phase Henry Adams had his visions of clearer, saner, more humane worlds, and he sought for them successively in Japan of the Shogunate, in Tahiti, in twelfth century Europe. Howells himself, influenced by the Yankee Edward Bellamy and the Russian Leo Tolstoy, returned consciously to the pre-Civil War equalitarian faith of his fathers and became a socialist of sorts. Which is to say, he objected to the degradation of the individual in a plutocracy.

As for the attachment to the soil motif, Brooks sorrowfully reports that local love for the New England countryside seemed to die out after the Civil War as the Yankees took to the towns. But the urbanizing movement was scarcely in full flood before Frederick Law Olmsted started designing his parks—and as Thoreau in his guise as philosopher drifted out of the consciousness of men the city-bound Yankee took to hectic vacationing in the wilds of New Hampshire, Maine, the Adirondacks, and all up and down the New England seacoast. Whittier botanized alone in the regions back of Cape Ann, but as Whittier became a memory Wilson Flagg had something akin to a religious conversion while going through a primitive growth of pines and hemlocks, and Bradford Torrey counted seventy-three species of plants in bloom in Massachusetts in November. Meanwhile Frank Bolles, the secretary of Harvard College, studied whistler ducks and gulls in the harbor of Boston, and Howells went out from Cambridge each year to haunt the summer hotels. The more the Yankee was uprooted, the fiercer became the effort of some Yankees to put down roots into the good black earth. The drive extends to Van Wyck Brooks himself (although, like Howells, he is only a Yankee by adoption). For Brooks's most fervent and beautiful pages are those devoted to the country dwellers—to the poets who lived in back of the Cape Ann country between "two horizons, the mountains and the sea, with the Merrimac flowing between." Somehow, in the face of Brooks's evidence, I find it hard to believe that New England—and the extension of New England that is America—is ever going completely to the dogs. For the three characteristics of the New England mind—the passion for justice, the insistence on individual worth, the desire for identification with the soil—have a tendency to reassert themselves most strongly in times when all seems lost.



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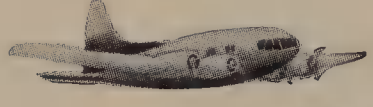


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The career of Van Wyck Brooks is in itself salutary evidence of American refusal to cut clear from the nation's origins in the great liberating movements of the Reformation and the eighteenth-century revolutions. As a young man Brooks wrote one particularly eloquent book, *America's Coming-of-Age*, which found our "usable past" latent in Walt Whitman. But in his middle period Brooks succumbed to personal depression and explained everything in terms of failure: Mark Twain let his wife and Howells suppress his boyish spirits, Henry James lost contact with his countrymen and dried up as a novelist, Howells was too timid, Emerson and Whitman had a tendency to let things slide, women were ruining the country by going in for fake culture while men grubbed eternally for money, and the young writers—the Jack Londons, the Ernest Pooles, and so on—just couldn't emulate the great Europeans in the matter of sustaining significant careers. Now, there was a good deal of truth in what Brooks said during his dark middle period. But it was by no means the whole truth, and his strictures became less pertinent when people like Sinclair Lewis, Robert Frost, Edna Millay, Willa Cather, and Sherwood Anderson did manage to sustain their writing careers through one or more fruitful decades. The black period lasted until Brooks got around to his biography of Emerson. This biography is not one of Brooks's best books, for it lacks trenchancy. But with the Emerson something happened to the old Brooks: he took courage.

In *New England: Indian Summer* he still speaks of Howells's timid scruples, of the sterility of Henry James's final period, and of the preoccupation of nineteenth-century America with "bigness and numbers" at the expense of integrity and quality. But the Matthew-Arnoldian hoity-toity flavor has gone from the criticism. Brooks knows now that men live in a real world, that for most people the problem of making a living is paramount. He is willing to forgive much. He no longer shrills at Mark Twain, at Henry James, at William Dean Howells, for failing to lift themselves by their spiritual bootstraps. He is willing to accept Howells for what he was, the unmatched chronicler of a fairly contented middle-class America. He is willing to take James for what he had to be, the historian of the restless post-Civil War American in contact with Europe. Brooks's values haven't changed: he still measures Howells against Turgenev, James against the great French and British novelists. And he still thinks James's moral vision was dimmed in the "third period" of James, the Old Pretender. But the values in *New England: Indian Summer* are not part of an impossible-ist philosophy. Brooks no longer broods because geese aren't swans; he accepts the geese—and in explaining why they are geese he makes clear to us the nature of the circumstances under which we may expect the birth of swans. And when a

goose is beautiful as a goose, he enables us to appreciate a much maligned bird.

John Corbin's ***Two Frontiers of Freedom*** (Scribner's, $3.50), which advances the thesis that republicanism and democracy are two distinct things, is a crotchety book, but it expresses eloquently one great truth: that there can be no feeling of freedom in the world unless there are certain rights which are put eternally beyond the reach of transient majority impulses that would whittle them away. A plea for the wisdom of the Founding Fathers, *Two Frontiers of Freedom* argues for the checks and balances—and the balance between property rights and individual rights—that were set up at Philadelphia in 1878. (It also argues along Clarence Streit's lines for "union now.") Mr. Corbin insists that republicanism is the political form needed for the preservation of capitalism; democracy, he says, must express itself ultimately in communism. Well, Mr. Corbin is right if you give him his definitions; but in the course of one hundred and fifty years "republicanism" and "democracy" have come to mean interchangeable things to Americans, and neither of them spells "communism." Our democracy *is* the check-and-balance system, no other.

Election year item: Fred Rodell's ***Democracy and the Third Term*** (Howell, Soskin, $1.50) is a lucid primer of the pros and cons of a debate that will probably be raging all about us when this appears in print. Oddly enough, it was not any Federalist, but Thomas Jefferson, who was really dead set against the third term in the early days of the Republic. On Mr. Rodell's evidence, Washington never cared whether the two-term precedent was followed or not.

IN BRIEF

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Too Dear for My Possessing, by Pamela Hansford Johnson.

A beautiful novel of childhood and love and dreams; of Bruges and London and Paris. It is the very essence of to-day's mood. Its loveliness is muted, like the bells of Bruges "that seemed to chime under water," yet intensified, because the still-young lad who is the hero writes, from the present, of the dear, sure world of yesterday, renouncing a joy that has vanished, yet cherishing it forever. "I, in common with other men, have a hoard of gold no enemy can touch, no fire, no steel, debase." The book is anything but soft and sentimental. It is amusing and earthy and rich.

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SCHOOL BUREAU, *Harpers Magazine*
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ters. The daughters make fine messes of their lives because the mother took too much responsibility for them. Good thesis, but hard to prove.
Simon & Schuster, $2.50

Rosscommon, by Charles Allen Smart.

Mr. Smart writes a "novel" using for background the same Ohio geography of his *R.F.D.*, but this time imposes a dream upon it. This reader tried hard to capture the excitement and spirit of the vision by which the author is carried away, but failed, liking much better those good touches of reality most like *R.F.D.*
Random House, $2

Gypsy, Gypsy, by Rumer Godden.

None who read *Black Narcissus* will be surprised to learn that Miss Godden's new book is dominated by an atmosphere. It is as important a part of the book as was the sinister Unknown in Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca.* Little, Brown, $2.50

Mrs. Miniver, by Jan Struther.

Mrs. Miniver appeared first as the heroine of a series of sketches, largely about British domestic life, in the London *Times.* This book is a collection of the sketches. It is impossible to give their quality. Someone has called them "little masterpieces of gentle humanity." They are, and funny too. Book of the Month. Harcourt, Brace, $2

Non-fiction

The American Presidency, by Harold Laski.

In the spring of 1939 Mr. Laski delivered a course of lectures at the University of Indiana. This book grew out of them. (A part of the introduction—pointing out among other things that no business man had ever been nominated for president!—appeared in the July *Harper's.*) But though there was no war when Mr. Laski was lecturing, every question discussed in the book is of vital interest to-day. Perhaps that section dealing with the president's influence on the mind of the public is most relative to the moment. How much can a president lead? How much *should* a president lead? "He has to seek the means of making men think this way, rather than another way. . . . He must convey the sense that the victory of his purposes is really of importance. . . . The challenge he makes must, of course, be one that is related to and expressive of vital human aspirations." Book of the Month, August. Harper's, $2.50

A Man Named Grant, by Helen Todd.

It is good to have a biography, readable as fiction, of the tortured man who was our 18th president. Miss Todd, winner of a Houghton Mifflin Fellowship, has written a book which while not belittling the weaknesses of the man, nor wandering from the facts, still is rich in sympathetic understanding of her subject.
Houghton Mifflin, $3

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Mr. Veteran on Girls



ACT IV

Scene: A terrace outside Mr. Veteran's country house. Mr. and Mrs. Swift and Mr. Veteran are comfortably relaxed — Mr. Swift to the point of quiet slumber.

MRS. SWIFT: Mr. Veteran, what do you know about girls' boarding schools?

MR. VETERAN: Tell me first what you want to know.

MRS. SWIFT: I want you to recommend a good school for my niece, Julie — you remember, Ann's child.

MR. VETERAN: The one who could eat so much fried chicken? I remember very well.

MRS. SWIFT: That's the one — but she's all different now, thin as a wraith and terribly pretty. She's fifteen, and Ann's sending her to boarding school. She's practically decided on the one that all Julie's friends are going to.

MR. VETERAN: On the assumption, I suppose, that Julie will always live in the home town. Suppose she marries and moves a thousand miles away. What happens to the school friends?

MRS. SWIFT: You mean you think it would be better for her to go to a school where she'd meet more girls from other places?

MR. VETERAN: Not necessarily better, but a point worth considering . . . Tell me, what kind of school has your sister in mind?

MRS. SWIFT: I don't think she has any particular *kind* in mind, just a good school where the child will meet nice girls.

MR. VETERAN: Pretty off-hand about education for girls, aren't you, mother of men?

MRS. SWIFT: Don't tease me. You know what I mean. It isn't the same thing at all. It isn't as if Julie had any particular talent, or as if she were going to have to earn her living.

MR. VETERAN: Is that a good reason for Julie's being unable to support herself if anything should happen? Many of the daughters of my wealthy friends have an ace tucked up their sleeves in the form of some training they could turn to account if they had to. But tell me more about Julie.

MRS. SWIFT: There isn't a great deal to tell. She's a darling and popular with everybody. She likes having a good time. She's not a student, but she's not stupid, and she's naturally domestic. She'll marry young, and she'll be very happy.

MR. VETERAN: And then?

MRS. SWIFT: Why, Mr. Veteran! Don't you believe in happy marriages?

MR. VETERAN: I believe in them so strongly that I don't like seeing them left to chance. In the course of a long life I have seen a great many Julies blissfully embark on what seemed a happy marriage only to turn into complacent, limited, rather dull women, simply because they stopped growing mentally, when they put on the veil and the orange blossoms. A sound education for girls is almost more important than for boys because unless they learn mental discipline, accuracy, and concentration in school, women are too likely never to learn them at all.

MRS. SWIFT: But can girls learn those things in school — isn't that college training?

MR. VETERAN: In some schools they can. There are schools which offer as thorough academic training to girls who are not preparing for college as those who are. They include courses in art and music, not as pretty accomplishments, but as serious cultural disciplines, and they emphasize the sports that have social values, like tennis, golf, and riding, and insist on a high standard of performance. On the other hand, it is possible in some schools for a girl to have completed the required courses necessary to enter college, and still be unprepared because she has not learned how to study. It depends both on the school and on the girl, and in particular, as I have said so often, on getting the girl to the school that is right for her.

MRS. SWIFT: What shall I say to Ann?

MR. VETERAN: It seems to me that your sister must first make up her mind what she wants for Julie. If she wants a convenient place to park her daughter for the few years before she marries . . .

MRS. SWIFT (*shocked*): Oh no, she wants something more than that!

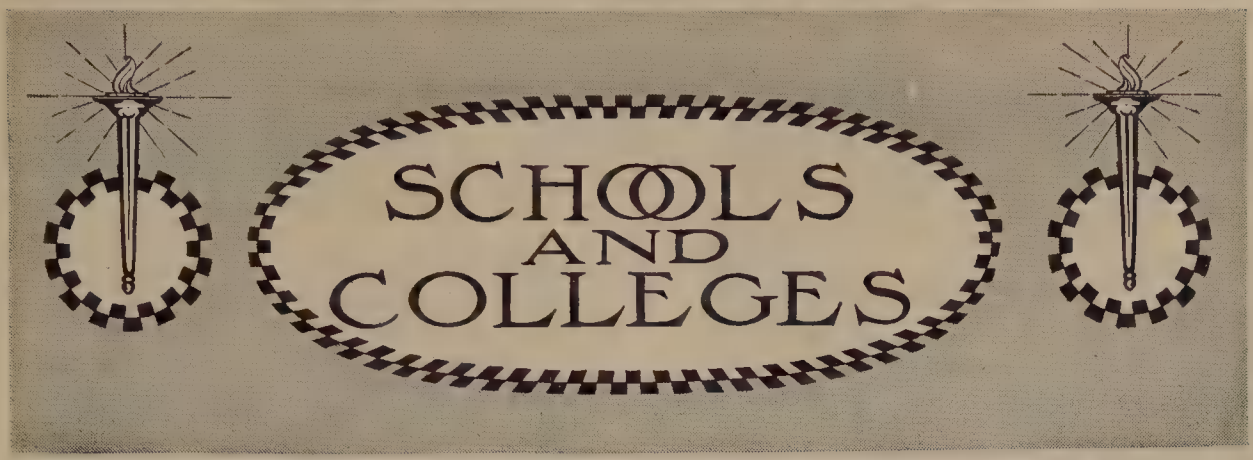
MR. VETERAN: I thought so. I put it brutally to rouse you to the realization that girls do need education. Let us assume, then, that Ann will not be content with a club for "nice" girls for her daughter's next three or four years, but will expect Julie to learn how to use her pretty head whatever the problem at hand, to expand her interests until she finds that there is more than one way of having a good time, to learn habits of selection and concentration which will be useful all of her life, to have some specific knowledge of the world about her and some sense of her own responsibilities in that world. Let us assume, too, that an education of this kind will help rather than hinder Julie's chances for a happy marriage — or, perhaps you don't agree with me?

MRS. SWIFT: Mr. Veteran! Didn't you know that a host's first duty is to put his guest at ease! . . . When may I bring Ann to talk to you?

MR. VETERAN: Bring her to dinner next week. And be sure Julie comes too — tell her we'll have fried chicken.

A. R. A.

Act V will appear in the next issue



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Harpers Magazine

THE INNER THREAT: OUR OWN SOFTNESS

BY ROY HELTON

WHAT is happening to our civilization has become abundantly clear in the past decade. The events of this year, however frightful they are, and however harrowing to our humanity, have but added a footnote.

It may be there are some to-day who still do not believe that anything is happening to us or has happened to us. There have always been wars, and there have always been economic depressions after wars. They say that, and they are comforted by the fact that the things we experience have familiar names, even though those names are dreadful. What these optimists neglect to consider is that both wars and depressions are growing in violence. The war of 1914 was the bloodiest and most violent war in human history. Yet this present war exceeds it in every dimension but that of time. Nothing like this war was ever seen on earth before. That also was true of the international economic depression which began in 1929. One is making no very rash guess to assume that following this war there will ensue a depression in Europe whose depth will be beyond all past experience. That is a relatively safe guess.

This is therefore no time to pull one's words. Unless we are very wise we too shall be engulfed in that general economic prostration which, in a few years, after this war is over, will be worse than any war.

It was not profitable to face facts in Great Britain or France five years ago. It is not profitable in the United States in 1940 because the facts involved are not those which we as a free people care to face. Needless to say these facts do not involve our necessity to make adequate preparation for national defense. Our present military danger seems slight. Our ultimate danger may be grave. I will let the military experts argue that point, on which no layman is properly informed. It does not seem probable that any nation in Europe can do us serious harm before the after-effects of this war begin to assert themselves in such a general collapse of the European economic structure as will give that

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continent no strength or leisure for schemes of aggression. That seems the probable future. But there is enough doubt in those conclusions to justify a stout and unhysterical program of American defense.

The real danger is a more serious business even than war. Human civilization is changing its form under the pressure of machinery. Only the most heroic defense can prevent darker ages descending on our race than man has experienced in a thousand years. That defense is possible and it must be made, and made in this country by us, the only people strong enough and rich enough and free enough and, with those endowments, also intelligent enough to face the most vital issue that has arisen in our history. To face it means a change of direction, and a change of direction is a thing all people resent; but not to face it means far more devastating changes within one human lifetime. Can we be more forehanded than our neighbors across the seas? Can we awake sooner than they did to the nature of what threatens democracy? Can we escape underestimating our enemy? We shall not escape that if we consider our enemy to be Stalin or Hitler or Mussolini. Stalin, Mussolini, and Hitler will die. The fabric they are creating will collapse to destroy the future of Germany, Russia, and Italy. But what they mean will not die.

It is very rare that any people is wise enough to look past men into meanings. But we must. For our civilization to survive it must turn its democratic energies toward strength and away from comfort. That is the hard truth which confronts our world and our lives. Every civilization that has avoided facing that truth when the hour came has perished.

For twenty-five years the feminine influence on Western life has mounted into a dominance over every area but that of politics, and even there its power is absolute as to the direction of our purposes. Unquestionably we are a politer people than we were at the turn of the century. The cuspidor has been eliminated from all but the most reactionary of our remoter hotels and barrooms. The cigarette has largely replaced the cigar and the plug. With infinite patience and resolution men have been maneuvered into a position where it is impossible for them to think of anything but women and their wants between the end of each day's work and its beginning the following morning. And it is those wants which with increasing authority have given form to our culture.

Only a fool would say that the result has been unpleasant. We live in a far daintier world than did our fathers, but also a far less virile world. Under urban conditions (and like Great Britain, most of France, Belgium, and Holland, we are now definitely an urban people) women have far more of the rewards of our civilization than men and they completely shape its ideals. Their influence is constant: on the children in the home, in the schools, and then through the period of courtship and marriage. Moreover, our urban population is predominantly a female population and, as any mail-order catalogue will reveal, it is the urban population which sets the direction of public habit and taste.

The theory that opportunity is dead has, no doubt, always existed in human history. It is a distinctively female idea. It holds the family together. It prevents the hardship of changes and migrations. Matriarchies always arise, as in China, where opportunities are believed to be dead and where men can be convinced that this is so. The patriarch flourished only among pioneers. All modern Western democracies have become state matriarchies within the past generation. The government is the general *Alma Mater*. But for the survival of whatever is enclosed by the sheltering arms of the state such a process is finally worthless.

Who can regard the history of European civilization for the past two years with-

out perceiving that both France and Great Britain have acted on a female pattern and on a female philosophy? I am not speaking of the individual and general heroism and fortitude of their armies, but of their official appeasements and submissions, of their thinking and their policy, of their lack of defensive aggression, and of their ability to struggle only when locked in the ravisher's arms, and then the complete and abject submission of France. Some time between 1914 and 1940 John Bull became Britannia and Jacques Bonhomme became La Belle France. And where today is our Uncle Samuel? The probability is high that our national symbol is also becoming a woman. A woman, it is true, with a sword, but a woman. Uncle Sam is not well groomed. He does not any longer fit our notions of ourselves.

The recognition of the fact that women hold the purse strings of the nation has profoundly altered the development of our industry and commerce. Nearly all devices now in general use are being marketed on their feminine and juvenile appeal. Luxury or its imitation is a paramount sales argument.

None of these changes since 1900 is of itself undesirable, but their gross effect is to produce a female world.

Now women are very fine creatures and creatures of superb courage, and no man who is not capable of appreciating that fact has a right to speak out at all. But biological and economic realities, as ancient as humanity, compel them to a selection of values of prime importance to themselves: shelter, comfort, and every attainable advantage for their young. Those are all proper ideals but not adequate to create an enduring society without an equal force in the distinctively male values of enterprise, adventure, and power. The balance of those two sets of factors makes civilization. When the female influence climbs too far into the ascendancy we have comfort, and its sequel, degeneration. When the male influence comes into ascendancy we have war and destruction.

That is the lineup to-day in Europe and there is nothing in the past five hundred thousand years of man's history on this earth to indicate that these fundamentals of human nature will ever change. Nor should they. What is needed and what alone can save this civilization is for us to use these facts instead of attempting to deny them.

II

The atmosphere of bright illusion which has enveloped France and Great Britain and the United States concerns itself almost wholly with a future of ease and luxury for all men, a future of unlimited power and unlimited manufactured goods and food conveyed through the air, or over sixteen-lane super-speed highways to eager billions of almost exclusively consuming people whose needs are satisfied by automatic machinery. This vision has been lately heightened by the discovery of an isotope of Uranium which offers a slight possibility of providing the future with an unlimited supply of energy.

Now waiving the fact that to-day the United States actually does possess unlimited power, actually has the physical substance of that dream, can produce and frequently has produced far more energy than we have yet found any use for, and is using less energy than often in the past when we had fewer people, the dream itself is the thing to examine. Is that a male or a female dream? Is it the father bird or the mother bird who shapes that dream? Is it she who sits on the nest and is perforce a consumer, or he who goes out and collects the worms who can explain what that dream is for and what instinct its realization would serve?

Regard it carefully and you will see that every form which the world of tomorrow takes, in fiction, in the daily comics, in grave economic literature, or in the visions of democratic government, is entirely a female dream.

In the model house of any builder's exhibit the male element of family life

appears to be a shameful mystery for which no provision can decently be made without killing a sale. This is equally true of our model futures. The male economic function is taken over by Uranium 235, and there is nothing left for men to do but to grow long hair or shake their fists at the planets. A Mr. Lipstick is the end product of our modern industrial romancing; but the future, we may be sure, will not work out along those lines. A female world dream cannot survive in a competitive reality and that is probably not a fact which humanity should deplore.

We have already lost faith in that dream, and it was not Hitler who destroyed our faith. The world period from 1890 to 1914 was an era of almost frantic prediction, but within the past five years constructive prophecy has perished as a literary and economic mode.

It survives only in politics for the two months preceding each election. In fact the classical world of to-morrow is already an anachronism. It exists only in the past. For we have had that world. In every essential feature it was realized in 1929. Such revamped versions as sometimes appear add nothing to what is past. They merely substitute lucite and cellophane for glass to enclose the hothouse cities of their vast heavens on earth.

It must be remembered that this nineteenth-century dream of to-morrow was one in which male constructive efforts were utilized to attain an essentially female ideal. But that was merely a transition. We lost that kind of a future in 1930, and turned from idealizing the creation of a mechanical paradise to the wholly feminine dream of security for our domestic comforts.

Security is the woman's wish, and has always had to be. Its adoption as a goal by men and nations was the final signal of the turning point in the sex of our democratic civilization, and of its future helplessness against any male purpose.

III

Anybody in Europe, with half a mind, knew that Germany has been preparing for war on a colossal scale since 1934. In every year since that year her expenditures for arms and munitions of war have been twice those of France and Great Britain combined and, roughly, five times that of the United States. No nation spends twenty billion dollars of self-denied wealth and luxury for a bluff.

Meanwhile the democracies of Europe, not because they were democracies, but because their concept of civilization was that of the victor and not that of the vanquished, all played while Germany worked. By that I mean they followed their rich and comfortable neighbor to the west in turning the resources of civilization toward luxury and ease, and joined her in a wonder why creating devices for luxury and ease did not seem to give employment to all their people.

Great Britain and France, each with two-thirds the population of the old German Reich, had far more automobiles than Germany allowed herself and far more of the comfortable little gadgets on which we, most of any nation, have based our lives, though neither Great Britain nor France had as many motor cars or as many gadgets as do the citizens of the State of New York. Even so it was too many for their good. For the danger of technology to man is not merely the creation of tanks and guns by an enemy, but what the absence of any serious purpose save the pursuit of objects of minor luxury can do to the human spirit.

The worth and permanence of democracy cannot be insured by guns, tanks, or dive bombers, but only by our hardihood as a people. Those devices, however necessary, are a mere skin that like the human skin can protect from external infection. They do not insure the life of what lies within. Most people die with whole skins, from internal causes. At no time in history has any civiliza-

tion or any form of government successfully protected itself without strengthening its own fibers. Walls always fail to do the job alone. If outward strength were all that was necessary for survival the dinosaur would still be roaming the hills of Wisconsin. Great navies and overwhelming air defenses may indeed help us, but not for long. Depend on them, as the British have depended on their fleet and the French on their Maginot line, and what is behind them will share the fate of the dinosaur. Such defenses have a rigidity which does not meet the conditions necessary for survival.

What are the evidences of those internal weaknesses which will destroy democracy if we are not resolute to overcome them?

(1) We have not been willing to face the cost of living as a free people. We borrow and borrow instead of paying and paying. In our national economy we are like the shiftless poor or the wastrel heirs of great fortune. We do not care to face financial truth, and pull in our belts to free ourselves from the peril of our accumulating mortgage on the American future. Our leaders assure us that all will be well, but we know in our hearts it cannot be true. Some kind of prodigious crash is ahead of us. We are following ways that cannot go on to a happy ending. We know that, just as the British knew and the French knew that Hitler was staking the whole future of his nation on war and yet were unwilling to face that effort for themselves, so that to-day the valor of their sons has been wasted against steel walls.

Debt has betrayed the democracies of Europe, as for a long time it has been clear that it would; for they were so burdened with the accumulated obligations of the past that they dared not tax or borrow adequately to face the necessities of present self-protection. Down that path we also are traveling fast.

(2) We are a nation of city dwellers. We are largely a sedentary people. For exercise mature Americans move faster and travel farther under cover and on the seats of their pants than the citizens of any other nation in the world. They spend more time in enclosed rooms than any race that ever survived in all history. The British come next and the French come third. Prewar Germany with sixty-six million people—the greatest technicians of modern times—had fewer passenger motor cars than the State of Pennsylvania.

(3) We indulge our children illimitably. Instead of rearing a race of lusty, weather-conditioned sons and daughters of democracy, we exhaust our private purses to buy gasoline for our racing youth, and strain the resources of our schools and colleges to erect stadia unparalleled since the days of degenerating Rome. We have carried the spectator sports to an excess never witnessed in human life since the days of Augustus. It is true that our younger sons and daughters romp and play like natural human kind, but once in the standard assembly line we have constructed to provide for our future, they must sit out the best Saturday afternoons in the year while twenty-two picked men provide emotion, the sense of achievement, as well as vicarious exercise for twenty-two thousand rooters.

(4) We have constructed motor roads to the tops of our mountains. In our magnificent outdoor training grounds of democracy we have done everything possible to remove any incentive for mature people to use human activity for pleasure. Folk too indolent to climb a seven-foot stepladder can ascend Mt. Mitchell, Mt. Washington, Clingman's Dome, or Pikes Peak, sitting down.

Any intelligent program for the defense of democracy and the protection of vital natural resources would impose a rising tax on the consumption of gasoline for pleasure that would compel our people to re-examine their feet. Would we ever do that? Is democracy as dear as parental- or self-indulgence? Time

will tell. Shall we ever put a weekly twenty-mile walk into our school curricula? Shall we ever get our twenty-two thousand spectators into the field and turn our twenty-two gladiators into spectators? If we do not do it ourselves Mars will, rising from within or without. For the past twenty years American civilization as represented by its great middle class has appeared to pursue no ideal more world-shaking than the attempt to get harder and harder butter on softer and softer bread. It was so also in the democracies of Europe. To those mild ideals treason is inevitable in the face of a more masculine purpose. To tie such a male purpose to democracy is the only way democracy can survive. Purpose in others cannot be fought with any number of billions of dollars borrowed from our children. It cannot be defeated negatively or defensively. Purpose is the only force that will fight purpose. But to say that we are gathering our forces in the defense of freedom is not enough. It is what freedom is used for that must give us all the strength we can ever have. If we need our freedom to save our pet luxuries, to indulge our children, to invent social or economic devices by which we can evade the task of finding work for all men and women, then there is no health in us and democracy will pass into the historic record as another noble experiment defeated by the indulgences of men.

IV

Our weakness lies also in the nature of what we live for. Our children must have good health and good food. That much is sound enough, and something to fight for and work for. They must also have better clothes than their mothers and fathers had. What we call our standard of living demands that. What we mean of course is our standard of indulgence. They must be constantly amused with moving picture shows. They must be educated, but school work must not be so difficult for them as it was for their parents. They must learn without that distress which learning has always until lately occasioned all the sons and daughters of men. The difficult subjects in the secondary schools must be made electives so that they may be avoided by all to whom they are unpleasant. The school our children attend must have a victorious athletic team so that our sons and daughters may avoid any possible taint of inferiority. At sixteen the youth must be presented with a driver's permit and be allowed to join the motoring set. Thereafter we are not to be perturbed by their returning at later hours than we permit to ourselves.

They must go to college. We did not raise our boy to be a plumber or our daughter to sully her sweet hands with domestic toil. They must go to a good college, one that pays top prices for its football stars. They must join a Greek Letter Society or our pride is humbled and their lives made tragic. There must be a more abundant social life at this institution of higher learning. Not that there do not remain a number of oldfashioned institutions in which such creamy conditions do not obtain. Our children graduate if they can and we try to find them a husband or a job.

We also live for the motor car and its rear vestibule, the home, where there is bridge on certain evenings, though we are all too tired for serious reading, and there is bed with its mild comforts, and on the Sabbath a three-hour drive after we have inspected the forty pages of comics provided with the Sunday paper and digested a large meal. There must be various appliances or it is not a home. There is also for us perhaps golf, if one is adventurous, and work and life insurance, and a ball game, and a little fishing, and a mortgage and the undertaker.

It is all good enough but it is not enough. It will not survive in any world where a people concentrates its national spirit on a pursuit of fitness and power.

For our nation to be safe to face dangers from any quarter, and strongly bred to stand up against any wind of fate our over-solicitous maternalism to our children must end. And what is more, they will like it better than the softness that at present prevails. Our public humanities must be maintained, but they must spur, not lull, the unfortunate and the unhappy. Our help to the underprivileged must be an urge and not a sedative. We must devise uses for older men and women, so they can contribute to our general strength and not merely sap the energies of the young. Our young men and women must be hardened by work and weather to meet every possible storm. Our lawmakers must attain the courage to compel us to pay for the necessities of government by adequate taxes.

So and so only can we meet the hurricane that is gathering over our civilization, threatening all human freedom and all democratic forms of government.

This crisis may pass. Hitler may fade out of the world's eye like a blown dip. He cannot win this war. He can only humiliate his enemies, and that project has already cost too much in lives. He is no master of the miracle of creating wealth for Germany by the devastation of all her chief customers and suppliers, and the wasting of her own resources in devices which add nothing to the necessities of Europe. All that Germany could achieve from the very outset was to make her future worse than her past, worse in every way, economically, socially, and humanly.

Hitler is an anachronism, dealing with twentieth-century facts on an eighteenth-century plan. His technic is superb. He put strength into his nation but strength to an end that will fail. In our lifetime Germany will never recover from these victories. When that fact is realized a sudden warm sense of security may flush the cheeks of our democracy. Behind our barrage of arms we may enjoy a delicious respite and invent new pleasures, but the dangers will grow and unless we meet them the fate of France will sometime overtake us in the night.

For be sure of this: In a world of power the gracious, the genteel, the sheltered life has of itself no force. It has no vital consequences. Couple democracy to those ideals, and you marry it to death. Whatever survives between now and the year 2000 will be something tough.

We are a great people. Without any undue access of patriotic vanity that has been proved a few times. We made democracy work under grave handicaps in a new world. We did not invent industrialism, but we mastered it, and directed it, and achieved with it more common good than any other people. It would be pleasant to live back in the eighties of the past century, when all that lay ahead in a man's lifetime was growth, prosperity, and mechanical wonders, realizing all the dreams of Jules Verne.

Ours is a different fate. Upon the maturity of industrialism has descended a great terror. Force of purpose implemented by machines is different from any force ever unleashed before by human will. It is impersonal and hence logical and terrible to the flesh-and-blood man, which is not machinelike. It can be fought and fought under democracy, but only by a better purpose and a stronger will. That purpose cannot arise out of our passion for Sunday driving. That will cannot be conjured from our desire to blast Hitler, so he may leave us alone to golf and the movies and the garden plot and bridge. It can arise only from the resolution to raise up on this continent the strongest, ablest, hardiest, and most intelligent race of men and women that ever inhabited the world. Only through that goal can our democracy survive. And one hint of "and also universally enjoying every modern convenience" added to that ideal will blow it into complete futility. That, in my judgment, is the extent to which our direction has to change.

THE LESSON OF 1917

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE United States is now engaged in a great task of military preparation which must continue for years no matter what happens overseas. Obviously it will require both the production on a huge scale of planes, guns, ships, tanks, and innumerable other engines of war and items of military equipment, and also the training of men to produce and operate these engines, again on a huge scale. That such a prodigious undertaking will be attended with blundering and confusion is inevitable. Yet perhaps the amount of blundering and confusion may be reduced if the lessons very expensively learned twenty-three years ago are not quite forgotten.

For we have been here before.

Not precisely here: the differences are sharp. In 1917 we declared war first and prepared afterward, while strong Allies held the front lines; now we expect to arm first, may find ourselves without strong Allies, and may not have to go to war at all. Then we had already been engaged in a two-year orgy of producing munitions for the Allies—an orgy which had eliminated unemployment, had set a precedent of vast profits for "war baby" corporations, and had inflated and distorted the price-level; now we are setting to work on the heels of a war boom which petered out, we have millions of unemployed, and prices have been sagging. Then we found ourselves transporting two million soldiers to Europe; now we have no such intention.

Then we were reinforcing Allies who, though desperately short of ships and money, in constant need of raw materials and explosives, and in growing need of men, were already organized to produce big guns and planes—indeed were so well organized in this respect (with the aid of their very extensive purchases in America) that it has been seriously argued that the United States wasted valuable effort trying to produce artillery and aircraft for itself, and might have left this job to the French and British. (It was disastrous for our pride, and might have been disastrous for the common cause, that the American Army was compelled to use French artillery and planes, but the French had enough. Though the French Army strength declined from nearly 5 million men in 1915 to only a little over 4 million at the Armistice, on the other hand the number of French 75's, which had been 3,696 at the outset of the War, rose to 6,555 at the Armistice, despite loss and wastage; the French supply of heavy artillery rose from 288 pieces in 1914 to 5,477 pieces in 1918, and they were able to supply some 10,000 more to their Allies; French airplane production, which had been at the rate of 62 a month in 1914, rose to 2,068 a month in 1918.) Now, by contrast, our most obvious need is for just such engines of destruction as we then had to buy from the French.

Furthermore we now have—as we did not have then—elaborate "M-Day" plans, on paper at least, which are designed to make this country a huge military establishment on short notice should war be declared.

Nevertheless the parallels are impressive. We must produce and organize at breakneck pace. We must equip ourselves for a kind of warfare which is as different from what we are now prepared for as the 1917 warfare was different from what we were then prepared for. Now, as then, there will presumably be a vast Congressional and popular reluctance to upset our peace-time ways unless or until disaster is at our door. Assumptions of dictatorial authority will once more seem shocking; only the language will be different (now we shall call them "fascist"). In the absence of a declaration of war, much of the M-Day program will be (and some of it clearly should be) unused. The present indications in Washington are that higgledy-piggledy organization for the great effort may delay and endanger us again. The experience of 1917 will bear heavy underlining for months to come.

This article will make no effort to discuss the purely military and naval lessons of 1917. That is for the experts. It will deal simply with the major problems of organization behind the lines for production of war material and for coordination of forces, military and civilian. These problems were badly muffed in 1917 and may be muffed again. Whatever the civilian population was asked to do *en masse* in 1917—to buy Liberty Bonds, for instance, or to save food—was expertly organized and advertised and enthusiastically and successfully done; but in the performance of technical tasks of the very sort that are most imperative now we stumbled and fell over ourselves and almost failed completely.

The tale of our shortcomings has often been rehearsed. Our Ordnance set out to build 20,000 guns of all calibers and provide munitions for them—yet only 133 of these guns and 600 shells of a single caliber reached the front in time to be used. We ordered 20,000,000 hand grenades—and Pershing bought the hand grenades for our troops from the British. Despite our vast expenditures for aircraft no American fighting plane flew at the front. We spent $116,000,000 on gas—yet Pershing used only gas shells bought from the Allies. And there were fantastic extravagances—the most striking of which was that, although we had only 86,000 horses at the beginning of the War and did not purchase them on any grand scale thereafter, we ordered 945,000 saddles, 1,000,000 horse-covers, 2,000,000 feed bags, 1,500,000 horse brushes, and 2,800,000 halters!

The reasons why we fell down are apparent from the record and deserve study now, above all in Washington.

II

The first thing needed when a great task is to be performed is a general plan. It must be subject to frequent revision and expansion, it may be divided into items of first and second necessity, it cannot obviously be fully advertised; but the government must know what it proposes to do—after balancing military, naval, diplomatic, and industrial requirements and conditions—and the plan must hang together.

The planlessness of our 1917 effort was remarkable. For a long time Woodrow Wilson had moral objections to planning for war. One day early in the autumn of 1915—this was some months after the sinking of the *Lusitania*—he summoned the Acting Secretary of War and, "trembling and white with passion," showed him a little item which he had come upon in the Baltimore *Sun*—an item which said something like this: "It is understood that the General Staff is preparing a plan in the event of war with Germany." Wilson asked the Acting Secretary to find out if this were true, and if so to relieve at once every officer of the General Staff and order him out of Washington. In due course the President calmed down but, according to General Bliss, his outbreak resulted in "there being practically no more *official* studies." Even later, when Wilson himself was campaigning for preparedness, and Secretary Baker told him one day

about the war games played at the War College, Wilson said, "That seems to me a very dangerous occupation. I think you had better stop it."

Even after the rupture of diplomatic relations with Germany, when the conflict was imminent, the planning lagged. For one thing, the Army General Staff was sadly inadequate in numbers and equipment for its part of the task—there were only 27 staff officers in Washington and there was not enough money to hire experts for them or even provide them with the stenographers and typewriters they needed to put their plans on paper. They were accustomed to making routine studies of problems which had little relation to the waging of war; General Hagood reports remembering one long memorandum produced by the Staff some years before the war, which ended, "It is therefore recommended that no toilet paper be issued." They were mostly quite unaccustomed to thinking in terms of supply or of industrial mobilization. Hence the otherwise almost incredible fact that—according to Grosvenor Clarkson, Secretary of the Council of National Defense—"even six weeks before war was declared the Army had not even hypothetical plans for the organization and equipment of a force of any size."

During 1916 an organization which went by the terrific name of the Committee on Industrial Preparedness of the Naval Consulting Board had been making a tabulation of the industrial plants in the United States which might be able to meet war orders. (Its staff, by the way, was headed by the present head of the A. T. and T., Walter S. Gifford.) Later in 1916 a Council of National Defense consisting of six Cabinet officers was set up, together with an Advisory Commission intended to prepare for organizing the forces which must back up the Army and Navy in the event of war. This Commission included Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president of Drexel Institute, who had fathered the idea which the Commission embodied; a railroad man, Daniel Willard of the B. & O.; a financier, Bernard M. Baruch; a manufacturer, Howard E. Coffin of the Hudson Motor Co.; an expert on buying clothing and equipment, Julius Rosenwald of Sears, Roebuck & Co.; a labor man, Samuel Gompers of the A. F. of L.; and a physician, Dr. Franklin Martin of the American College of Surgeons. This group—which took over Gifford and his staff—met for the first time in a hotel room on December 7, 1916, but did not get permanently organized until some three months later—until after the break with Germany. On February 15, 1917—twelve days after the break with Germany, about seven weeks before the declaration of war—this Advisory Commission very naturally decided to get together a calculation of what material would be needed for the organization of an army of a million men. Nobody had previously made any such estimate, "nobody knew what would be the proportions of the different arms" (I quote Clarkson), each department figured the proportions in its own way and made its own guess accordingly. These independent guesses added up to a billion and a quarter dollars—an amount which soon proved quite inadequate.

Baker had early decided upon a draft and this particular project was organized well in advance by that human dynamo General Hugh Johnson—the millions of necessary blanks were even secretly printed before they were authorized by Congress—but the manufacturing of arms and munitions was so little organized that when the Munitions Standards Board (a committee set up under the Council's Advisory Commission) had its first meeting on March 17, less than three weeks before the declaration of war, the Ordnance Bureau possessed no drawings of the machinery in their arsenals for reproduction. (The Bureau itself was quite guiltless: it had asked for money for this purpose the preceding year, but Congress had turned it down.)

After the declaration of war the British and French were at once asked to

send missions over to advise the United States Government on what it might best do to help, and advice began to come in through our Embassies as well. But aside from a general agreement that money and ships were acutely needed, the counsel was wildly conflicting and changed from week to week—"almost from day to day," Secretary Houston wrote later.

Let Bernard M. Baruch sum the situation up, testifying before the Nye Committee long afterwards: "During all this time there was the greatest confusion imaginable. There was no program. The Army was inadequately manned. They did not even know what materials were necessary to equip an army. . . . The Allies did not know whether they wanted men or only money and materials. Missions were continually arriving from the other side, telling us what we should avoid, but they did not know exactly what they wanted. . . . All of this confusion was reflected in the changing personnel of the various war agencies."

Have we a general plan now? Is it co-ordinated with State Department policy? If we have no general plan now, when shall we have one?

III

After the general plan has been formulated, the next thing needed is a well-integrated executive organization to carry it out.

To anybody outside Washington the problem of effecting a smooth-running and co-ordinated organization for such a purpose as national defense seems deceptively simple. One pictures a group of men about a table getting their various parts of the general plan into shape, arguing out their differences, making their decisions, and separating for action. Only Washington experience can give one any idea of the hugeness of the government, the way in which its offices are scattered about the city, the ignorance of government officials about what goes on in other bureaus, the inter-office jealousies and feuds, the inertia resulting from habitual routine and from particularized Congressional appropriations, the nightmare confusion in times of stress. In the spring of 1917 this confusion was at its worst.

Several separate bureaus in the War Department were ordering munitions and supplies, each on its own, regardless of the others. The heads of these bureaus were used to drawing up their specifications at leisure, advertising for bids, and carefully selecting the best bidder among many eager rivals; they were swamped by the sudden task of ordering on a majestic scale at short notice, with prices soaring and factories glutted with war orders. The Navy was of course ordering separately, as were other government departments. So many agencies were expanding so rapidly that it was hard to know what was being done where and under what authority. The committees pulled to Washington by the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense were anxious to help, uncertain whom to help, and quite at sea as to procedure anyhow. They were supposed, these committees on steel and on copper and on food supply and on transportation and so forth, to give expert advice, co-ordinate the production effort, and make plans for increasing productive capacity and deciding how it should be used—but how could a lot of advisory committees in the Munsey Building co-ordinate the work of those widely separated bureaus, those generals and colonels harried and bewildered by the complexity of their task and resentful of lay interference? Meanwhile the committees grew in number: in March the headquarters of the Council of National Defense and its Advisory Commission had consisted of only three or four rooms in the Munsey Building; by summer it occupied eleven floors. And simultaneously at various critical points in the War Department organization the pressure of work became incredible. Clarkson reports that when the colossal job of building cantonments to house

several hundred thousand drafted men was begun, there was only one colonel with four assistants to handle it, while hordes of contractors descended upon him, "simply flooding him, sitting on the side of his desk in his one room."

One lesson was soon learned: that advisory committees without authority to act are fifth wheels unless they know just whom to advise and—equally important—unless their advice is taken. The committee set up under the Council of National Defense served the useful preliminary purpose of formulating problems on which it would be necessary to act, but as soon as the moment for action arrived, they had to be taken out of the Council and set up as executive agencies elsewhere—mostly as divisions of the War Industries Board. The Council was aptly described as a hen which laid eggs in the form of executive agencies; it might also have been described as a recruiting-station or waiting-room for executive employment in the government. As time went on it naturally dwindled in size and importance. Nothing more can be expected of any advisory agency. The sooner men of real capacity are taken out of advisory status and given places in the assembly line of executive production, the sooner they will be really useful. (Our present Defense Commission take notice.)

It took somewhat longer than that to bring home the lesson that boards and committees of any sort, advisory or executive, are cumbersome things when action must be swift. A board, General Goethals was said to have remarked, is "long, narrow, and wooden." He put it another way in his testimony before the Graham Committee when he said, "If you have a job to do, you want to give it to one man and let him do it." We continued, after our custom, to set up boards, but the most efficient of them, like the powerful War Industries Board, were such in name only. Baruch, as chairman, made the central decisions for the War Industries Board, getting advice from the others when he needed it but not hesitating to act without advice; and authority below Baruch was likewise actually vested in individuals. That was the only way to keep things moving, and remains the only way.

With so many different agencies making purchases independently of one another, conflicts were inevitable. The story of our war preparations during the rest of 1917 and the beginning of 1918 was a long demonstration of the fact that too many cooks spoil the broth. As Baruch said later, in addition to all the war department bureaus which were competing with one another for materials, transportation, housing, and so forth, there were also "the demands of the Shipping Board, with the slogan that ships would win the war, and of the Food Administration, with the slogan that food would win the war; further, there was the Railroad Administration with its need for materials and labor; and finally there was the feverish quest for labor and supplies on the part of the munitions-makers—all competing for labor, money, materials, transportation, fuel, power, and each insisting on the greater importance of its activity. All this while the labor supply was being lessened by the flow of men into the Army."

Let General Goethals testify to some characteristic conflicts in the details of the great effort (it was Goethals who was installed as supreme purchaser of Army supplies, to end the extensive breakdowns in production and shipment of necessities for the Army): "When I came here as Acting Quartermaster General and began looking into the clothing situation I found the condition of the wool market very serious. I found that the Quartermaster General was buying clothing; that the Signal Corps was buying clothing; that the Medical Department was buying some clothing; that the Ordnance Department was furnishing blankets, so that we were all competing with each other. We [the Quartermaster Department] were furnishing harness and saddles for mules, and also furnishing wagons; the Ordnance Department was furnishing

saddles and harness for horses. We of the Quartermaster Department had launched the Liberty trucks, but the Ordnance Department was buying its own trucks, and the Engineers were buying their own trucks and automobiles, and the Signal Corps was buying trucks and automobiles and paying no attention to the Liberty truck which was being developed; all were entering into competition with one another."

The answer to such absurdities had to be centralization of supreme powers in the hands of single executives with virtually dictatorial authority—Goethals himself over Army purchasing, storage, and traffic, Baruch over industrial priorities, Ryan over aircraft production, McAdoo over the railroads. The centralization came dangerously late in that war. (Are our defense efforts sufficiently co-ordinated and centralized to-day? Testimony is conflicting, but much of it points to a confusion of authority in Washington this summer which might in time have equally dangerous results.)

Still another kind of conflict contributed to the confusion and delay in 1917. Too many conflicting instructions to a single cook can spoil the broth. The breakdown of the aircraft program offers a case in point.

There were scandals connected with the management of this program, but it was not graft or favoritism which chiefly caused its failure. As Charles Evans Hughes wrote after his formal inquiry into the airplane scandals, "The provisions of the criminal statutes do not reach inefficiency." The reasons for this inefficiency were manifold. One reason—which may seem strange to us to-day, when the best American planes are as good as any in the world—was that we were not only ill-equipped to build planes in quantity, but were far less up-to-date in design than the Europeans, because two and a half years of war experience had enormously speeded up technical improvements abroad. Another reason has already been mentioned here: in the words of Gavin McNab, executive authority was "paralyzed by large advisory councils." But still another reason, and probably the most important one, was that conflicting and constantly changing instructions from British and French advisers and our own advisers at home and abroad kept our factories from getting into production.

When we went into the war it was decided to reproduce the Gnome engine for use in American aircraft, but soon after the first American Army officers arrived in France they sent word that the Gnome was already obsolete and the project was dropped. It was decided to reproduce the British two-seater de Havilland plane; four months elapsed before a model was received on this side, and then further time was lost during a debate as to which of two de Havilland types would serve us better. We waited four months for a model of the Bristol plane—then came incomplete drawings, half in British measurements and half in metric. The belief that it would be difficult to reproduce Allied engines from their plans, because we did not have enough highly expert and experienced craftsmen, led to a decision to build an American engine, the Liberty motor. At first this was to be an 8-cylinder model, but just as the manufacturers were getting ready for production Pershing called for 12 cylinders. Redesigning followed—but later the experts of the A.E.F. were calling for 8 cylinders again. In the space of five months and five days the Packard Company, which was working on the Liberty motor, had to make *over a thousand changes in it;* during a similar period the Ford Motor Company made nearly a thousand changes, until Henry Ford, complaining that this sort of thing raised havoc with the morale of his subcontractors, announced, "We are going to shut our eyes and produce as we stand equipped to-day."

Quantity production is like printing: you can't produce till you have finished correcting and re-correcting proof. If you want planes you cannot afford to wait for perfection. Someone must

have authority to say, "Now go ahead"—and courage to say it. That lesson had not been learned in 1917. (Perhaps it has not been fully learned even in 1940. As I write there comes a report that production of the Garand rifle has recently been delayed by frequent changes in the design.)

Meanwhile another demonstration was being made: that although private industry could fill manufacturing orders and private citizens could give useful advice, the authority which was needed to resolve the major conflicts within industry had to be governmental. Voluntary business effort would not serve the purpose, no matter how eager to help.

In the early months of the war a group of railroad executives, organized as the Railroads War Board, tried to operate the roads of the country as a unit for war purposes. They could not do it effectively when the pressure became intense—not only because they and their colleagues were still answerable to directors and stockholders and therefore were inevitably serving two masters, but also because they could not lay down the law. When government bureaus began to put into effect a priority system to expedite essential freight, the distribution of their "preference tags" got so far out of hand that toward the close of 1917 the Pennsylvania Railroad reported that 85 per cent of all the freight cars on its Pittsburgh division had these "preference tags" attached to them. Obviously some people were handing out the tags as personal favors to shippers. No priority system could be effective when thus abused by private interests.

There was a terrific jam of freight cars along the Eastern seaboard in the winter of 1917–18, as cars loaded with materials and coal and machinery and parts for the big shipyards and factories of the East piled up in the yards with no prospect of pay loads to earn their way back West; only an executive oblivious to what it would cost this railroad company or that to send the empties back where they came from, or to route traffic from road to road, could break the jam. McAdoo's appointment as Director General of Railroads was the inescapable answer.

In the summer of 1917 the unlimited demand for steel sent prices up to the roof, and there followed a knock-down-and-drag-out battle between the government and the steelmasters over the price of steel for government (and Allied) orders; not until the War Industries Board threatened to commandeer any steel plant which did not accept its schedule of prices did the steel men fall into line. (They were lordly in those days; it is said that when the negotiation was going on, Baruch found that Gary of United States Steel was dining at his club in New York, and called there to see him; Gary kept him waiting an hour and a half, then told him briefly that the government should accept the steel men's price and left the club.) The merits of that price controversy need not concern us here; the point that does concern us is that on steel prices, as on railroad freight, there had to be somebody who could say the last word unanswerably, and this last word had to be the government's.

Unified authority; executive rather than advisory authority; authority which can say, "No more changes, now go ahead"; governmental authority—all these were proved needful. Does this seem a distasteful lesson for a democracy to learn, even a virtual surrender to the totalitarian method that we abominate? It need not be if we know what we are doing. And it is a lesson which must be applied before, not after, the breakdown of production—whether we are at war or at peace—if the maximum efficiency is to be achieved.

IV

No aspect of the war effort of 1917–18 has brought more shame to the American people, in retrospect, than the egregious profits made by many companies out of war orders. For example, United States Steel, which had earned $11.02 per share of common stock in 1913, and had failed

to cover preferred dividends in 1914, and in 1915 had earned $9.96 per share, prospered so remarkably during 1916, when it was filling huge orders for the French and British, that its 1916 earnings leaped to $48.46 per common share. Then we went into the war. During 1917 its published earnings were almost as big—$39.15 per share; in 1918 they were $22.09 per share—and government accountants later charged that the corporation had made many improper deductions to keep its published figures within bounds. (This, remember, despite the fact that Baruch, not Gary, had the last word on the price of steel in 1918.)

The dividends on du Pont common stock during the four years 1915–18 (two years of work for the Allies, two while America was at war) amounted to a total of 458 per cent on the original stock; in the unintentionally ironical words of the annual report of the company for the year 1918, "It is difficult to imagine a more satisfactory result." According to figures brought out in the Nye investigation of 1935, the Calumet & Hecla Mining Company made 800 per cent on its capital stock in 1917; the Utah Copper Company, 200 per cent.

Preposterous prices were paid for ships; engines and other equipment for them were purchased at such a cost that McAdoo said that he "fancied more than once that the machinery we were buying must be made of silver instead of iron and steel." The huge shipyard at Hog Island, which was estimated to cost $27,000,000, actually cost $66,000,000. To quote McAdoo again, "This was not a matter of graft or dishonesty; the engineers and shipbuilders did not have sufficient time to make proper estimates"; it did, however, represent profiteering prices for material and supplies, as well as scarcity of labor and sky-high wages. Numerous small contractors found themselves rich when they accepted cost-plus-percentage contracts for government work and discovered that their profits rose in proportion to every extravagance they committed. On the other side of the balance must be set, it is true, many industrial concerns which made big investments for war production and found themselves at the Armistice with canceled contracts, useless capacity, and big losses. Nevertheless the picture as a whole is not an agreeable one to look back upon.

This particular lesson, I believe, has already been pretty well driven home. Indeed the Nye investigation of 1935 placed such heavy emphasis upon the profiteering of 1917–18 as to cause us almost to forget the mitigating circumstances: that there was an overwhelming need for production at whatever cost, and an extravagant victory was at least better than an economical defeat; that the inflation of 1915–16 had started prices climbing, the unlimited demand for materials made the climb still steeper, and many industrialists who were making contracts to run a long time feared their costs of operation might go through the roof before the job could be finished; and that the government knew of no way to set prices so as to get the maximum production from the high-cost producers without enabling the more efficient producers to cash in on a big scale.

We should be able to do better this time. For one thing, there has been no general price-inflation yet and none is in immediate prospect (as Mr. Fleming argues elsewhere in this Magazine). In those sections of the national economy where demand will be almost limitless (machine tools, aircraft, steel) we shall probably be so thoroughly on our guard against profiteering that prices can be kept within bounds; indeed, as I write, this probability is so well accepted in Wall Street that aircraft shares have been declining in the stock market despite an obviously unprecedented need for planes. Times have changed, and big corporations such as I have listed above will presumably prefer of their own accord not to make excessive profits.

No fool-proof formula for getting government work done at top speed on a fair

basis of reasonable profit was discovered in 1917–18, but it looks as if the Vinson Act or a general excess-profits tax, with reasonably high income surtaxes, should meet the needs of our time without any such punitive taxation as was proposed in the Bone Bill, which would dislocate our economy at hundreds of points. Certainly at the present moment it is important for many reasons (Mr. Janeway enumerates some of them in this issue of *Harper's*) that the United States remain prosperous while arming. Our moral disapproval of the company or man who fattens himself on the national emergency should not lead us either to try to eliminate profit too drastically or to reduce wages and eliminate labor safeguards. It would be better to commandeer whole industries, guaranteeing dividends equal to the average paid during the past few years (as in the case of the railroads in 1917), than to allow them to remain under private management and destroy their earning capacity.

Yet even with the best possible method of making contracts, eternal vigilance will be the price of profiteering prevention. Even a well-learned lesson can be forgotten.

V

Another lesson of 1917 which deserves mention here may seem trivial at first glance. We are an eager and enthusiastic people, and love to organize. Let an emergency develop and the country breaks out in a rash of voluntary committees. Can anybody count the number of private organizations set up during the past year or two to guard civil liberties or to provide European war relief? In 1917 patriotic societies, professional societies, women's clubs, voluntary committees of every description wanted to help, volunteered their services, and descended in droves upon state capitols and upon Washington, crying, "Put us to work." We also, as a people, have an engaging if somewhat naïve liking for going straight to headquarters with such an offer of services: the manufacturer who thought he could make leather belts for the Army climbed aboard a sleeper for Washington and headed like a homing pigeon for the office of the Secretary of War; the chairman of the Podunk Women's Service League made a beeline for Mr. Hoover's office at the Food Administration. The result was that every official of importance had to be surrounded by courteous bouncers prepared to divert the streams of service-offerers to offices where they might conceivably be useful and welcome; and even so, most officials of importance had to spend most of every working day receiving tenders of services from notables who could not be diplomatically diverted, and had to wait till the evening to transact the vital business on which the speed of the war effort depended.

At the very outset of the war so many State governments were eager to be of service that the Council of National Defense invited all the Governors to Washington for a conference—only to discover that there was almost nothing to say to them: that very little had been thought of which a State government, as such, could do to be of aid. Many pretty things were said to the governors and they were photographed with President Wilson, but they went away somewhat disgruntled. Again, the Council set up a Woman's Committee to mobilize the women of the country. It mobilized them in as fine an array of State and local committees as anyone could wish to see—only to find that there was very little for these committees to do. There was plenty for women to do, and for organized women, but the organization had to be functional or it was well-nigh useless.

How much confusion and waste motion in Washington and frustration in the provinces was caused by these mistakes it is impossible to estimate. But the lesson gradually was driven home: a great national effort must be organized at the top first, and thereafter must be organized functionally throughout the country, with Food Administrators and their

committees answerable to the Food Administration in Washington, with Red Cross committees answerable to the Red Cross, and so on down the line. And it is senseless to call people to Washington unless you know just what you want of them. (Did we not hear of this happening to some aircraft manufacturers recently?)

Let us remember in 1940 and 1941 that, if civilian help is needed, there is nothing for the Podunk Women's Service League to do, as such, and little for its members to do until the various projects which call for widespread civilian action are functionally organized. The Kiplinger Service has recently been discouraging some manufacturers from coming to Washington unnecessarily, and the advice applies to many another earnest patriot. Organization at the center must come first, or there will be confusion, irritation, and weakening of morale.

One more lesson. After the Armistice, the iron grip of the Federal Government over industry and prices and almost every other national activity was quickly relaxed. The War Industries Board, which had held life-or-death powers over business, packed up and went home. "Every war-time control, regulation, priority, or other form of rule was tossed into the waste-basket," as Mark Sullivan has put it. The railroads went back to private management. Business resumed its unfettered course. We are not particularly proud of the post-war era now, but at least it was an era of "normalcy."

That, I think, is worth remembering now that we are confronted with the necessity of yielding to Washington vast and dictatorial powers. Every nation in the world has been following the road to centralization so long that there is a disposition to believe that it must be a one-way street to the very end, and that whatever power we yield now we are yielding once and for all. The lesson of our 1917 experience is that we can get it back if we want it back—and if we have retained sufficient freedom of speech to be able to say that we want it back. Nineteen-forty may be quite different from 1917 in this respect—but this is still to be proved. If we must be ready to grant sweeping authority to Washington —and we must be—the grant need be none the less cheerful, in fact should be all the more cheerful, because it is a loan, not a gift.

EXIT EXPORTS, ENTER BOOM

BY ELIOT JANEWAY

BEFORE Hitler's Blitzkrieg began to blitz it was known, if you remember, as the Bore War, or the Sitzkrieg. And before that, way back in September and October of last year, it was the Second World War and almost everyone expected 1939 to pick us up exactly where 1919 dropped us. There was a sinister excitement in the autumn air, the President had formed what looked like a War Industries Board, and grocers and directors of the Steel Corporation both began muttering "War boom" under their breath. The price of sugar and the rate of production of steel surged up together. Copper companies and manufacturers of ladies' handkerchiefs called for extra help. The stock market skyrocketed. America was getting ready to handle European orders.

The boom developed. Capacity operations were noted in industry after industry, for orders were pouring in. But where did the orders come from? The Allies? Ah, no. (The lack of matériel of the French and English armies which showed up in the spring should have been evident ahead of time, to any interested observer, from their neglect of American suppliers.) The orders which carried American industry up past the 1929 production rate were American orders.

In anticipation of a 1916-style export rush; in fear of mounting commodity prices (wheat, lard, and rubber climbed 30 per cent in two weeks), American industry was spurring American industry to new highs. Business men followed prices up, buying all the way, speculators in spite of themselves, almost in self-defense; wanting only protection against a goods famine. Notices went out to domestic consumers that they had better lay in stocks for future use at once if they did not want their orders lost in the scramble to export that was surely coming. And expecting enormous export orders themselves, the customers bought in overwhelming quantities. When the British actually did try to place a not very large order for steel, during one hectic week they couldn't get any attention at all from the companies working day and night to satisfy American consumers.

Producers remote from the war-goods market were affected. Manufacturers of cotton textiles sold more in the first war week than they had in any week since 1920, and they didn't even receive such meager Allied orders as came to the steel industry. Into warehouses, like nuts to squirrels' holes, went sheets of steel and percale alike. The rush to cache merchandise which didn't have the slightest chance of being exported soon overloaded the railways; which reacted by ordering thousands of new cars (at boom prices) and rushing others to repair shops.

And then it was over. By the time the freight cars which had been ordered in September were delivered plenty of empties were on the sidings, waiting to carry goods to the ultimate consumer. But the ultimate consumer, even the sugar-hoarding housewife, was not buy-

ing. The two or three months of boom production had not been enough to stimulate a boom in consumption at home. They had, indeed, been predicated not on the prospects of domestic consumption, but of exports to Europe. Exports, however, rose during the first three war months (the months of production advance) only about 17 per cent above the 1938 level, and did not reach the 1937 total. It was not till the first quarter of 1940, when business had slowed to its pre-war rate of activity, that they began to show signs of a serious increase.

So did the activity of the German army. The war stopped being an English music-hall joke and became the terrifying and potent catalyst of our nightmares. And on the economic plane the immediate result to us was the loss of the reviving European market. First to go were Denmark (war purchases up over 20 per cent) and Norway (war purchases up over 140 per cent). As a result Sweden (war purchases up about 50 per cent) was cut off from world trade. Then came the turn of the Netherlands (purchases up 50 per cent), whose conquest impaired the buying power of the Dutch East Indies (as I write jeopardized by Japan). Belgian purchases, large for a small country, had fallen slightly during the war.

In June came the assault on and conquest of France, whose wartime imports from the United States had risen nearly 200 per cent, accounting for over 10 per cent of our total exports in September. Italy's entrance into the war meant the complete closing of the Mediterranean to American ships and without doubt to almost all American goods as well. Of America's major export markets outside this hemisphere, there remained only Russia, Japan, and England—all three decidedly unstable outlets for the United States economy to base its hopes on.

Bad enough, is it not, for our prospects of exports? But what of the theory itself? How much should we have prospered if the export rate of the first three months of 1940 had continued to grow (by April it had already begun to drop)? Is the Hull dogma of salvation by exports truly valid and only made ineffective at present because Hitler has prevented its normal development? I believe that the very nature of our war-export business itself augurs ill for any hope this country may have of enjoying an export recovery, or indeed, any exports worth speaking of.

Without exception war exports were not the consumer goods which needed foreign demand to maintain their production at the fall 1939 level. On the contrary, the export increase was concentrated in precisely the heavy industries, the armament industries, which stood in the least need of exports. These are the industries which have been under pressure to expand their production capacity in order to be in a position to handle United States Government orders for national defense.

Most important of course has been the aircraft industry, whose shipments abroad more than doubled in the first quarter of 1940. Between the beginning of the war and mid-May, 2,300 planes were shipped to the Allies alone. Early in July the industry still had unfilled orders of about $1,200,000,000 on its books. As far as aircraft manufacture is concerned the only brake on its prosperity has been its limited production capacity. The same thing is true of machine tools. Exports to the Allies increased four times over the 1938 rate. With Russia's and Japan's purchases added, exports come to about half of total yearly sales. Meanwhile protests have been heard from domestic customers, mainly the Government, because machine-tool makers have not been able to guarantee quick delivery on orders for armament work; and a good deal of ordinary non-armament work is rapidly being pushed out of the picture. Nor have these industries suffered from the recent contraction of the European market—the coming national defense boom promises to keep them working at

full speed and expanding their present capacity. Exports have served simply to pile up their backlog of unfilled orders; with new Government orders filling the breach, exports will not be missed.

The same condition exists in the brass industry, which has taken large Allied orders, and which has been operating twenty-four hours a day for months. But the president of one large unit was quoted at the end of May as saying that it would take a year to enlarge copper-fabricating facilities sufficiently to meet the expected ordnance requirements of our own defense program. Truck exports to the Allies have also been large; while some of the smaller companies have benefited substantially from Allied orders, the larger units in the industry continue to regard exports as a distinctly marginal outlet. Truck exports have been nearly overshadowed by Allied purchases of an older type of power—mules and horses. Last November the French bought 4,000 cavalry, and 7,000 artillery horses in St. Louis; and late in May a Belgian liner carried 511 mules overseas for service against Hitler's streamlined *panzer* divisions. These exports brought no discernible benefit to the American economy.

In contrast to this almost unwanted boom in such capital-goods exports has been the situation in the one area of our economy—agriculture—which, as it is still organized, cannot live without exports. When the war broke out some farmers, remembering what had happened last time, began a farmland speculation boom—right out in the middle of the grain belt. This did not climb very high or last very long. By May it was apparent that this war is an unmitigated calamity to farmers. For the first six war months farm exports (excluding cotton, which benefited temporarily from an export subsidy) were off 21 per cent. Cotton exports, up 123 per cent during the subsidy period, began to fall in a straight swift line in February, as soon as the subsidy stopped. Then in May the most crushing blow of all fell on the cotton market: the British, by far our largest customers, having taken advantage of the subsidy's bargain price to stock up, prohibited further imports except under license. In June, while inventories of every major crop from cotton to fruits accumulated, prices collapsed with a bang. This war was certainly no farmers' war.

For Europe has virtually put an embargo on crop imports. Guns have superseded butter—and now even the bread to spread it on—in all the area that was originally our largest customer. And not only a customer of the United States. Many Americans are coming to regard Canada and Latin America as the next front on which democracy and Fascism may clash. Our neighbors in this hemisphere have little or no industry and small home markets. Their fortunes have been entirely bound up in the European commodity markets. These neighbors of ours, all essentially export economies, have suffered far more cruelly from the closing of these markets than we have.

During the first six months of the war their distress was concealed from many Americans by the fact of sharp increases in American exports to Latin America. But it was precisely this improvement which was so bad. For Latin America is geared to exporting commodities to Europe and, in return, buying manufactures there. The war, in addition to contracting the market for commodity exports, incapacitated the greater part of European industry as an exporter. Consequently the Latin American countries were compelled to use such cash as they had for emergency industrial purchases from the United States. By the spring their resources were pretty well depleted. In June they were hit again by the collapse of the Continent's western democracies, which precipitated a panic in the commodity markets and decreased still farther the value of Latin America's exportable merchandise.

The consequences were soon apparent

in louder-than-usual emergency calls for help from Brazil; in the restriction of many imports by Ecuador, Secretary Hull assenting; and finally, in the heterodox emergency move in Washington to organize a kind of hemispheric Surplus Commodities Relief Corporation for the purpose of buying up from one to two billion dollars' worth of distress commodities, all of them, excepting only coffee, competitive with strongly protected American products. What an eloquent epitaph this was to the era in which the American economy was oriented toward salvation by exports and protection (largely from competitive hemispheric crops and raw materials) by the tariff!

II

This fiasco calls for a fundamental reexamination of our familiar assumptions about exports and the export route to recovery.

Our first conclusion must be that since 1916 we have been paying for whatever we have exported—not directly by taking imports, but indirectly, by subsidizing our customers. The rub now is that for some time only a fraction of the subsidies we have paid out have been coming back to finance exports; and also that, thanks to Hitler, we must either quit the export-subsidy business (and the export business) altogether, or frankly admit that we are subsidizing—and arming—Hitler.

During the war and post-war years, our subsidies took the form of loans abroad. As Jerome Frank has described it in his prophetic *Save America First*, this was the period of Wall Street's PWA. The loans helped the economy as long as they continued. But they did not continue beyond 1929, and by 1932 very general repudiation had made further foreign lending impossible.

So we invented a new method of pump-priming: we began to buy gold from all comers, paying them $35 in paper dollars for this "permanent and universal" money. Most people are familiar with the fact that the United States Treasury is holding the bag to the tune of $19,000,000,000 of gold buried in Kentucky. Its own contribution to this dental reservoir since 1934 has amounted to only $7,300,000,000 in original gold stock and domestic production. The balance, plus an additional billion of only slightly less permanent and universal money in the form of silver (a middle-class dental reserve), came from abroad. And what did the United States get for this very handsome $13,000,000,000 gold and silver subsidy? In the six years 1934–39 it got a total export balance of only $2,906,000,000, in the first five months of 1940 it got an additional $639,240,000—$3,545,240,000 in all, or roughly 25¢ on each dollar of subsidy.

No more authoritative or eloquently disturbed witness to the absurdity of this program is needed than the *Wall Street Journal*. As early as November, 1939, the war gold rush was overshadowing the hoped-for war export boom. This fact, proof positive that the war was not profiting us, prompted the *Journal* to break an editorial lance against "those who still believe it is the Heaven-given right of the United States to sell abroad everything it chooses to ship and to buy there only what it cannot produce at home, and those who think of large export balances as the only 'favorable' foreign trade results." To the latter group, the *Journal* pointed out that our $3,100,000,000 of January–November 1939 gold imports were "more than four times [our] export balance."

Thus if we have not been exporting enough to matter, the reason has not been our lack of generosity toward our customers. But what hurts most is the fact that we did not have to pay subsidies at all to get the exports we have had. For in recent years, and particularly during the first months of the war, the rise in exports was confined to airplanes and other war necessities, for which there was a fierce demand anyhow. Farm products and other consumer

goods for which we badly needed an export outlet, especially during the 1939 inventory crisis, were passed over.

Since this huge export subsidy has not helped farm exports, additional subsidies have been needed for each crop. In the case of cotton the subsidy during the 1939–40 crop year amounted to some $60,000,000; and left the cotton crisis where it was. Moreover the cotton export subsidy has conflicted with our foreign policy. For example, Japan has not exactly had first call on our charity; yet on her 1939–40 cotton bill the subsidy netted her a saving of some $4,000,000, no mean sum to her. Then there is Spain, sleeping partner of the Axis; last August the Export-Import Bank agreed to put up 80 per cent of a cotton credit to Franco amounting to $13,750,000.

The short-lived wheat-export subsidy, which was canceled at the end of 1939, was equally fruitless. Between August, 1938 and December, 1939, the United States dumped 128,200,000 bushels—at a cost of about $33,000,000. At one point last summer the world price was so far below the domestic cost of production that 50¢ was lost on every bushel dumped. The most unfortunate part about this episode was that it involved us in a dispute with our most unmanageable Good Neighbor, Argentina. For we were stupid enough to try to carry our wheat offensive into her own bailiwick by proposing to dump 50,000,000 bushels in the Brazilian market. This, in the bad year of 1938, absorbed the whole Argentinian surplus, which incidentally amounted to only $23,000,000, not much money for us but a lot of money for Argentina.

More recently, in May, a short-sighted campaign got under way to dump 20,000,000 bushels of another very sick crop, corn, our exports having suffered from the fact that our corn has sold for 30¢ a bushel over the Argentinian price. The subsidy fund is only $6,000,000. It is not nearly large enough to ease the pressure of the chronically huge surplus. But it has already provoked Argentinian charges that we are violating the Good Neighbor policy.

The moral of these piddling, intermittent crop export subsidies is that they do not scratch the surface of the farm problem. At best, they are temporary soporifics: at worst, they bring us into open conflict with our hemispheric neighbors, the latter being countries with nothing but crops to sell and no place but Europe and other Latin American countries to sell them.

Before Mr. Henry Wallace subjected himself to political pressures which he is temperamentally unsuited to resist, he was a brilliant editor. Early in 1922, looking back on a year in which American corn exports to a starving Europe had risen by no less than 1,200 per cent, he wrote an astonishingly, or rather characteristically, prophetic article in which he said: "The fact that our cheap corn is going to Europe in a steady stream holds no real hope for the future of the export business. It will keep going in a steady stream so long as it is cheap. But the history of the export trade in corn shows that Europe makes large purchases only when corn is selling for far less than it costs the American farmer to produce it. . . . Are we prepared to sacrifice ourselves in this way, so that Europe will have enough food to . . . continue to maintain standing armies and to build battleships? . . . Is a big export trade on these conditions worth having?"

These words might have been written to-day (except that Mr. Wallace's final question would now have to read: "Is a small farm export trade on these conditions worth having?"). For Europe is now Germany, and indications point to a propaganda campaign run from Berlin next winter intended to get the United States to save France and a possibly subjugated England from starving. Moreover, Germany is now reported to be in possession of a considerable portion of France's gold, and will undoubtedly join her puppet French Government in de-

manding that we release the substantial dollar assets of French nationals here. If England goes under we may expect to see this pattern repeated. In short, Germany will now be available for export subsidies.

And she has many reasons for wanting us to continue waiting for the European market to revive, so that she may induce us to continue paying Europe, *i.e.* Hitler, to take fractions of our surpluses. If we accept her gold and confiscated Allied dollar holdings (what we should do with the latter is confiscate them as payment on the War Debt!), she will be getting our goods—farm and industrial—for next to nothing. And if we remain eager exporters we may be sure that her buyer's monopoly will keep our farm prices low—and the United States discontented. Moreover, if we stay in the business the best that we can hope for is to share the European, *i.e.* the German, market with Latin America and Canada: this means that Germany will be able to play us off against our southern and northern neighbors, and keep the hemisphere divided against itself.

III

Before the German conquest of France Professor O. M. W. Sprague of Harvard, who was formerly adviser to the Bank of England, maintained in a lecture at Columbia that the United States should not make the mistake of seeking economic salvation by exports. As Professor Sprague saw it, the only way in which the United States can rouse itself from its ten-year economic inertia is by lifting itself by its own bootstraps. Professor Sprague suggested a mass housing revival, set off by technological progress in the low-cost market, as the best way of beginning. Still thinking in terms of the possibility that the Allies might win the war, he pointed out that the United States has been exporting too much for the good of the rest of the world, which was then organized into small economic units more dependent than the United States upon exports. And he also made the point, which so badly needs making and which is underscored by the fake boom of last autumn, that the American economy is organized on an infinitely larger scale than its export outlets; and that the rest of the world can absorb American goods only in quantities which are too small to bring recovery to America.

The upshot of Professor Sprague's argument was that the American economy is so big that only a domestic boom can help it. This view—which incidentally is shared by Mr. Jerome Frank and other economists of the New Deal, who certainly would not agree with Professor Sprague on most economic questions—carries an interesting corollary. If the United States pursues a laissez-faire attitude toward exports, and booms domestically, instead of running an export balance it will run an import balance. The high level of production will necessitate high imports of rubber, tin, vegetable oils, drugs, pulp, manganese, cork, and other import necessities. Thus the best thing which the United States can do for the world is to recover, to produce more, to import more, to pay more and thus to promote a rising standard of living abroad. This is simpler and infinitely preferable to the method of indirection involved in exporting more than we import; then giving away more than our export balance in order to keep our customers in funds; and finally, when they use their funds for non-farm buying, subsidizing them again to take some crops. In the long run our exports will rest on a sounder basis, and expand more steadily, if our customers sell more to us than we sell to them, if their purchasing power is augmented by rising sales to an expanding American industry.

Since Germany conquered France it has become utopian to speak of recovery via housing. But thesis and antithesis have synthesized and we seem to be about to begin a purely domestic recovery anyhow, a recovery via expenditures for defense against the Europe that has exploded our illusions about recovery via export subsidies. There is no longer any

hope of our contributing to the stability of a new *European* democracy by prospering and buying more than we sell. But, again for the same reason, nothing is more urgent than that we contribute an import balance to our neighbors in this hemisphere who will feel the loss of the European market more than we shall.

As a matter of fact, immediately following the collapse of France, Mr. W. L. Clayton, of Anderson, Clayton and Company, the world's largest cotton firm, pointed to the readjustment which Hitler's conquest of Europe may well force upon our economy. "We have in the United States," he said, "a surplus of at least 2,000,000 farm families and 75,000,000 to 100,000,000 acres of farm land."

What to do with this uneconomic and unemployable farm capacity which has no prospect of exporting again, and which cannot compete (and, politically speaking, should not) in the hemisphere's small markets with the cheaper farm products of Canada and Latin America? Fortunately the grim necessity of our arming points to an immediate answer which, when I suggested it a year ago in the *Nation*, seemed fantastically nebulous. The prospect now is that, whether under the New Deal or under Mr. Willkie, the United States (if it is to survive) is going into a period of $20–25,000,000,000 a year budgets. To finance such a volume of spending by taxation at the rate of more than $12–15,000,000,000 a year would seem extremely difficult. It could of course be done—but with a resultant reduction of the American standard of living to a bread-and-potatoes level. The assumption seems warranted that, in addition to spending at the rate of $25,000,000,000 a year, the Government will have to contribute, by deficits or other financial expedients, $10–12,000,000,000 a year to the national income. In sum, the Government, to paraphrase Professor Sprague, is about to raise the economy by its own bootstraps. Washington economists, trying to evaluate the impact of this upon production, estimate that the Federal Reserve Index of production activity, which rose to 128—a new record—last fall, should find a level closer to 160. We may now look forward, much as we may regret the needs which inaugurate it, to a period of full production.

More than this: since much of our present capacity is unsuited to arms work, we cannot simply divert our present facilities to defense production; instead, we shall have to create entirely new, and specialized, capacities in practically every one of the heavy industries. This means that we may look forward to a full production boom and a simultaneous construction boom to install new—and different—productive capacity. There is good reason to suppose that at this pace of economic activity we shall run into a period of full employment of industrial employables.

Now the job of planning this defense program boils down to two alternatives: we can permit our present, mainly commercial, capacities to lie idle while we build new arms plants, or we can use the arms boom as a lever with which to throw our commercial economy into high speed. The use of deficit financing (instead of balancing the budget by onerous taxation), at least for an introductory period, will leave sufficient income in the hands of the people to permit the latter situation to develop.

If we choose the latter alternative we may expect the consumption of goods—particularly of farm products—to rise. This will provide us with the answer to the question: what to do with our surplus farmers? Is not the solution plainly to use the coming boom, and its overflow of prosperity into the most economical portion of our agriculture, to absorb our excess farmers into industry? As defense work booms industry and labor past their present capacity, why not have the Government buy out our unemployed farmers? Is not a boom the prudent time to write off one's losses? These farmers are national losses, as matters stand, and if they are not absorbed into useful and profitable work at the top of a

boom they will fall on our collective heads like a ton of bricks at the bottom of the next depression—when we shall have no way of absorbing them into other work.

There is an important corollary to this suggestion. Every unemployed, low-consuming farmer who is absorbed into industry becomes a farm customer: if industry booms, as we may now expect it to, he becomes a big farm customer. If we simultaneously scale down our farm capacity and expand our farm consumption we shall be able—without injuring the prosperous portion of our farmers remaining in agriculture—to implement the Good Neighbor policy by absorbing surplus crops from Canada and Latin America. And unless we begin to import hemispheric surplus commodities now we can hardly expect Latin America to play with us for a period long enough to enable us to develop a long-range investment program designed to scale down its production of unmarketable crops; and to develop in their place hemispheric production of rubber and other goods supplementary to our economy which we can gladly import.

At any rate, the closing of Europe has forced our hand, has left us no choice (excepting appeasement) but to abandon our self-defeating export-subsidy policy. A domestic boom will multiply our power to consume the competitive items we should begin to import from the hemisphere; especially if we acknowledge that we shall prosper more, and arm better, by gradually putting a part of our farmers to work in industry. The time to make such adjustments is always during a boom—when the temptation to forget the need for adjustments is greatest. If farmers now earning $80 a year are to participate in a full production boom, this country must convert itself from a would-be crop-exporter to Europe into the hemisphere's major crop-importer. And if defense leads but does not monopolize the show, if defense is used merely to set off a boom which will be as much a *butter* as a *gun* boom, we shall find ourselves forgetting about the oversupply of labor and worrying about the undersupply of labor.

What has happened is terrible, but it has happened; and perhaps its horror may be somewhat offset by the fact that it can result in the United States really going to work as it should have done long ago.

RUBBER OUT OF OIL

BY HARLAND MANCHESTER

One of the most vulnerable spots in our economic and defensive armor is our rubber supply. With 68 per cent of the world's motor vehicles rolling on our highways, we use more than half of all the rubber produced in the world, and 90 per cent of our supply comes from Far Eastern plantations 9,000 miles from our shores. Powerful, unfriendly expansionist nations covet the lucrative rubber-growing monopoly which Great Britain and the Netherlands have controlled for many years. The future of Netherlands India is doubtful, to say the least, and harassed Britain may lose Malaya. Japan's recent moves toward French Indo-China and her announcement of special interests in the South Pacific may jeopardize our supply of this strategically important commodity.

To meet this threat, three huge American corporations have come forward independently with a revolutionary proposal. We can make our own rubber, they say. Their research chemists have been working for years on the production of synthetic rubber from petroleum and other raw materials which abound in the United States. Exhaustive tests have shown their products to be equal or superior to natural rubber, and some of them have been in commercial use for years. The firms—du Pont, B. F. Goodrich, and Standard Oil of New Jersey—are proceeding with routine production, and all three report that in the event of a national emergency they can turn out any amount of rubber the country needs as soon as they build the necessary plant and that an unfailing domestic rubber supply at stable prices within our own control is commercially practical.

Even in peace times American manufacturers have been at the mercy of violently fluctuating rubber prices which they have little power in controlling. To-day all signs indicate that current military activities are only a prelude to a knockdown, drag-out trade war with no holds barred; that the co-operative concept of division of labor, built up painfully through the centuries, is being swiftly garroted by the savage law of tribal self-sufficiency. It is not to be expected that the rich rubber area will escape the attention of aggressive powers who are fighting for colonies and raw materials, or that they are oblivious of the possible use of rubber as a weapon with which to wring political and economic concessions from the United States.

An even more serious threat is the sudden stoppage of our rubber supply if we should become a belligerent. No matter how fast we build warships, it will be several years before we can even consider protection of sea lanes outside this hemisphere. When the war began many American-bound rubber ships, which normally steam west through the Suez or around Africa, were rerouted across the Pacific and through the Canal, as they were during the World War. Once this adjustment was sufficient; with to-day's alignment of naval strength it is no more than a temporary expedient. If a symbol were needed to dramatize the futility of American dreams of isolation,

30,000,000 idle cars with wornout tires would do well enough.

Ever since the World War our industrial and military leaders have been concerned about our almost complete dependence upon East Indian rubber. There have been various attempts to break the stranglehold. Ford planted rubber in Brazil; Firestone in Liberia, Goodyear in the Philippines. Government silviculturists have made rubber trees grow in Florida; Edison produced rubber latex from goldenrod, and others have experimented with milkweed juice. New methods have increased the use of reclaimed rubber, and now that the country has been aroused to the need of rearmament Congress has voted millions to add to the national stock pile of such strategic materials.

II

Some of these attempts have been successful in a limited way, but in view of our yearly rubber requirement of about 600,000 long tons they are only a drop in the bucket. For various reasons, rubber production in South America and Africa has never competed with that of the Far East. New plantings would take seven years to mature, and even then shipments might be cut off in a military emergency. The success of domestic latex-bearing substitutes is only experimental, and while the use of reclaimed rubber has helped substantially it is no permanent solution.

The purchase of rubber reserves is a necessary precaution, but it does not lay the ghost which stalks in the factories of Akron and Detroit. There is no large supply of raw rubber anywhere. Its production is regulated so that it moves rapidly from the tree to the tire. Normally we have an advance supply that will last about three months, and with unlimited funds and capacity plantation production, it would take us at least a year to build up an additional four months' reserve. That might do for a small emergency, but most of our current talking is in terms of hemispheres.

It is generally agreed that there is only one method by which the United States can possibly become independent of the Asiatic rubber plantations in any reasonable period of time—and that is by the quantity production of synthetic rubber. We should not be pioneers in launching such a program. Germany, according to all reports, has gone a long way toward achieving this independence with her *buna*, a synthetic rubber derived from limestone and coal. Germany paid dearly for the transition. Three years ago she placed a one hundred per cent import duty on crude rubber and used the proceeds to subsidize *buna* manufacture. Just before the war began *buna* was filling one-third of her rubber requirements; plant capacity was being expanded with the expectation of producing two-thirds early in 1940, and plans for making the remaining third were in the blueprint stage.

Buna is made by a complicated process of many steps. The limestone and coal are combined to produce calcium carbide, and the addition of water produces the acetylene gas sometimes used for illumination. From acetylene is obtained the colorless, volatile liquid hydrocarbon, *butadiene*, which is similar to *isoprene*, the basic substance of natural rubber. After other ingredients are added, molecular changes are made in the liquid by a process called emulsion polymerization, which resembles the joining of links to form a chain. The preparation has now acquired the main characteristic of latex, and from this point on it is processed like natural rubber.

By necessity, the Germans took the hard, expensive way. Both processing and raw-material costs would be lower in the United States. Butadiene, the base of most synthetic rubbers, can be obtained directly from petroleum or from its dirt-cheap by-product—butane gas—much more simply than from coal. Fewer steps are needed. And whether coal or oil is used, our cheap, abundant supply gives us an advantage over any other country.

III

Although the war has brought the rubber problem into sharp focus, work on synthetic substitutes has been proceeding in the world's industrial laboratories for many years, and it would have gone on steadily had Hitler remained a house painter. For one thing, there are many rubber uses in which synthetic varieties are better than the natural product. The erratic behavior of the price of imported rubber has been an important main stimulant to research. To-day rubber is selling in New York at a "future" price of about 18 cents a pound; in 1933 it dropped to 3 cents, and it is significant that some of the most promising synthetic projects were launched in the middle twenties, when rubber hit a preposterous peak of $1.23. This wild behavior resulted from the failure of a localized monopoly, geared to fancy profits, to adjust its output to the world demand. Come peace or war, the terms under which we have obtained our rubber in the past thirty years have a definite bearing on the present move toward synthetics.

The big rubber boom in the Far East got under way about 1910, backed by British and Dutch capital. Before that most rubber came from wild trees tapped by natives in the Amazon valley in the Brazilian state of Pará. When mass production of automobiles in the United States increased the demand there was a Brazilian attempt to control rubber prices. Rubber went to $3 a pound, and the result was frenzied planting in Netherlands India, Malaya, and Ceylon. The Far Eastern planters not only stole Brazil's market—they used her own tree to do it. Many years before, seeds of the *Hevea braziliensis*, which Pará rubber comes from, had been taken to London, and the trees had been introduced in Ceylon. Soon they grew lushly in Malaya, Sumatra, and surrounding tropical lands. The first shipment of cultivated rubber reached London in 1905, and when the boom came along Far Eastern plantation rubber quickly pushed the Brazilian wild variety from the world market.

Heavy rainfall, "easy" labor conditions, freedom from the leaf blight which preys upon the tree in Brazil, and a bud-grafting process which increased the yield—these are some of the factors which have given world dominance to the Far Eastern rubber plantations and made them sources of fabulous profits. Until late in 1919 the price of rubber averaged well over 50 cents a pound. Millions of new cars rolled off the assembly lines, each using up about five tires a year, and war buying was tremendous. Already embattled Germany was trying her first synthetic rubber, but unless the cars were jacked up overnight, the *ersatz* tires resembled lopsided doughnuts.

Like American wheat farmers, the rubber planters over-expanded their acreage, and were caught by the post-war depression. On the one hand, vast new groves, planted in the early days of the War, came to maturity, increasing the potential supply. On the other hand, the American tire industry, which uses 70 per cent of the rubber we import, changed over from the old short-lived fabric tires to the more durable cord tires, thus cutting down the demand.

There followed a series of crop-restriction schemes, intended, like the New Deal's AAA, to dispose of surplus stocks and bolster prices. There was the Stephenson plan, put into effect in 1922, which taxed all rubber exports over certain set quotas. This reduced surplus stocks so effectively that there was a shortage and a panic market, with rubber hitting the sensational $1.23 top in 1925. The plan broke down because of limited co-operation and was finally abandoned six years later. A new period of chaos followed, with rubber selling as low as 3 cents in the early thirties. A plummeting market can be as dangerous to a rubber customer as the reverse trend, for he may have stocked heavily at higher prices.

Finally the present international rubber agreement was adopted, embracing all growing areas worth considering except Brazil, Liberia, and the Philippines. It has worked more smoothly than its predecessors. This plan limits the production of all plantations to a uniform percentage of their capacity per acre, and the allowed percentage may be changed to meet the trends of world demand. It places a premium upon efficient management. For instance under the present quota, which is 80 per cent, the planter whose trees yield an annual 500 pounds an acre (which is about average on the big estates) may market 400 pounds a year, while the planter who has stepped up his yield to 700 pounds by bud-grafting or other methods is allowed to sell 560 pounds. Since the lion's share of the rubber is produced on the big, efficient plantations of Malaya and Netherlands India, British and Dutch interests control the application of the agreement. By intent or otherwise, this has the effect of curbing the production of the small native planters, whose "garden plots" have multiplied so fast in the last two decades that their suppression appears to be essential to the future of the monopoly.

American tire manufacturers, whose only interest in the matter is a steady supply of raw rubber at stable low prices, have come to the natural conclusion that any industry which can survive the mad price fluctuations of the past two decades must be normally geared to bonanza profits. It was estimated recently, for instance, that with rubber at 18 cents and under the present export quota of 80 per cent, the average estate was making about 18 per cent net profit, while estates with the highest yield could net as high as 33 per cent.

If there is to be a general redistribution of colonial assets at the point of a gun, the rubber area is obviously one of the richest prizes. No new management would be likely to overlook the golden opportunity of gouging America. We might even long for the good old days of the British rubber trust. It may be argued that rubber producers are dependent upon the great American market and cannot afford to lose the business. On the other hand, recent dispatches from Germany indicate that *ersatz* industries will be tapered off when sources of natural raw materials are opened up, and the new Greater Germany can use a lot of rubber at an agreeable price. In any event, the fusion of politics and economics which is totalitarianism has not yet counted the cost of chastising a people who refuse to "co-operate."

IV

Fifteen years ago the late Dr. Julius A. Nieuwland, a Notre Dame priest, met a du Pont man at a scientific meeting. He told him of a method he had developed for deriving from acetylene gas something called divinyl acetylene. The du Pont man was interested, for this had a bearing upon the company's search for a new synthetic rubber. Exorbitant rubber prices under the Stephenson scheme had stimulated worldwide competition. Countries outside the agreement had doubled their acreages. Ford began planting in Brazil despite leaf-rust and higher labor costs. The use of reclaimed rubber in the United States was trebled. Botanists scanned thousands of latex-bearing plants, testing those which might possibly compete with the *Hevea* tree, and chemists studied the notes of laboratory pioneers who had worked toward the goal of making a durable, elastic substance that would behave like natural rubber.

There was a long procession of them. Eighty years ago Greville Williams distilled crude rubber and isolated its basic liquid, isoprene. Soon Bouchardat of France took some isoprene (known to its intimates as beta-methyl-butadiene) and polymerized it back into rubber. A man named Tilden cracked turpentine in 1882, got something he thought was isoprene, and turned it into some rubberlike stuff. In 1910 Kyriakides, a

chemist working for the Hood Rubber Company in Watertown, Massachusetts, developed a synthetic rubber, and at about the same time, Hofmann of Germany laid the experimental foundation for *buna*. And there were many others. Everyone knew that you could make rubber of sorts out of almost anything—cornstalks, sawdust, or an old straw hat. The Germans tried potatoes and the Italians tomatoes. The problem was to select the most adaptable, cheap, and plentiful raw materials and work out a commercial process by which they could be converted at reasonable cost into a rubber substitute as good or better than the natural product.

Dr. Nieuwland had been experimenting with acetylene since his student days, and it was the memory of a peculiar odor smelled twelve years before that set him on the trail of the new derivative. Du Pont chemists had been trying with little success to make a suitable rubber substitute from acetylene, and Dr. Nieuwland's discovery gave them the essential first step. Trying out another of his ideas, du Pont made chloroprene, a relative of butadiene, and then polymerized it into the first commercially successful synthetic rubber. Its basic raw materials are coal, limestone, and salt, and it goes under the trade name of Neoprene. It was placed on the market in 1932, and since then du Pont has doubled production almost every year. They are now shipping about 550,000 pounds a month, and are spending $2,000,000 on new equipment which will nearly double the output to 6,000 tons a year.

They had so much to learn at the start that new plants were out of date and had to be rebuilt within a year after they were finished. In spite of the high overhead, they have been able to cut the selling price from $1.05 a pound to 65 cents. About 250 American rubber manufacturers are using it in making specialized products in which its superior advantages overcome the price difference between Neoprene and natural rubber. Among these advantages are resistance to oil and other chemicals which deteriorate natural rubber, resistance to sunlight and heat, and longer wear. It is used for gasoline hose, conveyor belts, automobile parts, gloves, stoppers, and a hundred other things. It is used commercially in solid truck tires, but so far its use in pneumatic tires is only experimental. While du Pont believes that Neoprene is better for the outer surface of a tire because of its resistance to sunlight deterioration, no advantage is seen in using it in place of rubber for binding the layers of cord. In the tire field, du Pont would like to feel its way cautiously. Unless a national emergency dictates a change of plan, du Pont will go ahead with its program of improving its product, simplifying the process of manufacture, lowering production costs, cutting the sales price, and doubling the output every year.

Despite Neoprene's success in many fields, the veteran tire manufacturers of the B. F. Goodrich Company of Akron believe that the real solution of synthetic rubber production on a large-scale competitive basis lies in making the butadiene directly from petroleum. When petroleum is "cracked" it is divided up into various products, from high-grade gasoline to the sludgiest grade of bunker oil. Butane gas, which is extracted to make butadiene, is one of the by-products, and if the operation is performed economically the subtraction of the material to make tires need not interfere with the production of gasoline to drive the cars. Goodrich has already placed on the market its "Ameripol" tires, made from a synthetic obtained by this method. They sell for about $20, $5 more than the Goodrich Silvertown; but Goodrich expects that even if there is no interruption of our normal commerce, simplification of manufacture and increased production may eventually enable them to compete with natural rubber tires.

Goodrich's Ameripol, which in grim anticipation is also called "liberty rubber," was developed by Dr. Waldo Semon, whose work as an industrial

chemist has won him national prominence. At about the time when Father Nieuwland was recreating the lost odor Semon chucked his teaching job at the University of Washington and piled his family into a jalopy, hoping that the tires would last until he reached Akron. Semon had done a number of things, from devising inks for code messages to experimenting with TNT. The Goodrich people had seen his scientific papers, and when they needed a new method for sticking rubber to metal they gave him the job. This work led to the discovery of Koroseal, a thermoplastic synthetic which resists oil, acid, and sunlight. Like Neoprene, it is used in place of rubber for numerous industrial purposes, as well as for raincoats, umbrellas, shower-curtains, and so on. Although better than rubber in several ways, Koroseal cannot be vulcanized and will not do for tires. Dr. Semon and his staff of researchers proceeded until they had the formula for Ameripol. They made more than five thousand different synthetic rubbers before selecting it, and hundreds of tires were tested on the road and in the laboratories.

Goodrich is now making a few hundred tires a week in which natural rubber is replaced by Ameripol in proportions varying from 50 to 100 per cent. For a year and a half they have been making the synthetic in a pilot plant at Akron, and a new factory is being built which will turn out several tons of Ameripol a day.

Many claims of superior wearing quality have been made for various synthetic rubbers. There is no doubt that Ameripol is tougher than natural rubber. Goodrich can easily make an experimental Ameripol tire that will outwear a rubber one. But tough rubber is hard to handle in tire-making, and in mass production there has to be a compromise. The best Goodrich will say is that Ameripol will wear as long as any tire. Tire mileage has improved tremendously through the years, and in view of the extreme youth of Ameripol they think that is enough of a boast.

The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey will, like Goodrich, make the butadiene for its rubber directly from petroleum. Standard Oil has two irons in the fire: *buna* and a new synthetic developed in its own laboratories called butyl. Before war broke out last year we had been importing a small amount of German *buna*, which found a market for certain uses even at 90 cents a pound. When the supply was cut off Standard Oil, by means of an exchange of patents, acquired the right to make it, and is building a plant at Baton Rouge which will begin turning out 10,000 pounds a day by the first of the year. The company has in turn licensed the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, which is expected to start production soon, and another large rubber firm, at present unidentified, will buy its *buna* from the Baton Rouge plant.

Meanwhile, butyl is being made in a closely guarded pilot plant at Bayway, New Jersey. The nature of the process is still a secret, but it is known that it is simpler than *buna* manufacture; that there are fewer steps between the oil well and the tire. It will not be made in quantity until tests are completed, but the confidence placed in the newest synthetic may be inferred from the company's statement that if a crisis arises nothing but plant installation stands in the way of making enough to fill a large part of our rubber needs. The company believes that when made in quantity it will compete in price with imported natural rubber.

All this gives an idea of what three big firms are doing with synthetic rubber, but there is great activity in many laboratories, and new announcements may come at any time. No one has yet found a limit to the number of ways of making materials which resemble rubber.

If we put prophecy and speculation aside and consider the production actually scheduled by these firms, with funds earmarked and plants going up,

the advance is striking enough. In 1939 less than 2,000 tons of synthetic rubber were produced in the United States, and within a few months it will be turned out at the rate of 10,000 tons. This is hardly a patch on our total rubber requirements of 600,000 tons a year, but it may show where we are headed.

V

In a world governed to any appreciable degree by the dictates of common sense, the immediate development of synthetic rubber to fill all our needs would be an economic absurdity. The Far East is admirably fitted for the job of raising the world's rubber. A few international concessions of the kind Mr. Hull could explain would bring us all the natural rubber we need at a price so low that no one would invest money in a product to replace it.

But with such a sane solution highly unlikely we must prepare for a continuation of the customary chaos, for new prohibitive rubber prices, or for an emergency which will deprive us of our rubber entirely. None of the firms now making synthetic rubber would welcome the prospect of multiplying their plant facilities over night. They all say that they can do it if it is necessary; that if the capital is provided and the government gives them priority in materials, they could tool up in perhaps twenty months to fill all our normal rubber needs, and that for an emergency measure the cost would not be excessive. There would probably be mistakes and a few poor tires, but the plan would work.

Everyone agrees that it would cost somewhat less to build the plants than to buy a year's stock pile of natural rubber —if it could be found. It is estimated that a plant with a capacity of 100 tons a day would cost $8,000,000, and that covers the process all the way from the petroleum to the raw rubber. It would take seventeen of those plants to make the rubber we used last year. The cost would be covered by a round $140,000,000, while a year's supply of rubber at the current "future" price of 18 cents would set us back about $240,000,000. One may argue that the figures are not parallel—that having the means of making the rubber is not equal to having the rubber itself. Several rubber men have estimated that in large-scale production synthetic rubber can be made for at least as low as 25 cents a pound. Add $331,520,000 for a year's supply to the cost of the plant, and the total is $471,520,000. One expert calls this estimate far too high.

In any event, we could build our own rubber-production industry, using domestic raw materials, and make the first year's batch, for only $231,520,000 more than we should have to pay for a year's supply of imported rubber. The amount allotted under a recent Act of Congress to the RFC to be spent in the purchase of strategic materials is $250,000,000.

Some producers have mixed feelings about methods of financing the proposed mushroom industry. Since it would be erected only to anticipate a national emergency, they believe that they should not be asked to shoulder the burden. On the other hand, they are uneasy about the prospect of "government control." It is suggested that the RFC might advance the money for the plants, the companies to pay off the loan in synthetic rubber stocks.

The new industry would not, despite predictions, go far toward relieving unemployment, for labor economy is one factor which makes it possible. Once the plants were erected they could be run by a force of not more than 10,000 men. There might, however, be a shortage of Ph.D.'s in chemistry.

It is sometimes necessary to throw partially trained troops into battle, but generals don't like to do it. Commercial synthetic rubber is new. There are many things to learn about it which would be hard to pick up in the confusion of a hell-for-leather production program.

The makers would prefer to turn it out only as fast as it will sell, without sudden expansion or subsidization. As Mr. E. R. Bridgewater of du Pont explained to the Senate Military Affairs Committee, ". . . immediate construction of synthetic rubber plants which would not be self-supporting might result in our being less well prepared to meet a rubber emergency in 1945."

Manufacturers would like to stick to their present program. They can build up an effective weapon against manipulation of natural rubber prices, and most of them predict that stabilization of the price somewhere between 10 and 20 cents can thus be enforced. After that is done they are willing to let the two rivals fight it out in the open market.

Time will reveal whether a newly shaped world will allow us to continue in these ways of laissez-faire capitalist democracy. But no matter what happens to rubber imports, the Sunday sedans—as well as the caissons—can keep on rolling.

APPEASEMENT

BY MARTHA KELLER

WE watched the swinging of the axe
On Austrian and other necks.
We are not beggars, like the blacks.
We are not peasants, like the Czechs.

We chose. We did not choose to die.
We chose to live and break our word.
We chose to compromise and lie.
We lie and live, as we preferred.

We gave three choices to the Jews:
What wall? What bullet? And what grave?
We took our choice. We did not choose
The three same choices that we gave.

To save our children we denied
A sacred and a solemn oath.
Yet uselessly. Because the tide
Is rising which shall silence both.

DON'T EXPECT INFLATION

BY HAROLD M. FLEMING

When World War II broke out last September the first response in Wall Street was the skyrocketing of commodity prices. Day after day leading essential commodities like sugar, wheat, lard, rubber, tin, and cocoa "rose the limit" on the future markets, and cash prices went up even faster than futures.

The reasoning behind this move was simple—all too simple. There had been inflation of commodity prices during the World War; commodity prices had boomed during the American Civil War, and before that during the Napoleonic Wars. So there should be an inflation during this war. The notion spread like wildfire through the financial district that a great inflation was on the cards, and speculators rushed to get in on it. Within a fortnight some of the leading staples had been bid up in price by as much as they rose in the first year to eighteen months of the World War.

Alas for the speculators—all those gains have since been lost and more. Commodity prices are back at pre-war levels.

But this is not the first time in recent years that a much-anticipated inflation in the price of basic commodities has failed to come off. Back in the dear dead days of 1933 a certain time-honored chain of reasoning about price inflation was set in motion by the devaluation of our dollar—or, to put it conversely, by the marking up of the price of gold. There was a notion that commodity prices could be manipulated by manipulating the price of gold. A higher price for gold, by this theory, should mean higher commodity prices. When Congress marked up gold from $20.67 an ounce to $35.00 the result was sharply rising bank reserves. Sharply rising bank reserves, in theory, ought to result in sharply rising deposits, and sharply rising deposits ought to result in sharply rising commodity prices. For years since 1933 well-known economists, whom it would be embarrassing to name here, have continued to predict publicly that commodity prices were bound to hit the ceiling sooner or later, probably sooner. There was no "in the long run" hedge about most of these predictions. They were flat, categorical, and emphatic. But they were wrong.

Still another group of economic thinkers predicted inflation on another line of reasoning, and were just as wrong. They argued from our national budget deficits—something like twenty-five or thirty billions in the past few years, depending on how you figure. Never have such peacetime deficits been seen in human history. And never was there anything more definite in the theory of money than that when a government barges into a red-ink spree it will inevitably go the primrose path down those fiscal expedients which lead to ruinous inflation of commodity prices. Continued heavy deficits, it was thought, would mean a strain on the money market, to be relieved only by the issuance of paper money which would drive prices up.

But it didn't happen.

In other words we have had three

well-established orthodox reasons for anticipating a substantial rise in prices and the cost of living—a sixty per cent mark-up in the price of gold, a long series of Treasury deficits, and a major war.

These reasons are in some ways even stronger to-day than they were a year ago or when the war broke out in September. While no further mark-up in gold is in sight, the total of our national monetary gold stock is climbing almost vertically. It was about $4,000,000,000 in 1933. For several years after that it rose about a billion dollars a year. In 1939 it rose some $3,500,000,000. At present it is rising at the rate of about $5,000,000,000 a year. Excess reserves of the member banks have reached staggering totals.

And by contrast with Treasury deficits, which seem to have stabilized in recent years at about $4,000,000,000 a year (by pre-1933 bookkeeping), the national defense program now seems likely to shoot the annual deficit to something between $8,000,000,000 and $15,000,000,000 a year until someone defeats the Germans or they disarm themselves. It is true that there are grave questions whether Great Britain and her Allies will remain in the fight long enough to influence world commodity prices upward, but in theory at least the gargantuan defense program on which we are embarked should provide demand enough to offset any further Allied collapse and much more.

Yet the commodity markets are now saying there isn't going to be any inflation at all. Raw sugar, which fetched 23½ cents a pound shortly after the World War, can be had for 2¾ cents in this country, down round 1932 levels, and for about a cent a pound outside the American tariff wall. Cotton, which got up to over 40 cents, drags along at nine cents a pound, no better than at 1933 levels. Wheat, which rushed to $3.25 in 1917 and which was pegged at $2.00 by Congress in that year, now sells round 80 cents. And so on. Whereas the outbreak of the war last September sent prices kiting, the German breakthrough into France in May sent them tumbling, and they haven't recovered.

And, in truth, there are a number of reasons why they shouldn't. No matter how close we get to the brink of war, or whether we even tumble into it, and no matter how far our monetary stocks rise or how heavy the deficits we run, no such rise in commodity prices or living costs is likely in the next few ominous years as occurred from 1914 to 1920.

The first reason is that we have a surfeit of raw commodities, and of the means to produce them, far beyond anything in American history. We are still paying farmers to curb their production of wheat, cotton, and other commodities. Quota limits on such leading world commodities as tin, rubber, tea, sugar, and coffee are still in effect. The world has never seen such a surplus capacity for producing staple commodities at low cost as now exists.

There was no such surplus of staple-producing capacity during the World War. The quota system of limiting production had probably not even been invented, and certainly had not been applied in any significant way to leading commodities. There had been no preceding farm program aimed at cutting down farm production "to the market." The great western plains of this country had not been plowed to wheat, and the gasoline-driven tractor and combine had not begun to lower the cost of producing it. In the summer of 1917 Congress felt it necessary to give the American wheat farmer a flat guarantee that for all the wheat he would raise in the coming crop year he would be assured a base price of $2.00 a bushel and no questions asked. A guarantee like that to-day would put the country knee-deep in wheat within a year; a guarantee of even half that amount, if we stopped discouragements to production, might give us a crop 50 per cent beyond our requirements. Times have changed, and the bottlenecks in the American economic system no longer threaten our capacity to

produce the staples of industrial life; they threaten rather our capacity to produce the machine tools, engines, and other power-driven machinery required to make modern war.

The World War, by raising staple prices sharply, stimulated their production as never before. American farming, for example, became greatly overexpanded. Then for the period of the 1920's new processes and machinery were devoted to cutting the cost of raw materials. The combine and the tractor crawled over the American prairie and slashed production costs. New oil discoveries so lowered the cost of petroleum and increased the supply that a dollar a barrel now brings out all we need and more, whereas over $3.00 a barrel was needed during the World War. Immense sources of low-cost copper have been opened in South America and Africa, so that our copper mines now have the protection of a four-cent excise duty, and they too, as a result of steady cost-cutting, now turn out all our copper requirements at 11 cents without operating at capacity. The public is aware of the immense strides made in the last generation in improving the quality of such consumer goods as automobiles, radios, textiles, electrical and other household equipment, airplanes, and so on; but it is naturally not so well aware that inventive genius and the progress of the industrial arts have been applied to the production of most raw materials in fully as spectacular a way. The result has not been so much an improvement in the quality of the product as a reduction in the cost of growing or mining it.

While the 'twenties brought us an immense increase in our capacity to produce low-cost staples, the 'thirties brought immense efforts to prevent all this increased capacity from coming to market. In the "battle of wheat" European wheat importers raised huge tariff walls to encourage their own domestic wheat production. For military as well as other reasons the production of sugar beets in temperate climates was encouraged by protective systems which finally reduced the amount of sugar moving by ocean lane in international economic circuits to less than one-seventh of the world's sugar crop. After many failures an international quota system was applied to tin production, largely at the expense of the low-cost producers who could have supplied most of the market. The breakdown of the Stevenson rubber plan in 1924 was followed a decade later by the establishment of a more or less effective rubber-quota system. We put protective excise duties on numerous raw materials, particularly copper and petroleum.

And of course in the American farm program we have spent billions of dollars in discouraging the American farmer from growing his capacity of wheat, cotton, corn, and hogs. We have plowed crops under, killed hogs, paid bonuses for non-production, put prohibitive taxes on marketing in excess of quota, and in various other ways tried to hold up the price of farm products.

On the industrial side an unfortunate difference of opinion between the Administration and business over numerous economic matters, including taxes, labor relations, the budget, new security offerings, accounting, government competition, and so on seems to have discouraged business adventuring so much that for the first decade in United States history our industrial output failed at the end of the decade to top the record of the previous decade.

In short, modern economics, until the day when the German *panzer* divisions broke through at Sedan and showed the meaning of total war, has been largely devoted to holding back production of the staples, not increasing it. For two years before we entered the World War we had been stretching our capacity to produce commodities; but for ten years before this present war both we and the whole world with us except Germany and Italy had been making every effort to hold back commodity production.

This would not have been so bad if

the manpower in this excess-producing capacity had been diverted to something else. But it has not. The combined effect of world depression, quota systems, and crop-reduction schemes has been to keep the excess capacity in existence, the excess farmers on the farm, the excess miners clustered hopelessly about the mines, and the excess factory workers on the WPA. Only in the field of highly skilled labor has capacity actually shrunk. That is where the Germans have shown our shortcomings. They have tolerated no slack. Every available excess worker has been swept into the armament program.

On top of all this, the United States Treasury is now the largest owner of commodities in all history. It owns or has on "non-recourse loan" through the Commodity Credit Corporation, some 9,500,000 bales of cotton, 500,000,000 bushels of corn, 100,000,000 bushels of wheat, and a wide miscellaneous ownership of prunes, raisins, walnuts, naval stores, peanuts, etc. Through the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation it is heavily loaded up with lard and butter. And judging by present prices and present loan programs, before the end of the summer these holdings will be greatly increased. They already total a book-value of round a billion dollars.

Before "inflation" could set in all these stocks could be dumped into the market to hold down prices.

Now comes a program for a hemisphere cartel to keep the Germans from economic penetration of South America with the fascist-controlled factory capacity of Europe. The gist of the program is that the United States is to buy Latin America's production of petroleum, wheat, coffee, cotton, beef, copper, and other staples in which those countries specialize. Since there is no present market in this country for such commodities, they would presumably pile into the United States Treasury. Another gargantuan safeguard against inflation.

And now we come to the greatest safeguard of them all—the power of the United States government to control prices. Before the World War there were no such powers. They were improvised in this country during the War, and by the end of the War had been applied through the length and breadth of the field of staple commodities. Price control would begin in the next war where it left off in the last. In fact a large degree of informal price control has already been in effect for years. Government controls over farm commodities and over business, through the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, the Commodities Exchange Administration, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, and others, have a quiet power of getting results which would increase enormously at any time the public felt that commodity prices were getting uncomfortable, or at any time the authorities in Washington felt that commodity prices were rising enough to embarrass the defense program. A mere word out of the White House in the Spring of 1937 about inflated commodity prices was widely considered as the pinprick which deflated commodity prices in that year — not entirely to the Administration's liking; for farm prices went down as well as those of copper and other staples.

With the experience of the past generation and the vastly enhanced powers of the government, it seems preposterous to suppose that the government would allow prices to break loose on the upside and embarrass a defense program or the actual prosecution of war.

THE ALIEN MYTH

BY LUCILLE B. MILNER AND DAVID DEMPSEY

THE tragic events in Europe and the disclosure of fifth-column activities in those countries which have gone down before the German machine have made Americans more keenly aware than ever of the dangers of international espionage. Europe has been honeycombed with agents of the Third Reich and, though the United States is three thousand miles away, fifth columnists are at work in this country also. It is nonsense to hold that Democracy may not act to protect itself against these enemies of Democracy. In the light of the experience abroad, no government, unless it is moribund, will let itself be overthrown by Nazi subverters within its borders. Yet in defending itself Democracy must not give up those democratic institutions which alone assure its survival.

There is no mistaking the fact that the United States has learned from the events in Europe. We are feverishly preparing to protect ourselves from within as well as from without. Our defense program is moving at almost panic speed. Industry has cleared its decks for aggressive action, and we are attempting to readjust our economy to a world of Nazi economic control. The Government has strengthened its forces and extended its work to guard against espionage and sabotage.

The problem for us is how to protect democracy from internal attacks through the framework of democratic processes. Hysteria, vigilante groups, and self-appointed spy-hunters have no place in national defense. Widespread alien discrimination, outlawing minority political parties, hysterical and often unconstitutional anti-alien edicts of governors and mayors, compulsory oaths of allegiance and flag salute will not ferret out spies. On the contrary, such action will confuse the innocent with the guilty and hamper the work of government agencies. We have adequate machinery, both legal and administrative, for dealing with spies and saboteurs. If the Department of Justice really means business its recently organized Neutrality Unit, created for the express purpose of enforcing federal laws against espionage and sabotage, can keep the operations of foreign agents in this country well under control, without broadside attacks against whole classes of the population.

It has been taken for granted that the first step against the enemies of democracy must be directed to the non-citizen. He is generally looked upon as the "termite" in our structure. Every home with a foreign-born head is believed to be the nucleus of a fifth column, and a hue and cry has been raised against the alien which is mounting to proportions unheard of since the First World War. In reality, our widespread preoccupation with the "alien menace" is diverting America's attention, particularly of her lawmakers, from the genuine fifth-column possibilities of native groups—the Christian Front, Silver Shirts, Ku Klux Klan, and the German-American Bund—all of which have taken precautions against discrimination by closing their ranks to aliens.

The alien has long been deemed guilty

of many of our shortcomings. Constituting slightly more than two per cent of the population, he has been the victim of an attack by those who would deport him, register him, fingerprint him, impound him, and discriminate against him economically. He has, in fact, become our economic scapegoat. Fantastic as it appears as a solution to what ails America, it has nevertheless been advocated for many years, in Congress and out, that there would be plenty of work for good Americans if all aliens could be deported. He has been held responsible for a disproportionate share of our unemployment, crime, and radicalism. In addition, he has been accused of threatening the American standard of living, lowering the cultural level of the country, and menacing the American way of life.

To meet this "problem" patriots, professional and legislative, have called for stringent curbs on alien activities. More than seventy bills discriminating in some way against the alien have been introduced in both houses of the 76th Congress (1939–40). Many of these are dangerous not only to the civil rights of minorities but to the rights of all Americans, and if passed would be nothing short of a travesty on the "equal rights" clause of the Constitution. One of these measures has already become law. In order to catch the small group of undesirable aliens, it requires *all* aliens, no matter how good their record or how long their residence in this country, to be fingerprinted and to register and report to the authorities at regular periods. Certain classes of non-citizens subject to deportation but without a country to accept them would, under the provisions of another bill, be interned indefinitely in concentration camps. For the first time in American history we should imprison men without trial.

If, up to the present time, the efforts of Congress have been somewhat less successful than has been hoped for by the alien-hater, he is undoubtedly heartened by his less spectacular accomplishments along the lines of economic discrimination. Both the Federal and State governments have used their powers to keep the alien from getting an even break with his brother citizen. Public and private jobs, relief and the benefits of social legislation, are more and more being closed to the non-citizen. Aliens are barred from employment on W.P.A., even though they have taken out their first papers but have not yet completed the five-year process of becoming citizens. The number of aliens dropped by the government in 1939 when this provision went into effect was 30,000, out of the 3,000,000 persons then on W.P.A. A California study indicated that 70 per cent of the membership of the families headed by aliens are American citizens. With the cutting out of 120,000 aliens employed on certain non-relief government projects, 160,000 American citizens, dependent upon the employment of the alien head of the family, were denied benefits.

The present old-age pension system of most States denies benefits to aliens. Blind pensions are denied to aliens in most States, although the disability may have occurred in the course of their occupation in this country. Much of this legislation, which demonstrates our change in policy, was a product of the fear set up by the depression, although in this period immigration was practically at a standstill.

II

The refugee influx has accelerated this trend toward the regulation of alien activities. This is particularly true of the professions but by no means confined to them. Despite the fact that no more than 2,500 refugee physicians have entered this country since July 1, 1934, twenty-eight States require full citizenship as a prerequisite to the practice of medicine and twenty-six categorically refuse to examine graduates of foreign medical schools. The attitude behind much of this legislation is expressed in the language of one bill which set forth, in justification of its purpose, that "An

alien physician is incapable of fulfilling social and spiritual obligations toward the community." As further defense it is stated that the profession is overcrowded. The ratio of physicians to the population, however, is declining. In 1886 there was one doctor to every 662 inhabitants; in 1934 the ratio had dropped to one for every 784 persons. It is difficult to see where citizenship and medical competency bear any relationship.

The situation is no better for the other professions. Eleven States require full citizenship for optometrists and seven others require graduation from an American school. Dentists must be citizens in order to practice in seven States and in ten others they must have graduated from an American school. South Dakota and Wyoming demand that an engineer be a citizen and seven States require first papers. Eighteen States make citizenship a requirement for the licensing of an accountant and fifteen States impose the same legislation on pharmacy. The list is constantly growing, and the scope is widening to include less professional types of employment.

Bus drivers, veterinarians, undertakers, peddlers, auctioneers, pool room operators, barbers, and liquor dealers must be citizens in various States, under protection of court decisions. Untested legislation applies to real estate brokers, salesmen, employment agents, private detectives, bankers, insurance agents, pawnbrokers, plumbers, and mine foremen. A Seattle, Washington, ordinance was upheld providing that only citizens could collect garbage. In many States aliens are not allowed to own land. In Pennsylvania an alien may not kill game. In Oregon he may not engage in commercial fishing. Seven States directly prohibit aliens from obtaining hunting and fishing licenses and five prohibit them from carrying firearms. In short, the alien is systematically being excluded not only from the professions but from a wide variety of ordinary businesses.

What the States are doing now by law, private business has to a great extent been doing all along. As far back as 1928–29, with unemployment at a minimum, industry denied work to aliens in three out of every five cases and labor unions refused to accept aliens in four out of every five memberships. Since then this ratio has grown. It is estimated to-day that eight to nine out of every ten jobs are closed to aliens in this country. Musicians, electricians, carpenters, and bricklayers are among those who require citizenship for membership in their unions. The American Federation of Labor has in many cases pursued this policy further by having unwritten agreements with employers not to employ aliens.

The roots of this anti-alien attitude go back to the period of hysteria and red-baiting after the World War. At that time the alien symbolized the radical. Thanks to our patriotic societies he has never lost this stigma. The old association of aliens as radicals has persisted; the new association of aliens as criminals, persons uninterested in their community welfare, and pre-emptors of jobs in a nation of jobless, has fortified the anti-alien feeling.

The situation to-day is in many ways comparable to that which existed immediately following the First World War. The alien, being a conspicuous and on the whole defenseless minority, became an object of hate. The forces of fear and repression set in motion in 1917 have been revived, more systematically and in the last analysis more dangerously. Alien-baiting is no longer a franchise of irresponsible public officials or of the swivel-chair patriot or night rider. The halls of Congress, business—big and little—public opinion, labor unions all have "cracked down" on the alien. He has become the common carrier of the economic, social, and cultural ailments of the country—the "Typhoid Mary" of modern America.

III

A survey of the restrictions placed on the non-citizen in the United States leads

one to question whether some basis exists for the belief that the alien threatens the security of our institutions and economy. The fact is that in periods of "security" we have bothered hardly at all about the alien; only in periods of crisis and uncertainty such as war and depression have we looked about for a scapegoat and made the aliens a class apart.

To look upon the alien as pariahs, moral untouchables, and criminals intent on destroying and subverting our government is to make fiction out of whole cloth. It is a product not of fact but of prejudice created by the increased tension of a contracting economy and a war-maddened world. That the alien immigrant played a great part in the building of our country is denied by no one; that he is now intent on tearing it down is assumed by all too many, most of whom should know better. There is not one documented piece of evidence to show that he is guilty as a class of the things of which he is being accused. On the contrary, on almost all these charges—crime, civic responsibility, standard of living, literacy, self-support—he has a better record than his native and naturalized brother American.

In the one hundred years preceding the First World War we invited thirty-seven million immigrants to this country. Indeed they were urged, exhorted, and all but dragooned into coming by labor agencies during the great years of expansion. We needed them. We were willing to allow them their political and religious freedom in return for their manpower. We taught them to read and write English, to adapt themselves to American customs. We gave them the protection of our laws and the right to engage in almost any business and we levied taxes against them. At one time we even allowed them to vote.

Under our Constitution the alien was entitled to those rights which appertain to all men. A clause in the Fourteenth Amendment established the alien inhabitant in the eyes of the law as an equal of the native and naturalized citizen: ". . . nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." *Any person*, the courts pointed out, meant just what it said—the foreigner as well as the native.

Increased interest in the acquisition of citizenship, and the high death rate that is inevitable in a population group that is old are factors testifying that the "problem" has been taking care of itself. According to the 1930 census there were 6,234,613 foreign-born persons in the United States who were not naturalized. By July, 1938, this number had dropped to 3,838,928 and of this total at least 700,000 had taken out their first papers. During the nine fiscal years between July 1, 1930, and July 1, 1939, the excess of immigrants over emigrants was only 19,398. During that same period an actuarial calculation of the number of deaths which must have occurred among the unnaturalized amounts to 901,334. Furthermore, an estimated 237,100 alien children derived citizenship from the naturalization of their parents.

What are the facts in regard to the number of aliens illegally in this country? Are there, as some claim, anywhere from 3,500,000 to 10,000,000? The Commissioner of Immigration, whose business it is to know, describes these figures as "fantastic exaggerations." The best available estimates, he reports, are that the number of aliens who have entered illegally and are now subject to deportation is less than 100,000. The total number who either entered illegally or who cannot after the lapse of years prove their legal entry is less than 400,000.

Are aliens, by and large, "radicals"? Under our laws an alien who is proved a member of the Communist Party at the time of his arrest is subject to deportation. Between 1907 and 1939 the Commissioner General of Immigration reported, exactly 1,230 aliens were deported as "anarchists and kindred classes." During this same period 14,079,272 aliens immigrated to this country. At one

time—1910—we had 18,000,000 unnaturalized foreigners living in the United States. The number has never fallen below three and a half million. Yet an average of only 40 aliens a year have been proved dangerous enough, from the standpoint of political opinion, to deport.

Are aliens criminals and racketeers? The Wickersham report on "Crime and the Foreign Born" in 1931 concluded that in crimes for personal gain the native white rate rises conspicuously higher than that of the foreign-born. The records of the Department of Justice lead to the same conclusions. FBI figures for years past reveal that criminality among aliens is decidedly lower than among native-born whites. The most recent figures, those for 1939, indicate that while 607 citizens out of every 100,000 had been arrested and fingerprinted, only 203 non-citizens had undergone the same experience. In 1938 the ratio for the citizen was 571 and 209 for the alien. Whereas, in a year's time crime among the native-born had gone up by 36 points, it had dropped among aliens by 6 points. For only one offense did the alien top the native-born in 1938, namely, "buying, receiving, or possessing stolen property," and then only by one-tenth of one per cent. *In 1939 the criminality of aliens was lower than the citizens in all offenses including robbery, murder, sex offenses, and fraud.*

FBI statistics show further that the high crime rates are chiefly in the South where foreign-born and their children constitute a very small proportion of the population. Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina rank among those States having the highest rates for such crimes as murder and manslaughter, robbery and aggravated assault. Foreign stock in these States constitute less than 2 per cent of the population.

Does the alien lower the American standard of living? This is perhaps the oldest and most consistent anti-alien argument. The facts point to the opposite conclusion. Where the immigrant has settled in the largest numbers the standard of living, as measured by *per capita* income, is highest. The ten States with the highest proportion of foreign-born in their population have more than twice the per capita annual income of the ten States with the lowest proportion of foreign-born. One may reasonably argue of course that the States with high per capita incomes have prospered for reasons quite unrelated to the presence in them of the foreign-born; nevertheless the fact that the presence of the foreign born has not materially altered their status is significant.

Similar conclusions are reached in regard to the popularly held idea that aliens and immigrant stock tend to hold down the cultural level of the community. Measured by illiteracy, the ten high-immigration States have almost three times as high a level as the ten low-immigration States, the percentage of illiteracy in the former being 3.5 as compared with 9.2 in the latter. Likewise with other indices of cultural interest—the newspaper and the radio. Each of our ten high-immigration States shows a net paid daily circulation of more than 250 per 1,000 population, while each of the ten low-immigration States shows a net paid daily circulation of less than 250 per 1,000, and all but two of these States range below 150 per 1,000. Although radio ownership may not be a test of high cultural achievement, it nevertheless implies a certain interest in music, entertainment, and contemporary affairs. In the States where the foreign-born are most thickly settled an average of 52.4 radios per 100 families is reported. Where the foreigner is least in evidence this average is 12.6.

Many of the anti-alien laws have been passed on the theory that the alien does not have as great an interest in the welfare of his community as the citizen. But if home ownership be taken as a criterion of responsibility and community interest the result is equally challenging: 51.8 per cent of the foreign-born owned their homes in 1937, as against 48.9 per cent for the native American.

Is the alien a burden on the relief rolls? Despite the fact that the alien has con-

tributed his share to public relief funds through payment of taxes, the alien is discriminated against in public relief and employment. State and Federal laws bar him from scores of professions and occupations; he cannot get on W.P.A., yet the ratio of aliens on relief is less proportionately than that of citizens. Nearly half the alien population is over fifty years of age, but less than 3 per cent of all cases receiving relief in 1938 were non-citizens. Thus in matters of crime, housing, literacy, civic responsibility, self-support, and cultural standing, the record of the alien is not only defensible but enviable.

IV

What, under the circumstances, can the alien do? The answer to this, by the average man, is that he should become naturalized. And this, precisely, is what he is doing—in greater numbers than the present naturalization service is prepared to handle. If anything, the present rate of alien naturalization is unhealthy. Coerced or forced naturalization has never been a policy of the government. The spirit of American citizenship rather than the form is what is desired. The alien who is dragooned into citizenship by legal and economic discrimination and now by the war threat can hardly be expected to cherish his newly acquired status as the prize that we have taught him to believe it is.

Yet this is what is happening. More aliens were naturalized in the year ending June 30, 1939, than in any other year for which statistics are available, with the exception of 1919 and the three years 1927–29. For every immigrant alien admitted in this country in 1939, 2⅛ aliens already here became citizens. Applications for first papers were taken out by an additional 294,203. The number would undoubtedly have been larger if the naturalization service had been equipped to handle applications more expeditiously. Few persons are aware of the obstacles to citizenship. Expense is one of them. Many aliens, like many citizens, have a marginal standard of living. The cost of acquiring citizenship, including government fees, expenses of witnesses, and fares averages from $20 to $40 and may reach $100.

A large proportion, 43.7 per cent, of the non-citizens are more than fifty years old and have spent most of their lives here. Many entering before the days of the literacy test, too busy in the interim to become educated, still cannot pass the test for citizenship. Another large group consists of minors who cannot become citizens until they are twenty-one years of age. Hundreds more are excluded from citizenship because of race. Pacifists who refuse to take the oath of arms are barred. (Recently a seventy-two year old woman was denied citizenship because she refused to swear to bear arms.) Exclusion for reasons of political opinion is being extended. When proposals are made to simplify the naturalization process by reducing fees, eliminating red tape, and discrimination on the grounds of race, nationality, and political or pacifist opinion, Congress has brushed them aside as not worthy of consideration.

In hundreds of thousands of cases it is not the fault of the alien that he is not a citizen. In some districts citizenship papers are denied him because he is on relief; in others he is denied relief and so cannot pay for citizenship papers. There is no apparent limit to this legal and social discrimination. Such prejudice and discrimination would seem to make a solution impossible; the alien must ever remain an alien. He is caught between two fires. The more his rights are denied, the more his protest is silenced; the more his protest is silenced, the more are his rights denied.

THE AMERICAN FASCISTS

BY DALE KRAMER

EVER since the financial crash numerous persons have believed that, given the opportunity, there would arise a party adept in propaganda and not averse to street brawls, who would attempt to seize the government. From time to time one outfit or another has been denounced as a fascist menace. No party has yet arisen that seems to have the promise of success, though there have been many starts. But the conditions in which a fascist movement might flourish remain. Where, after years of ambitious agitation, are these fascists? How strong are they? What are they saying, how are they saying it, and to whom?

Despite a hard early spring rain the crowd streams steadily into an upper hall of Ebling's Casino, 156th Street and St. Ann's Avenue in New York's lower Bronx. Tough-muscled young men, some with wide belts and armbands, stand at the door peering into each face. A stranger is asked: "Are you eligible for membership in the Christian Mobilizers?" After a moment of confusion the query's import is understood and the answer comes: "Yes." The guards put more questions to assure themselves that the visitor is not Jewish, then they permit purchase of a ten-cent entry ticket. Inside the hall are tables laden with Pelley's *Liberation*, Coughlin's *Social Justice*, Bund speeches, Winrod's *Defender*, the Mobilizers' own literature, and various independent anti-Semitic tracts. On the walls are heavy black slogans: "Buy Christian" and "Jobs for Christians."

When seven hundred persons have packed the auditorium a tall man of forty, of surprising poise and charm, appears without formality at the front of the hall, bids everyone rise, and administers the flag salute: "I pledge allegiance to my flag . . ." That done, he introduces "Rev. Herbert Lewis, among our staunchest speakers." Lewis, thirty-five, hair cropped close and his long oblong face mobile, comes forward. He is not a clergyman at all, but has borrowed the title from his father, a Brooklyn minister who is distressed by his son's activities.

He produces a copy of *The American Hebrew*. The crowd jeers happily. It is a mixed audience, drawn from a mixed area. In the lower Bronx live Irish, Italians, Jews, and Germans—all poor. The men seem odds and ends: shopkeepers, clerks, apartment-house superintendents, bartenders, minor salesmen, unemployed tradeless workers. The women, composing half the audience, are mostly housewives. Prior to the opening of the meeting they jabbered amiably among themselves as do women at weekly sessions of the women's club. Clothes are neither fashionable nor shabby.

The speaker's delivery is mediocre but he tries to offset this by copied tricks, lifting his voice, throwing back his head and uttering his words with studied hysteria. After reading an attack on the Mobilizers from the Jewish paper he pauses, leaps suddenly as high into the air as he can, spraddles his legs, and shouts "Hip, hip, hooray." After a lit-

tle, sweating hard, he desists and is replaced by James Stewart, about fifty, loosely tall, with lopsided face and long slanting nose. He climbs a dais behind the microphone and speaks slowly with studied pauses and inflections. He too reads from a Jewish paper, *The Examiner*, which carries an editorial charging Mayor LaGuardia and Police Commissioner Valentine with failure to curb the unbridled street-fighting tactics of the Mobilizers. LaGuardia's name is booed heartily. A plainclothes member of the New York police alien squad makes a surreptitious note of the fact. The speaker asks confidentially: "Do you know what the next month is?" Understanding, the audience applauds. "May," he goes on, "glorious May, when we go again into the streets." Suddenly a shout comes from the rear: "Throw out that spy!" The crowd tenses. Another joins the alarm: "That woman who just came in, that Jew with the goggles." The guards rush forward, confused. Two policemen, riot sticks held ready, appear from the anteroom. The tall chairman discovers who is meant and goes to her. By now the crowd is on its feet. From halfway back comes a terrifying cry, deep down. It is simply, "Get her out of here," but in it is the portent of action, of a mob ready to spring. The chairman lifts a restraining hand, leads the woman out, and refunds her money. Whether her protests of innocence are justified no one bothers to ascertain.

Hovering in the anteroom ready for a fanfare entrance is Joseph E. McWilliams, National Commander of the Mobilizers, most ambitious, belligerent—and perhaps most able—of America's aspiring "leaders." But following Stewart's address the chairman takes time to sell little books containing slips reading "Mr. Christian Merchant, the Christian Mobilizers' slogan is 'Buy Christian' and that is why I bought here" to be handed to merchants after purchases. The Mobilizers' telephone number, JErome 7-6527, is added in case the recipient wishes to communicate.

The crowd has had the preliminary courses and is ready for the main dish. McWilliams strides in and mounts the dais. His stocky figure, slightly above medium height, is clad in a padded-shoulder dark suit; a silk handkerchief protrudes nattily from the breast pocket. His wavy black hair is set carefully with Stacomb, the tips at the base of his skull fastidiously curled into little outward ringlets. He is drugstore-handsome, slightly younger in appearance than his thirty-six years. The deluge of oratory commences. His wit is broad. Newspapers are "Jewspapers," New Deal is "Jew Deal," Representative Dickstein, who has recently criticized fascist movements, is "Dickswine." The Stalin-Hitler pact has not reduced the hatred of Communists, for he is soon in full cry after them. Aliens are denounced. Then suddenly he turns on capitalism, flays it equally with the others, and, struggling hard to form his utterances into poetic cadence, paints a gawdy picture of utopia, following to a considerable degree the preachments of the Technocrats and the advocates of Production-for-Use.

II

The above description gives a fair idea of a typical American fascist mass meeting in 1940. "Commander" McWilliams' speech may be taken as an example of the approach which half a dozen years of groping in the dark waters of economic misery have taught fascist exponents is the most successful. First is the appeal known familiarly in inner circles as "the Antis"—anti-Jew, anti-Communist, anti-alien, anti-liberal, anti-New Deal. Second, a picture of the promised land once these forces of evil are swept away. In general the approach is not unlike that of Adolf Hitler, who had "Antis" a-plenty but also laid emphasis on ending unemployment, destroying "bad" capitalism, creating a Greater Germany—and even inserted the term "Socialist," popular with the German working men, in his party's name (Ger-

man National Socialist Workers Party). But most of the native fascists no longer wish to carry the analogy farther. They have decided, wisely from their point of view, to eliminate foreign trademarks. Like the Communists during the Popular Front period, they seek native slogans and heroes.

In this connection it is well to point out that most of the groups and individuals mentioned in this article resent application of the term "fascist." But the word has now become incorporated into the American language. It was originally taken of course from Mussolini's ("he made the trains run on time") Fascist Party. The term was later applied (but not by themselves) to Hitler's National Socialists because of the similarity of the two movements. Common use of the term spread as the world economic crisis deepened. In the end the word came to be applied to those who were more or less in sympathy with the extreme right, as opposed to those who grouped themselves around the Communists at the extreme left. Both Communists and Fascists have expressed studied contempt of the processes of democracy. Fascist sentiment generally reflects a militant nationalism, more often than not a strong racial and anti-Semitic bias, and a yearning for a "corporate" economic dictatorship. Sometimes the word has been used as a handy epithet to hurl at simple old-fashioned reactionaries, or even used as a general term of opprobrium, but properly employed, the term is applied to those whose aims and methods have been derived, directly or indirectly, from Hitler and Mussolini.

Italian fascism had its sympathizers in the United States during the 'twenties and early 'thirties, but the Fascist League of North America which in 1928 gave way to the Lictor Federation and Association of Italians Abroad, made little headway. Hitler's success, however, immediately inspired a host of petty promoters and racketeers who had battened on the Ku Klux Klan and similar groups. Professional Jew-baiters (and anti-Semitism is the cement which holds the fascist movement together) saw opportunity beyond their rosiest dreams.

Early entries into the field generally emulated Mussolini's black and Hitler's brown shirts. William Dudley Pelley, who was convicted in 1935 of a stock swindle, when not embarrassing Representative Martin Dies with praise, or trying to raise money along New York's Park Avenue, directs his Silver Shirts from Asheville, N. C. But not many shirts have been apparent; Pelley may be credited with leadership of the more psychopathic wing of the fascist movement, composed in the main of elderly women. George W. Christians of Chattanooga, Tenn., has what he calls "Crusader White Shirts," who, he says, are well drilled in military tactics. Some time ago they received orders to take over the government, a coup which failed, one presumes from reading the order, because Christians neglected to name a date. George Deatherage, a Cleveland engineer, recently disbanded his Knights of the White Camellia because, suffering from a dearth of platform ability, he hoped for greater success in influencing other groups.

These are only the noisier of the "shirt" variety; the list could be extended indefinitely and would include a fuehrer, generally with his own high-sounding title and vicious little newspaper, in almost every major city of the land. The Rev. L. M. Birkhead of Kansas City, who has studied fascist organizations rather intensively during the past four years, believes that one of every three persons in the United States is reached by fascist propaganda. He once counted 800 separate groups.

Fritz Kuhn's German-American Bund during its heyday last year also paraded in uniform. Once it packed 20,000 persons into Madison Square Garden, but Kuhn's imprisonment after he was convicted of stealing money from his own membership, together with splits in the secondary leadership, has injured the organization. There have been signs,

however, of infiltrations of Bundists into other, less tagged, groups, which leads to the belief that the real reason for cessation of public demonstrations is a change in tactics. Parades, uniforms, and heils served only to raise the gorge of the American public.

Another group has operated through more orthodox political channels. Huey Long, it was thought by many, had ambitions which could be labeled fascist. Certainly he had no objections to dictatorship so long as he was in the driver's seat, nor to violence by his underlings—witness the beatings administered to photographers by his bodyguards. But he was given to short-range thought and over-rashness—Mussolini and Hitler were careful, at any rate, not to get themselves assassinated. But Long did give utterance to a shrewd remark concerning American fascism: that it might very well come under the name of anti-fascism. After the Kingfish's death one of his assistants, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, tried to carry on with the Share-Our-Wealth movement, but, though he was one of America's most powerful rabble-rousing orators, successful fascist leadership requires more brains than Smith can muster. He flirted fairly successfully with Dr. Francis E. Townsend, the old-age-pension miracle man, announced that he would organize a million storm troopers, then dropped out of sight. Now, from his headquarters in Detroit, he picks up a living by speaking for anti-union industrialists.

Congress at present is not quite free of members who are active on the fringes of these movements. The utterances of Senator Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina, who has an organization called the Vindicators, and of at least three members of the lower House are in the general pattern. No one has yet been elected on an out-and-out fascist platform, however, although the Rev. Gerald Winrod gave Kansas political leaders a fright in 1938 when he entered the Republican primary for the U. S. Senatorial nomination. His chances seemed good until the attacks of former Presidential Nominee, Alfred E. Landon, and Republican National Chairman, John D. M. Hamilton, forced him into third place. Winrod, a fundamentalist preacher and Catholic baiter, has a wide following and his magazine, *The Defender*, carries his message to a large public.

This year several users of the fascist technic have indicated their intention to go before the voters. Joseph McWilliams has formed an "American Destiny Party"—with a covered wagon ringed with stars as its symbol—for a race for Congress from New York City's 18th district, which includes the German center of Yorkville with its strong Bund sentiment; "Goat-gland" John R. Brinkley, a stormy medicine-man, who some years ago established a powerful radio station in Mexico to avoid U. S. regulations, is thinking of returning to Kansas, where he once made a strong race for governor, to try for the U. S. Senate; Kenneth A. Brown, who blames the ills of the farmers on Jews, is running for Congress from Oregon; Newton Jenkins of Chicago is expected to run, as usual, for the House or Senate; and Louis B. Ward, editorial director of Father Coughlin's *Social Justice*, is out for a Michigan seat in the Senate.

Not exactly fitting into either of these categories—"shirt" or office seeker—is the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, the radio orator. His career, unique in American public affairs, would have been impossible except for the radio. He began innocently as long ago as 1926 when WJR, Detroit, broadcast his sermons from his parish church in nearby Royal Oak and permitted him an afternoon period for talks to children. Sometimes he inserted a few remarks on economic matters with his sermons, but they seemed unimportant until the 1929 crash. Then letters poured in. In 1930 he organized the Radio League of the Little Flower and hooked in Chicago and Cincinnati stations. Reprints of his orations began to circulate among frightened

folk trying desperately to understand the cause of their troubles. Once a denunciation of Hoover, after more stations had been added, brought over a million letters—and enclosed in them were dimes and dollars. Then Roosevelt replaced Hoover and Father Coughlin shouted at New Deal enemies: Roosevelt or Ruin. He advocated cheap money and befriended the laboring man's efforts to form unions. But in 1936, after blowing hot and cold for a year, he changed his cry to Roosevelt *and* Ruin, put Representative William Lemke of North Dakota into the Presidential election on a hastily invented Union Party ticket, and seemed to be making a bid for power in his own right. Already Coughlin had been charged with fascist leanings, but it was only after Lemke's poor showing that he began to display them openly, until in the fall of 1938 he was ready for the chief element in fascist demagoguery—anti-Semitism. As a result, fascist activity has centered about his name. Coughlinism is the thread on which American fascism has been strung.

III

Only in New York City has fascism as yet become strongly enough organized to create a serious problem. But there an analysis of police court records reveals an amazing story—to a large degree kept from the public by a belief on the part of newspaper editors that the less said about it the better. Gangs of young hoodlums rove subway platforms late at night insulting Jews. A favorite tactic is to make jibes at a Jewish girl in the presence of her escort; the swain, thus provoked, attacks and is beaten by superior numbers. One youth, Irving Berger by name, was dangerously stabbed in such a fight in Grand Central station. A salesman for Father Coughlin's *Social Justice* becomes more and more incendiary in his anti-Semitic remarks until challenged by a hot-headed opponent. A fight results and if it is serious the participants are carted to jail. "Defense guards" circulate through the crowd as soap-box orators hold forth. A spot near a Jewish section has been chosen. The hope is that a Jewish resident of the neighborhood, insulted beyond a reasonable point, will intervene with a question or deprecatory remark. He will be jostled and the gathering "defended" against his effort to disrupt it.

The story of New York's street clashes goes back to the formation, or, more accurately, evolution of the Christian Front. The actual steps were unco-ordinated, but the movement may be said to have germinated inside the Musicians Union, fathered by two brothers, Jack and Harry Thorne, who objected to playing at benefits for the Spanish Loyalists. Charging Communist domination of the union, they endeavored to form a "Christian Front" to combat the United, or Popular, Front which they believed to be dominated by Communists. Because their employer, Bandleader Edwin Franko Goldman, with whom they eventually came into conflict, was Jewish, and because it has long been customary to link Jew and Communist, the anti-Semitic element crept in. Beginning in July, 1938, meetings were held in a hall belonging to the Paulist Fathers church on West 59th Street. But the Thorne boys had little interest beyond the issue within the union, and after a while the movement passed into the hands of Marcel Honoré, another musician, and Walter Ogden, a minor clerk in the Paulist rectory. From all parts of New York City drifted anti-Communists, anti-Semites, and pro-fascists—one of them a cocky young clerk for the Brooklyn Edison Company, John Cassidy, law student and budding orator, who in company with a youthful Italian fascist named Floyd Carridi had already held street-corner meetings in Brooklyn. Soon the church authorities heard rumors of violent fascist-sounding talk within the gatherings, and of "Buy Christian" stickers handed out. Thereafter the Front was denied the use of the hall. But the Christian Front—sometimes erroneously considered

a combination of groups, whereas it is a single organization—had by now taken shape, and it continued.

The group got its first chance to enter the public eye when late in 1938 Father Coughlin started his series of what sounded like anti-Semitic addresses. After carrying several of them, his New York City outlet, station WMCA, demanded scripts in advance, and, when they were not forthcoming, refused him the air. At once the Front seized upon the issue, threw a picket line of 2,000 persons round the station, and continued to mass its followers there for many months. Sometimes casual strollers in Times Square saw a whole army of police march in formation to the radio station, detailed to keep order. On Sundays, when numerous hawkers of *Social Justice* operated in Times Square, the police in order to prevent clashes formed lines on the sidewalks to create one-way pedestrian lanes.

As the spring of 1939 wore on and street activities became more pronounced, the extremist elements gained more and more power. Cassidy spoke out against the mildness of Honoré's and Ogden's leadership. James Stewart added his voice. And in June Joseph McWilliams, who had become popular as a Front orator, broke away and formed his rival Christian Mobilizers. He was joined by Stewart and other leaders. Partly as a result of this competition, the militant-talking Cassidy consolidated the leadership of the Front in his own hands and by the middle of July he was able to hear the voice of Father Coughlin himself, addressing a Philadelphia audience by telephone, intone: "God bless John Cassidy and the Christian Front." Backed by Coughlin, Cassidy assumed the title of "National Director" and it was not disputed.

Father Coughlin himself had called for organization into "platoons," and urged on by inflammatory addresses and editorials in *Social Justice*, the Christian Front under Cassidy increased its activities. In August the police, who by now were keeping a "fever chart" of fascist doings, reported to Mayor LaGuardia that 50 meetings with total attendance of over 20,000 were being held weekly—and added that the Mobilizers had passed the Front in activities, that McWilliams was moving into the New York fascist movement with an idea of consolidating it behind himself. Born in Oklahoma, McWilliams had learned at an early age to keep his eye on the main chance; as a promotor he always managed to keep himself well supplied with money, and once got $20,000 from the Gillette Safety Razor Company for an invention he had patented. Curiously, before becoming imbued with the idea of making himself America's Hitler, he had been particularly friendly with Jews. But once launched he pulled out all the stops, drawing to him the most irresponsible elements, some with criminal records. Subsequently in order to avoid embarrassment he had to dismiss some of these men. The Christian Front resisted the encroachment. Father Coughlin assisted the Front leaders by publicly returning a check sent to him by the Mobilizers and refused McWilliams an audience when, soon after the Mobilizers were formed, he went to Royal Oak in the hope of securing support. Meanwhile Cassidy denounced McWilliams as a "Communist," and a mysterious "Bill," an associate of Cassidy whom Cassidy was to wish devoutly he had never met, called the Mobilizers a bunch of tramps. All this tended to increase activities, but because McWilliams led the more violent element, his men figured oftener in brawls and as a result were oftener jailed.

The prosecutions followed a pattern. Louis Pepchinski of the Mobilizers drew a three-months sentence for offensive language and "felonious assault on Sergeant McAllister," reduced to simple assault by the Bronx Grand Jury. Benjamin Stafford of the Mobilizers was arrested for felonious assault on Captain Collins. This was reduced to simple assault by the Bronx Grand Jury, but

he was locked up in a State mental institution before his case came up. Edward Westphal, another Mobilizer, got six months for leading a crowd to the steps of a police precinct station and refusing to disperse it. He was placed on six months' probation. Peter Kirnan, Mobilizer, drew 90 days. Joseph Leveque and Ralph Ninfo (the latter a son of an American Labor Party city councilman who sadly renounced his offspring) went to the workhouse for 75 days. More than 238 persons were prosecuted during the summer of 1939 in connection with the outbreaks and 101 were convicted. The record shows, somewhat ironically, that more persons felt the weight of the law in fighting against the fascists than fascists themselves. Prosecutions stood: fascists 106, opponents 127. The 1940 season started auspiciously with McWilliams himself among those arrested.

IV

The nation was startled on the morning of January 14th last to learn that during the previous night agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation had arrested seventeen young New Yorkers and charged them with plotting to overthrow the United States government and to steal ammunition from the National Guard. The agents said the youths were members of the Christian Front. A quantity of rifles, ammunition, and bombs were seized. But it was not until the defendants went on trial early in April that the story began slowly to unfold.

During the height of New York's street demonstrations in the summer of 1939 a mild, plumpish little man had shoved through a revolving door into the lobby of the New Yorker Hotel at 34th Street and 8th Avenue, New York City, and without much difficulty located the man he had come to meet. He introduced himself and the two sat amiably down on a sofa for an hour's discussion. Peter J. Wacks, FBI agent, had "made contact" with the man who for six months was to act as informer to the G-men in their endeavor to get evidence of what they suspected was a plot to overthrow the government.

Wacks's visit to the New Yorker hotel was on August 4th but he did not begin the arduous task of spying on the seventeen Germans and Irishmen who were later arrested until early September. Certain incidentals had to be cared for. Denis Healy, an engineer for the New York Central Railroad who was subsequently to act as informer, was pumped of his, at that time, relatively meager knowledge of alleged subversive activities, and an arrangement worked out whereby Healy got $25 weekly for "expenses." But on September 7th Wacks was ready. He went to Hawthorne Street, Brooklyn, drove along a series of three-storey walk-up flats to No. 29 and placed it "under surveillance." At 4:30 P.M. he noticed a light-blue car, of which he had reason to be suspicious, drive up and a clerkish-appearing young man wearing glasses get out and enter the apartment. Nothing happened until six o'clock when two men, the one who had entered and a blocky, square-faced German with close-cropped hair, emerged and got into the car. Agent Wacks called the FBI and requested a companion. Three-quarters of an hour later Agent Julius Lopez joined him and they entered the hall, ascertained that a meeting of the Christian Front was soon to begin, and found seats. One of the ushers, Frank Malone, later arrested, presented the American flag with a Nazi salute during the customary pledge, so it seemed to Lopez, and the agents were permitted to hear their informer, Denis Healy, introduced as "a future machine-gunner for the Christian Front."

Amidst a burst of applause John Cassidy strutted to the platform. Denis Healy descended and went out. Agent Wacks followed him. But passing through the bar Wacks spied one of the men he had trailed to the place sitting at a table with two companions. One of them tallied with the description of a man he

wanted to meet. Agent Wacks interrupted the conversation long enough to ask the man known as "Bill" for change to get cigarettes from a vending machine and received a courteous reply in clipped accents which sounded British. Wacks went on outside and copied names from Denis Healy's cuff.

It was still hot on September 12th and when Agent Wacks got to Healy's bungalow in Queens he decided to put the microphone of his detectaphone in a basement nook which Healy had fitted up with a small bar. He set a little black-button microphone behind a Venetian blind and strung a wire outside the house to the attic. Probably he seemed overdressed for a radio repair man, but the neighbors might well have taken him for a go-getting salesman who had rolled up his sleeves to give on-the-spot service. Anyhow they wouldn't have taken such a good-natured, even baby-faced, lad for a secret agent out to thwart what seemed to him a gang of dangerous revolutionaries.

The attic was no fun for the G-men. That night it was suffocating hot and later the fingers of men grew cold trying to get down notes or operate recording machines. But Agent Wacks arranged a table and chairs, adjusted his equipment, and posted himself at the little window which looked on the street. Pretty soon the clerkish man whom he had seen in the blue car came up the sidewalk and rang the bell.

Claus Gunther (Nick) Ernecke, the guest, didn't know the liquor he drank and the pheasant dinner he ate were paid by the government, so he talked freely, keeping Agent Wacks' pencil flying. Down went a remark that the Christian Front was organized to get rid of the Jews and finally take over the country. Ernecke said things were going only so-so at present—about the same as for Hitler at the time of the beer hall putsch. "It's this way," he said: "We lose—we're dead. We win—we control the country."

But Ernecke was never to hear from Agent Wacks's lips the summary of his remarks. Wacks did not take the witness stand until two weeks after the trial opened, and by then Ernecke had made at least one of his predictions good: failure—death. After a few days of testimony, he walked into the basement of an apartment house two blocks from his residence, threw a narrow cord over a low steam pipe, looped it round his neck, and doubled his knees.

The only quotations Ernecke heard were from Denis Healy's little mauve notebook. It developed that after learning something of the group's aims from Ernecke, Healy, son of a British secret agent who operated in Ireland during "the Trouble," had telephoned FBI headquarters. The appointment with Agent Wacks resulted. Because his schooling hadn't amounted to much (he was uncertain of his place of birth and early years), Healy, now in his late thirties, had taught himself to print rapidly rather than to write, and after each meeting or conversation he printed his recollections in the little five-cent notebook.

During the fall and winter G-men wired their informer's house and sat in the attic. To the house came a dish-washing machine salesman in whose apartment at 29 Hawthorne Street Ernecke had a room, Prussian-faced Macklin Boettger, to tell of his caches of ammunition. National Guard Captain John Prout, manager of a telegraph branch in private life, came for dinner and the listeners heard Healy ask him how he had got hold of government ammunition. One night in December, so cold that the FBI's recording machine worked badly, there was great clicking of bottles and even the falling of bodies. "What," the agent heard a voice say, "would the Goddamned G-men think if they could see us now?" John Viebrock, an elevator mechanic, who had a workbench in his basement where he manufactured bombs, brought paraphernalia to Healy's house to explain how it was done. It was reported that they talked of blowing up the *Daily Worker*,

Communist publication, the Cameo Theater where Russian films were shown, and the police department itself. The youngest defendant, eighteen-year-old William Bushnell, ex-Boy Scout bugler who when arrested offered G-men chocolate cake and got them to wait until he had finished off a piece himself, was sent to sketch the floor plans of the *Daily Worker* in order to facilitate bombing. On the witness stand he refused to answer "yes" or "no" when asked if he would have carried out an order to hurl a bomb.

From time to time the informer Healy made reports on events or conversations to which the G-men had no entree. These were made to the omnipresent Wacks, always hovering nearby, who advised on each step. Healy signed an application blank for membership in the Christian Front on Wacks's order, bought a rifle and ammunition, and agreed tacitly and sometimes otherwise with the wild talk of the alleged conspirators. When "Bill" and Cassidy quarreled and broke, Wacks ordered his man to join "Bill," the militarist.

During the palmy days "Bill," who went on trial as William Gerald Bishop but is said by the government to be really William Hrnecek, native of Vienna who entered this country illegally in 1926, allowed members of the inner circle to address him only upon being spoken to. But he sat friendless in the courtroom. No bail was raised for him. Something had happened apparently to his patrons, two women who paid him one hundred and sixty dollars monthly so that he might pursue a literary career. About thirty-five, well built, with carrot hair on his wedge-shaped head, he reminded reporters of Bruno Hauptmann, though with a less sensitive face. Professed writer, he nevertheless was angered by a request for a bibliography of his works. But he could talk. The others gathered round to hear tales of derring-do in his fighting days with General Franco and —apparently at one and the same time— his campaign aid to Representative Thorkelson of Montana. (There is no reason to suppose that Thorkelson ever even heard of Bishop.) When someone spoke of fear he held a lighted cigarette to his wrist until the flesh sizzled. He talked of the Talmud, Marx, Rasputin, sex, Kropotkin, occultism—and Bishop. His custom was to raise an esoteric topic, express surprise at his listeners' ignorance of it, then launch a monologue. He was an intellectual bully, yet was not without some qualifications for leadership.

Bishop told the leaders that he had been sent—by whom it was never clear—to organize the best elements of the Front into an "action committee," which, he said, had a membership of 300,000. He made all the rules. Once two men were said to have been delegated by him to steal ammunition from National Guard trucks on the way to annual encampment; but Cassidy asserted himself and stopped that. Cassidy says he was against such tactics; at any rate he was tired of watching Bishop assume leadership.

But Cassidy, who himself once took, and flunked, the G-man tests, was one of the party of ten who on October 21st participated in rifle practice at Narrowsburg, N. Y.—as he later admitted at the trial—under the hidden lenses of Agent Wacks's moving-picture camera. Denis Healy took along two quarts of rye—purchased out of his FBI expense fund. As rifle practice got under way the agents, hidden in the forest, pressed the button of their camera. Later the court was to see figures rushing forward, falling prone, and shooting at what Denis Healy said was a target labeled "President Roosevelt's head."

When government authorities thought they had evidence enough a force of G-men was gathered, J. Edgar Hoover went to New York City, and late on the night of January 13th they went to Brooklyn to make the arrests. There was little trouble. One man, it is true, was arrested in error, and Agent Higgens became slightly confused and had to inquire of his captive, Bushnell, the route to

Manhattan. But in Boettger's apartment considerable ammunition was found; Viebrock stood smilingly pointing to his bomb-making utensils while the agents industriously cranked a moving-picture camera. Guns were found in the homes of some of the others. Seven rifles, ammunition, cordite powder, and partly made bombs were gathered.

For their part, the defendants declared that the purpose of the Christian Front and the action committee was defense against a possible Communist revolution; that practice in the use of firearms and bombs had defense of America as its aim. For almost three months the jury heard evidence, and for five more days they pondered it. Judge Marcus B. Campbell had already freed two from lack of evidence. Ernecke was dead by his own hand. The jury freed nine others, including the Christian Front's national director, Cassidy, and failed to agree on the guilt of Bishop, Boettger, Viebrock, Prout, and Bushnell.

The youthful defendants (average age was twenty-nine) got ovations from three hundred sympathizers who had waited patiently in the corridors for the verdict. Cassidy drew the cheers of a martyred leader. That the five who failed of acquittal will go on trial again is not certain. The probable result was the end of traffic with firearms and bombs but increased prestige for Cassidy and the Christian Front.

V

When Father Coughlin heard about the arrest of seventeen of his followers he hastily turned a cold shoulder. But by next day he had changed his mind, and told the press that he was taking his post at their side. That was like Coughlin. Politicians are seldom noted for inflexibility, but close scrutiny of Father Coughlin's career forces one to the conclusion that he lacks political judgment. Moreover, there is reason to believe that Coughlin himself has finally given up hope for personal power; an ambition which at one time he undeniably cherished, and now thinks of himself as a "teacher," or at most an adviser.

Contrary to the view of his admirers, Coughlin is no student of political and economic affairs. His economic arguments defy analysis and his political naïveté has been little short of astounding. Not only is he plainly unfamiliar with American history and politics, but he suffers from a chronic inability to take the advice of anyone who does; or, equally disastrous, he takes the advice, generally contradictory, of everyone. Only a single individual was able consistently to direct his actions: Huey Long. The Kingfish would get Coughlin on the long-distance telephone, demand incorporation of certain material in a radio speech—perhaps a request for a telegraphic flood upon Congress. Whether so supreme an egoist would have long played a second fiddle in Long's orchestra is questionable, but at the time of his death Long had Coughlin firmly in tow.

With other reporters, this writer conversed with the radio oracle at the peak of his career. In October, 1936, Coughlin was convinced that he could deliver a minimum of 9,000,000 votes to Representative William Lemke of North Dakota, his personally nominated and manipulated candidate for President. Huge audiences were turning out to see the man behind the radio voice. Starry-eyed followers had fought at the huge convention of his National Union for Social Justice to touch the very hem of his garment, and he had alliances with the powerful Townsend old-age-pension movement and with Gerald Smith, who controlled the remnants of Long's Share-Our-Wealth organization. Lemke himself, co-author of the Frazier-Lemke farm mortgage moratorium and the Frazier-Lemke debt-refinancing bill, had an important agricultural following. So confident was Coughlin, in fact, that he promised his retirement from radio if Lemke should fall short of the 9,000,000 vote goal set for him.

Coughlin is strangely unresponsive to

physical audiences, but behind the microphone he reaches a high emotional state, gesturing excitedly. This writer, with other members of the press, conferred more or less informally with him in a small rear studio of a Des Moines radio station while he waited to re-broadcast his regular weekly address to the West Coast. In private Coughlin is soft-spoken, good-natured, and possessed of much personal charm, although humorless. But after a broadcast he is highly nervous and paces rapidly to and fro. That night, exalted by success, he peered grandly into the future. The United States, he declared, was seeing its last Presidential election. "We are at the crossroads. One road leads to Communism, the other to fascism. I take the road to fascism." The remark was unfortunate and immediately began to annoy him in the press, on the March of Time radio program, and elsewhere. He went on to say that long before Hitler's name was even known in this country he had been a student of the German's propaganda technic. He himself intended to employ attacks on "Wall Street" and "the politicians," besides the Communists, as prime agitations methods, but would not follow Hitler into anti-Semitism. But Lemke got a mere 800,000-odd votes. Coughlin sat in his Royal Oak office stunned, tears streaming down his cheeks. It was beyond comprehension.

For a long time he had no stomach for politics; the National Union for Social Justice was extinguished with a flip of his hand, and he left the air. But *Social Justice* continued, more and more defending the German Nazis and Italian Fascists—once even calling democracy "a mockery"—and Coughlin himself came out for the corporate state, the essential prerogative of the fascist system. And the radio broadcasts were resumed.

Coughlin had said that anti-Semitism would not work in this country, but his associates knew him to be personally anti-Semitic, possessor of an elaborate library on the subject. His friends had long included the violently anti-Semitic wing of the Wall Street stock and money exchanges, and his sub-leadership both in Royal Oak and throughout the nation was heavily salted with professional Jew-baiters. But no reason for the sudden shift to not-so-veiled anti-Semitic utterances is apparent unless the decision grew out of personal bitterness or was a shot in the arm to offset indifference to his addresses. At any rate, it was the first widespread application of what we have come to term the Nazi propaganda technic. *Social Justice* printed a favorite document of anti-Semites, the forged Protocols of the Elders of Zion, and developed ominous overtones about the word "Christian."

But the same factors which, along with his lack of political sagacity, have always prevented consolidation of his strength, kept Coughlin from capitalizing on the furor he had provoked. As a priest he has been unable to get down into the real labor and rough and tumble of politics, the actual day-to-day building of a political party machine. And as a priest he could not for long disregard his church's opposition to anti-Semitism. He subsided into relatively colorless discussions of money, a subject whose possibilities he had already wrung dry.

Whether Coughlin will find some other method of drawing the lightning of public attention to himself is impossible of course to say. On the 25th of June, when the Christian Front defendants were acquitted, Coughlin issued a statement saying that "the result of all this will be that the Christian Front movement will emerge more vigorous and potent than ever." That the Front has now got its martyrs and that its activity will increase is pretty certain—Coughlin says also that the wave of anti-Semitism will probably grow—but that does not necessarily promise to advance Coughlin's own career very much. The evidence is against his open entry into the political arena, even to the extent of his ill-fated venture of 1936.

Even more remote from the sweaty

political world are the fascist intellectuals, a small but relatively active band. First place in this category is undeniably held by Lawrence Dennis, author of *The Coming American Fascism*, and *The Dynamics of War and Revolution*. In line with the new approach, he avoided the term "fascism" in the latter book published recently. Dennis has advised Joseph McWilliams and other aspiring leaders, but his own addresses are in the nature of lectures to intellectual audiences; he admits, however, that he would not turn down a call to power. Another is Philip Johnson of the Johnson & Johnson medical supplies manufacturing family; with a young friend named Alan Blackburn he joined first Huey Long and then Father Coughlin in an endeavor to serve as braintruster, and last fall he accompanied the German army into Poland as correspondent for *Social Justice*. Just now Dennis and Johnson have rented office space from which they expect to publish a magazine in line with their views. Harold Lord Varney, who used to publish the richly printed *Awakener*, and Seward Bishop Collins, who edited the *American Review*, are other members of the entourage.

Like their more vulgar brethren, the intellectuals are not united, and seldom express high regard for one another, but most of them have in one way or another aided in building the American Fellowship Forum. This organization, founded, according to its literature, "by a small group of business and professional men," is directed by Friedrich E. Auhagen, a naturalized German who taught German at Columbia University between 1929–35 and who lists himself as a speaker for the Foreign Policy Association and the Town Hall of the Air.

From offices at 11 West 42nd Street Auhagen, tall, personable, and a capable speaker, organizes meetings and debates, usually in ballrooms of the better hotels in the larger cities, and publishes a newsletter called *The Forum Observer* and a magazine, *Today's Challenge*. *Today's Challenge* was suspended in December, 1939. Lawrence Dennis and Philip Johnson are frequent contributors and speakers. Though an early Nazi in his fatherland, Auhagen says he is out of the movement, but wishes Germany to defeat Great Britain and France so that the United States will "wake up" and organize its industry along rational—*i.e.*, something like the Fascist-Nazi corporate state—lines. But the fascist label is avoided so far as possible, and, as might be supposed, stress has been placed recently on keeping America out of the European war—an unfortunate circumstance for *bona fide* peace groups.

The law requiring registration with the State Department of agents of foreign principals was an embarrassment to Auhagen since George Sylvester Viereck, an assistant editor of *Today's Challenge*, registered as an employee, at $500 monthly, of the German government organ *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*. He was dropped from the masthead of *Today's Challenge* but articles from his pen appeared subsequently. And a correspondent who had been receiving propaganda material from the German Library of Information (a registered German agency located in the same building as the German consul in New York City) under a name used for no other purpose, suddenly commenced receiving mail addressed to that name from the American Fellowship Forum. A natural conclusion was that the German agency had loaned its mailing list to the Fellowship Forum.

VI

How many Americans accept the idea of a fascist government? Since the hysteria resulting from revelations of "Fifth columns" in Norway, Holland, Belgium, and even France and England there have been many frightened estimates. Representative Dies says "millions of enemies" exist within our borders; though the statement also includes Communists, he must believe a few millions are fascists or fascist sympathizers. Mrs. John L. Whitehurst, first vice

president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, broke Page 1 of the *New York Times* with a startled speech decrying the number of women ready to vote for dictatorship. And according to a Gallup poll—reported January 9, 1939—of 3,500,000 men and women who listened regularly to Father Coughlin, 67 per cent agreed with him. Slightly more than half of the 15,000,000 who listened occasionally had faith in his views.

Yet one would wish a strict definition of Mr. Dies' term "enemy" before taking his estimate too seriously, and it can hardly be concluded from the Gallup figures, even though the anti-Semitic addresses had by then been delivered, that seven or eight million Americans consciously favor fascism, even in the diluted form that Father Coughlin suggests it. Rather, the majority probably agree simply that things haven't been going any too well in America these past few years. Without questioning Mrs. Whitehurst's sincerity, or even alarm, it may be judged that the Women's Clubs will not insert a dictatorship plank in their platform for some time.

On the other hand, the foothold gained in New York and other large cities by use of "Anti" slogans is not to be dismissed. While some of this can be laid to the inevitable clash of nationalities and races living in close proximity, it cannot be forgotten that this nation has had several important prejudice movements. The Ku Klux Klan is example enough—and lately the Klan has shown signs of resurgence. The Catholic magazine *Wisdom* has printed a charge that Joseph McWilliams, Mobilizers' leader, is a Klan member. The Republican Party for a great many years after the Civil War won elections by waving the Bloody Shirt, and prior to that the anti-alien Know Nothing movement was not without its influence. Another factor is the lightning rapidity with which movements sometimes spread in the United States. During the past few years the country has seen the growth of Townsendites, Epics, Ham 'n' Eggers, and others, none in themselves fascist, but of the stuff out of which fascism is made.

One thing seems fairly certain however. The "leader" has not yet come forward, and the formula is still in the process of development. Hitler, an astute man, said that National Socialism was not for export, by which he probably meant that fascism would of necessity take a different outward form in each country—just as there were important differences between the slogans of Mussolini and Hitler. Huey Long's thesis of fascism in the possible guise of anti-fascism carries the point a little farther. But of some things we can be certain: American fascism will seek to hide its face even more than in the past, and it will keep the major tenet of all fascism—super-patriotism and nationalism. The latter fact alone has permitted the American fascists to outdistance the American Communists—though no fascist group has yet matched the followers of Stalin in tight effectiveness of party discipline and organization. It should also be pointed out that, since the terms communist and fascist are sometimes thought synonymous, communist parties of the world predicate their coming to power upon violent seizure of government—though the fact became confused during the recent Popular Front period; while both Mussolini and Hitler came to power by peaceful, if not exactly democratic, means and afterward established their dictatorships. Fascism also gets at least an initial advantage over communism by adding prejudices to hopes of ordinary people for a better life.

That a fascist movement is difficult to counter is apparent from the efforts of Mayor LaGuardia to check the relatively open and none too well led activities of New York's street agitators. Had he put an arbitrary curb on them, as suggested by some Jewish and liberal groups, he would have been guilty of suppressing freedom of speech. An outright plea or denunciation would have been useless, since the anti-Semitic agitators wasted no love on him. His answer then was to

attack the problem indirectly. Two of his secretaries, Nathan Frankel and Byrnes McDonald, were set to work on a survey of the problem. Aided by the police department's alien squad, they charted the little fuehrers and their activities, and, once the situation was understood, the police gathered specific evidence, generally of "offensive language," and hauled offenders into court. At the same time the picket line round station WMCA was reduced from 300 to 4 and sellers of *Social Justice* and like material were placed under restrictions. The Mobilizers' McWilliams says the arrests were helpful; the mayor holds a contrary view. Probably arrests in sufficient numbers—the 1940 season commenced auspiciously—do put a brake on activities; but it is obvious that the method works only where utterances are especially scurrilous or fights break out. And John Cassidy, whose Christian Front was not so violent in speech or action as McWilliams' Mobilizers, suffered arrest by G-men because a few of his men were storing ammunition and bombs and talking of using them—a quite unnecessary error from a fascist point of view. It seems likely, therefore, that authorities—unless a different interpretation is placed upon civil liberties—can do little to prevent free spread of propaganda so long as overt acts are avoided.

As for the immediate future of the American fascists, it is certain to be governed by the progress of the war. Already the term "Fifth column" has become an epithet. Frederick Auhagen, leader of the Fellowship Forum, has referred to the New York *Herald-Tribune*, which advocated our entry into the war, as a "Fifth column." When Clarence Budington Kelland, the author, said during the course of a talk in the New York Dutch Treat Club that America's Fifth Column is led by That Man in the White House it made Hendrik Van Loon, a fellow-author, so angry that he rushed out and penned his resignation from the club, of which Kelland is president. And the usual platoons of witch hunters took for granted that the enemy must naturally be found in the ranks of the unemployed and labor—quite forgetting that most of the Fifth columnists identified in foreign nations, such as Major Quisling of Norway and Conservative M. P. Archibald Ramsey of England, were men of high station. Besides, anti-alien hysteria may eventually aid the fascists, who always pose as superpatriots. Senator Reynolds and Representative Thorkelson are most industrious in introducing anti-alien bills.

But for the time being "Fifth column" hysteria will serve to curb the open sympathizers of fascism. It will take time for a powerful movement to organize itself out of the confusion caused by the war. But the technic of prejudice politics has been so well learned that should economic insecurity continue there can be no doubt that the American people during the next decade will be forced to deal with powerful "hate" movements. Great vigilance will be required to preserve our liberty without giving it up in the process.

CAN ARTISTS MAKE A LIVING?

HOW THE MARKET FOR ART IS CHANGING

BY GEORGE BIDDLE

IF I were to hazard the opinion that there is a greater curiosity about art and a more intelligent interest in it in America to-day than probably anywhere in Europe during the past four hundred years I might not be guilty of understatement. Yet this democratic and popular interest in classic art and in the best contemporary American art is merely one manifestation of a general trend of contemporary art the world over. This trend involves a readjustment of the social and economic relation between the artist and his public which, loosely speaking, has existed since the middle of the seventeenth century; and it compels art to be financed in new ways—that is, compels the artist to support himself in new ways.

If I venture to make comparisons between the popular democratization of classical and contemporary liberal art in America and the status of art in the nations of Europe during the past few centuries it is not from a chauvinistic point of view to belittle the cultures of Europe, but rather to emphasize the modern channels of mass production—the implications of which are too little understood. When the importance of these channels is grasped by the artist, the critic, and the public, all three will realize the different social value and, therefore, the different æsthetic style and emotional content which a living, creative art must have in our contemporary America. Walt Disney's pictures are enjoyed by millions from every social class; therefore they are drawn for those millions in a style and produced on a scale which for many preceding centuries would have been impossible and incomprehensible to the most gifted nations or cultured periods of Europe. Since the early Renaissance Europe has never had an art audience of any importance outside of the cultured few of its large cities. Imagine a Renoir, a Rubens, or a Titian having immediate and appreciative audiences of some fifteen to forty million lovers of art! They never had audiences of more than a few thousand drawn solely from the aristocratic, cultured, and privileged classes of the metropolises. In using Disney as a dramatic example of the effect of the mass production of art on the size and democratization of the audience and on the style and content of the art, I do not mean to suggest that the graphic media—paintings and prints—are less available or functional in our current civilization. On the contrary, the accelerated growth of intelligent and appreciative audiences, due to mass production, which is seen in the movie field, is also characteristic of radio musical programs and the recording industry, and of the field of the graphic arts.

Dickson Skinner in a recent article in *Harper's Magazine* estimated that 10,230,000 families a week out of a possible 27,000,000 families, listen to symphonic music by the four leading broadcasting orchestras; that the number of sym-

phonic orchestras throughout the country during the past twenty-three years has leaped from seventeen to two hundred and seventy; that 22 per cent of the total population of the country prefers classic and symphonic to popular music; and that in the phonograph industry "the RCA Victor Company, the largest in the field, reports an increase of 600 per cent between 1933 and 1938 [the years of the competitive growth of radio music], the greater part of the increase being in the records of classical music, especially of symphonies."

Life is seen by an estimated audience of twelve to thirteen millions a week. It has conducted fairly precise sampling polls and is of the opinion that good colored reproductions of classical, and more especially of liberal contemporary American art, and human interest stories about American artists, are among the most popular features with these millions of American readers. *Life* is not a "quality" magazine and is certainly not in the publishing business to promote higher education. The fact of interest, then, is not that *Life* is seen by millions of people or that it has an exceptionally shrewd editorial staff. It is that the latter find it expedient to reproduce by a very expensive process examples of classic and current American art in order to maintain their subscriptions, in order to cater to the taste of this huge public.

Life is by no means a unique example of this trend. Each number of *Esquire*, read by millions of people each month,* has had for the past six years a competent article with half a dozen colored reproductions on some living American artist. The cost of running these reproductions runs about $1,000 per page for engravings, printing, ink, and plates. But from fan mail received the editors have felt that the continuance of this feature for the past six years without interruption has been warranted. *Coronet* features its generous art section in color and in black and white. *Scribner's Magazine* recently ran a series of very fine colored reproductions of contemporary American painters. When one takes into consideration the circulation of rotogravure sections and Sunday supplements of such newspapers as the *New York Times*, the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, one may safely estimate that excellent reproductions of good contemporary American art reach a weekly audience of something like fifteen millions. Ten years ago this would have been inconceivable. There was no attempt then to step up mass circulation by the expensive reproductions of quality or serious art.

There are many other examples of this popular-democratic spread of art, no single one of which will prove my contention, but all of which taken in the aggregate clearly mark a trend. The book-publishing industry is always a sensitive barometer of the interests of the country. During the past year three biographies and five autobiographies of living American artists have been published. Thomas Craven's *Treasury of American Prints* was a Book-of-the-Month choice for a dividend and its publishers report for it a sale of 200,000 copies. For his elaborate and expensive *Treasury of Art Masterpieces* they report a sale of 100,000 copies. Rockwell Kent's editing of a similar but less expensive album, *World's Famous Paintings*, and Peyton Boswell's large album on Modern American Art were best sellers. There have been at least seven other books or albums or combinations of both on contemporary American painting. This is unprecedented in American publishing history.

In the art market is seen a similar trend. During the depression the New York galleries, most of which operate on a comparatively small turnover at handsome prices to a carefully chosen list, were all hard hit, and many of them failed. On the other hand, during the past five years there have been at least five ambitious efforts to market prints, small statues, and colored reproductions

* The monthly circulation, according to the last Audit Bureau of Circulations record, was 473,028. According to a survey made by the Psychological Corporation of America, there is an average of 10.6 readers per copy.

in large editions at low prices. The appeal was not, as heretofore, to rarity but to low price.

The Associated American Artists was organized six years ago to sell original signed prints, by nationally known artists, in editions of two hundred and fifty at $5 apiece. The directors felt that the proper foundation for American graphic art was not a "secret list" of a few Park Avenue millionaires but some ten million average Americans. Operating largely through a mail-order index and illustrated catalogues, they now have in their files the names and addresses of 78,000 clients of whom 20,000 are actual purchasers. These come from every State in the nation and from 32 foreign countries, including Manchukuo, Egypt, Australia, South Africa, Siam, and India. Other New York galleries have sold by illustrated catalogues and the mail-order business, notably E. Weyhe, since 1917. The Associated American Artists are perhaps the most conspicuous example of the mass-production approach. They advertise extensively, handle only American art, and in the case of prints sell almost exclusively uniform, inexpensive, signed editions and colored reproductions. Raymond and Raymond is perhaps the best known of the dealers entirely committed to handsome colored reproductions at moderate prices. They handle popular, classic, and some American subjects. There are several other New York houses which edit fine colored reproductions.

The skyrocketing of museum and exhibition attendance is perhaps the most direct testimony of the interest of the general public in art. The total museum attendance during the past year was estimated at between fifteen and twenty million, of which the attendance at the WPA art centers and exhibitions alone was eight million. The recent Picasso and Old Italian Masters exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art of New York City were seen by 100,670 and by 290,888 people respectively. Although the Italian paintings were exhibited for ten weeks it was found necessary to keep the doors open until ten o'clock at night and to reroute the exits to accommodate the crowds, which averaged 3,931 daily. The attendance at the art exhibitions of the San Francisco Fair was about one million. At the New York World's Fair the industrial exhibits leaned heavily on murals, sculpture, or art exhibitions to sell their wares to the public. This was hardly an innovation, since in the radio field business had similarly relied on good musical programs to advertise its merchandise. The point of interest again is that this apparent growth of art interest is not an isolated phenomenon like put-put golf but fits into the plotted pattern of a general trend.

No review of the growing participation of America in its art can omit mention of the federal art projects. In the South, Middle, and Western States more than eight million people have participated in the activities of the 72 WPA community art centers, which have been established by the Project through the co-operation of local sponsors. The interest in the art center movement is attested by the fact that over $750,000 has been contributed toward the program by the communities themselves. In the larger cities of the country such as New York, Chicago, and San Francisco 80,000 underprivileged children and adults have received instruction in art classes. This is over four times the total enrolled attendance of the students at the eighteen leading art schools throughout the country in 1930.

I believe that an impartial review of these and similar facts leads us to the conclusion that the trend of art in America to-day is democratic, in that it aims to satisfy a widening popular curiosity and interest. To find an equivalent popular participation in the graphic and plastic arts one must jump clear beyond the Renaissance, perhaps to the rose windows and carved portals of the cathedrals of the Trecento.

When I speak of a democratic trend,

catering to the thirteen million as well as to the sophisticated few, I do not imply a lowering of æsthetic standards. In the field of music Dickson Skinner notes the reverse. But the trend does imply that the art content will appeal to the popular, human palate rather than to that of the aristocrat, the exquisite, the sophisticate. It becomes then of interest to note that the great swing of the pendulum in American art away from art for art's sake—the preoccupation with æsthetics, the *école de Paris*, abstractions and the other *isms*—toward a more extroverted, human interest, American-scene expression almost exactly coincides with the federal patronage and the more popular reception and wider interest in contemporary painting. Never before in America has art seemed so solidly integrated with the social needs of the community.

II

One might expect, along with this greater interest in and social integration of our art, an increasing body of sales and a growing economic independence for our artists. The reverse would seem to be the case. Nor can this paradox be wholly attributed to the depression. In certain respects the ability of the artist to support himself by the sale of his work has probably been decreasing over a period of fifty or sixty years, though there has been a marked acceleration since 1930. There are few statistical data to support this hypothesis, but whatever information there is (with certain reservations) seems to point this way.* Porter Butts, Director of the Division of Social Education at the University of Wisconsin, who has been collecting data on sales of art in Wisconsin since 1880, establishes the fact that at the Second Industrial Exposition in 1882 in Milwaukee the sales of paintings aggregated $11,522. Fifty-three years later, in 1935, at the annual State-wide Painters and Sculptors Exhibition the sales totaled $178. Whereas sales at the Milwaukee Industrial Exposition during the 1880's never fell below $2,300, sales of works of Wisconsin artists for all shows at the Milwaukee Art Institute—the leading sales gallery of the State—during the thirteen years between 1922 and 1935 averaged only $424 a year. "Considered from every angle," writes Mr. Butts, "art patronage was gargantuan in the 1880's compared with the 1930's." I give these figures because hitherto so few have been available to show the prices paid for contemporary American art. Mr. Simonson has attempted to get similar information from museums, including the Boston, the Whitney, and the Barnes collection; from galleries, from private collectors, and from the Federal Income Tax Bureau of the Treasury. In not one case was information forthcoming.

In my opening paragraph I alluded to a readjustment of the marketing of art which is essential to an understanding of the present economic trend. We are so used to thinking of the purchase of art in terms of a fluctuating price on the open speculative market that we forget that this is not only a comparatively recent conception of the way of fixing the price of art but also a comparatively unusual method of purchasing any commodity. We do not buy plumbing or books or wallpaper on the basis of a rising, speculative value on the open market, nor could we readily imagine a plumber bidding in at an auction of second-hand toilet-fixtures in order to maintain their price level. Most commodities are purchased on the basis of a service, the price of which is determined by cost plus demand. In almost all periods of the world's history art was thus paid for, and even to-day the murals and sculptures commissioned by the federal government —or indeed by private architects—are paid for on this basis.

Does the American artist to-day sup-

* Lee Simonson is writing a book which will include a study of certain phases of the economic relation of the artist to his public in various periods. Francis Henry Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has been working for several years on a history of public and private art collections which will also throw light on these unexplored regions.

port himself by the sale of his work on a fluctuating speculative market or on the basis of the cost of services rendered? To what extent does he support himself at all? So far as I know no attempt has ever been made to answer these questions, yet they are of some interest to the 57,625 American artists * as also to the student of social, cultural, and economic trends in America.

To find an answer to these questions I sent out a hundred questionnaires to a list of the most prominent and nationally known American artists. I made up this list by selecting the names of those artists who appeared most frequently in the catalogues of the Whitney Museum exhibitions over a period of eight years; and I checked my results with the similar catalogues of the Carnegie Art Institute and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the recent books on American Art by Forbes Watson, Peyton Boswell, Jr., and Martha Candler Cheney. Every artist on my list had been invited to the Whitney Museum; almost all of them had been invited to the exhibitions of the Modern Museum, the Corcoran, Chicago, San Francisco, and Philadelphia annuals. Some of the artists on this list were from Texas, Chicago, New Mexico, and California, but the great majority were from New York and the vicinity, and had business connections with Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street dealers. The work of most of them had been exhibited in Paris, London, and Venice, and much of it was in the permanent collections of many of our museums. The average age of these artists was perhaps fifty. That is, they had reached their full maturity. I have got answers from about one half of them. What was the average earning power of this group, not containing perhaps all the most creative and sensitive artists of the country but presumably—judged by the indicated method of selection—the most widely known and financially successful?

I had asked in my questionnaire for the earnings from sales of work for 1937, 1938, and 1939 and the average annual earnings about fifteen years ago; for supplementary income during 1939 from other sources such as teaching, lecturing, and writing; and for earnings for 1937, 1938, and 1939 from mural commissions from the Treasury Department's Section of Fine Arts or from salaries from the WPA Art Project.

Of the artists from whom I had answers only ten had earned over $3,000 a year from sales of their work. The average annual earnings from sales for 1937–1939 was $1,864; but if the four artists having incomes of over $5,000 were excluded, the average annual earnings would be $1,389 for the remainder! Fifteen years before, when few of these artists were as well known as now, the average annual earnings had been $2,080 for those then working.

This, then, is the not altogether satisfactory answer to the financial hopes and ambitions of the "18,087 art students attending the 18 leading art schools throughout the country." The unusually successful and gifted—one out of each 180—may look forward toward the age of fifty to an income from the sale of his work of less than $1,900.

Many of the artists who answered me supplemented their income from other sources. About one-third taught and lectured during 1939. The average income from teaching was $1,588 and from lecturing $365. Thus the combined average income from these two sources for about 33 per cent of the group was $1,953—somewhat greater than their income from the sale of works of art.

Exactly three-quarters of the artists heard from received commissions or salaries from the Federal Government. More than twice as many had commissions for murals from the Section of Fine Arts as had WPA jobs. (Remember we are dealing with artists in the upper income brackets.) A number got assist-

* According to the 15th U. S. census of 1930 this number were gainfully employed as artists and teachers of art. Of this number more than 6,000 were listed in *Who's Who in American Art, 1936–1937*. Owing to the depression and the 9,000 odd artists employed by the WPA and the NYA Art Projects, these figures were probably subsequently increased.

ance from both projects. Those artists getting work from the WPA Art Project averaged $633. Those having contracts with the Section averaged $1,506, almost as much as their income derived from the sale of their work. Other sources of income than those indicated were for rights of reproduction, for commercial work, or occasionally for an important private mural. Taken together, the average earned income from all sources was $3,719 as compared to that of $1,913 for the sale of the artist's work.

These figures—all too few—would seem to point in the direction I have indicated: first, that very, very few of even the most successful artists to-day support themselves by the sale of their work; and second, that more and more American art, in which there is a growing interest by the general public, is largely financed (that is the artist is supported) on the basis of a service rendered at cost and apparently less and less on the basis of art sold on an open, fluctuating speculative market.

If the earning power of the most successful American painters through the sales of their work was somewhat lower than that of an average village plumber, one speculated on how the less successful or less publicized artists supported themselves. It must be again emphasized that these less publicized or younger painters may have some of the best creative talent. They are not necessarily inferior artists but less successful money earners. I therefore determined to send out similar questionnaires to artist groups in several of our American cities. I chose Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, and San Francisco; and in each case I asked the leading museum director to furnish me with the names and addresses of the local regional artists who exhibit in the local annual exhibitions. From each list I selected twenty-five names. This is an exceedingly small group on which to base an average, especially as I received answers from only about one-third of them; on the other hand, the regional lists furnished me contained between 29 and 200 names, so that actually I got answers from 5 per cent to 38 per cent of the total number of artists in such groups, which is a fair sampling average; and the similarity of the answers was appallingly regular. It must be emphasized in the second place that these groups from four of our largest and wealthiest cities away from the eastern seaboard contain the best locally known *exhibition artists*. I was not concerned in this survey with professional portrait painters, professional muralists, commercial artists, illustrators, etc., who do not generally exhibit and whose work is not on sale to the public. To round out a survey on American art such groups must subsequently be included. To date no facts are available on any artists' incomes. I am concerned here with that small group of creative artists who seem to have the greatest influence, or to awaken the most widespread interest and curiosity throughout the country.

Here are some of the averaged answers to my questionnaires:

In Cleveland the average annual income from the sale of the artists' work was $72. Almost none of the group had exhibited in 1925. Very few supplemented their incomes in 1939 by teaching, writing, or lecturing. More than half received commissions from the Section of Fine Arts or salaries from the WPA Art Project. The average income from such sources was $617.

In Pittsburgh the average annual income from sales of art was $295. A little more than half the group had not been exhibiting in 1925. About ninety per cent of those heard from supplemented their incomes in 1939 by teaching (and lecturing or writing) and they earned from such sources an average of $1,788 a year. A little over half of the group received incomes from the Section of Fine Arts or the WPA Art Project and from these sources averaged $645 a year. The average earning power of the whole group from all such sources was $1,654 a year.

In Chicago the average annual income

of painters from the sale of their work for the three years was $165. Those who worked for the government averaged another $464 for the same period. The average income from those who taught was $1,700. The group heard from were young; almost none had exhibited in 1925.

San Francisco gives the same discouraging picture. The average annual income from sales was a little better, $510. Fewer artists, however, received help from the government. The average income from those who taught is almost the same as in Chicago, $1,866.

I wish it were possible to quote at length from the comments of these American artists, living outside the orbit of the New York art market but forming nevertheless much of the backbone of the contemporary art movement. These comments are sometimes discouraged but more often constructive in expressing their hopes and suggested solutions of their economic dilemma. There is much gratitude to the two federal art projects which often have made their survival as artists possible. Perhaps the most interesting note is an oft repeated acceptance of the fact that they do not consider art sales as a means of earning a living.

A Chicago artist writes: "The future for the professional painter does not seem very encouraging. The tendency for art is to become more and more a leisure time activity, a hobby." Another says: "I have made the bulk of my livelihood by doing commercial work, wood-engraving, restoring, etc., which gives me a fairly decent living, with a little time left to experiment and paint. However, as I sincerely consider painting as something purely recreational with me, I do not even make a fair attempt to sell." Too often there are comments such as the following: "Have exhibited my work in most of the important museums of the United States for ten years and never sold one painting from these sources. Have sold small paintings at club auctions for $1 to $5—the buyers being mostly artists."

Most of the artists heard from felt a deep interest in the survey and the belief that a better understanding of their economic circumstances might make a solution possible. Only three expressed what one might term the "ivory tower" attitude. One artist writes: "I was born a painter, not a teacher. Artists should talk with their brushes. Artists should stay within their own field. A good writer is never a good artist."

III

I realize that the above statistics are meager and that the most accurate ones can often be broken down to fit almost any generalization. But one can still hazard an hypothesis or explanation of these facts and apparent trends, which seems to fit into the wider economic and social movements of the crazy pattern of the world we live in.

From now on, more and more art will be supported—is being supported—on the basis of services rendered rather than on the basis of sales on a speculative art market. This emphatically does not mean that the public will stop buying paintings and prints. The public will buy more and more as it becomes more art-conscious and educated to the opportunities of buying inexpensive (often mass-produced) art. It does mean that even the most publicized artists will derive a larger and larger fraction of their income from such sources as direct commissions—Federal, State, municipal, or private—teaching, lecturing, writing, or receiving a salary from a university as resident artist. (Iowa, Pomona, Wisconsin, Dartmouth Universities have generously broken ground. Harvard, basking in the twilight tradition of Professor Charles Eliot Norton, is turning out a school of young museum directors and is totally unaware that a great university can stimulate creative art.) The public is perhaps ignorant of the attempt made several years ago by artist organizations to obtain a modest rental fee from museums for the use of the paintings

which they borrow from artists to exhibit. Such a rental fee would go far to help support young artists before they begin to sell. Nor is it generally known to the public that practically no artist ever gets paid for reproductions of his work, often made without his permission. What would a successful writer answer to the argument that the publisher was doing him a favor by publishing his manuscript without pay, since otherwise no one would read it? If artists obtained the same royalties through copyrights as do writers, they would have no serious economic problem. Yet some of the best-meaning and most intelligent museum directors still tell me that artists make a great mistake ever to organize or to become involved in economic problems! (The curious fact is that a few artists still agree with them.)

I shall give a few other examples of the way in which the creative talent of our best artists can be intelligently capitalized both to supply a really needed public function and at the same time to support good art on the basis of a service rendered.

PM, the new New York daily newspaper, caters to the public partly on the basis of many good illustrations by leading artists. I believe one may say that no attempt at a newspaper with such handsome illustrations, so substantially paid for, has ever been made either in this country or in Europe.

Recently, Mr. Walter Wanger, independent movie producer, collaborated with Mr. Reeves Lewenthal of the Associated American Artists in commissioning nine outstanding artists to paint characters and scenes from Eugene O'Neill's "The Long Voyage Home," while the production was actually being filmed in Hollywood. This is, I believe, a noteworthy achievement, not simply because it is the largest commission ever granted to a group of American artists by private industry, but because it has intelligently opened a whole new field to the American artist. It marks the first attempt of the motion picture or any other industry to bring together in the same location and under the same conditions a cross-section of American artists of recognized standing. Completely at variance with one another in background, age, and artistic approach, these artists were given complete freedom of expression in drawing their subject matter out of the same basic material. The resulting group of related paintings reveal graphically the varied reactions of artists to the same artistic problems. Mr. Wanger has arranged to circulate the entire series of paintings throughout the United States for two years as an art exhibition in the hope of creating a more intense interest in American art.

But this is not the only example of the use by advertising agencies of the creative works of our best artists. Mr. Charles Coiner, art director of N. W. Ayer & Son, has commissioned such outstanding artists as Maurice Sterne, Millard Sheets, and Georgia O'Keefe to make paintings in Honolulu, free from directive control and handsomely paid, for Dole pineapple advertising. Other examples of the tendency can be cited.

The outlook, then, for American artists is not entirely discouraging, if once they and the general public face the fact that the means of rationalizing art in this not altogether rational world is slowly changing. And I am convinced myself that the outlook for a vigorous flowering of American art, integrated and scaled to the hopes and tastes of countless millions of Americans, rather than to the pocketbooks of those who still continue to buy French Impressionism from Fifty-Seventh Street, is still more hopeful. More and more in a world apparently tottering to self-annihilation on the logic of nineteenth-century scientific progress, the human mind is searching for the critical values which it has lost in its worship of nineteenth-century scientific materialism. More and more Americans seem to be discovering these values in art, which is and always will be the greatest critique of human behavior.

OVERWEIGHT

THE SCIENTIFIC ATTACK ON SUPERFLUOUS FAT

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

It's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T eats
Turns into Miss T.
—Walter de la Mare, "Peacock Pie"

Food does have some say in the matter, however. Despite the innate constitutional pattern which decrees that whatever Miss T eats turns into Miss T, and never into anyone else, considerable veto power remains vested in the edibles. So much so that the presence or absence of certain minute ingredients may powerfully affect Miss T's health, and that too in ways other than those described as indigestion, dyspepsia, and other traditional ills of the alimentary tract. Medical research reveals that food factors may determine whether Miss T is to be more or less resistant to infectious diseases; whether she is to become prematurely blind or remain possessed of good vision; they influence skin ailments, heart disorders, and paralysis, and may even weight the scales between insanity and normal mentality. Each advance in our knowledge of nutrition confirms the truth of the old saying that "Man is what he eats." It was a superstition of course and yet perhaps it was not without its glimmer of intuitional truth: the notion held and practiced by the actor Edmund Kean that he must not only dress but also eat according to the role he was to play on the stage—pork for tyrants, beef for murderers, mutton for lovers.

In Kean's day (1787–1833), medical science held to the theory of a single universal nutritional factor—"aliment" it was called—present in all foods. "There are many kinds of food, but at the same time there is only one aliment," was an aphorism that had come down from the ancient Greeks, and as late as 1833 it was still widely believed and respectfully quoted by medical men in their attempts to explain the mechanism of digestion. But in 1834 the English physician William Prout, who was also an experimental chemist, pointed out three different kinds of substances in food, each nutritious and yet each of a nature different from that of the others. These he identified as the saccharine group, of which sugar and starch are examples; the oleaginous group, richly represented in butter and other oily foods; and the albuminous group, whose familiar exemplars are egg-white and lean meat. A few years later the albuminous substances came to be known as *proteins* (a word coined in 1839 by the Dutch chemist G. J. Mulder), the oleaginous as *fats*, and the saccharines as *carbohydrates;* and thereafter for several decades controversy raged among the experts regarding the relative value of these three aliments. Eventually, as biochemistry advanced, guided by the results of experimental diets with animals, two further groups were added: *minerals*, of which the salts of calcium, phosphorus, and iron are examples, and *vitamins*, a category which includes a variety of sub-

stances derived from plant and animal tissue, some of which are now so well-known chemically that they have been made in the laboratory. Thus in place of the one aliment of the early 19th century, we distinguish five different groups, each playing its part in the living chemistry by which we breathe, grow, move, feel, think, and perform the other functions of human existence.

How foods vary in their proportionate holdings of the five aliments may be illustrated in a comparison of the chemical analysis of Actor Kean's three kinds of meats. Here is the line-up for lean beef, lean mutton, and loin of pork, as compiled at the Columbia University laboratories by Drs. Henry C. Sherman and Caroline Sherman Lanford from the latest chemical studies:

	BEEF	MUTTON	PORK
Protein	21.3	19.8	16.6
Carbohydrate	0	0	0
Fat	7.9	12.4	30.1
Minerals			
Calcium	.013	.014	.006
Phosphorus	.204	.216	.108
Iron	.003	.002	.0015
Vitamins *			
Vitamin A	50.	(no data)	(no data)
Thiamin (B_1)	640.	900.	4200.
Riboflavin (B_2)	260.	280.	225.

* Riboflavin values are in micrograms, the other vitamins in international units, per 100 grams of the meat; the values for protein, fat, and minerals are percentages.

Note that the meats are alike in having no carbohydrate, not very different in their protein content, but the contrast is quite marked when we come to some of their other ingredients. Thus a mutton eater gets more fat than a beef eater does, and a pork eater gets nearly four times as much. Beef, on the other hand, is the richest in iron and Vitamin A; mutton in phosphorus and riboflavin (Vitamin B_2); and pork in thiamin (Vitamin B_1). Whether these observations have a bearing on the biochemistry of tyranny, murder, and romantic love we have no means of knowing. Certainly it would be rash to conclude from Edmund Kean's theatrical hunch that diets high in fat and thiamin are favorable to tyranny, whereas murderousness thrives best on lower portions of fat and higher portions of protein, iron, and Vitamin A, with the lover's needs served by a combination somewhat intermediate between these extremes. However, it may be apropos to recall in this connection that laboratory tests show correlations between the chemical content of the blood and certain mental and emotional states—such, for example, as epilepsy, schizophrenia, rage.

Recently, at the Johns Hopkins School of Hygiene and Public Health in Baltimore, Drs. E. V. McCollum and Elsa Orent made a study of the role of manganese in nutrition. This metal is present in minute traces in many vegetables and other foods, but McCollum and Orent were able to prepare diets from which it was lacking, though in all other essentials the diets were complete. They fed these rations to a group of rats over a period of months and watched results. The rats produced normal young, but they made no nests, engaged in none of the preparations for raising a family, and after the babies were born the mothers left them to starve. When manganese was restored to their diets they became industrious nest builders and attentive mothers, suckling, nursing, and protecting the new litters quite normally. Apparently, in rats, manganese is related to the expression of maternal solicitude.

This is not saying that manganese is the source of mother love in the human species—but it serves to call attention to the thesis of this discussion, namely: that certain deficiencies in the physical and mental behavior of the body can be traced to certain deficiencies in food; and, contrarily, certain superfluities in the body can be traced to nutritional excesses. Food deficiencies will be discussed in a subsequent paper, to be published in a future number of *Harper's*. The present article will consider the superfluities.

II

Fat people often deny that their obesity is a consequence of excessive food. "I eat hardly anything," protested a woman who seemed daily to grow stouter, and then she diagnosed her case

as "a glandular disturbance." Ever since it became recognized some years ago that a defect in the finely balanced equilibrium of the endocrine system may distort the rate at which food is utilized in the body the obese have used this as an excuse. The truth is that cases of "endocrine obesity" are so rare as to constitute only a minute percentage of the subjects of overweight, and even these rarities are not to be thought of primarily as instances of obesity. In them, as in all fat persons, obesity results from swallowing more energy components than the body needs; and in them, as in all fat persons, the remedy lies in dietary control. This does not mean that endocrine patients may not need special medical treatment, but it should be understood that such treatment is for their endocrine disorders, and is not to be depended on to correct overweight.

Before discussing corrective measures it will be helpful to review the functions of nutrition. The first need served by food is its provision of fuel which the human engine burns to obtain energy. The second is its provision of building materials for use in the growth and replenishment of tissues. But these are not the whole of the body's demands, for it has been found that neither the utilization of fuel to obtain energy nor the utilization of building materials to construct tissues can progress normally without the presence of certain chemically active substances which the body itself cannot synthesize. Therefore, a third function of food is to provide these chemical tools which enable the body to burn its fuels, to build its cells and fortify its body fluids, to regulate the ceaseless intermolecular exchanges, which is life.

Fuel is provided by fats, carbohydrates, and proteins.

Building material is provided by proteins and minerals.

Chemical tools are provided by minerals and vitamins.

The building materials are highly specialized. Nothing will substitute for proteins in the manufacture of certain tissues. Nor can anything serve in place of certain minerals in the manufacture of particular cells. Red-blood cells, for example, must have iron as well as protein, just as bones and teeth must each have calcium and phosphorus. There is some evidence that vitamins too may be building materials—Vitamin A, for example, is necessary to the formation of a light-sensitive structure in the retina of the eye, but it also serves the body in certain enzyme-like functions. The point is that building materials are needed continually, and unless the food contains them growth will be retarded and the repairs interrupted.

The chemical tools also are highly specialized. One mineral or vitamin cannot substitute for a missing one. Calcium in solution in the blood is necessary, for example, to the functioning of the heart and other organs. If the diet lacks calcium the body's need becomes so imperative that the blood will leach calcium from the bones and teeth, thus weakening those living structures in order to obtain calcium for circulation as a chemical tool. Bones and teeth are important, but the beating of the heart is more important. In the case of vitamins it is not possible to obtain emergency supplies even by such sacrifices as those of bones and teeth. To be sure, there is some storage of vitamins in the liver and certain other tissues, but these reserves are limited, and to keep abreast of its vitamin needs the body must depend on its current intake.

When we come to the fuel foods, however, the situation is different. Fuel has one purpose: to supply energy. The energy value of a substance is determined by the amount of heat it releases on being burned, and this is measured in terms of a unit known as the calorie. It happens that fats have considerably more available hydrogen to burn than carbohydrates and proteins have. Therefore, an ounce of fat will yield more calories than an ounce of carbohydrate or an equal amount of protein. But calorie for calorie, the energy released from lean meat or sugar is just as serviceable as that from

the more highly combustible butter. Thus it is possible to substitute one fuel food for another—and therein lies the opening to use diet to correct obesity.

III

Fat storage is a perfectly normal operation. Although the body cannot satisfactorily store large supplies of vitamins, minerals, or proteins, it is highly efficient in laying up reserves of carbohydrates in liver and of fat in other parts. Not only does it store fat, but after the liver's sugar storage is full, the body converts further surpluses of carbohydrate into fat and adds that to the bulging reserves of abdomen and other paunches.

Undoubtedly there is a constitutional factor in obesity, and to that extent the fat person may be a victim of fate. But this fate is not immutable Destiny. It is rather a potentiality that waits on appetite. Dr. Russell M. Wilder of the Mayo Clinic has suggested that the factor which is inherited is a certain abnormal irritability in that region of the brain where feelings of hunger and satiety originate—and there is clinical and experimental evidence for this idea. The fact that stoutness runs in families may be attributed, says Dr. Elliot P. Joslin of the Harvard Medical School, to habits acquired from eating with food-loving parents, rather than to heredity.

Heredity or no heredity, exposure is the crucial event. No person ever contracted tuberculosis, no matter how susceptible, without exposure to the tubercle bacillus. Similarly, no person ever got fat, no matter how strong his constitutional tendency to stoutness, without exposure of his digestive system to surplus supplies of fuel. And no fat person, whatever his girth, can fail to lose weight if he eats food which contains fewer calories than his body requires. In such a situation the body falls back on the reserves which it stored for just such a contingency; it withdraws from the fat cells sufficient fuel to make up the deficit, and these withdrawals are reflected in loss of weight. Reducing is a perfectly rational process. It requires only a right proportioning of the diet—holding the intake of food to a minimum without skimping on ample supplies of building materials and chemical tools—and continuing day after day until the desired number of pounds have melted away.

This is the principle of all reduction diets, and neither the idea nor its practice is new. What is new is a drastic downward revision of calorie allowance, an innovation introduced within the past few years by Drs. Frank A. Evans and James M. Strang at the Western Pennsylvania Hospital in Pittsburgh.

Reduction diets are computed to serve the ideal weight of the individual, as determined by considerations of height and body build, but Drs. Evans and Strang had a notion that the accepted standards were too pampering. "Instead of cautiously reducing the diets to 14 or 15 calories per kilogram,* with resulting weight losses of 6 to 8 pounds a month, would it not be safe in some cases to give them only half as many calories, say 6 to 8 per kilogram, and get a more rapid reduction?"

They decided to try this hypothesis.

Among the applicants for treatment was a thirty-four-year-old woman, 5 feet 4 inches tall, ideal weight 60 kilograms or about 131 pounds, whose actual weight was 80 kilograms (175 pounds). To nourish her excessive bulk the woman was consuming about 2,400 calories of fuel foods daily. The doctors figured what was necessary to maintain her ideal weight, allowed the full complement of proteins and carbohydrate requisite to this level, and then cut the fat allowance so that the total daily intake provided only 681 calories, derived as follows:

240 calories from 60 grams of protein,
180 calories from 45 grams of carbohydrate,
261 calories from 29 grams of fat.

Inasmuch as 2,400 calories were needed to keep her 175 pounds going at their heightened rate of metabolism, this left

* Practically all scientific reports of dietary studies use the metric system. A gram is .035 of an ounce; a kilogram, 2 pounds, 2 ounces.

a deficit of 1,719 calories. Calculation showed that to supply this would require the daily absorption of about 212 grams of her own fatty tissue, and Drs. Strang and Evans estimated that at this rate the woman ought to lose 12 to 14 pounds monthly. It turned out even better than that. At the end of ten weeks she was down to 133 pounds, having lost an average of more than 16 pounds a month.

Since then, several hundred cases have been treated by this low-calorie regimen, and "there have been no disasters or even minor misfortunes." Adolescents and the elderly are usually poor subjects for reduction treatment, but under these diets they have presented no serious problems. The oldest patient was a sixty-seven-year-old woman who hobbled into the office with difficulty. She was having from 15 to 18 extra-systoles a minute in her heartbeat, her blood pressure was up to 240, she weighed 278 pounds. She was reduced to 182 pounds in twenty-four weeks, her extra-systoles disappeared, her blood pressure went below 150. The youngest patient was a twelve-year-old girl who weighed 208½ pounds; she was reduced to 164½ in twenty weeks. A sixteen-year-old was reduced from 223 pounds to 143, and not only improved mentally and physically, but a distressing functional disorder of three years' standing disappeared. Chronic headaches, labored breathing, minor skin troubles, and a variety of obscure ailments were alleviated, in some instances relieved entirely.

But just what does this dieting mean in terms of meat, vegetables, and other groceries? Following are one day's menus from a prescription used successfully with many obese persons whose age, height, and body build indicate that their ideal weight should be around 70 kilograms (153 pounds). Note that the doctor prescribes each item in grams, an exactitude that is necessary if the number of grams of carbohydrate, protein, or fat in each portion is to be computed, as it must be if calories are to be controlled.

	Carbohydrate (grams)	Protein (grams)	Fat (grams)
For Breakfast			
50 grams, orange	6		
150 grams, milk	8	5	6
150 grams, coffee			
For lunch			
100 grams, haddock		17	
100 grams, brussels sprouts	3	2	
90 grams, pineapple	9		
5 grams, gelatin		4½	
150 grams, tea			
For Dinner			
120 grams, round steak		27	3
65 grams, egg white		8	
55 grams, raspberry	7	1	
80 grams, carrots	7	1	
5 grams, gelatin		4½	
150 grams, tea			
	40	70	9

Each gram of carbohydrate and each gram of protein will yield 4 calories, and each gram of fat 9, making the total fuel input of these menus 521 calories. The coffee and tea, taken without sugar or cream, have no nutritional content; but the other edibles contain some minerals and vitamins in addition to fuel, and to add to these chemical tools viosterol is included three times daily, an alkaline concentrate at lunch and at dinner, and brewer's yeast at breakfast. Adequacy of the vitamin and mineral content of the diet is highly important, and is a reason why dieting should not be undertaken except on the advice and under the control of a physician.

The menus are planned to provide one gram of protein daily for each kilogram of body weight, with approximately two-thirds as many grams of carbohydrate, largely in the form of vegetables and fruits. "It is possible to compile menus more inviting and containing more bulk," remarked Dr. Evans, "but experience shows that patients who will not be happy with a diet of limited bulk will not continue with one of greater bulk." Most patients cease to feel pangs of hunger after the first two or three days, and report less discomfort on a diet of 500 to 600 calories than on one which allows 1,200 to 1,400 daily. "After the appetite has been disciplined," Dr. Evans tells his

obese patients, "you will be satisfied and have as much of 'the fun of eating' with a normal amount of food as, in the past, you did from unwholesome quantities."

Institutions and practitioners in several cities have taken up the system of low-calorie dieting outlined in the foregoing pages, and a high record of success has been reported from many experiences.

Perhaps the most spectacular example of reduction is a case reported by Dr. James J. Short from the Obesity Clinic of the New York Postgraduate Hospital. The patient, a woman thirty-two years old, 5 feet 3 inches in height, tipped the clinic scales at 395½ pounds. Considering height and build, 145 pounds would have been a normal weight; but she had been obese from childhood, weighed 250 pounds at age seventeen when she had married, and eventually attained a bulk of 402 pounds. By fasting she had brought this down to 395½, but wanted to slenderize still further. Dr. Short found that she was daily consuming some 3,000 calories. He put her on a diet adequate in all components except fuel; that item he cut to 600 calories a day. The first two weeks she lost 11 pounds. Thereafter the rate slackened, as her system readjusted itself to the diet, but cautious administration of thyroid extract corrected this anomaly, and the fat continued to vanish, month after month, until she weighed 156½ pounds. In twenty months she had absorbed 239 pounds of her superfluous flesh!

Various medicaments have been tried as "cures" for overweight. Dinitrophenol, for example, is an accelerator of metabolism, and as a result it causes the body to burn excess fat at a rapid rate; but the drug has also caused liver damage, destruction of white blood cells, and cataract with resulting blindness. Other slenderizers are purges, but it is mostly water rather than fat that they remove. Food concentrates are of questionable value because their process of hastening the passage of food through the body often has the effect of upsetting the gastrointestinal tract. Finally, physical exercise is often dangerous for the obese whose heart and blood system are already overloaded by the demands of too much flesh. The only safe way to reduce fatness is to reduce the input of fat-forming foods.

IV

Obesity is not itself a disease, but it places extra burdens on vital organs. The effect is shown in the high incidence of heart disorders, apoplexy, nephritis, hypertension, and diabetes among persons of excessive weight. Eight out of every ten cases of diabetes begin with obesity, suggesting that the strain of over-nutrition is a provocative factor.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin has made a study of insurance records covering the life histories of nearly 200,000 men, and finds that the death rate progressively rises with increase in excess weight. For every 100 men of normal weight dying at age forty-five, 139 fat men die at that age. If you consider only those who are more than twenty-four per cent overweight, the toll mounts to 186. "The excessive mortality of these men is startling when it is remembered that they were most carefully selected when insured," points out Dr. Dublin.

The same technics of analysis were applied to records of those underweight, and Dr. Dublin found that among the middle-aged there is an advantage in being slightly below weight. For every 100 men of normal weight dying at forty-five, death takes on the average only 96 of those who are five to fifteen per cent underweight. In young people, however, the situation is reversed, for among them thinness correlates with a progressively higher death rate, reaching up to 116 per cent of normal.

It appears, therefore, that in the first three decades of life there is an advantage in being a few pounds overweight, but thereafter adiposity becomes increasingly a burden and a threat to health and the advantage lies with those who are slightly underweight.

EDUCATION AT BENNINGTON

BY HUBERT HERRING

When Bennington College opened its doors in the fall of 1932 it engaged the lively attention of those who nursed a tempered grudge against the colleges of their own youth. There was widespread dissatisfaction with American college education—a gnawing sense that reality had been buried in routine, that our colleges did not meet the needs of the individual or respond to the spirit of the times. In various parts of the country experimenters were tinkering with collegiate machinery in the hope of making it work more acceptably. Here in Vermont a group of men and women proposed to open a new college for women which would make a clean break with tradition. They proposed to write on a cleared slate their translation of "progressive" principles into practical terms.

The proposal was interesting. Yet there was room for skepticism. There had been a full quota of casualties among the innovators in education. Well-advertised experimental schools and colleges had gone to pieces through internal friction. High hopes had ended in mediocrity or faddishness. "Wait awhile," said the skeptics. "Wait for the first fine careless rapture to pass and see what happens."

Eight years have gone by. Meanwhile still newer educational theories, such as those of President Robert Hutchins, have been put forward and argued from coast to coast—but have not had time enough to be proved. Why not visit Bennington now and see how the progressive strivings of 1932 have worked and what their present promise is in the light of eight years' experience? What we find at Bennington may concern many another educational community far from Vermont.

The visitor's first impressions of Bennington's campus are determined by the beauty of the physical setting. It is difficult to be objective when confronted with a college set upon a Vermont hill top looking out over a generous stretch of valley rimmed with blue-green-purple mountains. His next impressions are of robust aliveness. Random visits to laboratories, classrooms, library, and dining halls show students who are undoubtedly enjoying themselves. The visitor, looking back on his own college days, recalls no such brisk joy in frog-dissection, Molière, and the industrial revolution as seems to prevail here. He talks with a score of girls, each eager to debate Roosevelt's foreign policy, James Joyce, or the labor relations act. Furthermore, they all seem to have read the morning paper. The liveliness of the campus is accentuated by the splashings of color, purple slacks, cerise socks, and riotous plaids, which furnish an exciting *décor* for a college in which there is so much to argue about, so much to do.

But mountains, good air, excitement, and gay colors do not make a college. Let us look more closely.

II

The opening of Bennington College in 1932 presented the first commotion

which had come to the proper town of Bennington since the year 1777, when General Stark beat off the British. Alarms are alien to the genius of Vermont. This college had been talked about and planned for since 1923. A little money had been collected, a few blueprints drawn, but it was not until the trustees asked Robert D. Leigh, professor of government at Williams, to accept the presidency in 1928, that the institution took form. In 1931 ground was broken for a few buildings; old barns and chicken houses were refurnished; and a year later Bennington College opened with a freshman class of eighty-six, a faculty of nineteen, a generous armful of books, a few test-tubes, microscopes, and pianos, and unlimited enthusiasm. Now, after eight years, there are twelve buildings, two hundred and fifty students, and forty-six teachers, and the enthusiasm is undiminished. The neighbors continue to be puzzled. Educators near and afar regard Bennington with mingled question and applause.

This particular visitor to Bennington, assured by a Vermont friend that here was a college "without a past, a present, or a future," set himself to discover the educational impieties which prompted the judgment. He read the catalogues, blue-penciled the curricula, talked with teachers and students, and decided that at least this college had a past. Aliens named Froebel and Pestalozzi had said many of the things which Bennington repeats. A certain Franciscan friar, Pedro de Gante, had had an Indian school on Lake Texcoco in the early sixteenth century which yoked learning and action. As for the present, Bennington is not the only college whose contrivers have sat at the feet of John Dewey.

But Bennington obviously has a well-defined creed which it believes is well adapted both to the present and to the future. It avers that the test of education is preparation for continued learning through life; that the only learning which sticks is that which is voluntary, that no one can be tricked or coerced into thinking; that the learning process does not begin until the student is captured by an authentic interest; that the ability to learn awaits the gaining of a sense of power; that it is high time educational institutions abjure such false tests of attainment as marks, prizes, and decisive examinations; that one learns by doing, that the line between "curricular" and "extra-curricular" activities should be done away with; that sharp differentiation must be made between fundamental disciplines and the mere "tools" of learning; that the curriculum must always be highly personal, fitted to the student, not the student to the curriculum; that education must reckon with the whole of personality, emotions, adjustments, ambitions; and that true education must relate the student to the world in which he lives.

This creed is not new. Educational pioneers have been saying those things for several centuries. It represents the body of faith, if not always of practice, of modern education. Bennington's aim has been to make a fresh start, freed from the necessity of apologetic concessions to tradition and expediency.

Bennington has not had to beg for students. The first class of eighty was picked from two hundred applicants. The latest class represents the choice of one out of five. Bennington broke with conventional policies of admission. There is no automatic key to Bennington. A girl may shine in Latin, have an uncanny genius for memorizing dates, and be refused by Bennington. Another girl may show a mediocre record of high school marks, but have an eye which dances at the sight of an impaled beetle, and be welcomed if she persuades Bennington that her interest is genuine and sustained. Bennington seeks the girl with a record of intelligent work, with promise of creative energy, and does not greatly care whether her ardor is kindled in the arts, the natural or the social sciences. Bennington is not the only college to break with traditional entrance requirements, but her break is perhaps more complete.

The dazed freshman, freshly laundered and delivered on the Bennington campus, is met with a reception at variance with practices prevailing in most colleges.

Bennington's notion is that a girl of seventeen has only the haziest of ideas as to what she wants, or how she will get it —and that a college must reckon with that fact. The girl is going to rattle about, hunting for herself, and the college's business is to furnish room in which to rattle. The girl arrives all bundled up, and she must first get herself unbundled. Detached from the accustomed policing of home and school, faced with the necessity of making her own good or bad decisions, she needs time to find herself. More likely than not, she has been under the spell of a mother who would make her a Maude Adams or an aunt who would make her a Jane Addams. Bennington, denying itself the luxury of playing destiny, sets itself the more arduous task of helping the girl discover her own destiny.

The new arrival is given no list of required courses. Instead she is assigned a counsellor, with whom she sits down and talks. Her first week is spent in such talk, with her counsellor, with other faculty members, with fellow-students. It is the girl's open season for tracking down her real interest. At the end of the week she plunges, picks her "trial major" in one of Bennington's divisions—art, drama, dance, music, literature, science, social studies. She chooses about half of her courses within the lines of her "major," picks the rest in other fields. She is now ready to dig in. The joys—or sorrows—of uncertainty are not thus lightly settled. Let us suppose that she elects science. A month with test-tubes and guinea pigs may convince her that her peculiar gift is for relations between people—so she shifts from science to social studies. Then a month with labor unions, race questions, and statistics may persuade her that her real genius is for the French drama—so she flees social studies for the haven of the drama department. These things happen, although actual changes of trial majors seldom exceed three in a semester. No stigma attaches to such caprice. Bennington makes no fetich of consistency and knows that it is better to have nine false motions, if happily the tenth reveals direction. Bennington suspects that the more straitlaced schooling, which roughly discourages such whimsy, may simply serve to postpone the rattling process until college is over, thereby swelling the company of misfits.

Bennington, by its frank allotment of two years to the stumbling process, feels that it is actually making less room for fumbling than prevails on more conventional campuses. In many colleges a student may beat out his lonely track with little or no personal guidance. In Bennington, from matriculation to graduation, the student has an hour each week with her counsellor, for guidance, diagnosis, criticism, and check upon accomplishment.

Whether Bennington is wise or unwise in its provision for two years of floundering must be determined by a statistician with ten years' experience upon which to draw. That miracles happen, that girls suddenly come to life as they are captured by authentic enthusiasm—that is clear. One girl is discovered sitting up at night in the laboratory with the mysteries of allergy and ragweed; another is feverishly turning out a criticism of Thomas Mann; another, having investigated nursery schools, is formulating her conclusions. This process goes on the first year, the second year. One by one, students fall out of the ranks of the stumblers and are off on trails of their own. Not all; some are still rattling about when the second year is up, and these Bennington firmly passes back to their parents or on to other institutions of higher learning. About sixty-five per cent of those who enroll in Bennington reach the "Senior Division," which covers the third and fourth years. Here the girl is expected to have proved her competence in some one field, to have won the right to some increased specialization,

and to give continuing evidence of creative capacity.

The casual visitor to the Bennington campus is impressed by the freedom of the atmosphere. From the beginning, Leigh and his associates vowed that there was to be no strait-jacketing. The girls were to be treated as responsible adults. College regulations would take form out of the experience of the community.

When the college opened in the fall of 1932 there was a hilarity which left the faculty a bit breathless and caused anxious parents some bad hours. There were no regulations as to week-ends, class attendance, callers, or other odds and ends of college life. Bennington seemed to fit the Frenchman's toast to the Statue of Liberty: "Here's to the land of the free, and the home of the brave, where you do as you please, and if you don't, they'll make you." A campus wag announced that a girl could arrive, register, leave, and not turn up again until Commencement, and never be missed. A few seemed to operate on that assumption—until they discovered their mistake. Some indulged in a generous number of four-day week-ends. Still others, with fine surplusage of affection, brought their pets, and the campus was alive with angoras, spitzes, spaniels, terriers, and great danes, not to mention an assortment of pet goats, lambs, and turkeys. Members of that first class recall those first weeks with affectionate nostalgia. Critics in Boston still retell the stories as evidence of Bennington's sinful ways. I recall a gangling sixteen-year-old whose way of expressing her educational ambitions was to say that she would "go to Bennington, wear pants, and stay up all night."

But liberty underwent its own disciplines. The immoderate freedom of some threatened the liberties of others. Students and faculty speedily set up regulations on college traffic. The dogs, cats, goats, and winged creatures were banished, for after all they were waging war upon one another and the battles destroyed the campus calm. Common prudence indicated the advisability of having someone know where an absentee had taken herself, so now one signs up before starting for Boston, New York, or Quebec. She need not ask permission, she simply tells where she has gone. Then the students tired of tripping over other girls' strange males at odd hours, so they fixed limits for such visits. Automobiles appeared as a problem, since they were borrowed and lent generously, so students and faculty decided that thenceforth no cars were to be permitted without the college's license and no cars were to be loaned. These were student regulations, on no account to be given the vulgar name of rules. They were simply a set of self-imposed traffic directions to avert jams.

The true discipline upon Bennington exuberance turned out to be not rules and regulations, but the pressure of work. Theoretically, a student is free to take days off as she pleases, to enjoy unlimited week-ends. Figures reveal that Bennington students without pressure of rules took as little time off from college last year as did students at other institutions. The reason was that the Bennington scheme of education makes the class a highly personal relation between an instructor and a few students. The typical course is a running series of discussions, each hanging upon the last. It is not like a lecture, with notes to be borrowed from a helpful friend. Interest has proved as effective as coercion in assuring regular attendance.

III

But what of Robert D. Leigh, Bennington's contriver? I put the question to a student, my friend since her pigtail days, and she answered in surprise, "Why, Mr. Leigh is all right, but what has he to do with Bennington?" It is a remark calculated to delight the heart of Bennington's president. Robert Leigh is never discovered in front-row-center when the shutter flashes. Bennington,

Leigh avers, is the product of teamwork, in which no individual deserves predominant credit. This insistence, devoid of pose, makes one like Leigh. Amiably humorless, innocent of the tricks of the advertiser, he has a shyness which bars him from that warm camaraderie which resolves human relations. Students respect him, few know him.

Robert Leigh took his undergraduate lessons at Bowdoin, managed the football team, and graduated with top honors. Then he was off for graduate work in Columbia, then to Reed College for three years with William Trufant Foster in one of the first pioneering ventures in higher education, one which shaped Leigh's later thought. A stretch of war work in Washington and six years of teaching at Williams completed his preparation for the presidency of Bennington, a college without buildings, without faculty, but with an idea. That idea, rooted in the educational philosophy of such men as John Dewey and William H. Kilpatrick, was given form by Robert Leigh. From the turning of the first furrow to the laying of the latest brick, it has been Leigh who has vicariously measured each load of sand and lime, weighed each length of sewerpipe, chosen each student, picked each member of the faculty, and given direction to the institution. Leigh disclaims credit. Institutions thrive, he contends, as responsibility and ideas are shared. He would see Bennington a body sound in all its parts, each contributing to the health of the whole, a living organism of trustees, faculty, students, and alumnae.

Leigh's consistency in democratic faith prompted him to protect Bennington against its president. After long observation of the ills visited upon colleges by long-lived presidents, he wrote into the rules that the president shall be appointed for five-year terms, at the end of which the trustees are pledged to bring in outside educators to advise upon his reappointment. When Leigh's term recently approached its close, he reminded his trustees of their duty. They invited President Hauck of Maine and Dr. Abraham Flexner to visit the college and to report. Leigh was renamed.

Bennington has its own notions as to the care and feeding of trustees. Leigh would put an end to that prevalent pattern in which a group of preoccupied men and women meet fitfully, dine amiably, approve the *faits accomplis* of a genial president, take fervid interest in athletic records, are severally coaxed into paying for such buildings as their loyalty or zeal for immortality may dictate, and dig down to meet accumulated deficits. Bennington's trustees are not only asked to assume charge of college finances but to furnish continuous lay collaboration in the educational program. Conversations with some trustees reveal that they know the faculty, spend substantial time on the campus, and exert a continuing influence upon the program. The founders of the college, aware of the perils from an unchanging board, established the principle that trustees retire, for a year at least, at the end of a seven-year term.

Bennington teachers know themselves as a part of the growing organic life of the institution. In the Bennington scheme of things there is less room for the virtuoso than in more orthodox surroundings. A teacher who expects to give individual attention to his students cannot take to his tower and shut out the world. A chemist is compelled by the nature of the Bennington plan to admit that a piano has a place on the campus as well as a bunsen burner. When visiting lecturers come to Bennington to speak on economics, the music and art and drama teachers attend as a matter of course—not because they have to, but because they want to. Under Leigh's hand there is a sharing of responsibilities often relegated elsewhere to trustees and president. The faculty has a definitely assigned share in building plans, in the election of a president, in the naming of new faculty members.

Students also take a hand in the making of decisions. Student organiza-

tions, akin to those prevailing elsewhere, are assigned clear responsibilities. The "Community Council" of elected representatives from the student houses, together with faculty members, legislates on community life, administers a measure of discipline, and makes rules for dining rooms and campus activities. The "Student Educational Policies Committee," named by the students, advises the faculty on curriculum and educational methods, and makes regular periodical reports on the quality of the instruction given by individual teachers. Suggestions and criticisms are given frankly, and received seriously. Teachers and administrators really expect to learn from students, and students respond with heartening responsibility. "They think that they own the place," I have heard in criticism. If any representative number of students decided that a given instructor was failing in intelligence and zest they would not hesitate to say so. Even a visiting lecturer is not exempt—I have known such a one to be taken in hand by a nineteen-year-old social scientist and told in precise terms where he failed. Such candor reflects concern. Bennington students, in high degree, consider themselves responsible for the college. Bennington, they tell you gravely, is an experiment. Experiments, one infers, require special nurture.

The alumnae, still a slight company, share in the sense of proprietorship. This is not unique, else whence would come the memorial plaques and class gifts of other institutions? But Bennington's alumnae have a special maternal solicitude. The college is so young, so new, so fluid. It has taken shape under their eyes. They know it as their own: each building, each corner of each building; each tree on the campus, for they had a hand in planting them; almost each book in the library.

The net impression of Bennington upon the visitor is of an honest unity, to which the several members contribute with fidelity and affection. If discordant notes catch his ear, what would one expect in a company of three hundred? If there are little affectations and vanities, if not all evince equal wisdom and skill, if there are serious gaps in the educational scheme of things—well, again, what would you expect? But of the comradeship, of the imaginativeness, of the sober discipline in which the several parties to the compact work at their task, of these one feels no lack.

IV

A teacher has a stiff assignment at Bennington. He cannot deliver (and redeliver) his six or eight lectures each week, read occasional papers, ward off personal encounters, and retreat to his study. He sets out with six or eight students to explore the mysteries of economics, European history, the French drama, or the fundamental concepts of biology. He does not lay out an inflexible program or stick to a specified text. The students will have ideas as to where the search will lead. He must shape the course to the abilities and zeals of the group. Such teaching takes a sterner toll than lecturing.

Teaching and counselling go together. Each teacher is assigned as counsellor to six or seven students, to each of whom he gives an hour a week. The teachers in the several divisions divide responsibility for the students in their divisions. The counsellor meets his *counselee* week after week, discussing work done, books read, experiences in field work, problems of study. Office hours are disregarded, for genuine interest breaks schedules. It tests the stuff of teachers.

Counselling is at the heart of Bennington's scheme. It is a revolt against machine education, in which a student is thrust into the gears, and given minimum personal attention. Bennington stresses the need for continued guidance. Such guidance must reckon with the entire personality, with a girl's relations to her family, her fellow-students, her teachers. It cannot ignore her fears, hopes, or loves. A bad record in work-

shop, laboratory, or classroom may indicate faulty digestion, lack of ability or of interest; it may mean brooding resentments, lack of exercise, or an unhappy love affair. The counsellor serves as a safety valve. The student is free to talk herself out, about courses, books, problems, interests—and to blurt out resentments or hopes. The wise counsellor abjures the role of confessor, and sticks to that of friendly instructor. He will labor to maintain the objectivity which lends weight to counsel; to combine detachment with authentic interest; to make the student's problems so honestly his own as to give integrity to his judgment. If he is wise he will strengthen self-respect by judicious praise, encourage self-criticism for the over-confident, and stir ambition. Having placed counselling at the center of instruction, Bennington stakes everything on the character of its faculty. In a faculty of forty-six not all will be equally wise.

Bennington's physician serves as counsellor to the counsellors. Trained in medicine and psychology, this physician takes account of the physical and psychological factors which impede learning. A student will do good work when the inner house is in order; bad work when something is askew. The physician, very much in the background, knowing full well what a jangling concatenation of nerves, glands, emotions, and digestive juices life is, stands ready to counsel the student threatened with failure. In any group of two hundred and fifty some will be retarded or defeated by their emotional tumults. Bennington takes cognizance of such factors and through its counsellors and physician seeks to furnish the robust catharsis of new incentives.

Bennington's campus is off the main roads of American life. The gain in serenity is obvious, but there is danger lest isolation cut faculty and students off from contact with the country. The College takes steps to overcome this disability. Bennington has its own calendar. The orthodox three-months' vacation is cut to two; the usual Christmas and Easter recesses are expanded into a winter recess of two months. The summer vacation is ample for rest and recreation. The winter period is reckoned in the educational year, affording opportunity for independent field work or study in the student's chosen field.

Each girl picks her winter project with the advice of her counsellor. She may elect two months' reading at home or in the stacks of the Library of Congress; she may spend her time studying co-operatives in Pennsylvania; get a job in a Boston settlement; secure a temporary assignment in a New York bacteriological laboratory; or journey to Mexico to study the murals of Orozco and Rivera. Upon her return she makes a written report to her counsellor. The advantages of the arrangement are obvious—it shortens the cold winter in Vermont and lengthens the spring and fall when New England is at its best; it offers the faculty time for study; it affords students opportunity for practical exploration and the testing of theories.

This winter device is frankly experimental. The results are difficult to appraise. Many students have experiences which lend vitality to their study. Others, through lack of direction or indolence, fail to benefit by the experience. But no student is admitted to the Senior Division who has not used at least one winter period to advantage. The winter period in the Bennington calendar must be put down as one of Bennington's educational novelties which will bear further exploration.

V

The visitor attracted to Bennington finds himself hard pressed to maintain the critical attitude demanded by those who know all about education. His report collects superlatives. So it must be set down in cold 10-point type that there are questions to be raised concerning Bennington's way in education.

A serious question concerns the issue of democracy in a college as expensive

as Bennington. Fees total $1,675 for the year—a figure determined by the actual *per capita* cost of each student to the college, and made necessary by meager endowment. That figure automatically shuts out the daughters of many physicians, lawyers, college professors, and business men—and of carpenters and masons. Bennington, concerned to make its student body thoroughly representative, provides scholarships in varying amounts to two-fifths of the students. Some girls earn substantial amounts by waiting on table and at other odd tasks. The fact remains that at least three-fifths of the students must be recruited from families whose incomes are subject to one or two of Mr. Morgenthau's surcharges. Among the girls who entered in the fall of 1940, 65 came from private schools, only 23 from public schools. The majority of Bennington students represent economically favored groups. This lays the college open to the charge of being a rich girls' college. The charge is justified at present, and stands as a point of weakness in the Bennington scheme, despite the conviction of both students and faculty that a generous democracy prevails. Only an increased endowment can eliminate this disproportion. To admit that cliques exist, to cite individuals who parade their social pretension, to name others who are resentful, is simply to confess that Bennington shares markings which disfigure human relations in Spring Valley, Leadville, and Minneapolis.

Bennington is condemned by others on the ground that the students do not work. These delight in describing the college as a rich girls' country club, where the students live in nice houses, dash off to New York for house parties and to Canada for skiing; ride horses, play hockey, study a little music, dabble in a little art, do a little freakish dancing —but do not work. This account of Bennington is given currency by the photographic reporting of certain "picture" magazines. This version fits some in each entering class, but is scarcely an adequate description of those who survive the first two years. Bennington teachers admit that Bennington affords opportunity to some for loafing on a grand scale, but add that it excites others to tenacious work of a fine order. The loafers (and what college has none?) eliminate themselves or are eliminated. The workers remain. About 65 per cent of those who enter reach the Senior Division. The impression of intellectual vigor is confirmed by the quality of random conversation, by the lively and intelligent debate on ideas, on national affairs, on books old and new. Such talk, one infers, is the backwash of solid exercise. The impression is strengthened by leafing over the theses of the seniors. More than one visitor has remarked that these theses in their originality and evidence of research are on the level of theses required elsewhere for a master's degree. The impression of solid work is confirmed by the citing of Bennington's graduates who have gone on into graduate and professional schools, 47 of them out of a total of 199 graduates. "We have our problems," admits Leigh, "but keeping our students at work is not one of them."

Others argue that Bennington's curriculum is faddish, that too large place is given to painting, music, the dance, and the drama. Bennington offers no apology for dignifying the arts in the curriculum of a liberal arts college and takes pride in recognition won in this field. Her musicians, professional and students, work. Her painters spread their mural imagination on college walls (fortunately perhaps on removable panels). Her dramatists and dancers evidence sustained zeal. Whether such skills merit the place assigned them will have to be fought out by the pundits. The skeptical may find comfort in the fact that, in recent classes, not more than one or two specialize on the dance, about twelve devote themselves to art, five to the drama, and six to music, while social studies enlist fifteen to eighteen students, and literature ten to fifteen. It must

also be noted that majoring in any of the arts does not mean exclusion of other disciplines. Drama inevitably spills over into literature; and the dramatist who would deal with life commonly discovers that the study of society's patterns falls within her ken. The faculty applies pressure and persuasion against any tendency to over-specialization.

Others charge that Bennington neglects religion. A recent graduate writes me that "in the working philosophy of Bennington too little place is given to the recognition of Christianity." There is no chapel, no chapel service, no orthodox course on religion. There are churches in Bennington and students are invited to participate. A few do. No cross or spire dominates the Bennington campus, and some dread the day when an impulsive donor will offer a chapel, and hope the offer will be refused. Such distaste of formal religious expression is rooted in the experience of other campuses (where a disproportionate slice of the building budget has gone into a gothic or colonial chapel), of college chaplains of uncertain functions, and of a stream of tendentious clergymen preaching to rebellious audiences where attendance is required, or to empty benches where attendance is voluntary. Some describe Bennington as "irreligious." The label does not fit. A graduate of Bennington, who taught in a Midwestern college of fervid church affiliations, writes me that "Bennington was more religious by any decent test." If the religious attitude consists of a lively and sustained concern for human values, of spiritual sensitivity toward truth and beauty, of regard for the health and wealth of the human spirit, many would call Bennington religious. It is all a matter of definition.

Some argue that Bennington permits a degree of specialization not consonant with the genius of a liberal arts college. They cite the case of one student who was so intent upon zoölogy that she gained no awareness of the broader sweep of the social sciences, of another whose zeal for French literature crowded out all interest in the natural sciences. Such specialization, critics aver, defeats the chief purpose of a college, to turn out women with a well-rounded education. Bennington answers that majoring must be done in the broader field of science, not in zoölogy; in literature, not in French literature; that with the major go the minors, and that she cannot graduate from Bennington without giving some attention to other disciplines; and that the conscious effort of the college community is to encourage awareness of a broad range of human interests through lectures, recitals, play shared by all.

Other critics contend that Bennington shares the common weakness of all schools called progressive in failing to furnish that systematic drill in the solid body of fact essential to the intellectual furnishing of an educated man or woman. They argue that it is idle to stress the independent approach, the play of individual initiative, without solid drill in the corporate body of factual material which must be acquired no matter what it costs in boredom. These critics aver that understanding of the contemporary world hangs upon a considerable knowledge of events, men, theories, and achievements, and question whether such a curriculum as Bennington's affords drill in such detailed knowledge. This criticism is voiced by some graduates, some students, and a few teachers. Their anxiety is lest Bennington's education should turn out a bit spotty. If there is ground for the fear it is equally clear that in the maturing of Bennington increased emphasis is placed upon diversification in election, and upon more intensive drill.

The protagonists for coeducation deplore the creation of another college for women, insisting that the segregation of boys and girls at the mating season is educationally unsound, that they should learn to work together as a preparation for living together. Bennington students and faculty are well-nigh unanimous in agreement. Leigh insists that

Bennington is the first unit of a co-educational college in the making.

The classicists turn an unhappy eye upon Bennington, regarding its reputed preoccupation with the contemporary world as a slight upon the Greeks, and inquiring with asperity how a college can turn out educated women who are unaware of the broader sweep of thought. These critics are reminded that drama cannot be explored without reckoning with Aeschylus, Aristophanes, and Euripides; that the study of literature involves recognition that Proust must be read in the light of the romanticists, the romanticists against the background of Racine and Molière, that these lead back to Ronsard, and Ronsard to Horace; that comprehension of Descartes and Hume waits upon Plato; that analysis of the industrial revolution hangs upon comprehension of feudalism, and that feudalism is inexplicable without reference to the Roman world. Whether the Bennington scheme of education makes adequate place for such reckoning with classical backgrounds must be left to the classicists to fight out with Bennington's faculty. The visitor after a cursory glance confesses that he misses that familiar figure on every proper campus, the withered but active patriarch who never fails to affirm that nothing new or notable has befallen the race since the days of Pericles.

How then shall one report on Bennington College? It must be to each according to his taste. This is a report of gratitude to men and women who have cut new patterns with honesty and imaginativeness. Many questions remain. Whether French is a subject or a tool; whether the dance belongs in the college curriculum or in Carnegie Hall; whether girls should be coerced or enticed into learning; whether they should be allowed to specialize on beetles or be told to study Chaucer and calculus; whether there is too much drama and not enough Greek; whether there is too much emphasis on learning to think, and too little upon the body of fact about which to think—these and other items must be relegated to those composers of incredible prose who draw their pay from Teachers College on Morningside Heights. The visitor has been looking into colleges these twenty-five years. He has dipped into colleges which have rediscovered Plato and suffered others which claim to have discovered Christ. He has been in football colleges, fraternity colleges, and college-spirit colleges. He has seen students driven in platoons down the high-fenced runway called education; seen the cramming and the jamming, watched the lecturing and the exhorting. He has known the students who were bored, angry, and indifferent, and he has come upon those rare colleges in which ideas flourish, teachers teach, and students learn.

When a company of alert teachers get a hill top, remodel a barn or so, gather a few eager students, and set out upon a new experiment in the co-operative search for truth, there is ground for celebration. When this assay in education is carried on with the honesty which is Bennington's there is basis for the hope that education, the bulwark of American democracy, may still be touched with coals from off the altar. If such a college can escape the complacency which readily besets journeyers into new lands; if it can remain aware that its genius is its fluidity; if it can combine due deference to the opinions of others with wholesome indifference to their judgments, then will faith in the renewal of education be confirmed. If such a college can have money enough to pay its bills and never enough to build gothic spires; if it can keep its corporate sense of humor and resist the regularizers and the pedants—then, it might be pleasant to have a granddaughter who would resist all doddering counsel and "go to Bennington, wear pants, and stay up all night."

THE OLD PEOPLE

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

At first there was nothing but the faint, cold, steady rain, the gray and constant light of the late November dawn, and the voices of the dogs converging somewhere in it. Then Sam Fathers, standing just behind me, as he had been standing when I shot my first running rabbit four years ago, touched me and I began to shake, not with any cold, and then the buck was there. He did not come into sight; he was just there, looking not like a ghost but as if all of light were condensed in him and he were the source of it, not only moving in it but disseminating it, already running, seen first as you always see the deer, in that split second after he has already seen you, already slanting away in that first soaring bound, the antlers even in that dim light looking like a small rocking-chair balanced on his head.

"Now," Sam said, "shoot quick and slow."

I don't remember that shot at all. I don't even remember what I did with the gun afterward. I was running, then I was standing over him where he lay on the wet ground still in the attitude of running and not looking at all dead. I was shaking and jerking again and Sam was beside me and I had his knife in my hand.

"Don't walk up to him in front," Sam said. "If he ain't dead he will cut you all to pieces with his feet. Walk up to him from behind and take him by the horn."

And I did that—drew the throat taut by one of the antlers and drew Sam's knife across it, and Sam stooped and dipped his hands in the hot blood and wiped them back and forth across my face. Then he blew his horn and there was a moiling of dogs about us with Jimbo and Boon Hogganbeck driving them back after they had all had a taste of the blood. Then father and Major de Spain sitting the horses, and Walter Ewell with his rifle which never missed, from the barrel of which all the bluing had long since been worn away, were looking down at us—at the old man of seventy who had been a Negro for two generations now but whose face and bearing were still those of the Chickasaw chief, and the white boy of twelve with the prints of the bloody hands across his face, who now had nothing to do but stand straight and not let the shaking show.

"Did he do all right, Sam?" father said.

"He done all right," Sam Fathers said.

We were the white boy, not yet a man, whose grandfather had lived in the same country and in almost the same manner as the boy himself would grow up to live, leaving his descendants in the land in his turn, and the old man past seventy whose grandfathers had owned the land long before the white men ever saw it and who had vanished from it now with all their kind, what of blood they had left behind them running now in another race and for a while even in bondage and now

drawing toward the end of its alien course, barren. Because Sam Fathers had no children.

His grandfather was Ikkemotubbe himself, who had named himself Doom. Sam told me about that—how Ikkemotubbe, old Issetibbeha's sister's son, had run away to New Orleans in his youth and returned seven years later to the plantation in north Mississippi, with a French companion called the Chevalier Soeur-Blonde de Vitry, who must have been the Ikkemotubbe of his family too and who was already addressing Ikkemotubbe as *Du Homme*, and the slave woman who was to be Sam's grandmother, and a gold-laced hat and coat and a wicker basket containing a litter of puppies and a gold snuffbox of white powder. And how he was met at the river by two or three companions of his bachelor youth, and with the light of a smoking torch glinting on the gold-laced hat and coat, Doom took one of the puppies from the basket and put a pinch of the white powder from the gold box on its tongue, and at once the puppy ceased to be a puppy. And how the next day the eight-year-old son of Doom's cousin, Moketubbe, who was now hereditary head of the clan (Issetibbeha was now dead) died suddenly, and that afternoon Doom, in the presence of Moketubbe and most of the others (the People, Sam always called them), took another puppy from the basket and put a pinch of the powder on its tongue, and so Moketubbe abdicated and Doom became in fact the Man which his French friend already called him. And how Doom married the slave woman, already pregnant, to one of the slaves which he had just inherited—hence Sam Fathers' name, which in Chickasaw had been Had-Two-Fathers—and later sold them both and the child too (his own son) to my great-grandfather almost a hundred years ago.

Up to three years ago he had lived on our farm four miles from Jefferson, though all he ever did was what blacksmithing and carpentering was needed. And he lived among Negroes, in a cabin among the other cabins, he consorted with them and dressed like them and talked like them and went to a Negro church now and then. But for all that, he was still the grandson of that Indian chief and the Negroes knew it. Boon Hogganbeck's grandmother had been a Chickasaw woman too, and although the blood had run white since and Boon was a white man, it was not a chief's blood. You could see the difference at once when you saw them together, and even Boon seemed to know that the difference was there—even Boon, to whom in his tradition it had never occurred that anyone might be better born than himself. A man might be smarter, he admitted that, or richer (luckier, he called it) but not better born. He was a mastiff, absolutely faithful to father and Major de Spain, absolutely dependent upon them for his very bread, hardy, courageous enough, a slave to all the appetites and almost unrational. It was Sam Fathers who bore himself, not only toward father but toward all white men, with gravity and dignity and without servility or recourse to that impenetrable wall of ready and easy mirth which Negroes sustain between themselves and white men, bearing himself toward father not only as one man to another but as an older man to a younger one.

He taught me the woods, to hunt, when to shoot and when not to shoot, when to kill and when not to kill, and better, what to do with it afterward. Then he would talk to me, the two of us sitting under the close fierce stars on a summer hilltop while we waited for the dogs to return within hearing behind the red or gray fox they ran, or beside a fire in the November or December woods while the dogs worked out a coon's trail along the creek, or fireless in the pitch dark and the heavy dew of April mornings while we waited for daylight beneath a turkey roost. I would not question him; he did not react to questions. I would just wait and then listen and he would begin, talking about the old days

and the People whom he had never known, and so could not remember himself, and in place of whom the other race into which his blood had run had supplied him with no substitute.

And as he talked about those old times and those dead and vanished men of another race from either that I knew, gradually those old times would cease to be old times and would become the present, now, not only as if they had happened yesterday but as if they were still happening and some of them had not even happened yet but would occur to-morrow, so that at last it would seem as if I myself had not come into existence yet, that none of my race nor the other race which we had brought into the land with us had come here yet; that although it had been my grandfather's and was now my father's and someday would be my land which we hunted over and now rested upon, our hold upon it actually was as trivial and without reality as that now faded and archaic script in one of the Chancery Clerk's books in the courthouse in town, and that it was I who was the guest here and Sam Fathers' voice the mouthpiece of the host.

Until three years ago there had been two of them, the other a full-blood Chickasaw, in a sense even more astonishingly lost than Sam Fathers. He called himself Jobaker, as if it were one word. Nobody knew his history at all. He was a hermit, he lived in a foul little shack at the forks of the creek four or five miles from our farm and about that far from any other habitation. He was a market hunter and fisherman and he consorted with nobody, black or white; no Negro would even cross his path and no man dared approach his hut except Sam, and perhaps once a month I would find the two of them in Sam's shop—two old men squatting on their heels on the dirt floor, talking in a mixture of negroid English and flat hill dialect and now and then a phrase of that old tongue which as time went on and I squatted there too listening, I began to learn. Then he died. That is, nobody had seen him in some time. Then one morning Sam Fathers was missing, none of the Negroes knew when nor where, until that night when some Negroes possum-hunting saw the sudden burst of flames and approached them. It was Joe Baker's hut, but before they got anywhere near it someone shot toward them. It was Sam, but nobody ever found Joe Baker's grave.

Two days after that Sam walked to town and came to father's office. I was there when he walked in without knocking and stood there—the Indian, with the Indian face for all the nigger clothes.

"I want to go," he said. "I want to go to the big bottom to live."

"To live?" father said.

"You can fix it with Major de Spain," Sam said. "I could live in the camp and take care of it for you all. Or I could build me a little house." For a little while they both looked at each other, he and father. Then father said:

"All right. I'll fix it." And Sam went out, and that was all.

I was nine then; it seemed perfectly natural to me that nobody, not even father, would argue with Sam any more than I would. But I could not understand it.

"If Joe Baker's dead like they say," I said, "and Sam hasn't got anybody any more at all kin to him, why does he want to go into the big bottom, where he won't ever see anybody except us for a few days in the fall while we are hunting?"

Father looked at me. It was not a curious look, it was just thoughtful. I didn't notice it then. I did not remember it until later. Then he quit looking at me.

"Maybe that's what he wants," he said.

So Sam moved. He owned so little that he could carry it. He walked. He would neither let father send him in the wagon nor would he take one of the mules. He was just gone one morning, the cabin vacant in which he had lived for years yet in which there never had been very much, the shop standing idle

now in which there never had been very much to do. Each November we would go into the big bottom, to the camp—Major de Spain and father and Walter Ewell and Boon and Uncle Ike McCaslin and two or three others, with Jimbo and Uncle Ash to cook, and the dogs. Sam would be there; if he was glad to see us he did not show it. If he regretted to see us depart again he did not show that. Each morning he would go out to my stand with me before the dogs were cast. It would be one of the poorer stands of course, since I was only nine and ten and eleven and I had never even seen a deer running yet. But we would stand there, Sam a little behind me and without a gun himself, as he had stood when I shot the running rabbit when I was eight years old; we would stand there in the November dawns and after a while we would hear the dogs. Sometimes they would sweep up and past, close, belling and invisible; once we heard the five heavy reports of Boon's old pump gun with which he had never killed anything larger than a rabbit or a squirrel, and that sitting, and twice we heard from our stand the flat unreverberant clap of Walter Ewell's rifle which never missed, so that you did not even wait to hear his horn.

"I'll never get a shot," I said. "I'll never kill one."

"Yes you will," Sam said. "You wait. You'll be a hunter. You'll be a man."

And we would leave him there. He would go out to the road where the surrey would be waiting in order to take the horses and mules back; for now that he lived at the camp all the time, father and Major de Spain left the horses and the dogs there. They would go on ahead on the horses and Uncle Ash and Jimbo and I would follow in the wagon with Sam, with the guns and the bedding and the meat and the heads, the antlers, the good ones, the wagon winding on among the tremendous gums and cypresses and oaks where no axe had ever sounded, between the impenetrable brakes of cane and brier—the two changing yet constant walls just beyond which the wilderness seemed to lean, stooping a little, watching us and listening; not quite inimical because we were too small, our sojourn too brief and too harmless to excite to that, just brooding, secret, almost inattentive. Then we would emerge, we would be out of it, the line as sharp as the demarcation of a doored wall. Suddenly skeletoned cotton- and corn-fields would flow away on either hand, gaunt and motionless beneath the gray rain; there would be a house, barns, where the hand of man had clawed for an instant, holding, the wall of the wilderness behind us now, tremendous and still and seemingly impenetrable in the gray and fading light. The surrey would be waiting, father and Major de Spain and Uncle Ike dismounted beside it. Then Sam would get down from the wagon and mount one of the horses and, with the others at lead behind him, he would turn back. I would watch him for a while against that tall and secret wall, growing smaller and smaller against it. He would not look back. Then he would enter it, returning to what I believed, and thought that father believed, was his loneliness and solitude.

So the instant came; I pulled trigger and ceased to be a child forever and became a hunter and a man. It was the last day. We broke camp that afternoon and went out, father and Major de Spain and Uncle Ike and Boon on the horses and mules, Walter Ewell and old Ash and Jimbo and I in the wagon with Sam and the duffel and my hide and antlers. There could have been other trophies in the wagon too but I should not have known it, just as for all practical purposes Sam Fathers and I were still alone together as we had been that morning, the wagon winding and jolting on between those shifting yet constant walls from beyond which the wilderness watched us passing, less than inimical now and never inimical again since my buck still and forever leaped, the shaking gun-barrels coming constantly and for-

ever steady at last, crashing, and still out of his moment of mortality the buck sprang, forever immortal, that moment of the buck, the shot, Sam Fathers and myself and the blood with which he had marked me forever, one with the wilderness which had now accepted me because Sam had said that I had done all right; the wagon winding on, when suddenly Sam checked it and we all heard that unforgettable and unmistakable sound of a deer breaking cover.

Then Boon shouted from beyond the bend of the trail and while we all sat motionless in the halted wagon, Walter and I already reaching for our guns, Boon came galloping back, flogging his mule with his hat, his face wild and amazed as he shouted down at us. Then father and the others came round the bend.

"Get the dogs!" Boon cried. "Get the dogs! If he had a nub on his head, he had fourteen points! Laying right there in that pawpaw thicket! If I'd a knowed he was there, I could a cut his throat with my pocket knife!"

"Maybe that's why he run," Walter said. "He saw you never had your gun." He was already out of the wagon, with his rifle. Then I was out too with my gun, and father and Major de Spain and Uncle Ike had come up and Boon got off his mule somehow and was scrabbling among the duffel for his gun, still shouting, "Get the dogs! Get the dogs!" And it seemed to me too that it would take them forever to decide what to do—the old men in whom the blood ran cold and slow, in whom during the intervening years between us the blood had become a different and colder substance from that which ran in me and even in Boon and Walter.

"What about it, Sam?" father said. "Could the dogs bring him back?"

"We won't need the dogs," Sam said. "If he don't hear dogs behind him he will circle back in here about sundown to bed."

"All right," Major de Spain said. "You boys take the horses. We'll go on out to the road in the wagon and wait there." So he and father and Uncle Ike got into the wagon and Boon and Walter and Sam and I took the horses and turned back and out of the trail. We rode for about an hour, through the gray and unmarked afternoon whose light was little different from what it had been at dawn and which would become darkness without any graduation. Then Sam stopped us.

"This is far enough," he said. "He'll be coming upwind, and he don't want to smell the mules."

So we dismounted and tied them and followed Sam on foot through the markless afternoon, through the unpathed woods.

"You got time," Sam said to me once. "We'll get there before he does."

So I tried to go slower. That is, I tried to slow, decelerate, the dizzy rush of time in which the buck which I had not even seen was moving, which it seemed to me was carrying him farther and farther and more and more irretrievably away from us even though there were no dogs behind him to make him run yet. So we went on; it seemed to me that it was for another hour. Then suddenly we were on a ridge. I had never been in there before and you could not see the ridge; you just knew that the earth had risen slightly because the undergrowth had thinned a little and the ground which you could not see slanted, sloping away toward a dense brake of cane.

"This is it," Sam said. "You all follow the ridge and you will come to two crossings. You can see the tracks."

Boon and Walter went on. Soon they had disappeared, and once more Sam and I were standing motionless in a clump of switchlike bushes against the trunk of a pin oak, and again there was nothing, as in the morning. There was the soaring and somber solitude in the dim light, there was the thin whisper of the faint cold rain which had not ceased all day; then, as if it had waited for us to find our positions and become still, the wilderness breathed again. It seemed

to lean inward above us, above Walter, and Boon, and Sam and me in our separate lurking-places, tremendous, attentive, impartial, and omniscient, the buck moving in it too somewhere, not running since he had not been pursued, not frightened and never fearsome but just alert too as we were alert, perhaps already circling back, perhaps quite near, conscious too of the eye of the ancient immortal Umpire. Because I was just twelve then, and that morning something had happened to me: in less than a second I had ceased forever to be the child I was yesterday. Or perhaps this made no difference, perhaps even a city-bred man, let alone a child, could not have understood it; perhaps only a country-bred one could comprehend loving the life he spills. I began to shake again.

"I'm glad it's started now," I whispered. "Then it will be gone when I raise the gun—"

"Hush," Sam said.

"Is he that near?" I whispered. We did not move to speak: only our lips shaping the expiring words. "Do you think—"

"Hush," Sam said. So I hushed. But I could not stop the shaking. I did not try, because I knew that it would go away when I needed the steadiness, since Sam Fathers had already made me a hunter. So we stood there, motionless, scarcely breathing. If there had been any sun it would be near to setting now; there was a condensing, a densifying, of what I thought was the gray and unchanging light until I realized it was my own breathing, my heart, my blood—something, and that Sam had marked me indeed with something he had had of his vanished and forgotten people. Then I stopped breathing, there was only my heart, my blood, and in the following silence the wilderness ceased to breathe too, leaning, stooping overhead with held breath, tremendous and impartial and waiting. Then the shaking stopped too, as I had known it would, and I slipped the safety off the gun.

Then it had passed. It was over. The solitude did not breathe again yet; it had merely stopped watching me and was looking somewhere else, and I knew as well as if I had seen him that the buck had come to the edge of the cane and had either seen or scented us and had faded back into it. But still the solitude was not breathing, it was merely looking somewhere else. So I did not move yet, and then, a second after I realized what I was listening for, we heard it—the flat single clap of Walter Ewell's rifle following which you did not need to wait for the horn. Then the sound of the horn itself came down the ridge and something went out of me too and I knew then that I had never really believed that I should get the shot.

"I reckon that's all," I said. "Walter got him."

I had shifted the gun forward, my thumb on the safety again and I was already moving out of the thicket when Sam said:

"Wait." And I remember how I turned upon him in the truculence of a boy's grief over the missed chance, the missed luck.

"Wait?" I said. "What for? Don't you hear that horn?"

And I remember how he was standing. He had not moved. He was not tall, he was rather squat and broad, and I had been growing fast for the past year or so and there was not much difference between us, yet he was looking over my head. He was looking across me and up the ridge toward the sound of Walter's horn and he did not see me; he just knew I was there, he did not see me. And then I saw the buck. He was coming down the ridge; it was as if he were walking out of the very sound of the horn which signified a kill. He was not running; he was walking, tremendous, unhurried, slanting and tilting his head to pass his antlers through the undergrowth, and I standing there with Sam beside me now instead of behind me as he always stood and the gun which I knew I was not going to use already slanted forward and the safety already off.

Then he saw us. And still he did not begin to flee. He just stopped for an instant, taller than any man, looking at us, then his muscles suppled, gathered. He did not even alter his course, not fleeing, not even running, just moving with that winged and effortless ease with which deer move, passing within twenty feet of us, his head high and the eye not proud and not haughty but just full and wild and unafraid, and Sam standing beside me now, his right arm lifted at full length and the hand turned palm-outward, and speaking in that tongue which I had learned from listening to him and Joe Baker, while up the ridge Walter Ewell's horn was still blowing us in to a dead buck.

"Oleh, Chief," he said. "Grandfather."

When we reached Walter he was standing with his back toward us, looking down at the deer. He didn't look up at all.

"Come here, Sam," he said quietly. When we reached him he still did not look up, standing there over a little spike buck which even last spring had still been a fawn. "He was so little I pretty near let him go," Walter said. "But just look at the track he was making. It's pretty near big as a cow's. If there were any more tracks here besides the ones he is laying in, I would swear there was another buck that I never even saw."

It was after dark when we reached the road where the surrey was waiting. It was turning cold, the rain had stopped, and the sky was beginning to blow clear. Father and Major de Spain and Uncle Ike had a fire going. "Did you get him?" father said.

"Got a good-sized swamp-rabbit with spike horns," Walter said, sliding the little buck down from his mule.

"Nobody saw the big one?" father said.

"I don't even believe Boon saw it," Walter said. "He probably jumped a stray cow back there."

Then Boon started cursing, swearing at Walter and at Sam for not getting the dogs to begin with and at the buck and all.

"Never mind," father said. "He'll be here for us next fall. Let's get started home now."

And it was after midnight when we let Walter out at his gate two miles from town and it was later still when we put Major de Spain and Uncle Ike down at Major de Spain's. It was cold, the sky was clear now; there would be a heavy frost by sunup and the ground was frozen beneath the horses' feet and beneath the wheels. I had slept a little but not much and not because of the cold. And then suddenly I was telling father, the surrey moving on toward home over the frozen ground, the horses trotting again, sensing the stable. He listened quite quietly.

"Why not?" he said. "Think of all that has happened here, on this earth. All the blood hot and fierce and strong for living, pleasuring. Grieving and suffering too of course, but still getting something out of it for all that, getting a lot out of it, because after all you don't have to continue to bear what you believe is suffering; you can always stop that. And even suffering and grieving is better than nothing; there is nothing worse than not being alive. But you can't be alive forever, and you always wear out life before you have completely exhausted the possibilities of living. And all that must be somewhere. And the earth is shallow; there is not a great deal of it before you come to the rock. And even that does not want to keep things. Look at the seed, the acorns, at what happens even to carrion when you try to bury it: it refuses too, seethes and struggles too until it reaches light and air again, hunting the sun still. And they—" he lifted his hand for an instant toward the sky where the scoured and icy stars glittered "—they don't want it, need it. Besides, what would it want, knocking about out there, when it never had enough time about the earth as it was, when there is plenty of room about

the earth, plenty of places still unchanged from what they were when the blood used and pleasured in them while it was still blood?"

"But we want them," I said. "We still want them. There is plenty of room among us for them."

"That's right," father said. "Suppose they don't have substance, can't cast a shadow—"

"But I saw it!" I cried. "I saw it!"

"Steady," father said. For an instant his hand rested upon my knee. "Steady. I know you did. So did I. Sam took me in there once after I killed my first deer."

FRANCE

BY PHELPS MORANE

NEVER did it occur to me to wonder,
Reading what the historians told of France,
Of her dead Kings, their court and mistresses,
Their victories and their stupendous dead,
Their fleurs de lys *golden on the white flags,*
Their palaces that the world envied them,
And arts that equalled ancient Greece.

Never did it occur to me an end would come,
A full stop at the end of a last page,
A Finis Franciae *and nothing after it.*

If I had thought of it, it would have been
After letting my mind run through the length
Of centuries, hundreds of generations
Living strange super-modern lives
That no present imaginations could contemplate.

Is it a nightmare that has come on me?
Am I to wake and find that it was not
More than a dream? Am I to wake one day?

When I was young they told me life is short.
I am not fifty and have seen two wars,
Seen victory wear out,
Then like a horse killed under me,
Seen a country fall.

Life is not short that starts when history,
Like an old man doting on an old book,
Runs mad and tears the pages and throws them to the winds,
Like dead leaves brown and dry.

MY FATHER'S FOLKS

BY JOHN ANDREW RICE

In 1860 the South became a matriarchy. The men went away from home to other battlefields, leaving the women free to manage farm and plantation without their bungling hindrance; when they returned, those who had escaped heroic death (the rest, the blessed dead, did not, as Homer would say), they found their surrogates in complete and competent charge and liking it. Four years had fixed the habit of command, which, when I first began to know them, thirty had not broken.

In the business of digging up grandmothers the South is easily first. In the 'nineties, when I was a child in South Carolina, hardly a family of the middle and upper classes was without its living or legendary matriarch, keen of intellect and lacking in respect for persons or institutions. Neither church nor school, the most potent whippers-in of Western civilization, was proof against her clarity of mind and will; she saw them and their human heads as what they were—fictions—and used them; for she knew, as unscrupulous rulers know, that fictions were her surest weapons. The world was a man-made foolish thing, from which she chose what she wanted by an unprincipled eclecticism. Daughters and granddaughters, nieces and cousins, looked on and learned from her, and when death, her only conqueror, decreed a new election, from the ranks of female kin another chose herself. Her successor might be married or not, it made little difference; for in the South of my childhood an old maid was respected; somewhere toward the north, beneath the sod of Gettysburg or Appomattox, lay a gray-clad lover, real or imagined.

My father's family lived in the South Carolina low country, a hot, muggy, malarial land that sapped the strength and drained ambition from all except the toughest. Everyone was poor and everyone accepted poverty as an act of God, like too much or too little rain, and children.

My father's father, who died before I was born, had been a doctor in Charleston before he moved his growing family to a large unprosperous plantation near Walterboro that had belonged to his wife's people. He tried farming, but the life was too slow and uneventful, and he knew nothing about his new trade; so he turned the place over to hired help and slaves and set out to be a doctor again. He was a huge man, weighing, his family reluctantly admitted, more than three hundred pounds; but their testimony was not required, for his armchair, made to order, remained as witness, large enough to seat in comfort two persons of ordinary size. (It made *Gulliver's Travels* quite real to me.) He practiced within a radius of fifty miles and for years lived in his buggy, also specially built for him, carrying quilts along and sleeping under pine trees or in any unknown dry place; for when he got home he would find a swarm of patients and kin of patients waiting for him with urgent calls. When he had emptied his buggy of the

hams and eggs and jugs of molasses and other things with which he had been paid (there was almost no cash money in all the countryside) and had doctored the ailing present, he climbed into his buggy and was off again. His family spoke of him as if he had been a stranger. He died when my father was sixteen years old and was buried in a great coffin of yellow pine knocked together in the middle of the night by a neighbor handy man, leaving to his wife and children a good name and a worn-out, run-down place. To his son, my father, he bequeathed all his energy.

The original plantation house had burned down years before I saw the place, and the family now lived in a much smaller house that was indistinguishable from the homes of their neighbors. It had five bedrooms, counting the attic in which my two male cousins slept, not too much space for the eleven of us. The sitting room was a wide hallway opening in front on a piazza that ran along the wing to the end room; the back door led to a runway and the detached kitchen. In summer we ate on the runway, where it was cool if any place was and handy to kitchen and pump.

My Aunt Lou was a part-time matriarch. In winter, when there was only man's work to be done out of doors and we lived in cramped intimacy, she was supreme. No action or thought was secure from her gaging and gouging, and only the tough or desperate dared take a stand against her will. She had once been beautiful, it was plain to see; poverty and hard work had not so touched body and face as to obscure what had once been there. Her back was now permanently bow-shaped from bending to her work over the ground, her fingers were as calloused with horn as a Negro's heel, and her face was drawn with wrinkles of determination; but her eyes were still young, and her mouth was like my father's, as sensual as an Egyptian queen's. When she spoke the words came carefully chosen and carefully formed, for she had a brilliant mind and knew it, and knew that it deserved a decent report. Others might scream, and did, and slop over into negroid speech, but she never raised her voice, as she often reminded me, nor let it slide into the lazy drawl of kith and kin. Of her language, however, I remember best her left arm. It had been broken when she was young and inexpert setting had left it curved inward at the wrist, giving it the look of a boxer's hook in mid-action; while she was talking it lay quiet in her lap, waiting to be called, when it came swiftly up and finished off the stroke.

From Monday to Saturday she was an old woman, but on Sunday she became young again and clothed herself for church with all the care of girlhood. Her dresses were antiques, but that did not bother her as long as they held together, for she had fixed on a permanent style and disregarded fashion. In this respect her only weakness was her hat, wherein she made some concession to the recently current mode, doing it over at the beginning of each winter in a fashion not more than six months gone. During the preceding summer she did not go to church, and my cousins and I had as our duty to report to her what kind of hats were being worn.

Aunt Mollie never went to church. I noticed that she was always left behind; when the offering in the way of reason proved unconvincing, I, having just begun my stretch of three years' residence at my Grandmother Rice's, had not yet learned to keep my questions to myself and asked, "Why can't somebody else cook dinner?" and got a short, sharp rebuff. But in time I found out why. She was small, almost tiny, and her arms and neck were twisted and shrivelled like cornstalks after a dry summer; her face, from forehead to chin, was drawn in an upward curve, for all the teeth were missing from the left side of her mouth; her eyes seemed never quite to focus and her speech was thick and vague. I was fond of her in a dumb sort of way and

used to hang about the kitchen and talk to her. She seldom answered with more than a word, but she listened, and that is all a child requires. Sometimes at a chance word of mine tears would come squeezing out of her eyes and roll down her dry cheek. When she saw I was looking she wiped them away with her apron and sent me off on a long errand.

One day in September—I have not forgotten; every detail is in my memory, the smoldering log-end in the fireplace, the spider covered with coals, the poker leaning against the stove, cobwebs in the corner, her eyes, everything—she kept lifting the lid off the pot and saying, "I can't help it. I can't help it." "Help what?" I asked, but she paid no attention to my question, moved away from the fireplace, inattentively busied herself about something, came back again, lifted the lid, and said, "Can't help it. I can't help it." "Help what?" I asked again, raising my voice. "I can't help it," she said again, this time to me, but when I looked up at her and started to say something, I saw that she no longer knew that I was there. "I know it's my fault," she said, "but I can't help it. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have stole that money, I know, but I can't help it." Now I was frightened, as much by the way she looked as by what she was saying. "What money?" I asked, but she did not answer, kept on saying, "I shouldn't have stole that money. I know. I'm guilty. I shouldn't have stole it." I pulled at her apron, trying to get her to look at me, but she just stood there, the tears flowing down her face, saying the same thing over and over again. Then I ran. I ran to Aunt Lou and said, "Something's wrong with Aunt Mollie. Come quick." She did not come quick, but with a hardened, bitter face quietly finished what she was doing, got up from her chair, and said, "You stay here," and went to the kitchen.

No one told me what was wrong, no one told me that Aunt Mollie was "touched." For days I went about in terror, keeping clear of the kitchen, and was finally calmed only by the matter-of-fact way in which the others treated her. At first they did not speak to her and went about their business as if they did not hear; but as the tension rose and even the toughest could stand it no longer, they began to argue with her, "You didn't steal any money—Well, when did you steal it?" Then Aunt Mollie's voice got shrill—I had never heard it so before—and she shrieked at them, "I tell you I stole it," and burst into tears. Then came long silences, as she puttered about her cooking, letting the tears fall on the stove and disappear in a puff of steam. But silence itself became intolerable; taut nerves snapped and madness entered into the rest. Then they began to jibe, to tease her into relieving speech. "What about that money you stole?" they would ask and find comfort in the torrent of noise. Aunt Jinny and her four children, even Aunt Lou, joined in the hateful sport; all except my grandmother, who sat silent in her corner.

Aunt Mollie had never been married and she was the eldest child. That was all I ever knew about her history except one other thing. When my Uncle Willie was born, I was told, the youngest of eleven children, she had wept because it would mean "one more mouth to feed." She herself told me, in an interval of sanity, that he was such a small baby that you "could have put him in a teapot." Thereafter, when I wanted to make her mad, as we said—not really mad; I didn't enjoy that sport—I used to remind her of this: "You say Uncle Willie was so small that you could have put him in a teapot? Why didn't you then, and pour hot water on him?" for I knew she worshipped him, as I did not.

Grandmother Rice was a vegetable. In the morning after breakfast she planted herself in a split-bottom chair in the chimney corner and sat rooted there the livelong day, with an occasional excursion into usefulness, when she moved heavily about the kitchen helping Aunt

Mollie; but as a rule things were brought to her where she sat, beans to string, potatoes to peel, anything that could be done with inattention. If she had not been perched on the edge of poverty she would have been a bedridden invalid—a favorite trick of Southern women; but the poor cannot afford the luxury of protracted illness. She seldom spoke, and at length even a small boy, with all his love of talk, grew grateful for the infertile silence; her little samples of speech held no promise of the wisdom he had learned to expect from the very old. Some old people while they sit waiting for death give their account of a road once traveled, where it is rough and where it is smooth, and set up for the young some contrast to their hurried present; but my grandmother simply sat, untouched by regret or pleasant recollection, suspended in time, beyond a thing so positive as waiting. And yet she could be stubborn; when her feelings were roused she made them felt by the weight of her silence. Whenever my father's name was mentioned or Aunt Bella's, and others were driven into shrill speech, she came down heavy on the side of her daughter Mollie. There was another way too in which she gave her silent support. In the late afternoon of a long summer's day she would move from her chair in the kitchen to the front porch, in time to be at and on the side of Aunt Mollie, now dressed in a clean apron, as she waited for the rest to come from the fields.

My other grandmother had taught me to expect when words were high and so violent as to threaten instant action a catalytic sentence that would bring all to a sense of kinship once again; but no such sentence ever came from my Grandmother Rice, to strike aside the weapons of anger and restore peace. She never laughed or even smiled, but turned to the world the thick look that, I believe, had always been there; for, now that I am past the mid-point of a life of seeing many, I am willing to guess that the dull old were dull young.

II

She was no match for her husband nor, as it proved, for her elder son—my father. He was, she said, when her husband had died, now head of the family in his father's stead and it was his duty to take over the running of the place. She was not inept at shifting burdens and relied upon the law of primogeniture, which held good in South Carolina—as to responsibility. But he knew otherwise. From the time when his mother had found him, a child of eight, out in the pasture where she had sent him to mind the calves, preaching from the stump of a long-leaf pine, he had known what he must do. God caught him young and held him all his days.

He might have begun preaching on the death of his father; he was only sixteen and ignorant, but time would soon make up his lack of age, and ignorance was no bar. There was even some question as to whether a man of God might not know too much, raised by those who did not. Protestantism, as is sometimes forgotten, is protest, and one needs no knowledge to protest, only strong feeling, and my father had plenty of that. There was no great body of history and doctrine to be learned, as in the Catholic Church. Methodism had no history except the life of John Wesley, who had himself brought his doctrine to Georgia less than a hundred years before; and there was little of that, not more than a small brain could soon learn to parrot. Nothing was required of a candidate for the ministry beyond an enunciation of faith in traditional words, the ability to quote scripture freely, and small formal learning.

There were examples of consecrated ignorance. One preacher in the county had come before the committee on ordination and met the test of faith and scripture, but when it came to the examination in Logic he had repeatedly answered their questions with, "That ain't in my book." Finally, for they wanted to pass the faithful young man,

they asked to see his book. When he fetched it, they found the word "Logic" all right printed on the back, but inside was bound a Plane Geometry, which he had learned, as he had his Bible, from cover to cover. There were other examples, higher placed.

But my father was to be no ordinary preacher and had an early scorn of professional ignorance. Now he saw the chance that his father had denied him and did not hesitate; with little or no money he began his wild race after education: school in Walterboro, where he tried to learn everything at once, South Carolina College, Theological Seminary —funny word, in that connection— teaching for a few months each year and hoarding his slight pay, preaching for a small fee or just for practice, selling books in vacation, anything to get on toward knowledge. When he returned home for visits he found the family divided, in this as in most things: his mother, Aunt Mollie, and Aunt Bella doubtful but willing for him to go on; my other aunts, Lou and Jinny and Fanny, dead against him, calling him selfish, for they knew that he would wince, and trying all their tricks of domination. He told them to wait; he would make it up to them in the end if they would only be patient. He did, but they never forgave him for deserting them, nor for proving that he had been right. No one is more hated than the one successful member of a family.

All his life long he loved his mother and sisters with a strange enduring passion. When I had come to know them he and I could never speak of them together; I also had strong feelings about them. By that time their grudging release of him had been transmuted into a generous act, for he, like all the saviors of mankind, was an alchemist of the soul. He never saw them clearly, but always through a mist of love; but by the terms of his election he loved God more than he loved them, more than he loved anyone.

The true history of his early life came to me for the most part from words and phrases snatched from passing sentences; for, young as I was, I had learned to distrust his account where it touched the family, while they, in contrast to my mother's people, were reticent, stingy of consciously revealing words. Language was for them communication on the level of bare need, except when they were angry; then they used words as cleavers, or, worse still, they were silent. From them I learned what awful things silence can say.

III

My grandfather must have lacked imagination to a degree unusual. On a plantation surrounded by swamps difficult to cross, ten miles from the nearest neighbor of the same social pretensions, in the middle of the pine woods, he insulated his five daughters, cut them off from the world they had been taught to believe was theirs by right, and expected them to repress the laws of nature in pride of race. It didn't work, not with all of them. Aunt Bella had held out until her middle years and then been seduced into matrimony by a neighboring small farmer, who could offer only affection and a good living. From that moment she was the family outcast. Aunt Lou never forgave her or allowed others to forgive her, not openly at least. "She shall never darken this door again," she said, and the decree included her husband, except as to the "again," for he had done his courting from a distance, not daring to come nearer until the night of the elopement. There was something ridiculous and sad in the picture of a middle-aged man stealing a middle-aged woman away from nothing more terrible than family pride—but, then, few things are. When I first knew them, some ten years later, he knew that he had stolen more woe than joy; his wife had used up all her courage in one act and now felt the weight of her guilt increasing with the years. My father, on his semi-annual visits from Chicago, always went to see her; made a pointed point of it, in fact, and filled his mother's

house with sullen anger for days before and after. Sometimes he took me with him, by way of underlining his disapproval of her exile, and blandly stored up later trouble for an ephemeral innocent. The first few minutes of our visit were quiet enough, but when Aunt Bella got out her handkerchief her husband hastily took me out into the back yard and tried awkwardly to entertain me; but it was no use, for we both stayed in the house in imagination. Aunt Bella whimpered and complained to my father, who sat helpless, as the professional comforter must when his own feelings are involved. When he had left us and returned to the peace of Divinity School, Aunt Lou, by the magic of feminine logic, made me the offender and I heard all she would have said to my father if she had dared. My grandmother never questioned her decree or visited the errant daughter, though sometimes I saw her, momentarily uprooted from her chair, whispering over the kitchen stove with Aunt Mollie and caught the name "Bella"; but when Aunt Lou was in full spate she sat silent.

In these matters my Aunt Jinny also was firm. She had herself, in the warmth of youth, leaped into marriage with a man who was in some way—I never learned just how—connected with the liquor traffic. She too had been banished, to live in outer darkness with her publican and—presumably—sinner. After some years she had the fortune to bury her husband, sue successfully for grace, and return to her home, bringing with her four mementoes of her truancy. Once forgiven, she had the penitential zeal of the salvaged sinner. She was, however, by nature mild, and my brothers and I liked her, for she alone had any motherhood in her, and she was rarely other than kind to us.

There was one other daughter living, Aunt Fanny, whom I seldom saw. She had made an approach to respectability in marriage, but had gone down at least two steps: her husband was a Baptist preacher, and came from outside the State. He was, in fact, a Yankee and was alleged to be of good family, but that had no meaning in the South: Yankees, as Americans in England, came into that world socially naked. "Family" meant Southern, preferably South Carolinian or Virginian.

IV

Genealogy is a death pang, symptom of a coming end. When great-grandfathers become important generation has gone into reverse. From that time forth the birth of a child is not the beginning of new life, but the delivery of plastic material into bony hands that will bind its feet and flatten its head into a pattern that is old. Life is forced to turn backward, to be fitted into the matrix of old time, and goodness and antiquity are one.

Sometimes a child will not be molded, has in it some insistence that breaks through to its own way. The girl to whom my Uncle Willie was half-heartedly engaged and whom after some years he timidly married was such a person. Nothing could hold her high spirit, which shattered the aristocracy of pretense, her mother's, and assumed an aristocracy of being. Mother and daughter, the last of the tribe, lived in splendid squalor, in a great house that was falling to pieces.

The daughter, by the act of repudiating aristocracy, had become free to choose what was good in it, but her mother remained completely entangled in the past. I never knew her well, nor did anyone, for manner and presence kept all at a distance; but one could look at her, and sharp-cut nose and chin told the twin stories of lineage and hunger. But she would take charity from no one; for, as the neighbors said, she was proud as Lucifer, and to pride of memory was now grafted pride of poverty. There was speculation among the irreverent as to how even Death would have the nerve to approach the grand old lady; but finally he did, and took her away. She rests in the graveyard of Saint Michael's

in Charleston, in the peace that comes to those who lie among the best, and the knowledge that any other paradise is bound to be a come-down.

Meanwhile her daughter became engaged to Uncle Willie, and remained engaged until he should be able to support her "in the style to which she had been accustomed"— her mother's words, spoken without intention of irony. She endured prescribed idleness as long as she could, but when she could stand it no longer she slipped the leash of her mother's pride and became a schoolteacher. The old lady took to her bed, a gentlewoman's final argument. "This will be the death of me," she said; but it wasn't, not for a long time.

Whenever Aunt Pet—I'm sorry; that was her name—came to my grandmother's, I followed her round like a hound pup. On one of her visits, however, I was lying on my face in the attic nursing and cursing a boil that would not let me walk or stand or sit. I heard her through the cracks in the floor asking where I was and my elders' evasive answers. When at last they circumlocuted my ailment, she let out a peal of laughter, rushed up the stairs and said, "Let's see your boony." When she had inspected the livid bump and prescribed ox-gall she sat on the edge of the bed and told me a gay story.

To be a country schoolteacher in those days meant to live a life just a cut above that of the hired hand, the only difference being what one did during the day. The teacher boarded round, that is, lived for successive periods of a month in the home of one of the families that had children in the school, taking pot luck and subject to the hazards peculiar to each house: dirt, bedbugs and other vermin, leaky roofs, musty bed clothes, and poor folks' food. Aunt Pet told me of her first night in such a place, and added to my vocabulary another expression of the idea of democracy.

After supper, she said, the family sat round the fireplace, the father at one side of the hearth, she, the honored guest, on the other. There was talk and laughter and spitting for a while, and then the head of the house said, "Well, I reckon it's about time for the foot tub. Jim, you go fetch it." Jim went and brought a wooden tub holding about five gallons of warm water from the kitchen stove, and set it down in front of his father, with washrag and towel and a cake of gray home-made soap. The old man took off his shoes and put his feet, grimed with the dirt of a day's plowing, into the tub and soaped and scrubbed them well. Then, as he dried them, it was the turn of the sitter on his right to soap and scrub his feet, and so on round the semicircle. When the tub was about half way to her, Aunt Pet began to wonder whether the water would be changed; the question was answered when it got nearer and nearer and blacker and blacker. When it finally reached her it could have been called water only by a stretch of imagination and courtesy; but while her neighbor was washing she pulled off shoes and stockings, shut her eyes and plumped her feet in.

She was a cultural sport. As a rule, when an agrarian aristocracy is uprooted from the life-giving soil, it ceases to be fed from any source. The only test of belonging then becomes birth. Hamilton had tried to reserve the government of America to the "rich and well-born, but in the South Carolina of my childhood there were few or no rich, only the well-born—and they took no risk of contamination. (With us "well-born" meant born on a plantation. I question whether an aristocracy can be founded on A.T. & T.) The aristocracy of England, as long as it lived off the land, was a refined peasantry, constantly fertilized from below and re-invigorated by lust; in South Carolina they no longer had the courage of their lust, to the point of marriage. So, as in some parts of the State to-day, marriage was dedicated to the continuance of class that had become caste; pure blood, however, gets thin and watery. Seed-spilling planters must

blush in heaven or wherever at the timid choices of their pallid descendants. It was not so in their vigorous life; even a woman could stoop and draw a husband up to her estate.

Every social class in its aspirations imitates the class immediately above, not having the wit to see through and beyond. (Virtue always comes from above, or so men think.) My father's people, being what the British would call at best gentry or at worst middle class, followed the pattern and assumed the manners and mores of the aristocracy—not the morals; they lacked the freedom for that; and, since the older a society the greater the gulf between classes, their isolation was complete. They lived in a sparsely settled county in the oldest part of the State, at a great spatial distance from their like and at a great social distance from the absent aristocracy and their present neighbors; the result was resentment, double on the part of my elders, pure and simple among those who lived nearby. Sometimes it flared.

Once, when it was decided to clear a piece of new ground, a general invitation to a log-rolling was sent out, and for days before came the business of cooking mountains of food for the hungry workers; but when the day came no one showed up except a few impelled by sheepish curiosity to see how the snub would be taken. The rest sent word that "if the Rices want their logs rolled let 'em send for their high-toned friends." This had happened some time before I went to live with my grandmother, and I got the story only bit by bit; but the memory still blistered.

V

Conversation among South Carolinians was entirely personal. Even the common openings of the countryman, crops and the weather, were God's instruments, and God was a person, vengeful and capricious, straight out of the Old Testament, where he had recently finished off enemy and innocent alike with impartial savagery. He marked, the hymn said, the sparrow's fall; also man's—with pleasure—it seemed. He was awful and we feared him; death, and everything else disturbing was the will of God. (The expression was never used on happy occasions.) In politics, however, there was some straining at the leash, some fiction of free will; the deity was assumed to be inattentive, and besides, God himself couldn't be expected to understand South Carolina politics. With factional, that is, personal politics, one must be inoculated in infancy, and God had never been young. When these preliminary topics had been quickly run through, South Carolinians swung into the main current, which skirted birth, marriage and its correlate, and death, and of these marriage was most inclusive, as furnishing promise of birth and being in its nature itself a kind of death.

My mother was hardly dead—"cold in her grave" they said—when my father's friends and acquaintances began to choose her successor, thinking nothing of my presence as they weighed one candidate against another. When I went to live with my Grandmother Rice I hoped there would be no more of this kind of speculation, but there was, only more pointed, pointed at me. "Just you wait until you've got a stepmother," they said, and told the usual folk tales of the accepted cruelty of stepmothers: "You just wait; then you'll see." But for once I knew my father and was untroubled. He still loved my mother, in his wild and passionate way, and his love was mingled with hidden guilt, now that she was gone. We seldom mentioned her; when we did his face became helpless with grief, and then, and once only again in the years of my knowing him, tears came to his eyes, personal tears—preacher's tears were different; they were part of his acting. After something more than a year, however, I felt a change in him while he was on a visit to Colleton County. A small thing told me: he had

always been careful of his clothes, but now they were creased and baggy and spotted, and when Aunt Lou said to him, "John, you need somebody to look after you," and he answered, "Yes, I know," there was something in his tone that told me he was looking for love again.

He was always looking for love. As fierce as his desire for heat and food was his desire for love, but here his very desire defeated him; for just as he wanted to swallow all the food and drink all the heat in the world, so he devoured those whom he loved. One could not go part way; one must be completely consumed, binding over to his demanding love all one's will. One had to submit or rebel. Some rebelled.

If he had lived in another age he might have become a legend, spreading his seed far over the earth; he would have been a happy lover, and his loves would have been happy too, for a tiny part of his passion was equal to any ordinary man's. If he had been the father of a hundred children, each would have had enough of him and not too much. But we were only three, and my mother made the fourth, for to him she was both wife and child. Unsolaced at home, in desperation and anger he poured his welling love over his congregation, most of whom also fought it off, for its demands were implacable. Some, however, accepted his love and came to life in it, for it was life-giving when diluted. Wherever he went about a third of the congregation worshipped him as a saint; the rest feared and hated him. Only hardy sinners could stand out against him; they knew their lives were at stake.

He was also afraid of love, afraid to lose himself in love. With him there were always two loves, his and another's; never, even in union, unity. He kept something of himself in reserve, outside and independent, free from the bonds of love. This was where his fear lived, in this part of him that was outside love. It is often so when one has not known love in childhood.

His fear of love had odd ways of expression. Whenever he came back from a trip he brought presents, but—and here fear kept him outside, kept him from final commitment—the presents must always be useful things, such as perhaps we should have had anyway, never merely delightful silly things. He never brought my mother flowers; they would wither and die; better a shawl or some other apparel, or some fixture that could serve round the house when the glow of the gift had departed. To us his sons he usually brought cravats and socks, and here parsimony also entered in; he could never pass a bargain by, and buying things wholesale added, or supplied, virtue. I shall not forget a dozen socks of sickly purple, or cravats ready tied and fastened with rubber bands, and of retching colors. With books it was different; only the best would do, for us and for my mother, who, however, not infrequently suffered from the disadvantage of receiving as gifts books that he himself wanted to read. But there was another flaw: the books had inscriptions, written boldly on the fly-leaf in his nervous hand. My mother flinched when she had to open hers in his presence, for she dreaded "To my dear wife" or "To my darling." We boys did not mind; we were too glad to get them to cavil at the words of affection; but as I grew older I also began to flush and squirm. For years I kept hidden away a bible on whose cover was stamped in gold, "To John Andrew Rice from Father." He seemed to feel that what was written or printed was said and not said. In the early years of his preaching we sometimes came in for loving reference in his sermons, and sat with ears burning, knowing that the eyes of the congregation were upon us as he proclaimed in the public security of the pulpit the love that he could not express in his home.

All this, inarticulate and unspoken inside me, I knew and remembered, but even so I knew that his love had been stronger than his fear, and I was sure that he would love my mother forever,

that death itself could not break the bond. What I did not know was, that one love does not need to drive out another; I knew nothing, in fact, of the love of man and woman. My father was unhappy and restless, but he had always seemed so, and I was quite unprepared for the meaning that came through his voice when he said to Aunt Lou, "Yes, I know." I was frightened.

Not long afterward a letter came saying that he intended marrying again, and praising, with restraint, my future stepmother. She was, he said, a schoolteacher from Tennessee, he had met her at the University of Chicago, they would be married soon; that was all. In a few days a picture came, a photograph of a middle-aged woman with a face that, while it was not exactly stern, was certainly firm. (I was later told that it had been taken for a Teachers' Agency.) Aunt Lou took the trembling picture from my hands, turned it this way and that, and then said, with a satisfied smile, "She's a tartar; now you'll catch it."

I had read and been told the usual stories about the cruel stepmother—she was always cruel—but she had been another's, not mine, not conceivably mine. That night I made my first acquaintance with sleeplessness, and when at last I dropped off, claws and fangs followed me into my dreams. Fear and anger and shame, all of these, and yet none of these, clutched and held me. My aunts and cousins were jubilant, in my presence, all except Aunt Mollie, who reached out to me in a dumb way. "Now you'll catch it," they said; "just you wait; she won't take any of your back talk," and ingenious variations. "Better not raise your voice to your new stepmother," Aunt Lou sang, and Aunt Jinny chimed in with, "Better not quarrel with Mike and Coke when your stepmother comes." It was "better not" this, "better not" that, all day long. Bub said, "I wouldn't be in your shoes for a pretty." One Saturday, when I was ironing a collar, Aunt Lou found another theme: "Better not let your stepmother find out you can iron. She'll make you do the family washing," and the others took it up, endlessly.

But I didn't see her for a long time, not until she had been married to my father for nearly a year. He put off his coming to the next autumn, when he intended to return to preaching. In the meantime I lived in misery and terror. Finally the day came. Bub hitched up in the morning and asked if I would like to go to Varnville with him to fetch the visitors, but I declined; until nightfall, at least, I should be free. As I awaited the end of the world a thousand wild plans chased one another round inside my whirling mind: I would run away, I would drown myself, shoot myself, do something, anything; I would even go so far as to ask my grandmother to let me stay with her. But I knew I should do nothing, that I should submit. Also, I was curious. Perhaps she might not after all be like other stepmothers, perhaps I might even like her, perhaps her picture hadn't done her justice . . . perhaps and perhaps, but I didn't believe it.

They arrived after dark and I could not see her face when I came slowly to the carriage and greeted her with speechlessness. Aunt Lou and Aunt Jinny, now the loving sisters, took them to their rooms. Presently, when they came to the kitchen, where I was drinking in Aunt Mollie's silent sympathy, they looked puzzled and were silent. When supper was ready they went to get the guests and I went into hiding under the porch, from where I could hear greetings and shuffling feet, and her voice, which was quiet and calm. But how did I know she wasn't just being polite, putting on her company manners?

I stayed away as long as I dared, for any moment my aunts might mark my absence; then I crawled up the steps and slipped into my chair at the corner of the table, from where I could see my father, diagonally across from me, smiling at his new wife in the lamplight. I

put tasteless things into my mouth and chewed and choked. At last, when no one was watching me, I leaned cautiously forward and looked down the table at her. It was the most beautiful face I had ever seen.

The next morning from my room, which was next to theirs, I heard my father laughing, gay and happy and free, as I had never heard him laugh before. I laughed too, to myself, at my luck, and at my aunts. That was why they were puzzled—her face.

After breakfast I spoke to her, something casual and meaningless, but somehow mere noises of good will, the amalgams of life, took on sense when she listened; and she only listened, for she was a wise woman, putting in a word or question, but saying nothing to stop the flood of love that was going out from me to her. When the tide was at full, and all was calm and peaceful, I went to my room and brought out some of the shirts and collars I had ironed against her coming. "Did you do this yourself?" she asked. I nodded. "You're a wonderful boy," she said.

AMERICAN BIRDS

BY THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

AFTER long months abroad;
After the crooked streets, the strange smells, the tile-roofed houses,
And the jargon of foreign words,
It was like tasting the tang of newly made cider
To hear the American birds.

I had listened to the nightingale breaking her heart in the ilex.
I had hearkened to the swallows piping about some spire.
Roo-coo-roo *I had heard, in an old square, the pigeons.*
That morning I knew the flash and the shriek of the blue jay.
It was worth the whole choir.

That morning I heard the garrulous talk of the grackles,
Like a noisy town meeting in session, though a single frail
Clump of red sumach was the only forewarning of autumn;
And the chick-a-dee-dee-dee *bravely said by fluff of gray feathers,*
And the bob-bob-whi-ite *of the last quail.*

Stoutly he whistled his tune, with throat swelled, from the hedgerow,
And, oh, the clearness, oh the American sound!
Then came the caw of two crows as they winged toward a cornfield
Where the shocks stood like tents of an army camped on the ground.

Oh pumpkin-bright were the meadows, oh rich and golden,
And the dew-spangled webs of the spiders were jewels of worth,
And glad were my ears for the sound of American singing,
And glad were my feet for the touch of American earth!

A LESSON IN FRENCH

BY ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

DEREK was so untidy. There were traces of him all over the house. Rubbers right out in the hall under the console table instead of in the closet where they belonged; coat over the banisters, cap on the table. In the living room the colored supplements of Lil' Abner and Dick Tracy were spread out on the Chippendale desk, and casual searching revealed a broken airplane, a top, an arrow with mangy feathers, and some stones that looked as if they might be fossils.

Mrs. Henderson's sigh was patient as she picked them up. She was thoroughly broken in. She, a fastidious and orderly creature, who had always expected and planned to have a little daughter with blond braids and quiet manners, had in some unaccountable way produced an infant Hercules: loud, ruthless, and barbarously energetic. Here were his school books on top of the Steinway: an arithmetic, a geography, and a small red French grammar with his name on the flyleaf, and a message that said: "Russell James is a dope."

Idly Mrs. Henderson leafed through the pages of the grammar, smiling a little at the sentences she read. There were the eternal questions: Have you lost the pencil of my sister? Is the ruler on the table with the paper? And the eternal observations: The door is closed. The window is open. The house of your uncle is more big than the house of my aunt. They were almost exactly the same sentences that she had studied years ago, before she ever went to Paris, when the French language had seemed a tedious contrivance of education, like arithmetic. "*Avez-vous vu le jardin de ma grand'mère?*" read Mrs. Henderson. Have you seen the garden of my grandmother? Yes, she thought, I have seen it. I know it well. And suddenly in her mind the garden took shape. There was the big plane tree and the marble bench splashed with bird droppings (nobody ever sat on it). There was the huge mossy statue of Diana, all out of scale, and the rustling bamboo tangle, and the cabbage roses next the wall.

An old, old lady was creeping along the gravel path. She wore a straw hat that was anchored on with a veil tied under the chin, her dress was black, of an ancient style, gathered in folds at the rear; and she aided herself in her slow progress with an ebony cane that had a gold handle. The dog waddling at her heels was a white toy poodle with red tear stains. He was grossly fat and his breath was bad, but never mind; there was no doubt that he asked and received whatever he wished from life: a place at the foot of the bed, an armchair to himself, the lump of sugar soaked in coffee after every meal. His name was Papouf or Toto or Loulou.

Ivy grew on one wall of the garden and beyond it there was a small chapel belonging to a convent of cloistered nuns. From time to time a little bell rang there, a faint, retrospective sound that seemed to be coming from the eighteenth century. Sometimes at dusk you heard the voices of the nuns singing hymns. They

were pure yet toneless. You could not imagine fleshy throats and lips producing such a sound.

The old lady crept along the path forever. Sometimes she prodded at a weed with the ferrule of her cane, sometimes she spoke in low, hoarse tones to the little dog; once she picked a rose gingerly, avoiding thorns, and held it to her nose. Its petals spilled on the path like drops of blood, and one of them caught on the chains at her bosom.

The day grew brighter and brighter. Deep and profound the bells of St. François Xavier rang twelve. The old lady sat down on a rusty metal chair and fanned herself with a pair of gloves. At her feet lay the dog like a dirty muff.

There were butterflies, and a hot smell of cooking, and a sound of activity far away. The star-shaped ivy leaves glittered on the wall and the red roses burned in the sunshine. This was a real thing, true and peaceful. It was warmth and solitude and reflection. It was the best hour of old age. Nothing could ever spoil it.

Mrs. Henderson turned a page.

"*La ville de Paris est une des plus belles au monde.*"

The city of Paris.

First of all there were the taxi horns like trumpets out of tune in a procession. You heard them first thing in the morning when you woke up, and no matter what time you went to bed at night one or two of them were always yelping in the distance. There was the ubiquitous odor of the city: a mixture of perfume and *essence* and soup and tobacco and *eau de javelle*. There was the river with its precious islands: the Ile Saint-Louis like the ship in a legend with green sails spread; the Ile de la Cité crowned with a cathedral. There were shops and cafés; fine clothes and the beauty of women. On the first day of May wild lilies of the valley were sold in the streets. To wear a bunch of them was to invite good fortune. At night big iron eyelids closed down over the shop windows, and on the corner the newswoman's mouth was a black hole that kept bleating "Paris Soir, Paris Spo-o-ort!" over and over again.

There were a lot of things one would always remember. The concierge framed in the dim window of her lôge like a grimy Rembrandt with whiskers. The poilu and the young girl who sat on a park bench, industriously making love in full daylight, with unconcerned babies playing about their feet and a man in spectacles reading a paper beside them.

Once an American girl and boy had started out for an evening of dancing. The taxi that rolled up in answer to their signal looked as if it had seen service in Galliéni's troop. Beside the driver sat his wife with a blanket over her knees. Her face was round and apple-red, and in the crook of an arm lay a small black cat. She conversed with the Americans over her shoulder, and when they had arrived at their destination called after them—she really sang it—"*Bon soir, mes enfants, amusez-vous bien!*"

There was dirt and poverty and acrimony and vice. But also there was wine, there was the long loaf of bread, there were the words of kindness.

Mrs. Henderson skipped over various manifestations of the verb *avoir*. Another sentence caught her attention.

"*Dans le musée du Louvre il y a beaucoup de peintures et sculptures magnifiques.*"

In the Louvre she remembered one thing above all others, and that was the Winged Victory. When you came into the great hall and saw her for the first time she seemed to be in motion. She came striding forward, breast lifted and wings lifted, as though she moved forever in the glorious moment of her triumph: ageless and arrogant in her joyful pride.

But her day was over, now. Where had they hidden her? Down in the vaults with her strong wings muffled in wrappings? Did she know that there were new sounds in the city to-day? Outside in the streets there were the regimented footsteps of the invaders and the words of their language, ponderous and without humor.

Yes, her time was over. To-day's victory was no product of man's spirit, or of valor against valor. To-day's victory was a matter of fuselage and aileron and engine and explosive; of wheels, treads, cleats, and propellers; of tanks that breathed fire along the ground, and airplanes that dropped it out of the sky. When the smoke cleared from this battlefield it would not be a winged goddess who held the palm. It would be a Frankenstein monster all made of steel, without heart or wit or hope.

Abruptly Mrs. Henderson was recalled to her own affairs.

"Moth-*er!*" shouted Derek from the third floor. "I'm building a swell big Boeing bomber. Come on up and see it. Hurry up! Come on!"

Slowly Mrs. Henderson gathered the books together to take them to his room. Before she closed the grammar one last thing caught her eye. It was the beginning of a prayer.

Vœux pour la France
(Dictée et recitation)

"*Dieu de la liberté, chéris toujours la France.*
Fertilise nos champs, protège nos ramparts.
Accorde-nous la paix. . . ."

INTERMISSION, PLEASE!

BY IRWIN EDMAN

WHAT poet wrote these lovely lines?
What theme is this, from what sonata?
What king invented minus signs?
What's English for persona grata?

The aria we now shall hear
Is sung by basso, alto, tenor—?
What actress first played "Chanticler"?
What's Lebensraum? *What's* Sprachenkenner?

Whichever way I turn the dial,
Somebody's asking someone something,
Somebody's learning is on trial,
Someone is being proved a dumb thing.

Where is the Yard? The Hook of Holland?
The Taj Mahal? The Iron Lung?
What college sings the Song of Roland?
How do you tie a person's tongue?

The famous crowd the microphones
Primed with bon mots *and information—*
A movie star on postal zones,
A prince on pin-point carbonation.

Name four, name six, name three, name two.
Send the tinfoil, send in the bottle.
Send in your questions; we'll send you
A full Greek text of Aristotle.

I listen as they quip and quiz
And get a joke or get an answer:
What's the pluperfect tense of Is?
Whose head was carried by what dancer?

And as the quizzes end I go
(Sometimes I last but half-way through them)
To study hard until I know
So much I needn't listen to them.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

I HAVE often noticed on my trips up to the city that people have recut their clothes to follow the fashion. On my last trip, however, it seemed to me that people had remodeled their ideas too—taken in their convictions a little at the waist, shortened the sleeves of their resolve, and fitted themselves out in a new intellectual ensemble copied from a smart design out of the very latest page of history. It seemed to me they had strung along with Paris a little too long.

I confess to a disturbed stomach. I feel sick when I find anyone adjusting his mind to the new tyranny which is succeeding abroad. Because of its fundamental strictures, fascism does not seem to me to admit of any compromise or any rationalization, and I resent the patronizing air of persons who find in my plain belief in freedom a sign of immaturity. If it is boyish to believe that a human being should live free, then I'll gladly arrest my development and let the rest of the world grow up.

I shall report some of the strange remarks I heard in New York. One man told me that he thought perhaps the Nazi ideal was a sounder ideal than our constitutional system "because have you ever noticed what fine alert young faces the young German soldiers have in the newsreel?" He added: "Our American youngsters spend all their time at the movies—they're a mess." That was his summation of the case, his interpretation of the new Europe. Such a remark leaves me pale and shaken. If it represents the peak of our intelligence, then the steady march of despotism will not receive any considerable setback at our shores.

Another man informed me that our democratic notion of popular government was decadent and not worth bothering about—"because England is really rotten and the industrial towns there are a disgrace." That was the only reason he gave for the hopelessness of democracy; and he seemed mightily pleased with himself, as though he were more familiar than most with the anatomy of decadence, and had detected subtler aspects of the situation than were discernible to the rest of us.

Another man assured me that anyone who took *any* kind of government seriously was a gullible fool. You could be sure, he said, that there is nothing but corruption "because of the way Clemenceau acted at Versailles." He said it didn't make any difference really about this war. It was just another war. Having relieved himself of this majestic bit of reasoning, he subsided.

Another individual, discovering signs of zeal creeping into my blood, berated me for having lost my detachment, my pure skeptical point of view. He announced that he wasn't going to be swept away by all this nonsense, but would prefer to remain in the role of innocent bystander, which he said was the duty of any intelligent person. (I noticed, however, that he 'phoned later to qualify his remark, as though he had lost some of his innocence in the cab on the way home.)

Those are just a few samples of the sort of talk that seemed to be going round—talk which was full of defeatism and disillusion and sometimes of a too studied innocence. Men are not merely annihilating themselves at a great rate these days, but they are telling one another enormous lies, grandiose fibs. Such remarks as I heard are fearfully disturbing in their cumulative effect. They are more destructive than dive bombers and

mine fields, for they challenge not merely one's immediate position but one's main defenses. They seemed to me to issue either from persons who could never have really come to grips with freedom, so as to understand her, or from renegades. Where I expected to find indignation, I found paralysis, or a sort of dim acquiescence, as in a child who is dully swallowing a distasteful pill. I was advised of the growing anti-Jewish sentiment by a man who seemed to be watching the phenomenon of intolerance not through tears of shame but with a clear intellectual gaze, as through a well-ground lens.

The least a man can do at such a time is to declare himself and tell where he stands. I believe in freedom with the same burning delight, the same faith, the same intense abandon which attended its birth on this continent more than a century and a half ago. Since my attitude is regarded in some circles as a youthful one, I shall address my declaration to the young men and women of America, the upcropping generation. I've always wanted to tell them what I love anyway —ever since I discovered America in a Model T Ford and saw, in every town, the high school building so much bigger and newer than the other buildings, and wondered what was going on behind those walls. My declaration is built on plain lines—nothing fancy. When you know what you love, when you know where you stand, the business of making a declaration is easy and goes along without a hitch. I want to tell something to all the young men and the young women in all the forty-eight States and in the territory of Alaska, the ones that are cropping up and getting going, looking for the jobs, casting the brand new votes, shining up the new guns in the old armories, looking for the answers, reading the ads in the papers, and listening to the bulletins from London. I want to make an affidavit before the generation that is making America go round—the girls getting their first jobs writing the letters that begin "Yours of the fifth instant," the boys showing up at the factory in the early morning, punching the time-clock and taking their places on the assembly line for the first time, the fellows swinging a racquet or a scythe or holding a drill, boys and girls on the banks of the Hudson and the Columbia and the Snake and the Kanawha, sons and daughters of cowhands on the dude ranches in the big States where the bigness is something you can cut with a knife, young fellows and girls in the tank towns and in the cities that make all the noise, boys rafting on ponds and translating Cæsar's Gallic Wars to the thunder of the new wars, playing the slot machines in the drugstores, swimming in the pool below the falls everywhere in America, skiers on the winter hills returning in the twilight down the white lanes to the New England farmhouses, boys in camp and on the trails between lakes, carrying their canoes, American boys hunting jobs and finding them and not finding them, boys on the sand truck sanding the tarred roads in the slippery weather in the country places, fellows and girls in the Bluegrass where the big oaks stand on the beautiful lawns where the thoroughbred horses graze, young fishermen in the smelt houses along the frozen Kennebec, boys and girls in Westchester who can hear the foghorn from the Sound when the wind is right, fellows working on lake steamers or walking in the Shenandoah in the soft spring months when the scent of mayflowers searches the heart, in the filling station at the pump checking the oil, working in the big hotels—in Miami, in Atlantic City, in the Adirondacks, hopping the bells and carrying the ice water and on the golf course handing the mashie to the man who wants to make an approach shot, young people who are taking the secretarial courses and the night-school training and who are writing to the manufacturers for the samples and saving the coupons and saving the stamps and writing the new poems and the love letters and the bills of sale all over America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Canadian border to the

Gulf of Mexico. There are millions of them; and I think their faces are good alert faces too, and their faces have an inquiring look, which I like, because they haven't been told the answer—haven't been told how to do, with precision, the audacious deed.

I am writing my declaration rapidly, much as though I were shaving to catch a train. Events abroad give a man a feeling of being pressed for time. Actually I do not believe I am pressed for time, and I apologize to the reader for a false impression that may be created. I just want to tell, before I get slowed down, that I am in love with freedom and that it is an affair of long standing and that it is a fine state to be in, and that I am deeply suspicious of people who are beginning to adjust to fascism and dictators merely because they are succeeding in war. From such adaptable natures a smell rises. I pinch my nose.

For as long as I can remember I have had a sense of living somewhat freely in a natural world. I don't mean I enjoyed freedom of action, but my existence seemed to have the quality of free-ness. I traveled with secret papers pertaining to a divine conspiracy. Intuitively I've always been aware of the vitally important pact which a man has with himself, to be all things to himself, and to be identified with all things, to stand self-reliant, taking advantage of his haphazard connection with a planet, riding his luck, and following his bent with the tenacity of a hound. My first and greatest love affair was with this thing we call freedom, this lady of infinite allure, this dangerous and beautiful and sublime being who restores and supplies us all.

It began with the haunting intimation (which I presume every child receives) of his mystical inner life; of God in man; of nature publishing herself through the "I." This elusive sensation is moving and memorable. It comes early in life: a boy, we'll say, sitting on the front steps on a summer night, thinking of nothing in particular, suddenly hearing as with a new perception and as though for the first time the pulsing sound of crickets, overwhelmed with the novel sense of identification with the natural company of insects and grass and night, conscious of a faint answering cry to the universal perplexing question: "What is 'I'?" Or a little girl, returning from the grave of a pet bird, leaning with her elbows on the windowsill, inhaling the unfamiliar draught of death, suddenly seeing herself as part of the complete story. Or to an older youth, encountering for the first time a great teacher who by some chance word or mood awakens something and the youth beginning to breathe as an individual and conscious of strength in his vitals. I think the sensation must develop in many men as a feeling of identity with God—an eruption of the spirit caused by allergies and the sense of divine existence as distinct from mere animal existence. This is the beginning of the affair with freedom.

But a man's free condition is of two parts: the instinctive free-ness he experiences as an animal dweller on a planet, and the practical liberties he enjoys as a privileged member of human society. The latter is, of the two, more generally understood, more widely admired, more violently challenged and discussed. It is the practical and apparent side of freedom. The United States, almost alone to-day, offers the liberties and the privileges and the tools of freedom. In this land the citizens are still invited to write their plays and books, to paint their pictures, to meet for discussion, to dissent as well as to agree, to mount soapboxes in the public square, to enjoy education in all subjects without censorship, to hold court and judge one another, to compose music, to talk politics with their neighbors without wondering whether the secret police are listening, to exchange ideas as well as goods, to kid the government when it needs kidding, and to read real news of real events instead of phony news manufactured by a paid agent of the state. This is a fact and should give every person pause.

To be free, in a planetary sense, is to feel that you belong to earth. To be free, in a social sense, is to feel at home in a democratic framework. In Adolf Hitler, although he is a freely flowering individual, we do not detect either type of sensibility. From reading his book I gather that his feeling for earth is not a sense of communion but a driving urge to prevail. His feeling for men is not that they co-exist, but that they are capable of being arranged and standardized by a superior intellect—that their existence suggests not a fulfillment of their personalities but a submersion of their personalities in the common racial destiny. His very great absorption in the destiny of the German people somehow loses some of its effect when you discover, from his writings, in what vast contempt he holds *all* people. "I learned," he wrote, ". . . to gain an insight into the unbelievably primitive opinions and arguments of the people." To him the ordinary man is a primitive, capable only of being used and led. He speaks continually of people as sheep, halfwits, and impudent fools—the same people from whom he asks the utmost in loyalty, and to whom he promises the ultimate in prizes.

Here in America, where our society is based on belief in the individual, not contempt for him, the free principle of life has a chance of surviving. I believe that it must and will survive. To understand freedom is an accomplishment which all men may acquire who set their minds in that direction; and to love freedom is a tendency which many Americans are born with. To live in the same room with freedom, or in the same hemisphere, is still a profoundly shaking experience for me, so that I can't rest till I have tried to tell young men and women about it.

One of the earliest truths (and to him most valuable) that the author of *Mein Kampf* discovered was that it is not the written word, but the spoken word, which in heated moments moves great masses of people to noble or ignoble action. The written word, unlike the spoken word, is something which every person examines privately and judges calmly by his own intellectual standards, not by what the man standing next to him thinks. "I know," wrote Hitler, "that one is able to win people far more by the spoken than by the written word. . . ." Later he adds contemptuously: "For let it be said to all knights of the pen and to all the political dandies, especially of to-day: the greatest changes in this world have never yet been brought about by a goose quill! No, the pen has always been reserved to motivate these changes theoretically."

Luckily I am not out to change the world—that's being done for me, and at a great clip. But I know that the free spirit of man is persistent in nature; it recurs, and has never successfully been wiped out, by fire or flood. I set down the above remarks merely (in the words of Mr. Hitler) to motivate that spirit, theoretically. Being myself a knight of the goose quill, I am under no misapprehension about "winning people"; but I am inordinately proud these days of the quill, for it has shown itself, historically, to be the hypodermic which inoculates men and keeps the germ of freedom always in circulation, so that there are individuals in every time in every land who are the carriers, the Typhoid Mary's, capable of infecting others by mere contact and example. These persons are feared by every tyrant—who shows his fear by burning the books and destroying the individuals. A writer goes about his task to-day with the extra satisfaction which comes from knowing that he will be the first to have his head lopped off—even before the political dandies. In my own case this is a double satisfaction, for if freedom were denied me by force of earthly circumstance, I am the same as dead and would infinitely prefer to go into fascism without my head than with it, having no use for it any more and not wishing to be saddled with so heavy an encumbrance.



The Easy Chair



NOTES FROM A WAYSIDE INN

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

FOR a full century Jackson Hole was a summary and quintessence of the West. Named after an old-issue mountain man, it has Pierre's Hole to the west, Colter's Hell to the north, Absaroka to the northeast, and on all sides a geography and nomenclature that not even the pulp-paper sagas can tarnish. After the last beaver plew was taken and the last Indian raid turned back it was a prospectors' mirage for a while, then a health resort for rustlers and train robbers, and finally a cattle country. Its image in the memory is hardpan, shagbark, alkali; it had hair on its pants and on its chest. Plenty of hair pants are left there now; in fact there are more than ever before, embellishing the legs of souvenir venders and lady dudes; but time's depilatory has smoothed its chest. The pilgrim who sets out for an evening beer stops short and gasps, remembering what hoofs and moccasins have stirred this dust, for the sign says, "The Finest Rustic Bar in the World." Thus in 1940 does Jackson Hole advertise its redeye and Taos Lightning. . . .

This pilgrimage has reached seventy-five hundred miles, has turned eastward again, is out of the mountains. And it had recrossed the hundredth meridian, which is Where the West Begins, before it encountered, in North Dakota, its first saloon. Doubtless there are saloons in the West proper but there are so few that you do not find them when you stroll through town after the day's drive. What you find in the badlands and along the trails is what you find throughout interior America—Cocktail Bars, complete with chromium, neon, red-leather upholstery, juke box, and corps of waitresses in uniforms by Alice Foote MacDougall. And the tearoom costumes of these girls symbolize a fundamental change in the national life.

Only the largest Cocktail Bars have bartenders—and they are not bartenders as any earlier era understood the term. They mix drinks in graduated measuring glasses and the handful who are not Dekes or Sigma Chis dangle Phi Beta Kappa keys from their white jackets. All the other places are staffed by girls. The American language has not yet found a title for the girl who draws your beer competently enough and may be permitted to mix a highball for you, since the distillers have standardized the "nip" bottle, but must be restrained from making a cocktail. She is frequently from Kappa Kappa Gamma or elsewhere in the Panhellenic Union, but more often she is unquestionably, even ostentatiously, from the campus Y. W. C. A., and in the presence of her obvious rectitude an axiom of the American folklore crumbles to dust. For three-quarters of a century small-town America has wistfully attributed sin and glamour to the waitress at the Depot Lunch, but her successor at Maw's Cocktail Bar will never provoke slander or even phantasy. She is too conspicuously a maiden of severe and elevated thoughts, intent, efficient at all things but cocktails, a little worried when

someone breaks into song but willing and able to bounce him if he should not subside. She works hard, her embroidered uniform has no suggestion of the musical stage, and when business slackens she cultivates her mind. At Independence, Missouri, I saw her working problems from a textbook of trigonometry; at Denver she was reading Thornton Wilder; at a Wyoming crossroads I had to rap on the bar to disengage her from *The Living Church*.

The folkways have reversed themselves in her and the Cocktail Bar that employs her, and small-town America has accepted alcohol. At Santa Fe Sigma Chi's young wife (a Delta Gamma) was waiting for his shift to end and their three-year-old son bounced a ball among the tables, and I thought that thirty years ago the Ladies Aid would with shrill cries have hewn down a saloon that let a child come through its swinging doors. But the Ladies Aid has buried its hatchet and the sisters stop off at Maw's place for a beer or an Old Fashioned on their way home from the box supper. The young, the middle-aged, and the elderly take their ease under the neons and show no awareness that they have annihilated a rockbottom superstition of rural life. There is no longer a Rum Demon, no one loses caste from taking a drink, no one need sneak out behind the barn as Mr. Mencken used to feel sure that drinkers in these parts were forced to do. There is no sin, shame, or self-consciousness in Maw's Place where the deaconesses talk idly over their beer while the news comes in over the radio or the juke box plays. Civilization has grown richer in the prairies and you city folks need not fear that another wave of Prohibition will ever boil up in bucolic America.

When Maw's Place is not a Cocktail Bar it may be something even more striking, something for which, again, the language has not found a name. You get at it by way of the overnight cottages, the "motels" or "trav-o-tels" or "tour-o-tels" which, west of the Missouri, are better places to spend a night in than the hotels of any except the largest cities—more comfortably furnished, cleaner and more commodious, more convenient for a motorist. Where they cluster together on the outskirts of town a new institution has developed to repair their most serious defect, which is their inability to serve breakfast. It is a restaurant that is also a bar and a dance hall. It is open all night for the convenience of truckers, and the tourist comes here not only for breakfast but for his bedtime highball and his exploration of the local ideas. Here the Y. W. C. A. girl is a hostess and a cook as well as a bartender and she does better as a cook, nature's half-frustrated design showing clearly.

This institution arose in the service of transients but has become an important part of the local culture. It reinforces the observation that the old taboo against alcohol has broken down, that liquor is no longer a sin or even an eccentricity. Its respectability is complete: it has nothing in common with the sinister little shacks scattered along the highway whose generic name is "Nite Club." It is a pretty good restaurant—in the smallest towns it is likely to be the best restaurant —and the local club ladies and (doubtless) the temperance leaders come here when they dine out, without resentment of the roisterers who are on their fifth highball. Instead, they fall to talking with the roisterers, and with the truckers and tourists. My ideas about the war and the election have been thoroughly plumbed as well by pillars of the church as by town loafers, all the way across America. Meanwhile the younger set finds here its most attractive gathering place, dances to the juke box, and drinks with economy and circumspection.

Its social health is obvious. It is likely to have an offensively jocose name, its neon tubes are garish, it is certain to be noisy, but also it supplies eatable food and it gives you and your acquaintances of the moment a good time. It is something new in America, it was not predictable even ten years ago. But it serves an ancient purpose, and in the Bon Ton

Bar-B-Q of the fifth decade of the twentieth century you can identify vestiges of the eighteenth-century ordinary and the nineteenth-century frontier tavern.

Since this is a cultural research I have faithfully sampled the local beers from Massachusetts to Idaho and half-way back again. In areas influenced by the traditions of Cincinnati and St. Louis they are very good. Elsewhere they vary from the just tolerable to the offensively bad, the average so low that a crusade to rouse the national conscience is an urgent social need. In Kansas and Utah, where the preposterous theory of 3.2 per cent has been enacted into law, they are nauseous. Kansas, however, maintains its civilization by honoring its oldest tradition and bootlegs standard brews everywhere. You need corrode your palate only in my native State.

The food served in restaurants throughout interior America is better than I expected it to be, and in the far West it is so much better than it was even fifteen years ago that the change amounts to a revolution. In six weeks I have eaten about as many mediocre meals as a stranger would encounter in Boston or New York but only three meals have been really bad—one in southern Indiana, one in Kansas, one in North Dakota. A somewhat denatured Mexican dinner in Santa Fe and another dinner in Denver were memorable, not to be surpassed in New York or anywhere else, and day by day it has been difficult to find fault with either the food or the cooking. And we have taken travelers' luck, eating wherever we found ourselves at mealtime, in small towns mostly and mostly beyond the researches of the useful Duncan Hines. The little restaurants are clean, their food is fresh, and it is prepared with more skill and understanding than it was when I lived in these parts. The tourist fares satisfactorily nearly everywhere and can only conclude that there has been a corresponding improvement in private eating. Apparently this advance is not attributable to the women's magazines or the household columns of the daily press, for you do not find the fancy, structureless compositions that obsess them. The plugging of "domestic science" departments in high schools seems to have been the greatest leverage, the spinsters and college girls who operate tearooms have helped out by wholesomely showing that attractive service is civilized, and the economic system has co-operated by distributing fresh vegetables—even in the truck-gardening areas where they are grown.

Fifteen years ago small-town restaurants universally scorned all vegetables that did not originate in a can, but now you find fresh peas, beans, and carrots even in desert shacks a hundred miles from a railroad. This improvement is impressive but not so spectacular as the rise and spread of the salad. You are aware that you have reached the Middle West when you find it served just before or just after the soup, and you reach the West when it dwindles to a spoonful of cottage cheese sprinkled with parsley and deposited on a slice of canned pineapple. But you get good salads clear to the hundredth meridian, as you certainly could not twenty years ago, and even pineapple and cottage cheese are better than no salad at all. The West of my boyhood either scorned salads as effete or horribly compounded them of cold veal, grapes, and boiled dressing. It has progressed but still needs elementary instruction in how to blend oil and vinegar. Yet one of the best salads, as one of the best meals, of the whole trip came unexpectedly at Helena.

It is true, however, that the ordinary restaurant fare, like the rainfall, begins to decline when you reach the hundredth meridian—we had an excellent dinner at Great Bend and went on to an execrable lunch at Dodge City. In the high plains quality drops off and you must take your chance. City restaurants are satisfactory but town restaurants are below the standard that lasted halfway through Kansas. You will eat either steak or chicken, both fried and fried too much; only stubbornness will get you rare meat,

and usually not even stubbornness will get you roast beef, pot roast, or veal in any form except breaded and overdone cutlets or pork in any form but overdone chops. Coffee is uniformly bad, made too weak originally and kept simmering all day long in a glass pitcher. Corn bread and even soda biscuits disappear from the menu and you are abandoned to the doughiness of bakers' bread, which is vile from the Atlantic to the Pacific and probably always will be. . . . Yet there have been happy exceptions: not only that fine dinner at Helena but excellent dinners at Scottsbluff, Nebraska, and Williston, North Dakota—both very small towns—and excellent lunches at Logan, Utah, and Glasgow, Montana.

Lunches are the motorist's hardest problem. He learns to eat a larger breakfast than he eats at home and therefore wants only a light lunch. But light lunches are exactly what small-town restaurants are not prepared to supply: there is little or no difference between their luncheon and dinner menus. Furthermore, a sandwich has no margin of safety; it is either good or very bad; and small-town restaurants do not make good sandwiches. You soon learn that one article of motoring folklore is pure myth, the one which holds that where you find truckers eating you will find good food. It is a flagrant and dangerous lie; you acquire a stunned admiration for the digestions of truck drivers but you avoid all roadside stands except the kind I have described above. You especially avoid the hot dog and hamburger stand—Maw's Filling Station which has sidelines of caffeine pills, Coca Cola, and sandwiches made of last week's meat or of the standard American cheese that is properly described as offal. These roadside lunch counters are an offense to the eye and a menace to the national health; botulism and dysentery lurk in them; even when their food is safe it is worse than inedible—it is calamitous. There could be no stronger evidence of the vigor of Americans than the fact that by the hundred thousand they eat this garbage and survive.

You end by discovering that another article of popular faith is also a lie: you come to eating lunch at soda fountains. The drugstore is likely to be the best store in any small town and it is certain to serve better lunches than the local restaurant. In fact, throughout rural America the craft of making sandwiches —and it is a skilled craft—is confined almost exclusively to soda fountains. Contrary to the belief of gourmets, those Americans who lunch at drugstores on a sandwich and a glass of milk—or the frappé which is known as a milk shake everywhere west of Pennsylvania—are eating the most palatable lunch obtainable anywhere except at metropolitan restaurants. Certainly this tourist has nothing but praise for the transcontinental soda fountain. It has served me only one bad sandwich in seventy-five hundred miles—a relic in Pueblo, Colorado, that had been preserved in cellophane. Uniformly its understanding of food is more intelligent than that of the average restaurant. It has an honorable place in the American cuisine; an essential and progressive part of our culture.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

Personal and Otherwise



JOSEPH MCWILLIAMS, THE CHRISTIAN MOBILIZER, IN ACTION

EMERGENCY

THIS month we group together seven articles under the general head of The American Emergency. The first of these articles is ***Roy Helton's*** "The Inner Threat: Our Own Softness," and the circumstances of how we came to print it are of general interest. A historical footnote is in order. On the 23d of May last Archibald MacLeish, the Librarian of Congress, addressed the American Association for Adult Education in New York City. This address was an attack on the anti-war writers—himself included—of Mr. MacLeish's generation. In building up hatred of all war, said the poet, these writers had also built up a "moral unpreparedness" in the United States. As a result this country is today impotent to fight the evils of Fascism. The address provoked much discussion; the weekly journals argued it backward and forward. Mr. MacLeish referred to some writers by name, others by implication. Some of those who were named made direct replies in the shape of letters which were published in *Life* on June 24th. Spirited defenses came from Ernest Hemingway, Hartley Grattan, Dalton Trumbo, and Richard Aldington. Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, and Walter Millis thought that, from one angle or another, Mr. MacLeish had hit the spot. On this note the business was supposedly closed. But it wasn't closed at all. The MacLeish speech apparently acted as a catalyst in the minds of other intellectuals; maybe they'd been at work on the theme beforehand. At all events, manuscripts on the same general

theme began to flood the *Harper* office. None came from unknown persons, all were by writers of reputation. Such a manifestation had to be dealt with, and out of the many we selected the lead article in this issue. Mr. Helton is an old contributor and we need not tell his life story again. His "Born in 1921" appeared in the August issue.

COST-PLUS DAYS

IN "The Lesson of 1917" ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** takes us back to the dear old Hog Island days when cost-plus government contracts were the order of the day and it almost took a keyhole saw to get airplane spruce out of the Northwest woods. The author thinks we may do a better job in the big defense push if we recall some of the fumbling and blundering of the first World War. Mr. Allen, who is the Associate Editor of *Harper's*, is one of the best known practitioners in the history-of-our-own-times school. He is the author of *Only Yesterday*, a history of the twenties, and *Since Yesterday*, a history of the thirties, the latter published in February last. He has also written *The Lords of Creation*, the story of American finance from the organization of the United States Steel Corporation down to 1935. He wrote the text for two picture books: *American Procession*, an American history in photographs, and *Metropolis*, the photographic story of life in a great city. As we go to press Mr. Allen is in Boulder, Colorado, where he is pounding the cushion at the University of Colorado Writers' Conference.

THE OPEN DOOR AT HOME

Eliot Janeway, author of "Exit Exports, Enter Boom," was born in New York City, went to Cornell, and subsequently studied at the London School of Economics. He was a consultant to the Securities and Exchange Commission, and for some time has been on the staff of *Time*. He has also done consultant work for various corporations. He is a frequent contributor to various periodicals and in the January, 1939, issue wrote an article for us called "England Moves Toward Fascism."

UNDERGROUND CAOUTCHOUC

THE response that readers make to *Harper* articles shows itself in curious ways. "Must America Go Fascist?," published some time back, drew more newspaper comment than any piece we have printed in the past ten years, but letters were few. "War and the Verities," an essay published last January, roused some news comment but provoked the letter writers to extremes. They stormed for a month or more. There is still another type of response. That is when both letters and press cuttings are meager, but people who ordinarily don't read *Harper's* are moved to go and buy it. This was the sort of response that greeted ***Harland Manchester's*** "The Great Diesel Boom"—published in July. Business houses never call up and order back numbers in quantity just because the magazine happens to run an essay on ethics. This month Mr. Manchester has turned to the question of American ersatz rubber, and in "Rubber Out of Oil" tells what he found. If the article happens to rouse the cupidity of the business community we shall be happy to supply copies of this issue in any quantity. Same old address. But the folks should be warned that it takes more money to set up an artificial rubber works than it does to buy a Diesel engine. Mr. Manchester is a New York free-lance writer. He used to be a Boston newspaper man and conducted a weekly page of news interpretation in the *Herald*.

NO $3.00 WHEAT

IN 1917, pushed by the war boom, wheat reached $3.25 a bushel. Other commodities skyrocketed in a similar way. Last fall for a while commodity prices rose in anticipation of another war boom. But the boomlet collapsed—it proved to be based on recollection and not on present facts—and the expected inflation did not occur. ***Harold M. Fleming***, Wall Street correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*, tells in "Don't Expect Inflation" why he thinks it isn't going to occur. Mr. Fleming says of himself:

> I was born in Salem in 1900 and grew up there, graduated from Harvard's "history, government, and economics" department in 1920. I did headquarters statistical work in Prague in 1921 for the American Relief Administration European Children's Fund and then was a member of the American Relief Administration Russian unit, first as economist and statistician in Moscow and then as a field inspector in Samara in the Volga valley.
>
> Crossing Siberia in 1923 I did editorial work in Peking for the Chinese Government Bureau of Economic Information in the summer of 1923

(Continued on second page following)



Should you be on the lookout for Diabetes?

SOME FOLKS should be especially on their guard against diabetes, as a tendency to this disease seems to run in certain families.

▶Furthermore, the people it strikes are usually overweight and between the ages of 40 and 60. Diabetes occurs most frequently among people who lead inactive lives, and is more common among women than among men.

So, if you have reason to be on the alert for diabetes, it is particularly important for you to have complete physical examinations at regular intervals.

▶Such examinations may reassure you that you do not have the disease. If the possibility of diabetes is indicated, then a study of sugar in the blood can help the doctor detect the condition early—frequently before other symptoms appear. Thus, you can be guided to prompt control of the disease with diet and insulin before it has made much progress.

The most common signs of diabetes, frequently not recognized by those who have the disease in early stages, are: Excessive thirst; excessive appetite; loss of weight; constant weariness and unaccountable irritability; and, in older people, boils and carbuncles.

▶Naturally, definite symptoms should call for immediate medical attention.

It is encouraging to realize that a healthy, active life is not only possible but probable for most diabetics who promptly discover their ailment and follow competent medical guidance. They easily become adjusted to the four vital conditions necessary for diabetes control: 1. Proper diet, 2. Insulin as prescribed, 3. Exercise, 4. Cleanliness.

For further helpful information concerning this disease and its control, send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Diabetes." Write today to Dept. 940-H.

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Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***New York World's Fair*** *and at the* ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco.***

and then was a reporter for the Shanghai *Times* till the next spring.

Returning to the States in 1924 I worked at various research and writing jobs in San Francisco, New Orleans, Washington, and Chicago, and then in 1928 went to work for a firm of stock brokers and investment bankers as security analyst and market letter writer and have been in Wall Street ever since.

In 1934 I took time out and "ghost-wrote" a book on psychiatry and since 1935 I have been Wall Street correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*. I'm also secretary for this year of the New York Financial Writers' Association.

ALIEN = DEVIL

On an August night in an Italian restaurant in San Francisco last year a waiter was telling the story of how he came to America in 1908. Landing at Ellis Island with a large party bound for California, he and his friends were put aboard an immigrant train in Jersey City and set out across the continent. One thing about the trip almost drove the immigrants frantic: at Pittsburgh, Columbus, Chicago, Des Moines, Omaha, and other stops there were Italian-speaking labor agents on the station platforms. These agents went through the train laughing and slapping the men on the back, offering fantastic wages if the men would go no farther. Labor was scarce, jobs went begging. There were not men enough in the United States to do the work that was waiting.

It is strange to recall a story of this sort—it happened thousands of times over—in the light of the present-day attitude toward the alien. To denounce them as Reds proved to be an effective political dodge during the last war; subsequently the American Federation of Labor fought for the restriction of immigration. There were no longer enough jobs to go around. With the onset of the depression the alien became even more suspect; the outbreak of the war brought out the old political slogans. The fingerprint law passed Congress and was signed by the President; more than seventy anti-alien bills are still pending in Congress. Nowadays any "foreigner" who looks crosseyed is liable to be taken for a Fifth Columnist. It was to dispel some of this fog that ***Lucille B. Milner*** and ***David Dempsey*** wrote "The Alien Myth." Mr. Dempsey graduated from Antioch College in 1937; while there he worked in the publicity offices of the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation and later as a reporter on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. Subsequently he joined the staff of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. Recently he served as Special Research Director of the study of student academic freedom undertaken by the American Civil Liberties Union, returning to the Institute when the project was completed. Mrs. Milner is the Secretary of the Civil Liberties Union, and in collaboration with Groff Conklin wrote two articles for us in recent months: "The Conscientious Objector" and "Wartime Censorship in the United States."

FASCISM, HOME STYLE

Dale Kramer gathered much of the material in "The American Fascists" at first hand. The article is a companion piece to his "The American Communists" which we published in the May issue. Mr. Kramer was born in Sigourney, Iowa, and is thirty years old. He was with Milo Reno, the corn-belt firebrand, and edited Reno's publications, *National Farm Holiday News* and the *Iowa Union Farmer*, and later became active in the Farm Labor Party, first in Iowa and then in Minnesota. He says: "I guess it would be correct to say that I was one of the younger leaders. Officially I was State Miller—manager of the Minnesota State Mill—but I assisted Governor Benson with his farm speeches and some others and directed our farm campaigns. In 1934 I founded a little magazine, *Hinterland*, which got praise from Clifton Fadiman and other critics." A year ago Mr. Kramer came to New York and since then has given all his time to writing. He has contributed to *The Nation*, *Common Sense*, *The Forum*, and other periodicals. He has just completed a novel called *The Pitchfork Rebellion*, dealing with the farm risings in Iowa during the latter part of the Hoover Administration.

PAINTERS' PURCHASING POWER

George Biddle's "Can Artists Make a Living?" ought to bring a sigh of relief to those persons who are persistently nagged by curiosity about painters and their sources of income. The article is crammed with relevant facts. Mr. Biddle—"of the Philadelphia Biddles"—is one of the best-known American painters, and examples of his work may be found in the principal collections both here

(*Continued on second page following*)

Design for homes

AT NESTING time a swallow comes to earth for his mud mortar. Similarly man, though he may soar in his dreams, must get down to earth before he begins to plan a dwelling.

Generations of swallows have the same type of homes season on season, but man has varied his abode, according to race, climate and whim even to the present age.

In the building and outfitting of homes, man's ingenuity has been enormous since the early days of civilization. Crafts, industries, and trade groups have combined to serve the living facilities of the human race.

The fairs of Nizhni Novgorod helped furnish the homes of Georgian England, while brilliant Chinese screens and teakwood tables decorated the prim parlors of Salem sea captains.

Yet all the richness of earlier trade did not supply the comfort and graciousness granted by the materials and developments available to the householder in A.D. 1940; for in this field the past decade has been an age of quiet miracles.

New chemically treated woods, aluminum, a kaleidoscopic variety of plastics, tapestries of spun glass, and scores of applications of new kinds of steel have revolutionized the design for homes.

Steel can be made today as resilient as a bed spring or as hard as an ice pick. The shell of your enameled refrigerator is made of steel. Stainless steel sinks, steel cupboards with drawers that slide on roller bearings, and steel ducts for air conditioning systems have made the modern kitchen efficient, cool and livable.

We may look back upon the splendors of the past with equanimity. We need not lament the pillars of almug trees which supported King Solomon's house. There need be no backward glance toward the marble of the Taj Mahal. Let the past have its chalcedony and chrysolite. Present day building wonders are not for the gratification of kings and princes, but for the convenience and service of Everyman.

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CAN ARTISTS MAKE A LIVING?

Walter Wanger, the producer, induced nine contemporary American artists to come to Hollywood to paint characters and scenes from the production of Eugene O'Neill's "The Long Voyage Home." Ernest Fiene is shown here at work on a study of John Wayne who plays the male lead in the film

and abroad. His five panels in the Department of Justice in Washington were a part of the great New Deal art boom and attracted wide attention, not only on their merits as murals but also because numerous well-known persons—Miss Perkins among them—served as models for some of the figures. *American Artist's Story*, Mr. Biddle's autobiography, was published last fall. A chapter from it called "As I Remember Groton School" appeared in *Harper's* for August, 1939.

TONNAGE

"OVERWEIGHT" is the seventh in ***George W. Gray's*** series of articles on recent developments in medicine. In order, these articles include "Sleep and Insomnia," "The Strange Ways of Allergy," "Anxiety and Illness," "The Control of Pain," "The Problem of Influenza," and "He Who Gets Sick." Two more articles are yet to come. Mr. Gray, one of the best-known American writers on scientific subjects, is the author

(*Continued on second page following*)

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of two very successful books, *New World Picture* and *The Advancing Front of Science*.

SHATTER IT, AND THEN . . .

DURING the past twenty years a series of experimental colleges have mushroomed over the American landscape. Led off by Antioch, the Horace Mann bust that Arthur Morgan resuscitated, we have had the Labor College at Mena, Arkansas, Black Mountain College in North Carolina, the recently reorganized St. John's at Annapolis, Rollins at Winter Park, Florida, Alexander Meiklejohn's experiment at Wisconsin, and various others. *Harper's* has printed a good deal about these schools and so is conditioned to go it again with ***Hubert Herring's*** "Education at Bennington." Most of Mr. Herring's articles for us have been about Latin America. He is Executive Director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America and, at the moment, is in Mexico. We printed his "Making Friends with Latin America" last September.

INTIMATIONS

EVERY time ***William Faulkner*** publishes a novel the reviewers fret and struggle in the task of explaining him. Undeterred by this activity with the calipers, Mr. Faulkner's novels continue to emerge from Oxford, Mississippi. *The Hamlet* is the most recent. We are glad to have him on hand this month with a short story called "The Old People." His most recent *Harper* story was "Barn Burning" published last year.

THE OTHER PLANTATION

LITTLE by little, ***John Andrew Rice*** is getting his family under cover. "My Father's Folks," tells the story of his Grand-



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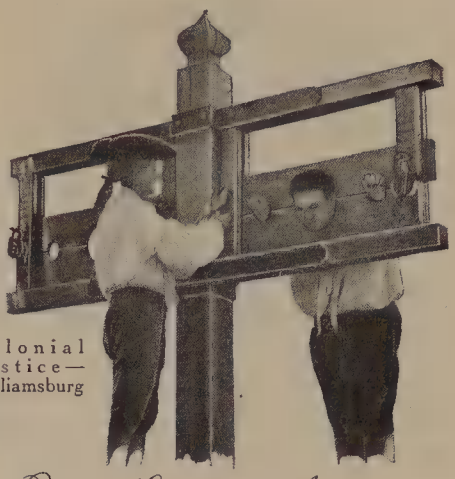
mother Rice's plantation in the South Carolina low country. In previous chapters we have had "Grandmother Smith's Plantation" with its view of Uncle Ed, now better known as United States Senator Cotton Ed Smith. Last May and June we published "A Small Boy in a Female College," the story of Mr. Rice's preacher father and some of his experiences as President of Columbia Female College in the nineties. All of these chapters come from an autobiography which Dr. Rice has been working over for the past two years. The complete work will trace his life from his plantation childhood and his Populist boyhood, through his years as a Rhodes Scholar and an American schoolteacher.

BON SOIR

"A LESSON in French" is the third story of ***Elizabeth Enright's*** that we have printed this year. She is a well-known writer and illustrator of children's books—her *Thimble Summer* last year was awarded the Newberry Medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children.

POETS

THERE are four poets this month: ***Irwin Edman, Martha Keller, Phelps Morane,*** and ***Thomas Caldecot Chubb.*** Mr. Edman is Professor of Philosophy at Columbia and has been an occasional contributor to *Harper's* for twelve years. Readers may recall his "Mr. Plato" which we published a couple of years ago, the story of the meeting of two humanists in a French town. Mr. Edman's books include *Human Traits and Their Social Significance*, *Philosopher's Holiday*, *Candles in the Dark*, and *Ants and the Man*. Phelps Morane is a pseudonymous newcomer. Thomas Caldecot Chubb also is new to *Harper's*. In addition to a number of volumes of poetry, Mr. Chubb has written two biographies: *The Life of Giovanni Boccaccio* and a life of *Aretino*, "the first blackmailer, the first journalist, and the first publicity man." He is now at work on a biography of Achille Murat, the Crown Prince of Naples who later became a United States postmaster near Tallahassee, Florida. Martha Keller, who appears for the third successive month, is the author of *Mirror to Mortality*.



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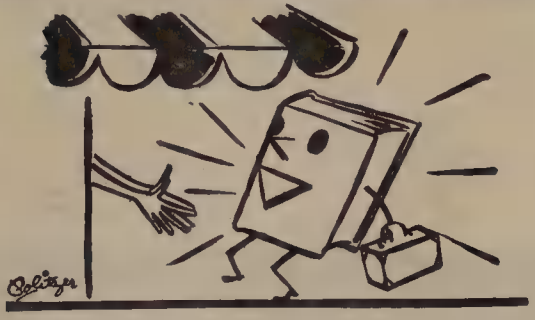
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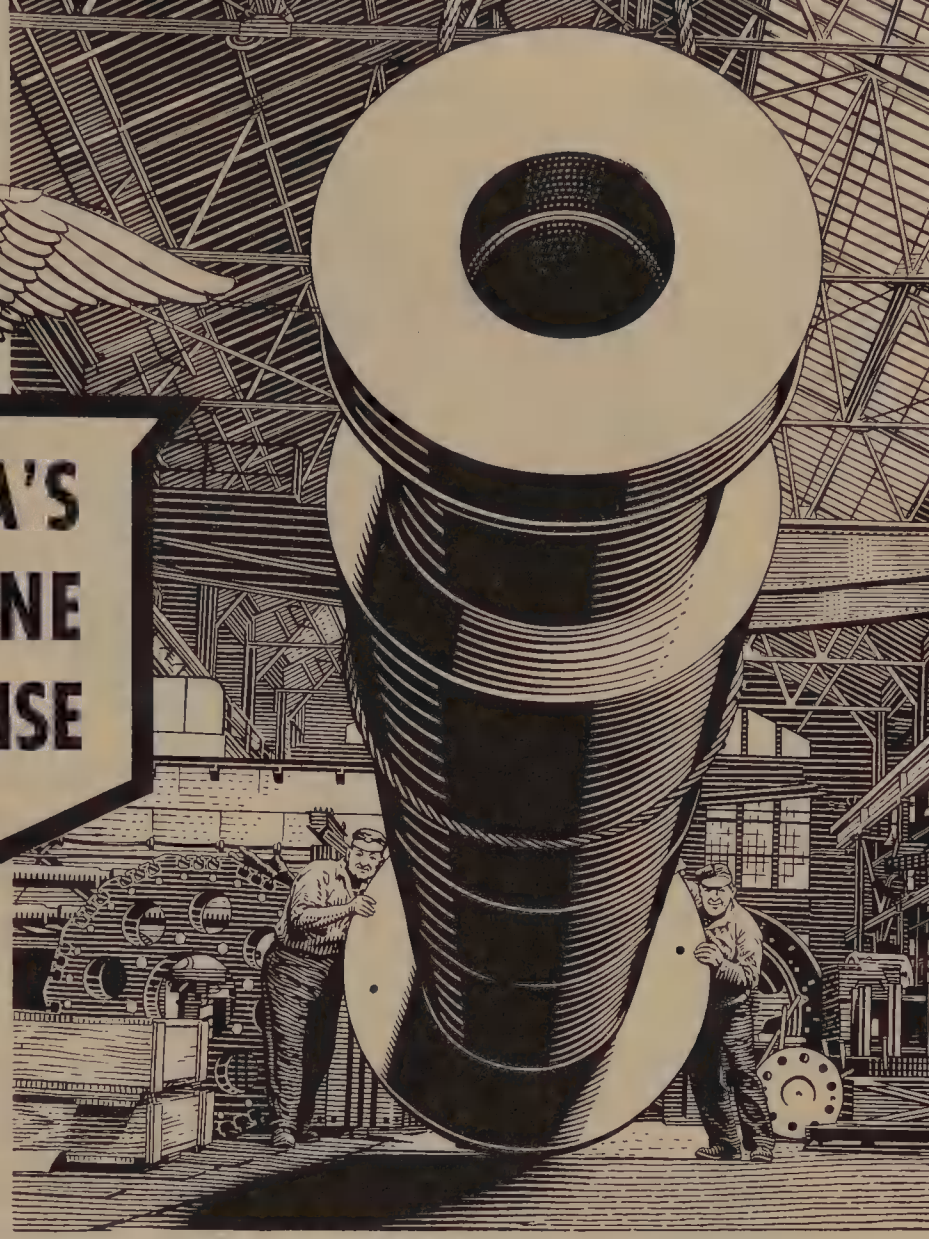
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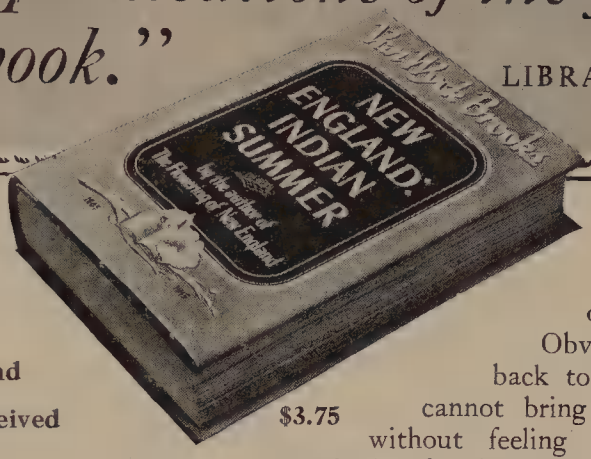
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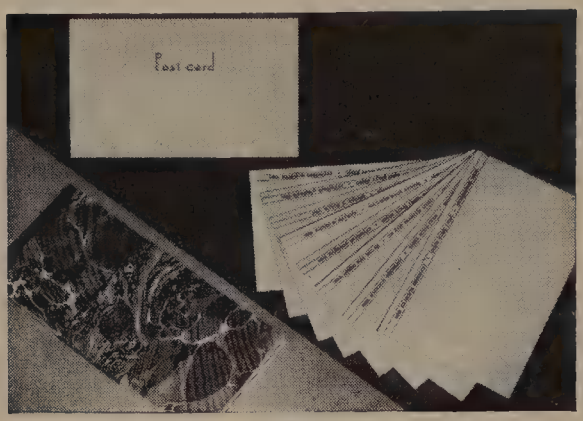
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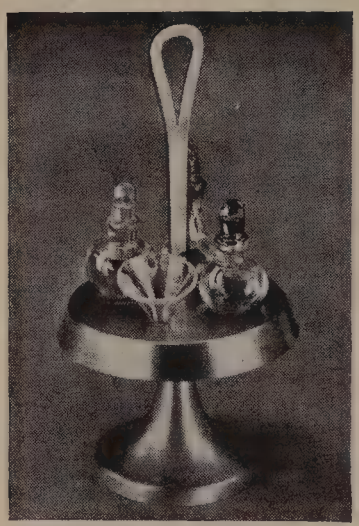
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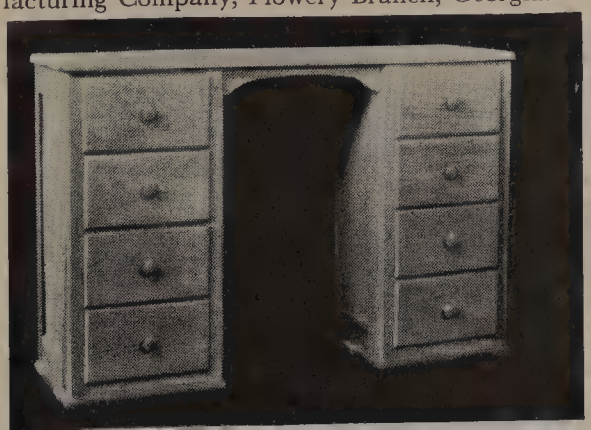
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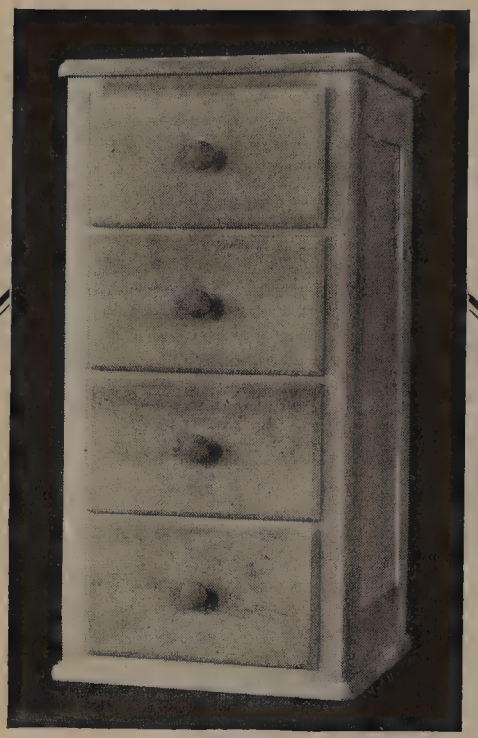
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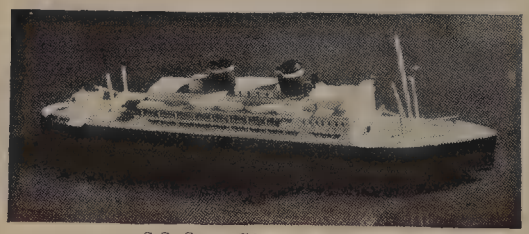


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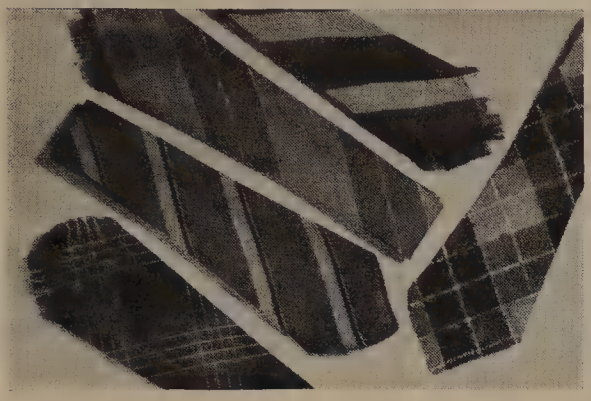


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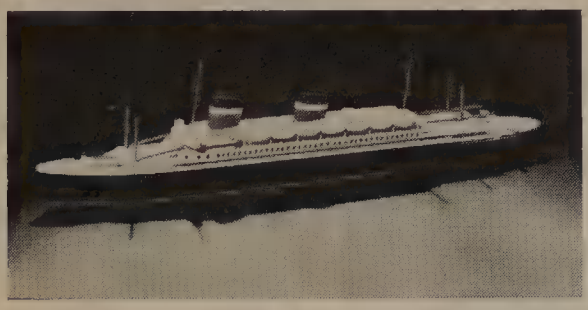
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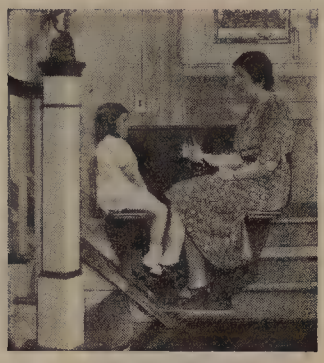
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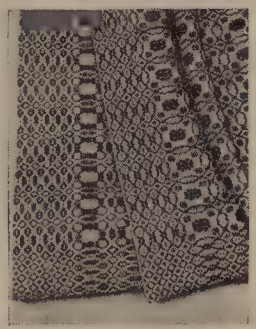
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I HAD a hard time reading during August; the books for the most part seemed fumbling, partial, unintegrated.

There was Ernest Poole's life story, ***The Bridge*** (Macmillan, $3.50), for example. Ernest Poole has had a stirring career: he played an active part in the pre-1914 radical movement, he helped start the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, he wrote a tumultuous novel of labor troubles on the New York waterfront in *The Harbor*, and he reported the same events in Europe that Lincoln Steffens reported. But Mr. Poole's story trails off at the precise point where a wise summing-up might logically have been expected; the author seems never to have recovered from the collapse of his hopes in the years immediately following Versailles.

John Buchan's—or perhaps I should say Lord Tweedsmuir's—autobiography, ***Pilgrim's Way*** (Houghton Mifflin, $3), was similarly disappointing. It is the work of a fine romancer, a conscientious public servant, a gifted observer of natural beauty, and a noble soul, but it has an aloof quality that acted on me as a soporific. Buchan, like Ernest Poole, put his trust in such half-way devices as the League of Nations, which lacked the power necessary to its aims—and it seems the nature of such people never to have been wise in time. Instead of beginning in 1918 with Alexander Hamilton's analysis of the fatal flaws inherent in a League structure, they ended by bowing to Hamilton in 1940.

Louis Golding's autobiographical ***The World I Knew*** (Viking, $3) was something better, for Golding has a capacity for sensuous enjoyment. In Hollywood, for instance, Golding was neither dazzled nor disgusted; he was—believe it or not—reminded of Oxford. There was the same background of physical loveliness (in Oxford the buildings, in Hollywood the backdrop of the hills), there was the same aura of "splendid youth" in the foreground, and there were the same cataracts of talk roaring on from dawn to midnight and midnight to dawn. The activities of Hollywood divided themselves among the studios exactly as the activities of Oxford were split up among the colleges; movie stars furnished their homes with the feverish abandon of undergraduates furnishing their rooms; and Mr. Golding was awed for two weeks—no more—by Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich just as he had been awed—for two weeks—by the President of the Oxford Union and the President of the University Boat Club. If Hollywood also reminded Mr. Golding of the Borneo jungle (which Oxford does not), that is Mr. Golding's way of saying that he enjoys everything for its own special savor.

In the end, however, Mr. Golding succumbs to black pessimism. One can hardly blame him after what his race has suffered in central Europe; but there it is. It makes his book a half-wrought thing; one does not gain much clarity from it, either about the past or the future.

Anna Louise Strong's ***My Native Land*** (Viking, $2.75) was my next disappointment. Miss Strong can write; her descriptions of her own country—from California up to Hood River, from the Columbia River to the regions of the TVA—have a happy, singing quality. But there is a fatuous undertone to the whole book: Miss Strong thinks in terms of Communist party-line clichés; she sees America reanimated by such organizations as the American Youth Congress; and she implies, now and again, that the American people have a great deal to learn about humanity from the U.S.S.R. So? Well, if Willkie beats Roosevelt (or vice versa) this autumn I do not look to see the defeated candidate hiding in Mexico and awaiting his death at the hands of a pick-axe murderer.



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If Miss Strong doesn't believe that this country still has something to tell Russia about freedom to criticize, let her read John T. Flynn's ***Country Squire in the White House*** (Doubleday, Doran, $1), in which Franklin D. Roosevelt's government is treated to the fond caress of a butcher's cleaver. I always enjoy the free-spokenness of Mr. Flynn, who is a great journalist and a brave political commentator. And Mr. Flynn's book is true as far as it goes: Roosevelt *has* listened to too many humpty-dumpty economists. But, quite in keeping with my general experience in August, I was disappointed in Mr. Flynn's reporting this time. Mr. Flynn is right about the strait-jacket implications of NRA; he is right when he condemns Roosevelt for not having tackled the problem of the railroads during eight years in office. But Mr. Flynn's little portrait ends in caricature. After rollicking over the dead body of the Blue Eagle (a bird that might easily have turned into a vulture) Mr. Flynn fails to praise the Roosevelt government for having taken the opposite tack and gone in for trust-whacking. Nor does Mr. Flynn give Roosevelt enough credit for conservation, or for the big dams, or for seeing that dependence on the Panama Canal inevitably implies enough armament to win a prospective battle of Peru or the Guianas. In short, Mr. Flynn is out to get the President; he is not trying to sum up a mixed eight-year performance that has its good aspects as well as its bad.

If Mr. Flynn's packet of red pepper failed wholly to please me, perhaps I should have been satisfied by Stuart Chase's ***Idle Money, Idle Men*** (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Well, I was—and I wasn't. (Did anyone mention the dog days?) As readers of *Harper's* are well aware, Mr. Chase is extremely convincing when he analyzes the difficulties which confront the investment bankers of America: an economy whose big corporations are in the habit of expanding their plant out of earnings hasn't much use for the savings of you and me. But Mr. Chase welcomes the alternative of government investment without worrying over what it might do to people if pushed too far. Freedom, says Hilaire Belloc, can only thrive when the *determining number* of people in a society make livings for themselves by their own efforts. I haven't yet seen the evidence to disprove Belloc; and I wish Mr. Chase would take such things into account. Mr. Chase really believes in a mixed economy, part public, part private, with enough permanent individual enterprise to keep the politicians at bay; but I wish he'd always be careful to say so. With this objection noted, I can go on to admit that Mr. Chase's book did not leave me bilious; Mr. Chase's writing is always a model of clear presentation.

With the Nazis sending hundreds of bombers over England throughout August, I was disposed to welcome Major Al Williams's ***Airpower*** (Coward-McCann, $3.50). This, I suppose, is one of those books that is journalistically right in its emphasis without being sound in its balance. Major Williams can only see the air arm; and with our admirals concentrating on the sea and our generals talking about the perennial need for the infantryman we certainly need people like Major Williams about. But the true lesson of the European war is that a nation needs *something of everything*, and in the proportions indicated by its geographical position. As Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly is fond of reiterating, the watchword should be "in addition to," not "instead of." So, when Major Williams gives the impression of saying, "Let's have airplanes instead of battleships and infantrymen," just translate that to read, "Let's have airplanes in addition to the other things."

My August fiction reading was limited to Franz Hoellering's ***The Defenders*** (Little, Brown, $2.75), which is a fine story of the collapse of the Social Democrats in Vienna of 1934. Prior to Hitler's success, Mr. Hoellering was up to his ears in the radical journalism of central Europe; and judging from his background one might have expected a portentous novel of clashing social symbols—the Worker, the Aristocrat, the Army Man, the Socialist Bureaucrat, and so on. Surprisingly, however, Mr. Hoellering writes as a novelist, not as a journalist. His people are first of all human beings: even the Nazis—whom Mr. Hoellering, as a refugee, has good cause to hate—appear in the story as individuals with credible motivations. The love story of Maria Steiger and Karl Merk, professor's daughter and Socialist engineer, might not have been convincing in any other setting, but it seems plausible in the heightened atmosphere which Hoellering builds up for his climax. *The Defenders* will be welcomed by all those who took Silone's *Fontamara* and

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I don't know just who is the mouthpiece for Hoellering in *The Defenders*. The professor argues well for a scholarship untrammeled by political considerations; the Baron Wiesner is convincing when he explains that he is under no compulsion to be "with history"; and Bodo Kleist, the Nazi supporter, is logical from his own point of view when he says, "We must win the next war." All of which proves that Hoellering is a dramatic artist before he is a partisan. The clue to his own attitude may possibly be found in his description of a party dialectician: "He believed in that fetish of idealistic philosophy—the immanent and positive meaning of history." That description is done with acid; it betrays—does it not?—the reformed radical who is anxious to substitute moral categories for the old historical categories that have recently had a disconcerting habit of turning up as *ex post facto* support for any gang that has the energy to seize power. Hoellering, so I gather, used to be one who said, "Such-and-such is historically determined." Now he has joined the legion which is saying, "This must be." The difference between the two attitudes is a vital one; for only the second attitude can generate moral energy. If you worship "history," history will ride over you. But if you worship certain human values, and are prepared to act in their support, you may make history.

Under ordinary circumstances I would have put Roger Burlingame's ***Engines of Democracy*** (Scribner's, $3.75) at the head of this month's column of reviews. For of the non-fiction that I have mentioned, it is the best of the crop. I have reserved it for a later spot, however, for a particular reason: its virtues begin to glow only after one has grappled with the shortcomings of Mr. Poole and Mr. Golding, who are either bewildered or aghast at the way the world is going. Mr. Burlingame's method is slow and cumulative; he takes a long time to say what he has in mind, and he does not always say it with any crispness. But he gets there in the end—and you finish his amorphous book with a new perspective on history.

If Mr. Burlingame is right, all the contemporary fears that we are about to enter a new Dark Age are wholly unjustified. Analogies are frequently drawn between our time and the time of the fall of ancient Rome. But the difference between our world and the Roman world is one of technology: Rome had human slaves, we have mechanical slaves. Rome collapsed when the barbarians drove off the human slaves who worked the soil. But in our world the barbarians themselves can get nowhere unless they have full knowledge of the entire technical heritage of the race; it takes every last secret of physics, chemistry, metallurgy, engineering, and so on, to prepare and wage modern war. If and when our cycle of destruction is finished, the survivors will still have

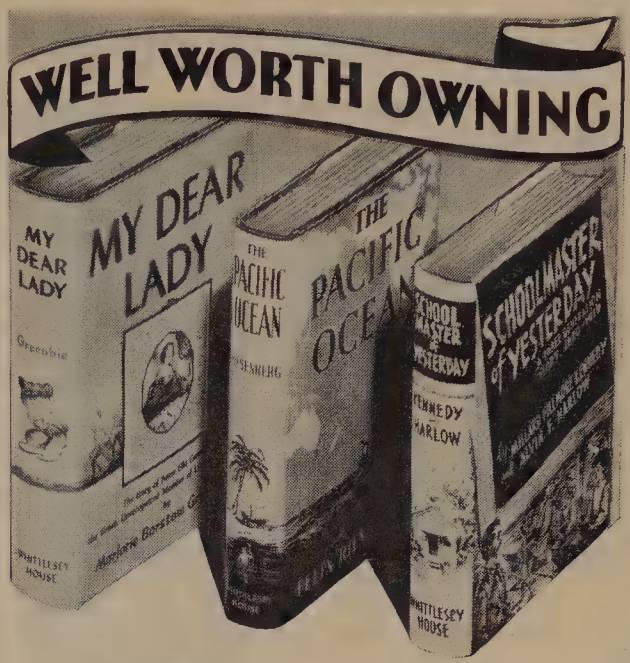
all the essential tools of a civilization at their beck and call. They can begin from a high point of knowledge, where the barbarians who smashed the Roman world could only begin in ignorance.

Does this seem like a callous view of a world that is currently suffering from the Nazi curse? Perhaps it is callous. But on Mr. Burlingame's evidence warfare is not always wasted effort: if General Dodge, for example, had not had to drive his men to superhuman heights in rebuilding bridges, culverts, and tracks between Nashville and Decatur during the Civil War, the civil engineering technic that built the Union Pacific might not have been ready in time. "It is idle," says Mr. Burlingame, "to deny the benefits of war to the history of invention." ". . . in true history the transcontinental was [the Civil War's] normal creative sequel." At the moment no one likes to speak of *ersatz*. Yet the chemical engineering that develops out of the present European war will, some day, be of enormous benefit to peaceful man. This is cold comfort for those who write fumblingly in the face of darkness. But to the historian it will be not the least important part of the picture.

Mr. Burlingame's book is about the "engines of democracy" that were developed in the United States from 1865 to the present. The book is fascinating purely as a grab-bag—and it also proves beyond a doubt the utter inadequacy of most of our conventional histories. Do you know who William Howe was? Eli Janney? The first invented the Howe truss for bridges, the second the automatic coupler—and without them the American railroads might have got nowhere. Subtract the men of whom Mr. Burlingame writes and American history would have been vastly different. Yet these men remain virtually unknown to us—while every high school graduate knows the names of Ward McAllister, of Admiral Dewey, and of Calvin Coolidge, men whose absence from the scheme of earthly things could hardly have halted the development of life in North America.

Mr. Burlingame's book is a tonic for the times. Incidentally, those who fear that the future belongs to the omnicompetent State may take courage from Mr. Burlingame's investigations, for he proves that we are just beginning to emerge from a collectivist phase via the decentralization inherent in the latest inventions for conquering space and time. As Mr. Burlingame puts it, the railroad was an instrument of centralization; but the automobile and the small power plant tend to de-urbanize us—and with the de-urbanizing the Jeffersonian political principles must take a new lease on life.

One war extra: ***Guilty Men***, by "Cato" (Stokes, $1.50). This is an impassioned arraignment of the "Men of Munich," the chief importance of which is that it has recently been published in England despite the fact that Neville Chamberlain still sits in the Cabinet.



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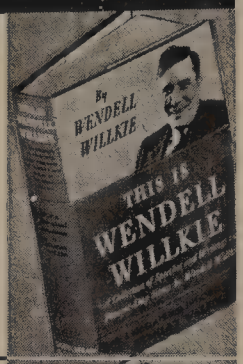
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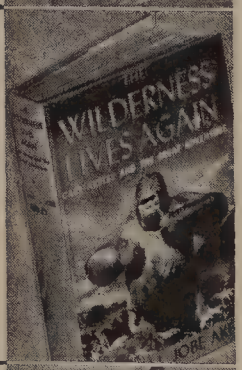
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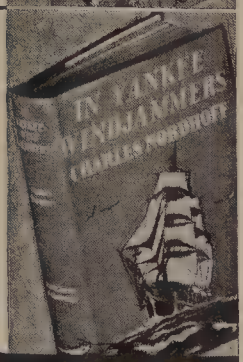
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ALL KINDS FROM PARNASSUS

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Song in the Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. Viking, $2

Another Time, by W. H. Auden. Random House, $2

The Man Coming Toward You, by Oscar Williams. Oxford University Press, $2

Wait for These Things, by George Abbe. Holt, $2

No Special Pleading, by Mary Ballard Duryee. Putnam, $2

The Gap of Brightness, by F. R. Higgins. Macmillan, $1.25

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To-day, more than ever before within living memory, it is difficult for the poet to function, difficult for the reader to take his eyes from the newsprint and his ear from the radio in order to mend his mind and spirit with poetry. And yet it has probably never before been more important that the poet should affirm life, should sanction again and again the lonely kinship of man with man or of man with nature; and never before more important that people who are racked by the violent spirit of Nihilism now on the march through our world should make time to refresh themselves at a spring that is always pure. Poetry, when it is honest, has about it a unique purity. The seventeen volumes listed above, for instance, although they represent widely diversified creative gifts, are all pure in the sense that they strive for the deepest truth, and try to understand the heart of man. However rewarding or unrewarding the verse of any one of the authors may be, the spirit that made it is to be cherished; a spirit as old as evil and as imperishable.

The two volumes that should interest everyone who reads this review are, of course, Yeats's

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Last Poems, Last Plays and the ***Collected Poems*** of Edward Davison. The former is authentic Yeats; it is unnecessary to say more than that. Mr. Davison, however, is less well known to the general public so it should be said that although there is not space enough to go into detail about these poems, which cover the years between 1917 and 1939, they are recommended unreservedly to anyone who likes traditional English poetry in the great manner. Mr. Davison is a lyricist—his lines sing, his images bite deep, and he never twists his thoughts or his emotions. They are profound and hence need no complicating.

Of Mr. Auden one cannot say the same thing. His ***Another Time*** will appeal to a small public but that small public will probably compensate the author by its enthusiasm, for Mr. Auden is an exciting and provocative writer. There is no music in this verse—no softness, no quarter with sentiment. It is a poetry of the flat statement followed by the inverted comment, or the exalting image; poetry that is intellectual and metaphysical at its best, forced and tortured at its worst; but poetry that is always interesting.

Perhaps there are many young people who would say the same things about Kenneth Rexroth's ***In What Hour.*** Mr. Rexroth is completely of the modern school of poetry as represented by Mr. Auden—metaphysical, intellectual, and elliptical. Perhaps the failure is mine but I could not find anything in this collection which seemed to me a genuine desire to communicate with the reader.

About parts of Oscar Williams's ***The Man Coming Toward You*** I would make the same accusation. Much of it seems to me almost determinedly obscure and it is impossible to read aloud—so packed without regard for the ear that when spoken it is meaningless. But some of it is very fine—particularly the title poem, and "Yesterday," and "Thermopylae, Now at Hand."

Another poet who should be mentioned in this group is Elliot Coleman whose title-poem, ***An American in August-Land*** is a moving commentary on England in August, 1939, when everyone knew war was imminent. Mr. Coleman is much more orthodox in his technic than either Mr. Auden or Mr. Rexroth, but he is just as modern in his awareness of the dilemma of our age—and he faces it with precision and a bitter tenderness.

Most people know, by now, that when Elizabeth Madox Roberts speaks out, either in verse or in prose, she says things as no one else ever has or could. ***Song in the Meadow*** has all her peculiar grace. It is redolent of the countryside—concerned not with that abstract beauty of nature which is characteristic of much nature verse, but with the intense feeling for a particular piece of country, inhabited by people rooted in it—a piece of country that has become so invested with tradition and native lore, so intensely lived-in and ex-

plored by the imagination of the poet, that when she sings about it, it is as real as the weather outside one's own window and as poignant as one's own experiences. These are poems to keep near and read often.

George Abbe is another poet with a passionate feeling for the American landscape. ***Wait for These Things,*** although it lacks the airy earthiness of Miss Roberts's work, is, like hers, full of realized experience—under the sky, among the trees, over well-known paths where the hawk, the birch tree, and the deer are all symbols woven in and out of the changing mind of growth and the unchanging heart of experience. He is an interesting poet technically, too—his forms are unusual but they seem never to have been invented as experiments, but to have been discovered out of necessity.

Another of the truly fine volumes on this list is ***The Spirit Watches,*** by Ruth Pitter. Miss Pitter has been hailed by one critic after another in her own country, England, and in the United States, but she still is not widely-known. I hope this book will change that state of affairs. She has a wise heart, a loving mind, a pervasive wit and sincerity that is almost passion. Further, all these fine gifts are implemented by a most artfully concealed facility of technic. Her verses are, many of them, memorable. They flow as smoothly as water over flat stone but never for one word do they babble.

Two books in lighter vein are ***November Hereabout,*** by Amy Murray, and ***No Special Pleading,*** by Mary Ballard Duryee. Perhaps they should not be grouped together even for convenience's sake, for Miss Duryee is a disciplined lyricist and Miss Murray is a wild individualist. Yet both are gay and witty—each in her own way is a satirist, mocking the world as it is against a clear background of the world as we would like it to be.

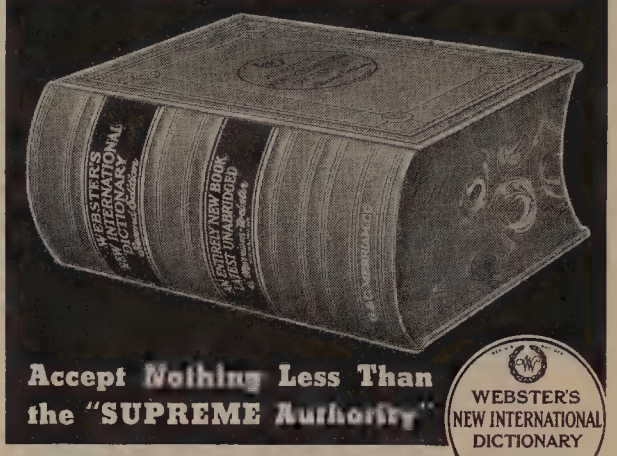
Anyone looking for fresh, chiming verse about nature will find it in ***This Is Our Own,*** by Marie De L. Welch. Hers is not a varied or a robust gift but it is a very genuine one, musical, forthright, and packed with imagery.

The Gap of Brightness, by F. R. Higgins, contains much verse that is strong, individually flavored, and instinct with a dry humor. But Mr. Higgins is so Irish—so steeped in Irish folklore and so much in love with the beauty of those Gaelic place-names Americans cannot pronounce—that his audience in this country will necessarily be limited.

For an analogous reason Wilbert Snow's ***Maine Tides,*** a collection of narrative poems and character sketches dealing with what is surely the most poeticized-over strip of land in North America, will probably fail to reach a wide audience. Mr. Snow writes solid verse—sound stuff woven of intelligence and love of place. Much of it is prosaic, which is all right for story-telling—occasionally it spreads wings for a short flight.

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Mr. Veteran on Parents



ACT V

Scene: The Swifts' dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Swift and Mr. Veteran are at dinner.

MR. VETERAN: What would you and Polly think of spending next weekend with me in the country?

MR. SWIFT: We'd think well of it — very well.

MRS. SWIFT: It's a lovely plan. You go, John, I may be away.

MR. SWIFT: Away? Where? You're not going up to see Jack again?

MRS. SWIFT: I thought I might. Susan Trent's driving up and asked me if I'd like to go with her.

MR. VETERAN: Do you go up to see him often?

MRS. SWIFT: Fairly often, but (*slightly defiant*) not as much as I'd like.

MR. VETERAN: You're not worrying about the boy, are you? I thought he seemed in fine shape when I saw him last month.

MRS. SWIFT: Oh no. Everything's fine. I like the school immensely — I like everything about it. That is, practically everything.

MR. SWIFT: Jack doesn't write often enough to please his mother.

MRS. SWIFT: He certainly doesn't. He used to write long letters all the time, nice, chatty letters, full of what he was doing. They were darling letters and made him seem so near. Now he hardly writes at all, a scrappy little note, perhaps once a week. How would you like that!

MR. VETERAN: I'd be delighted. In fact, I am delighted.

MRS. SWIFT: Delighted! And why?

MR. VETERAN: It's so much healthier. When a boy's homesick, he's likely to take it out in writing home frequently and copiously. When he gets into his stride, he's so interested in his new life, he hasn't time to write long letters to his parents. It's a very good sign that Jack is so busy with his own affairs that he hardly writes at all. Is that the reason you were going to see him?

MRS. SWIFT: One of the reasons . . . I want to be sure he's all right.

MR. VETERAN: My dear Polly, you may be perfectly sure that if he weren't all right you'd be told immediately.

MRS. SWIFT: I suppose so . . . the truth is . . .

MR. VETERAN: The truth is, you think that nobody in the world will watch over your child as you have. But isn't it about time that Jack learned something about taking care of himself?

MRS. SWIFT: But he doesn't learn. That's just it. Take the simplest thing like — well, like being decently dressed. If you could see the shoes he wears! They're revolting, simply revolting. Filthy white shoes, but dirty beyond belief. And he only laughed at me when I suggested very mildly that cleaning would improve them.

MR. VETERAN: I know. I've seen them. All the boys wear them. Jack's following a fashion that strikes you as silly. Perhaps it is, but have you never followed a silly fashion?

MR. SWIFT: He has you there, Polly. What about your hats last year?

MRS. SWIFT: You big bully!

MR. VETERAN: Polly, my dear, you're going to think me a very disagreeable old man when I suggest that you give up these frequent trips to Jack at school. Although they're too polite to say so, boarding schools do not welcome constant visits from parents. They interrupt the routine of the school, demoralize digestions, and have a generally unsettling effect. I'm not suggesting that you do all of these things, but, seriously, I'm afraid that you're not yet reconciled to "giving Jack up" as you term it. Intellectually, you know that boarding school is the best place for him, but emotionally, you cannot bear to give the final snip to the apron string.

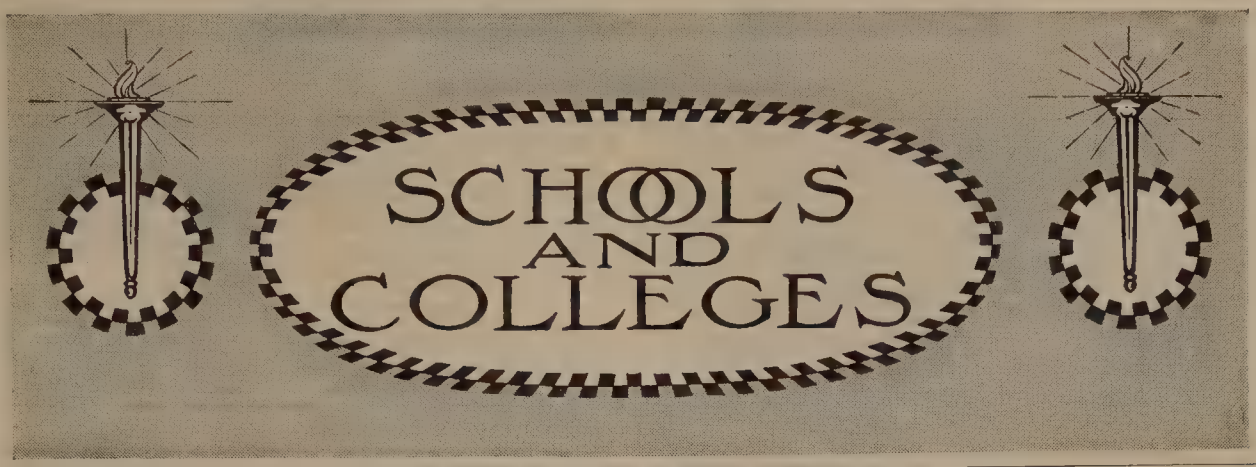
MRS. SWIFT: Mr. Veteran, why do I like you so much when you're always right! The minute you put it in those terms I can see the error of my ways.

MR. VETERAN: Bless you, Polly, I never thought you'd turn into a problem parent. There are some, you know, who cause the schools more trouble than the most difficult children — they're equipped to handle them. I mean the parents who think that no one will understand their lambs as they do, who won't let the school alone, who believe that the rules do not apply to their children and let their sons go back late to school after vacation because it's more convenient, who demand special privileges, special food, special treatment —

MRS. SWIFT: Don't say another word. I can't bear it. We'd *love* to spend next weekend with you!

A. R. A.

Act VI will appear in the next issue



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VOLUME 181

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Harpers Magazine

THE FAILURE OF FRANCE

BY ROBERT DE SAINT JEAN

THE defeat of France which for many years to come will be a theme of discussion, is a unique happening in history for a very precise reason: up to the present the world has never seen like military events entail like political consequences involving so many nations *and in so brief a time.*

How many days actually did it take for the "Blitzkrieg" to succeed? On June 20th Marshal Pétain declared over the radio: "From June 13th the request for an armistice was inevitable." As the operations did not begin in earnest prior to the day of the invasion of Holland and Belgium, the decisive phase of the war might be said to have lasted only from May 10th to June 13th—thirty-four days. But one may conclude that the game was played in a still shorter span of time: the Corap army was broken through and our main forces completely dislocated by May 17th; evidence subsequently available has indicated clearly enough that all was lost for France on that disastrous Thursday. Consequently, despite the valor of our soldiers and the quantity of our matériel, we were beaten in seven days.

It is natural that the contrast between the magnitude of the catastrophe and the brevity of the struggle should have given rise to all sorts of fantastic rumors. How simple it would be to imagine that it was treason which caused the loss of France; and how one could make the reader's heart palpitate by asserting, for instance, that during a secret interview in Switzerland last winter a former French premier sold his country to Hitler for several bags of gold. . . . The truth is less picturesque and has to do more with political than with military considerations, as we shall see.

The immediate military causes of the collapse have already been enumerated: Inferiority of aviation for several years (many of those French pilots who are rated among the world's best were *waiting* for airplanes last spring), tragic insufficiency in number of tanks (during the whole winter season the industrial effort was concentrated less on tanks than on heavy artillery which, in view of

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the way the campaign developed, was of practically no use), unpardonable delays of the anti-aircraft defense, deficiencies in the intelligence service or, more serious still, obstinacy in sticking to old plans and in not giving consideration to information that invalidated them. It is inexact to state that only the war of 1914 was prepared for; but it is an incontestable fact that it was much better prepared for than the war of 1939. Old commanders, that is to say those who remembered and limited their vision to memories of the other war, prevailed over the younger ones who devised new tactics. Memory spoke louder than the imagination. The Maginot Line, that enormous projection of the 1914 trench system, rose as a sort of protest of the old war against the new and would, it was fondly believed, annihilate not only the invader but all the new revolutionary military theories.

Now, all that—or nearly all—was foreseen by the chief of the government who directed France's destiny until the defeat. For long years M. Paul Reynaud boldly denounced the evils that were to cause his country's doom—which earned him Cassandra's unpopularity; yet his ministry was incapable of doing anything to prevent the final catastrophe. Heroic in his opposition, this statesman was incapable of acting when he was given the power. Here is a phenomenon it is most important to elucidate in order to get a general understanding of the French drama, and it has to do with a very different matter than just the fate of a prime minister.

II

The day on which we lost the war, May 17th, the morale of the average Frenchman was still good, and the smallest success would have considerably strengthened it. The Reynaud government in all its public manifestations held to the slogan which had marked its birth: "Carry on the war with increasing energy." Nevertheless, on May 17th M. Daladier was still Minister of War in a ministry whose head was anything but his friend, while General Gamelin continued to be generalissimo, well knowing that the President of the Council lacked confidence in him. The conduct of the war, with or without "increasing energy," rested therefore to an enormous degree on a minister and a military leader whom the Premier desired to discard. Although M. Paul Reynaud had assumed the power in the name of ideas diametrically opposed to those which had reigned up to that time, the old faction still controlled the levers of command. In brief, and the facts are there to prove it, during the eighty-seven days that he was in power *M. Paul Reynaud retained in their places for more than half the time his short and tragic ministry lasted the very men of whose defects and errors he was fully aware.*

Was it because M. Paul Reynaud lacked ideas of his own that he allowed others to continue expressing their ideas on the conduct of operations? Not at all. The President of the Council had long ago formed nonconformist views on the great French problems, and well prior to his elevation to the premiership he had even established a sort of little "brain trust." Yet in the ministry which he brought together the mediocrity of the men and the ideas they represented were evident.

On the evening of March 21st, the day his cabinet was formed, the Prime Minister said to one of his closest collaborators: "I have come too soon." An utterance that has a strange ring to-day when everything proves that, even if he had come much sooner, M. Paul Reynaud would still have arrived too late. The remark of the President of the Council had, nevertheless, a very precise parliamentary meaning. "I have come too soon" signified that the deputies who abstained from voting at the end of the session of the secret committee on March 20th wished to "scold" M. Daladier, like a schoolboy caught in a fault, but they did not wish to get rid of him. M. Reynaud had thought that another min-

istry—one of those transition ministries which have done so much harm to the French Republic—would take the power, and that only subsequently he, Reynaud, would become head of the government. M. Daladier had weakened much faster than anyone anticipated, obtaining only 239 votes against 300 abstentions, after which he decided to resign, his authority being so greatly diminished because of this disastrous reckoning. And that afternoon the President of the Republic summoned M. Paul Reynaud.

Hearing the news, M. Paul Reynaud's friends were overjoyed, but they were not the only ones to share this sentiment. That night another group were equally happy—M. Paul Reynaud's enemies. Indeed, among the entourage of M. Daladier it was thought that the new President of the Council would last only a few days, and that the former chief would return to the head of affairs. Many deputies who the day before had not voted for M. Daladier came to beg his pardon. So that at the very moment when M. Paul Reynaud was listing the ministers that were to form his cabinet (a very difficult one to compose) M. Daladier's political stock was already rising again. Informed of this, M. Reynaud modified his plans. He could not do without Daladier however much he wished. Daladier, head of the Radical Party, was, in short, the representative of the "average Frenchman." His provincial aspect, his southern accent, his facile eloquence so easy to understand, moved soldiers, townsmen, and countrymen alike.

Reynaud, on the contrary, intimidated the voter by his appearance of a moneyed bourgeois, his rigid bearing of a man of short stature, his nasal voice and the whip-lash style of his addresses. The former Premier had paid visits to the defenders of the Maginot Line wearing an old soft hat and a big leather cape fastened carelessly; his successor visited them impeccably clad in a pelisse and derby hat. Daladier had repeatedly won popularity, Reynaud never.

Therefore, on the 21st of March, M. Paul Reynaud was forced to include his adversary among the members of his ministerial family and, to his great regret, hand over to him the war ministry: the stiff derby could not manage without the co-operation of the soft hat.

The new President of the Council, who headed no party, was unable to secure a majority, admittedly very difficult, while lacking the support of M. Daladier, chief of the Radical Socialist Party, without which or against which no ministry could govern. In short, the parliamentary mechanism was thrown out of gear to such a degree that one saw a parliament overthrow a prime minister, welcome a successor supposedly chosen to put into action a different policy, and immediately thereafter compel the latter to retain the men and ideas of the former set. By these absurd contradictions the principles of true democracy were nullified.

M. Paul Reynaud "resigned himself" to taking over only the portfolio of Foreign Affairs when he would have wished, by taking over the War Department, to apply in wartime and in critical circumstances the military theories he had championed in peace times. In that case, M. Paul Reynaud would immediately have appointed a successor to General Gamelin, superseded most of the old-school generals, and advanced enterprising commanders like General Giraud, for instance, who, unfortunately, later was taken prisoner by the Germans. It was, indeed, against his own wishes that the Prime Minister gave up the idea of entering the War Office in the Rue Saint-Dominique (which was to remain as before, the fief of M. Daladier and General Gamelin) and installed himself at the Quai d'Orsay to direct the foreign policy of France.

Public opinion, which at that time was unaware of the forces behind events, took no heed of them, but was profoundly disappointed by the names of the twenty-two ministers and thirteen undersecretaries of state, colorless, weak men,

picked by a prime minister who had announced that he would make over the government. But the new engineer presented nothing better than the old creaking machine of dubious efficiency; nor did the creation of a war committee within the Cabinet serve to dissipate this bad first impression. Parliament sulked. The Right declared that the whole combination had been secretly arranged between M. Blum and M. Reynaud and refused to make friends with the Left in the Ministry. Hence no sacred union to bind the parties. And even in the heart of the Radical Party itself there was no sense of unity. Several important members of the party tried to upset the Ministry before it had taken its first steps, so that M. Daladier, for form's sake, had to moderate the ardor of the conspirators. All these little plots, all these Byzantine struggles between rival clans were common enough during the war of 1914 to 1918, but they had been less violent; for one of the ills which was to destroy French democracy—the exasperated individualism of the parliamentarian—was then far from being as dangerous as it subsequently became, whereas the fact that the enemy was occupying thirteen French departments served to attenuate disputes.

In March of 1940, on the contrary, intrigues were developing as freely in the lobbies of the Chamber as if Hitler had never existed. Furthermore, in general—and this was a major misfortune—the French were attempting to preserve as much as possible of their peace-time habits in wartime in the face of an enemy who had been subjected since 1933 to the ideology and privations of wartime.

After having read a ministerial declaration lasting only four minutes (which was unseemly and contrary to French traditions) and having replied to interpellators without his habitual persuasive force (for he was worn out by fatigue and stunned by the cold reception he had received), the Prime Minister saw 268 deputies vote favorably, with 156 against him and 111 abstaining from voting. The number of his opponents plus the abstentionists amounted to 267 votes, which gave the Ministry a majority of only one vote. After this result had been ascertained M. Paul Reynaud was on the point of resigning that evening, but he decided to remain at his post and let the Chamber depart on a ten-day vacation.

Ten days—the President of the Council had ten days in which to perform the important act which would affirm his authority over the Chamber and the nation. But what act? Whichever way he might go the head of the government found himself in a blind alley.

A "tour of the horizon" made on Saturday, March 23rd, during a meeting of the heads of the National Defense seemed to have left M. Paul Reynaud undecided. Many other meetings followed, either at the Quai d'Orsay or at the Place du Palais-Bourbon in the modest "bachelor flat" occupied by the President of the Council. All the members of his Cabinet did not participate in the latter secret meetings, but it was there that a feminine friend, who spontaneously took on the role of a political councillor, was heard to express her opinions on the gravest problems.

III

From the military point of view the plan for actions of broad scope remained hazy. The official doctrine was summarized in a remark made one day by General Gamelin that had wide currency: "With their Maginot and Siegfried Lines France and Germany have invulnerable armored coverings: the first of the two countries that emerges from its shell will be done for." On the other hand the uneasiness that had reigned since the project of intervention in Finland had come to an end, and that had caused the fall of M. Daladier, had not been dissipated. Widely different councils clashed over this matter during the winter, and partisans of the expedition

were counted as well among the Right as among the Left. The fate of the indomitable little Nordic nation had stirred a great wave of emotion in France and caused very lively polemics. Some positive and unpleasant conclusions emerged:

(a) Once more the initiative had been taken by the adversary.

(b) The moment a response became necessary two opposing camps had openly formed, which gave the German propaganda splendid opportunities.

(c) France had not only to choose her line of conduct but to discuss it with England; hence a further loss of time.

(d) Every energetic project of common action presupposed a decision to force the consent of the Scandinavian countries that opposed the passage of foreign troops. Thus they would be forced to offend the rights of the small powers—which was one of the principles for which the war was being waged.

Caught between diverse opinions, M. Daladier, as was his habit, had finally resorted to a compromise. But public opinion was not satisfied and had shown its impatience: this was fateful.

In former wars also the masses always ended, at one time or another, by putting pressure on the government to orient military operations in one or another direction. During the war of 1914 to 1918, for instance, public opinion demanded the replacement of Joffre by Nivelle, which very nearly brought on irreparable catastrophe. Your Frenchman who detests war, once it is imposed on him wants to wage it completely and he does not at all relish the feeling that he has been mobilized needlessly. In the spring of 1940 the state of morale that existed at the beginning of September, 1939 ("We'll have to fight it out") recovered much of its old strength after long months of inaction, and energetic initiatives were expected of the new Prime Minister.

Though pushed by a current of opinion which was, after all, directed much less at his person than at a principle, M. Paul Reynaud found himself blocked. He presided over the "war cabinet" that he had himself invented, and which was added to the "War Committee" created by the law of July 11, 1938; but how lonely and defenseless he was! Opposing him War Minister Daladier and the commanders of the forces of the land, the sea, and the air formed a compact block. At the end of March General Weygand arrived in Paris and the rumor ran that the President of the Council was going to ask him to become again Commander in Chief. The report was not confirmed, and for this reason: to dismiss General Gamelin would have provoked automatically the resignation of M. Daladier and, in consequence, the fall of the Ministry.

The President of the Council consequently saw the 2nd of April approaching, the fateful day of the return of the Chambers, without having been able to make any wide-reaching decisions concerning the conduct of the war and the choice of commanders.

There remained the diplomatic terrain where, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Paul Reynaud found the way clear before him. On the Right there was a very strong current against Russia and against the Secretary General of Foreign Affairs, M. Alexis Léger, who, it was said, played the Russian cards. The Russian Alliance, which for many years had been one of the bases of our foreign policy, retained some partisans, notably on the General Staff, and for obvious reasons: Bolshevist Russia was "loved" as against Nazi Germany. The head of the government, who before the war was violently reproached for his pro-Russian stand, had taken care since assuming power to come out publicly against "the treason of the Soviets," thinking that his protestations against the Russo-German accord of August, 1939, would be received favorably by the Right members of the Chamber. To sacrifice M. Léger would have been to render a still more positive favor to the conservative opposition, but the Presi-

dent of the Council did not immediately decide to take such action. Meanwhile he limited himself to a "symbolic gesture" against the Soviets: a compromising telegram addressed to Moscow by the Soviet Envoy in France was published, and the diplomat had to leave Paris.

This episode, as well as new measures against Communist propaganda and the announcement of a more energetic policy with regard to the neutrals, still failed to give the Prime Minister the prestige indispensable to the taming of Parliament. When for the first time he spoke over the radio on March 26th the President of the Council had nothing astonishing to tell Frenchmen. If he could not make those sensational decisions which the gravity of the situation demanded, at least he spoke courageously and, braving unpopularity, continued to demand sacrifices of his fellow-citizens. This was the same theme he had developed all through the period when he was Minister of Finance: the masses scarcely enjoyed this refrain and had no better liking for the sententious tones in which the schoolmaster read his lesson to his tax-paying pupils. What an astounding discovery! As head of a war government Paul Reynaud now realized that in the eyes of the average Frenchman he either "didn't even exist" or that he appeared to turn positively antipathetic. Consequently, it was impossible for this Premier to accomplish what several of his predecessors had succeeded in doing: overawe Parliament by demonstrating that public opinion was on the side of the Executive.

Not being able to achieve any of the bold exploits he dreamed of, M. Paul Reynaud had to make the same gestures as his predecessors; so on the 27th of March he made the classic voyage of every French Prime Minister—the voyage to London. Pleading the state of his health, M. Daladier did not accompany his President of the Council: as the ministerial days of Paul Reynaud seemed numbered, the journey seemed to him profitless. It was during this London trip that the head of the French government pledged himself not to make a separate peace: it would have greatly astonished him had he been told that exactly eighty days later he would be asked to forswear his signature.

When he returned to Paris M. Paul Reynaud had just time enough to announce the tightening of the blockade before the Parliamentarians returned to the capital. To tell the truth, the news of the strengthening of the blockade hardly made any impression and did not even convince its author. During the winter, while he was still Minister of Finance, M. Paul Reynaud, finding himself one day between the Minister of Blockade and the Minister of Armament, said laughingly that he counted less on his first neighbor than on the second to hasten the victorious end of hostilities. No, well informed people in France did not believe much in the importance of the blockade, and the deputies realized it in the course of the sojourn they had just made in their constituencies where they heard far from favorable echoes of the government's announcement. Accordingly, a delegation was sent to M. Daladier to ask him: "When do you wish to execute Paul Reynaud? The sooner the better." But M. Daladier, certain of the imminent fall of the President of the Council, did not himself wish to give him the final push. In short, the farce of parliamentary play continued at its merriest.

It was in the Senate, it seemed, that the Ministry would first engage in battle, and the amateurs of great parliamentary meetings had engaged their places for April 8th; for it was known that the spectacle would be worth seeing. It was, indeed, a rare thing to see the Senate overturn a government of the Third Republic. Some days before the combat M. Paul Reynaud confided to his followers that if there were no more than sixty abstentions he would count himself lucky. At the same time the head of the Socialist Party, M. Léon Blum, sent

out word that, contrary to certain rumors started by adversaries of the government, "Paul Reynaud was not the advocate of a great offensive." But it came from other sources that the President of the Council had discovered in consultations with the military commanders that for the moment there was no project of this sort, and that they were leaving to Time the task of choosing the tactics to win a victory. During the first months of the war there was a widespread notion that a "long war" would bring Germany to her knees, and this notion was also very popular in London. Had not Mr. Hore-Belisha declared: "We shall win this war comfortably"?

M. Daladier, who knew the gaps in our defense and was not unaware that many of the figures communicated to certain commissions of the Chamber were wrong, had known, from September to March, moments of profound pessimism; but he had nevertheless allowed France to believe "we'll beat them without too much trouble," and this implicit promise had added to his popularity. So that, when M. Daladier resigned, a certain obscure deputy became alarmed and, candidly voicing the electorate's unexpressed feelings, cried out that the war under M. Paul Reynaud might possibly be conducted no longer "as democratically." This was equivalent to saying: "Take care! Perhaps now they'll carry on the war energetically." Because, alas, for certain persons "democratically" and "energetically" were two adverbs of contrary meaning.

Lacking power to form any more ambitious project, it was therefore necessary to return to tightening the blockade, and that was what was undertaken on April 7th by placing the mine fields along the Norwegian coast to disrupt the traffic of iron ore. We know what the German answer was: on the 9th Germany invaded Denmark and Norway. It was now no longer a question of overturning the Ministry: the German initiative saved the life of the Cabinet. *But the period of waiting, during which the Command and the French government might perhaps have been able to devise some plan—some move which would have prevented or delayed the disaster—was forever ended.*

IV

Whatever the government might do would be only a more or less tardy response, and one more or less abortive, to an adversary with the initiative. After the council held on April 9th at 7 A.M. at the Office of Foreign Affairs, there was a presentiment of this. When two days later Weygand left to return to Syria, a very warm bon voyage telegram was sent him by the President of the Council who bestowed flowers on the commander he had not been able to choose for the supreme position. The invasion of Norway changed nothing: the Daladier-Gamelin combination remained untouchable.

Certain Frenchmen have held that if the French government had not, as it were, picked a quarrel with the Germans in Norway they would not have begun the series of aggressions which ended with our defeat. But the argument doesn't hold for a very simple reason: in twenty-four hours one cannot organize an army as perfectly organized and trained as was the German army which captured Copenhagen, Oslo, and Bergen; the aggression against Norway would have happened in any case.

After April 9th events precipitated themselves. The fate of France no longer depended on its political chiefs, nor on its military commanders: mistakes committed over months or, rather, over the preceding years, will roll up, and in a single blow the weight of all their consequences will crush the entire country. The unfortunate head of the government talked of applying "revolutionary measures," he threatened to change "men and methods," meaning to replace the Generalissimo and Minister of War; but these decisions taken *in extremis* (Weygand was named on May 19th when the war was virtually lost) had no more value

than the gesture of an Alpine climber who tries to stop an avalanche with extended hand.

A French historian, or rather, a prophet, Jacques Bainville, soon after the end of the last war had foretold the calamity to incredulous readers, and here it was. A great fury seemed to burst over France as each disaster seemed like the punishment for a particular mistake. The defeat of Corap's army? It was a heavy price to pay for the negligence which had led commanders to put their trust in wrong information and not to expect the enemy where he appeared; the Battle of the Meuse—that was the punishment for a command which hadn't believed in tanks; the Belgian capitulation—the result of the slow decline of France's diplomatic prestige; the bombardment of cities—the punishment deserved by an insufficient anti-aircraft-defense; the Battle of France—the most cruel awakening inflicted on the blind who had trusted only in fortifications and a defensive war.

By a cruel irony of fate, at the last moment the General in Chief and the Minister of War who had been responsible for the Army for more than four years disappeared from the scene; and the Prime Minister, who had been in office only a few weeks, was charged not only with his own sins but those of his predecessors.

In the hurried events of the last fortnight, which surpassed imagination, M. Paul Reynaud, for motives which are not yet entirely clear, seemed several times overcome by stupor and incapable of making any decision, notably one having to do with the fate of the Fleet. Perhaps his mind, which is purely critical, was incapable of adapting itself to the terrible rhythm of events. His reflex action was not, as that of Napoleon or Clémenceau, to go and see with his own eyes what was happening; far from following the instinct of the man of action in critical circumstances, the Prime Minister yielded to his natural intellectual bent and shut himself up at the Place du Palais-Bourbon, to compose speeches, often most impressive, which were to be read over the radio. Fate willed it that he should speak over the microphone only to announce disasters, and Frenchmen, beginning to believe that their Prime Minister was unlucky, feared to hear, after some repeated chords of the refrain of the "Marseillaise," the voice announcing bad tidings. In short, the indecision of a lawyer who is swayed from one point of view to its contrary was too clearly manifest in the President of the Council; this explains, at least to some extent, the simultaneous nominations to important posts of two men as different as General de Gaulle and M. Paul Baudoin.

V

The French law was explicit: the general conduct of the war was the government's affair, and commanders were responsible only for the execution of operations. So in peace times the Army had to receive general directions from the civil authorities and might not define over their heads France's military policy. Democracy, in laying down this principle at the start, was simply following the example set by the great kings and by Napoleon. However, the relations of the Army and the government began to change little by little, and the crisis of authority of the state was here manifested in a particularly dangerous manner. For a government which gives the High Command carte blanche—or nearly that—and believes that in so doing it is strengthening the security of the country deceives itself gravely and fails in its mission.

The relations between the Army and the politicians during the Third Republic were often difficult and, before 1914, anti-militarism counted numerous and noisy partisans in the Chamber. Military commanders were targets for frequent attacks or investigations, and they had to be continually on the alert. One advantage of that deplorable state of affairs however was that it stimulated

the vigilance and ardor of those responsible.

After the war of 1914 those who had led us to victory naturally enjoyed great prestige, and the doctrine of the infallibility of G.H.Q. was propagated in the most diverse quarters. The military, who for long had distrusted the civilian, could now defend his domain with much greater authority than before, and became almost absolute master in his own sphere. Favored by the respect and admiration which naturally go to the victors, the strictest conformity developed rapidly. The "oldsters" continued to hold their commands much longer than they should have and barred the way to the "youngsters," to the "dreamers" who talked of new arms and new tactics. They smiled when a major or colonel talked of the future role of tanks, as if he were reading aloud a novel of Jules Verne or H. G. Wells.

They forgot that there is no absolute in military affairs. They forgot also that the commanders who from 1914 to 1918 had revealed the most outstanding capacities had up to then shown an independence of spirit which bordered on heresy. Thus a certain obscure colonel, who before 1914 had continually repeated that one could no longer wage war without considerable matériel and that the heroism of a bayonet attack could not avail against "killing fire-power," had been regarded with bad grace by his superiors: the forerunner of that epoch was to become Marshal Pétain. In those days a representative of the General Staff (this was in 1909) declared: "You talk to us, gentlemen, of heavy artillery. Thank God, we haven't any." The director of infantry affirmed in 1910 that the employment of machine-guns would not make the slightest change in the art of war, and the Commandant of l'École Supérieure de Guerre, after attending an aviation meeting, concluded that "this was sport and, for the Army, of zero importance." Result: in 1914 there were three hundred heavy French cannon against eleven hundred German cannon, two thousand machine-guns against five thousand, and one hundred and sixty planes against two hundred and thirty. Conformity to tradition was already making its ravages before 1914 and it made many greater ones after 1918.

The first error was the failure to attach enough importance to the notion of "territorial seizure," and not to attempt, at any price, like Napoleon, to carry the war to the enemy instead of suffering it at home. At the same time only a purely defensive war was envisaged and little by little there grew up the "mysticism of the Maginot Line," which had a soporific effect on so many energies and so reduced the spirit of initiative.

Indeed, it is not possible under all circumstances to hold to the principle of the offensive, and every hidebound system is bad in one sense or another. In the military domain one should follow only the policy one is able to implement. For instance, in 1914 and 1915 it was a tragic error to make costly attacks when there was not sufficient heavy artillery to support them. The excuse of the theorists of the defensive war in these latter years was earnest: France had not enough man-power, they said, to permit offensive operations of wide scope.

But was this argument decisive in an epoch when war was no longer a question of men but of matériel? Who can believe that with ten or fifteen motorized supplementary divisions France could not have barred the road to the invader, though Germany had twice as many inhabitants?

Tanks and airplanes produced in great quantity could have made up the deficiency of man-power, and it would have been sufficient to constitute a very large corps of technicians, a veritable professional army. This was opposed because the importance attributed to tanks was thought exaggerated, and because the creation of a specialized force in the heart of the Army was something

new and alarming. They wanted to stick to things already known; the supreme law of commanders who decreed the military doctrine of France was the "law of the least imagination."

With political men it was the law of least effort that inspired decisions, and the two tendencies were in accord. The Cabinet Minister soothed the voter with the soft music that he always prefers to martial hymns, and calmed his conscience by saying to himself that everything was for the best since he had the approbation of the military men. A politician who simply did what the generals told him to do was called a "good Minister of War." The roles had ended by being reversed.

All this might have had a certain coherence if France had not on the other hand followed on paper a foreign policy which charged her with responsibilities and made her implicitly the Number One policeman of the League of Nations. At the first crime committed in any part of Europe was the policeman to go and establish order, or was he to see that he was not prepared for punitive expeditions and would have to resign himself to staying in the armored sentry-box in front of his house? In 1935 France had for Minister of War a soldier, General Maurin, and the official doctrine was expressed then without any of those oratorical precautions and contradictory developments in which political men excel. The General did not hesitate to affirm to the Chamber on June 3rd: "How can anyone believe that we are still thinking of the offensive when we have spent billions to establish a fortified barrier? Would we be mad enough to go beyond this barrier to engage in I don't know what adventure?" The following year in March Germany was reoccupying the Rhineland, and the King of the Belgians, freeing himself from his obligations, in October invoked the isolation to which his country would be exposed after the unexpected attack of the invader.

After the reoccupation of the Rhineland, the Army had been consulted and had replied that nothing could be done without undertaking a large mobilization. As this was within six weeks of the elections, the government did nothing and limited itself to verbal replies. This mobilization might have been avoided if they had built up the professional army which had been clamored for unsuccessfully.

In 1934 there had appeared in France a little book entitled *Vers l'armée de métier*, which did not receive any public attention. It contained statements of this sort: "Determined to strike us to the heart by the shortest and easiest way, will not the Germans take as their principal direction the sources of the Oise, our weakest point? . . . This means that France's protection on the most dangerous route depends on Belgium. . . . But this country of Belgium. . . how many reasons there are which some day may cause her to swerve from engaging in full force, and alone, as our advance guard?" The author prejudged the value of the Maginot Line in its day of trial: "One cannot estimate too highly the advantage that permanent works may furnish to resistance. But these organizations have only a limited depth. *Moreover, they leave the entire northern regions exposed.* And how can one foresee the effects that modern engines of attack, planes, very heavy tanks, etc. might have on the defense?" On another page minutely the author described, six years in advance, the war of 1940: "Two thousand tanks, on a ten-league front, prepare to surge forward synchronously. . . . There will be no more continuity of fronts, the delays required for preparations, the impossibility of developing local successes." The author also foresaw aerial squadrons "endowed with lightning speed . . . striking vertical blows." Incidentally he advocated "the initiative, the only fecund attitude toward Germany which, unrivaled in accomplishing a prepared plan, loses her ability if only she is fought in an unexpected manner, when

she shows that clumsiness in adapting herself to the unexpected that explains Valmy, Iéna, and the Marne." This little book, signed by an obscure name, Charles de Gaulle, developed as never before the bold theories of the young school, the very ones that an officer of Marshal Pétain's staff had sketched since 1920. The work was read with interest by M. Paul Reynaud and by the German High Command.

The project which would have authorized numerous motorized divisions went before the Chamber in 1935 where it was very ably defended by M. Paul Reynaud, but it was voted down. Opponents invoked difficulties of execution or even reasons of economy. The real objection to the plan was that they preferred the mass army because it was the old formula, and it was whispered that a professional army was politically dangerous and risked being transformed into a Praetorian guard. The following year a general wrote that "pacific and defensive France could not but be opposed to motorization."

In 1936 M. Paul Reynaud addressed himself to this opinion: "Our defenses of the northeast are very strong, but it would be a mistake to regard them as absolutely impregnable." He added: "It seems probable that the German army, preceded by powerful tanks, will break through Holland over Belgium, where it is to be hoped that the Albert Canal will be sufficiently powerfully fortified. . . . Failing that, it would aim for our 350-kilometer north frontier." Public opinion paid no attention to the warning.

Meanwhile they were organizing armored divisions, but tardily and in insufficient numbers: in other words, wastefully; for, as M. Reynaud said one day in Parliament, "One must approach the military problem with greatness of spirit; in war it is only the colossal that pays."

Although it had not been decided to build up sufficient resources to intervene in Europe if that became necessary, they continued to insist that they were not in any way renouncing the policy of mutual assistance. Early in 1937 M. Léon Blum, President of the Council, repudiated the theory of the perpetual defensive and gave assurance that France would not remain an indifferent spectator. M. Daladier, Minister of War, roused unanimous applause when he swore that "France would not stand motionless on her ramparts while the conflagration raged in Europe."

The same year a debate began on the northern fortifications which has a poignant retrospective interest: "Were they finished? Were they as perfected as the Maginot Line proper?" In February M. Daladier declared that he was prolonging the fortified system to Dunkerque, *despite diverse opposition.* In December he was more specific regarding the "opposition" and observed that high military authorities had refused "for years and years" to fortify the north frontier, saying that such fortifications were unrealizable. They could not have made much progress since the President of the Council announced that work was being done and would be continued. Ditches were dug that "no modern engine could ever cross."

There was no lack of prophets in 1937, and several deputies, seized by a strange presentiment, described exactly what was later to happen. A certain M. Parmentier observed that Belgium in her north and west regions, with the exception of the Ardennes, offers no difficulties of passage, and that is just where the invader will pass. . . . Yet it was in vain that civilians or military foretold the catastrophe: the average Frenchman did not believe in catastrophe.

VI

If behind each military error we find a political error, it should not be concluded that all France's misfortunes are attributable to this one or that one of her ministers. For back of the political errors may be discerned a moral error,

and behind all the culprits stands the average Frenchman. M. Daladier, whose honesty no one has ever doubted, showed a lack of farsightedness and courage: he would have done his country a service had he been relegated to a more modest position. As for M. Paul Reynaud, his mistakes cannot obliterate the memory that before the war he did more than anyone to awaken a somnolent public opinion. The masses, in fact, turned away from those who demanded exceptional sacrifices to parry an exceptional external danger; they refused to give again to a sick democracy the energy it needed. Indeed, there is no living Frenchman who should not to-day declare his *mea culpa*.

The average Frenchman, if put on trial, would say that he did not give sufficient thought to the coming war because he detested militarism. His ideal was not to march by fours, steal other men's possessions and kill his neighbor, work twelve hours a day making munitions, etc. It is much pleasanter to go canoeing on the Marne, to eat white bread and butter than to go target shooting. But if the gentleman who lives in the next house is a gunman, what must you do? Buy a revolver immediately, surely, and, whatever the cost, arm yourself morally as well, pay no attention to the counsels of friends of the gunman in disguise who tell you that, after all, one can get along with him. From the moment the Nazis took power and proved they were accumulating the means necessary to revise the map of the world—an objective they clamorously announced—the ideal of the exclusive pursuit of happiness became no longer possible; the butter age had passed and that of the cannon begun.

"There is plenty of time," and "Everything will turn out all right" were two formulas fatal to the French. "How politically light-minded we are!" M. Paul Reynaud used to say to those to whom he privately revealed his deep anxiety before the war. A pretended "sang-froid" and a mistaken "common sense" prevented Parisians and provincials alike from taking Hitler too seriously. Therefore it was useless to be in too great a hurry: even during the war they acted (notably in the purchasing policy in the United States) as if they had years ahead of them. Were not the machine-tools ordered intended to be used in factories often still unbuilt where planes were to be manufactured and completed in 1942? A curious phenomenon—the Army which several times had ordered prudence, at the supreme moment, September 1, 1939, manifested a confidence in our chances of success which astonished not only M. Georges Bonnet, Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time, but also M. Daladier, then President of the Council. Optimism increased with the danger. Nevertheless, from the moment of mobilization the laziness and heedlessness of the civilians gave place to the traditional virtues of the race: Mr. Bullitt was right in pointing out that the French soldier of 1940 gave all without counting the cost, as in 1914. When troops became disorganized it was because they were surprised by new tactics which they had not been taught to practice themselves or learned how to combat. The combatants' stupor and anger were those of the gentleman who plays at checkers and discovers that the fellow seated opposite him is playing chess.

In the Army and Parliament intelligent men, such as one always finds in France, proclaimed the evil with perfect clarity and cried to the régime: "Reform or die!" For years they had pointed out the danger of a low birth rate, the crisis of authority, the fear of large-scale undertakings, individualism too often misconceived, and certain other evils that gnawed at a democracy which was no longer what it had been. It was the Event which finally taught the lesson, and what a lesson! It can profit the nations that yet remain free in the world to-day, and the new France of to-morrow.



WHY HITLER WINS

A LESSON IN TECHNOLOGICAL POLITICS FOR AMERICANS

BY CARL DREHER

In a moment of patriotic breast-beating following the fall of Paris Miss Dorothy Thompson syndicated four "simple, realistic reasons why Hitler has so far won this war." The second she italicized: *Hitler is winning the war because he has been fighting it with an industrial and engineering economy, while the democracies have been fighting it with a money, or financial, economy.* . . . This industrial and engineering economy, Miss Thompson rightly observed, is no creation of Hitler's. Thorstein Veblen, she said, knew all about it, and in Germany Walter Rathenau tried to put it into practice and was murdered by the aboriginal Nazis for his pains.

Having thus ably diagnosed the case, Miss Thompson proposed by way of remedy that the manufacture of airplanes be turned over to Mr. Henry Ford, who should be allowed to function "without interference from bureaucrats or politicians." Or labor leaders, presumably, since Mr. Ford's love for unions scarcely exceeds Mr. Hitler's. Left to his own devices, Mr. Ford might indeed give us an engineering economy, but by the time he got through it would scarcely be worth while to pit the Ford air fleet against the Goering air fleet in defense of a democracy which no longer existed.

Nevertheless, Miss Thompson's evocation of Veblen is appropriate in the present situation. What Veblen taught was the fundamental conflict between business and industry, between corporate finance and machine technology, between private ownership and the requirements of the community. He suggested that the "guild of engineers," supported by the "massed and rough-handed legions of the industrial rank and file," should "disallow" private ownership of the machinery of production and operate it at maximum capacity, putting an end to "businesslike sabotage" once and for all. He knew that the guild of engineers was not going to do anything of the kind, "just yet"; but in case they were ever of a mind to try it he gave them very specific directions.

The notion of taking the heavy financial boot off the brakes and letting the productive machinery run freely is of course fantastic, if not fifth-columnistic. The proposal has an air of unreality about it, like heavier-than-air flying before the airplane was invented—worse, because this involves not merely a mechanical innovation, but a change in our ideas. Nevertheless, fantastic as it is, it may have to be done, right here, in one of two ways. For—and this is equally fantastic—Hitler has done it, or at least made a fair beginning, and that is one of the chief reasons why he is winning the war.

Hitler has, in his way, freed the technicians. Of course the German technicians have not been freed in the sense that they can now do what they please. They have merely made a change of masters, and the new masters are more

exacting than the old. But these new bosses also understand technics better, and as long as the servants turn out the stuff that the bosses want they will be given every facility to turn out all they can, to function as freely and fully as the available resources will permit, and they will never be instructed to stop producing because the market can no longer absorb the product. In principle any other fascism, or communism, gives its technicians that freedom, but Germany has the lead because it alone possesses a first-rate industrial plant and up-to-the-minute technic.

Thus Hitler has accomplished for his own ends what Veblen only wrote about and Rathenau abortively attempted. These two wanted to release technics for the benefit of the underlying population —that is why one had to be ostracized and the other murdered. Hitler, on the contrary, is a success. Call it the revolution of nihilism or what you will: the fact remains. He has got hold of something which works. He did what we were afraid to do.

That is why we are afraid of him now. We see an evil spirit federating Western Europe under bloodshed and slavery because the men of good will could not federate it under peace and freedom. We sense that in the United States, as in Germany, a mature technology will be harnessed for inhuman ends to the extent that it is not used for the benefit of humanity.

There is nothing predestined about this. If we don't like the fascist exploitation of technics the thing to do is to see how it was accomplished abroad, what disintegrative forces encouraged it, what the same forces amount to in our own economy, and how we can counteract them. Hitler makes sense; he is part of a process. He did not do it all by himself, nor did Goering's sodality of economic colonels and generals do it, nor the whole Nazi party. The process has a history, and the technological and economic phases of that history concern us first of all.

II

In the second quarter of the nineteenth century Germany was, industrially and politically, a sort of retarded child in the European family of nations, at least a century behind England in the coal-and-iron technics, trailing even the new republic of the West with its vast agricultural areas and untapped natural resources. Industrially we got under way in the fifties, fought the Civil War to clear the road, and shot ahead, half-gutting a continent and astounding the world by an exhibition of internal piracy and profligacy such as it had never seen before, but doing the job nevertheless. Germany fought and defeated France, and then her curve of industrial acceleration crossed and excelled ours. It was a phenomenal rise, and, in its way, admirable. There is no use being squeamish about it—or we shall have to be squeamish about our own achievements as well. All the nineteenth-century capitalisms fed the lower strata of their populations to the machines.

But there were important differences in the attitudes of the various ruling classes toward the national industrial plants by which they ruled. England by the eighties had a somewhat moss-grown industry, drifting slowly toward obsolescence in some quarters and satisfied with itself and its way of doing things. The new gentry depended for their incomes less on productive efficiency than on foreign exploitation and money-lending based on the accumulations of the past. France had never given herself whole-heartedly to the industrial Moloch and, except in the northern areas, remained largely a peasant economy in which the machine worked at a slower tempo. The most striking contrast in methods of machine-proliferation was between Germany and the United States. Consider, for example, the basic field of railroad transportation. The Germans had their promoters and speculators but on the whole the roads were built economically, under

state surveillance, with an eye to considerations of military strategy. About half the mileage was state-owned as early as 1875. The building of our privately owned railroad plant involved colossal feats of engineering and thievery, inextricably mingled. After having been plundered in building, the roads were plundered again in stock operations, and they plundered industry, agriculture, and one another in competition. Parallel roads were built for pure blackmail, and the sky was the limit. This state of affairs could have only one end: bankruptcy. And bankruptcy was the signal for fresh plundering.

The elder Morgan stepped in and averted complete chaos. In the absence of any social or governmental control a Morgan was needed. He was a financial rationalizer, a great one. But even Morgan could only modify the system of money-making by wreckage of industry, which was the essential American way of that time, the Fisk-Gould-Gates way. "I don't think Morgan ever knew anything about railroads and railroading," said F. H. Prince. "He never cared for details." For "details," read "technics." Being only a financier, the best he could achieve was a precarious balance between the requirements of buccaneering and the requirements of technology, upset cyclically by financial panic and disaster. And even that balance was possible only because the margin for error was so great in a land where there was so much to loot and lose.

There were German "Diamond Jim" Bradys, but these gentlemen had fewer and smaller diamonds, and a German Gates did not have a million to bet. In place of the American incubus of rampant speculation, German technology carried the weight of Junkerism; but because Junkerism had its roots in land and the army and was dissociated from industry, that was a less serious handicap. German business imposed no such burden on German industry as American business on American industry. German business was accustomed to small returns; funded capital was relatively small and the interest burden proportionately light. There was less obsolescent equipment and less need to nurse it into old age by restricting production. German capitalist technology could on these accounts develop faster than in England, the land of its birth, or in America, where technology had every natural advantage. Moreover, the early and middle German industrialists, men like Alfred Krupp and Werner Siemens, were technically trained to a greater extent than in other countries. In the United States an Edison could be kicked out of the electric power industry ten years after he had created it; in Germany he was likely to stay in. The lesser technicians, the rank and file of the industrial army, were more secure in their positions, less bedevilled in their simple technological yearnings. The higher technicians and civil servants were more respected than bankers and promoters, although naturally not as much as Junkers and officers divinely ordained to protect the honor and commerce of the Fatherland.

For all alike the Fatherland was supreme. The Germans had this sense of the State very strongly; they still have it. Everyone stood in a relation of personal stewardship, however remote, to the Kaiser, just as the Germans acknowledge fealty to Hitler now. And the industrial machine, relatively free from graft and financial hamstringing, worked so well that after the dynasty and the war machine had taken their toll enough was left to keep the workers in old-age pensions and social security of a kind. If that did not satisfy them the police took care of the matter: it was a *Polizeistaat*, a police state, and no one was allowed to forget it.

These German technicians were no wizards. Their engineering schools were no better than ours. They were not more engrossed in their tasks nor more ingenious in the practical application of scientific discoveries. They were definitely in arrears in the development of

the technic of mass production, and could only copy American methods in that all-important field. Under business administration American industry progressed in efficiency and productivity wherever and whenever the profit incentive was strong, and mass production was highly profitable. But with the advantages which American industry enjoyed in abundance of raw materials and labor power, and equal or greater technological efficiency, one would have expected it to outstrip German industry in every field, yet nothing of the kind occurred. These advantages were counterbalanced by the tacit alliance between German technics, business, and the state, while in the United States the rightfulness of business dominance was scarcely questioned. Business requisitioned and discarded the services of technology at pleasure. Progress could be retarded or completely stopped whenever there was no money in it for the financial overseers. I have space for only one example, which illustrates nicely the nature of international technological competition and the long-term consequences of kicking the technicians around. It also shows that, with all our research and development outlays, technological hamstringing is by no means a thing of the past.

III

The element nitrogen, which constitutes four-fifths of the air, is equally important for purposes of sustaining and exterminating life. It is an indispensable ingredient of modern fertilizers and explosives. The inception of war changes a fertilizer plant into a munitions factory. But nitrogen, although so prevalent, is useless in its "free" or atmospheric state; it must be combined with other elements before it can be used in farming or fighting. The process of forcing such combinations—"fixation"—was a major technical problem in the early years of the present century. Up to that time the only important sources of nitrates were natural deposits like the saltpeter beds of Chile. Scientists warned that these deposits were not inexhaustible, and urged the focusing of technological attention on the problem of fixing atmospheric nitrogen. The problem was duly solved by technological Americans in 1902, and promptly thrown out of the window by financial Americans. Thirty-eight years after this exhibition of business statesmanship we discover that we lack a sufficient supply of nitrogen to fight a war. This is something that could never have happened in modern Germany, even before Hitler.

The Americans who first got nitrogen out of the air in commercial quantities were D. R. Lovejoy and C. S. Bradley. Their method required cheap electric power, and accordingly the experiments were carried on at Niagara Falls. The yield of nitrogen was quite good—about 2.5 per cent—and could have been improved by obvious measures. But the financial backers of the project walked out on it, and that was the end of the matter. If there was no quick money in it nobody was interested except the technicians, and they were nobody.

In the meantime two Norwegian technicians, Kristian Birkeland and Samuel Eyde, were working on another electrical process. Their development reached a commercial stage in 1903, a year after the abandonment of the Lovejoy-Bradley process. Norwegian power, it appeared, was cheaper than Niagara power, and this was one of the reasons why nitrogen could be extracted profitably in Norway and not in the United States. Since water falls no harder from a given height in one place than in another, and since the Westinghouse turbo-generators at Niagara Falls were just as good as any that Europe could build, the power cost-differential must have been due to the application of the usual formulas of pecuniary logic in their extreme American form.

Knowing that they would be cut off from overseas sources as soon as war began, the Germans were keenly interested in the nitrogen problem. Since Ger-

many was lacking in water power, Fritz Haber and Karl Bosch worked out a nitrogen-fixation scheme involving the heating of a mixture of hydrogen and nitrogen gas under enormous pressure in great steel alloy bombs to make ammonia, which could be oxidized into nitric acid by the Ostwald process. The Haber-Bosch process was ready for mass production of fertilizers—or munitions—in 1912. The war started two years later.

This was not a coincidence. Nor, on the other hand, would it be correct to infer that German chemistry gave the word to the Kaiser to go to war. That was not its province. It merely supplied the means to enable the Kaiser to fight if the occasion arose. Nobody wanted the war, but, as Veblen observes, "it was not necessary to desire the war in order to bring it to a head, if only care was taken to make the preparations so complete as to make war unavoidable." Nitrogen-fixation was one of these preparations, and the Germans would have fixed nitrogen even if there had been no peacetime use for it. The distinguished German chemists who succeeded in extracting it were all *Geheimräthe*, privy councilors, in close touch with the political and military authorities. The State and Reich governments were financially interested in many industrial enterprises. The great works of the Badische Anilin & Soda-Fabrik A.G. at Oppau and elsewhere were a product of industrial, financial, and technical co-ordination in Germany while Hitler was still a corporal. These plants did yeoman service during the War.

The War was nevertheless lost, or rather not won until 1940. After the 1914–1918 chapter ended, a British mission inspected the chemical industries of the Rhineland and marvelled at the machinery and organization. "Those who have seen the works at Oppau," the mission reported, "describe them as outstanding examples of German thoroughness and efficiency, fitted with the most perfect machinery for compressing and otherwise dealing with gases . . . they are great engineering workshops." And of the research department it said, "Scientific insurance of industry has never before been effected on so liberal a scale." This generous appreciation was duly noted and filed by the leaders of British industry, after which business went on about as usual.

The French, however, were somewhat alarmed and tried to get rights under the Haber-Bosch patent, which by that time was producing concentrated nitric acid about forty per cent cheaper than it could have been made from Chilean nitrates. They claimed the right to seize it under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles; but by a strange oversight the Germans had neglected to write into the patent everything they knew. Consequently it was necessary to negotiate with the Badische A.G. and obtain rights on a royalty basis. The French government erected a Haber-Bosch nitrogen plant at Toulouse, and with private plants using other processes, France had a productive capacity of about 100,000 tons in 1928. But by that time Oppau and Meresburg could provide Germany with 300,000 tons, and so it went. Nobody ever caught up with the Germans.

In the United States the Muscle Shoals development was started during the War. After the War distinguished patriots in the Congress and the National Electric Light Association cried out against it, while the advocates of public ownership pleaded for its completion so that the farmers could have cheap fertilizer. The speakers of the Association traveled up and down the land, shouting that Muscle Shoals and the 100-KW plant at Podunk alike were Bolshevism. "Pin the red label on 'em!" was the order, and in 1922 Muscle Shoals was almost sold to Henry Ford for a song. In the meantime the great utility boom was getting under way. The world has never seen (and now it may be confidently predicted that it will never see again) such a proliferation of holding

companies, such issuance of stocks and bonds, such expansion of plants and lines and paper—but especially paper, such killings in the market, and such a fearful crash when the foundations of the vast business edifice sank and the whole crazy superstructure crashed to earth.

And now? The years have gone by and we still lack nitrogen. Professor J. E. Zanetti of Columbia University, former chairman of the division of chemistry and chemical technology of the National Research Council, delivers an alarming report to the American Chemical Society. He points out that Muscle Shoals has a capacity of only 40,000 tons of nitrogen a year, which would yield about 160,000 tons of high explosive, which would provide twenty-five 1,000-pound bombs per year for 10,000 bombers—"hardly a generous allowance." Germany has an annual capacity of 1,500,000 metric tons of nitrogen (a metric ton equals 2,204 pounds, or 10 per cent more than an American ton). "Her (Germany's) safety factor must be between two and three, a factor which is not even approached by any other nation in the world. Evidently they have looked upon nitrogen as too vital to be dealt with parsimoniously."

Evidently. Of course the nitrogen plants will now be built. They will be thrown up hastily and uneconomically. If we had built some of them twenty years ago—not too many, for there is always obsolescence to guard against—and some ten years ago, if we had planned the thing, in short, the *New York Times* would not be editorializing now. And in the meantime the farmers would have had their cheap fertilizer.

But why cheap fertilizer, in a country which adheres to the businesslike policy of plowing under a portion of its crops, and sets up an efficient governmental organization to distribute the fruits of nonproduction? It all ties together. Because we run our economics on a businesslike basis, one third of our population is ill-fed, and to keep them ill-fed we must avoid building nitrogen plants in time of peace, and so we don't have nitrogen when we decide to prepare for war. In Germany, on the other hand, the population is ill-fed because the government does nothing but prepare for war. But at least the Germans are prepared for that, as they are now demonstrating. We are not prepared for war nor are we prepared for peace. We are prepared for nothing. And that is what is called good business.

IV

To return to Germany: I have suggested that from the point of view of technology German pre-World War Junkerism was the counterpart of American business as a retarding force, but proportionately of lesser magnitude. Once the War broke out, however, the Junker mentality, with its caste-pride and hereditary hatreds, was in a better position to derange the national economy. The army chiefs, visualizing a relatively short and easy war, had grossly underestimated the requirements of their legions. There was a serious shortage of raw materials, even of the indispensable nitrogen. When Rathenau squeezed himself into the War Office the first thing he did was to seize nitrates from the farmers until production in the Haber-Bosch plants could be expanded. Otherwise the war could not have lasted beyond the summer of 1915. As soon as he had done his job of co-ordinating raw materials and production by means of a system of state-supervised cartels, the Junker brass-hats got rid of him because he was a civilian and a Jew, and had shamelessly insisted on rendering the state a service. One officer declared, "If this fellow Rathenau *has* helped us, then it is a scandal and a disgrace."

The voice of reason is usually heard only when unreason has brought disaster, and it was not until after Germany's defeat that Rathenau regained influence. He then proposed to organize German industry into a single great corporation,

divided into cartels or functional unions under public control. Under this "New Economy" highly productive machinery, standardization, scientific division of labor between plants, the wide development of power, and the expropriation of the private owners of productive property by confiscatory taxation were to usher in the classless state. Like Veblen, Rathenau attacked conspicuous consumption, salesmanship, and the wastes of business. "Whoever squanders labor, labor-time, or the means of labor is robbing the community," he declared. None of his ideas was new, but he gave them currency by the force of his personality and his standing in the world of industry. It was as if Owen D. Young or Walter Gifford renounced capitalism and called for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth, here and now.

For advocating these doctrines and for his policy of conciliation toward the Allies and rapprochement with Russia Rathenau was murdered. As far as one event can do so, his death marks the point at which the descent of Germany into the abyss could no longer be stayed. The invasion of the Ruhr followed shortly, then the incredible inflation, the Hitler-Ludendorff putsch of 1925, and the remaining eight years' struggle of the Weimar Republic against impossible odds, until nothing remained of Rathenau's dream except the mechanical shell, the idea of the total co-ordination of German industry, and that was ripe for appropriation by his murderers. And not only the idea, but all Germany.

After the War Germany was headed for some sort of collectivism, benign or malignant. The German experience is not an argument against collectivism, but against letting militarists and demagogues get hold of the most powerful social implement of our time. The danger increases when the preparatory steps toward collectivism have been taken. Germany had long since taken these steps, in a peculiarly muddled way. The commandeered economy of the war period had not been discarded to the same extent as in France and England. The German revolution was too weak, however, to expropriate or socialize the key industries. Instead, what developed was a mixed economy, featuring municipal ownership, Reich participation in industry by stock holdings, foreign trade regulation, etc., "political prices" and "political wages," and so on—socialization without socialism. When the international crisis caught up with Germany in 1930 the government was in business enough to catch hell from all sides, but not enough to cope with the emergency. The Nazis did that.

If the Nazis had succeeded in the 1925 uprising they probably could not have stayed in power. For one thing, in 1925 German technology was in no such shape as later on. Isolated from the technologies of other countries by the War and the inflation (during the inflation period German technicians were unable to afford even subscriptions to foreign technical periodicals, much less to travel abroad), it grew in on itself and failed to keep up with progress elsewhere. But when the Dawes Plan restored German prosperity by deferring reparations payments and floating an international loan to put the economy back on its feet, the Germans quickly caught up. While German industry sent technicians to America to learn the latest tricks in mass production, American financiers sent money to Germany to bring its productive machinery up to the American standard. German organizational genius plus American technic and largely American funds created a first-rate productive plant, which the Nazis later acquired without saying "Thank you" to the donors. In 1929 that portion of the loans which was in the form of short-term credits was called home, but the machinery remained. The effect of the repatriation of funds was to deepen the depression in Germany and to aid the Nazis in their struggle for power.

In the meantime the French were also

modernizing their industry with some effect, but the development lagged, especially in the vital sector of mechanical engineering. Almost ten years before the recent débâcle Professors W. F. Ogburn and William Jaffé made an exhaustive study of the economic development of post-war France, and in reporting on this deficiency they wrote, "Given, however, the fact that most French metal goods firms are old personal enterprises, founded in the days when corporate ownership was rare and exceptional, the lack of concentration and co-ordination has been almost inevitable. The factories have grown slowly by accretion and have adapted themselves tardily to the technical needs of the day. They have been, in fact, patrimonial heirlooms cherished by their owners who fondly cling to the rule-of-thumb of their fathers." Instead of scrapping old machinery and introducing modern technic, the owners relied on tariff protection to meet foreign competition. A tariff, however, is no barrier against a mechanized army.

British production was considerably ahead of French, but both were handicapped by what Spengler calls "thinking in money," instead of in man-power and machine power. One achievement of the Nazis is that they have discarded thinking in money. They *calculate* in money as an arithmetical convenience, but otherwise money means nothing to them. Technological thinking likewise has nothing to do with thinking in money: the technician reckons in terms of power, stresses, the properties of materials, and so on. The inflation had something to do with the transition from one type of thinking to the other in Germany. During the inflation money went crazy, but goods did not. A pair of shoes was still a pair of shoes; but when shoes cost three trillion marks in the morning and four trillion in the afternoon the belief that marks were practically shoes was badly shaken. With the stabilization of the mark, thinking in money made a comeback but it was never the same again. While the inflation certainly did not lead the Nazis directly to technological thinking, it served to release them from antithetical kinds of thinking.

In other countries, where currency fluctuations stayed within sane bounds, people could continue to think in money, and the French and British started the present war in the fullest confidence that money could win it. Soon after the start of the war Mr. Chamberlain made a speech in which he alluded to Britain's enormous financial resources and in effect predicted that she would win with money. This was incredible on its face: liberated machines will always beat liberated money, and only a businessman-politician like Chamberlain could have failed to see it. But one would have thought that, having the money, the British would have spent it from the start with desperate prodigality, would have shot the wad, so to speak. They did not. They were haggling with Poland over a twenty-five-million-dollar loan as the war broke out. Unless one prefers to accept the theory that they had not yet made up their minds whether they wanted Poland to resist or not, the money aberration is the only other explanation. The cautiousness with which they placed orders in the United States is another illustration. The circumstances show that it was not only a consequence of their expectation of a long war but of sheer pecuniary conservatism, a trait which is apt to be ruinous in a great national crisis. Yet those who are habituated to thinking in money are prone to such errors.

The Nazis do not make mistakes of that kind. They think, not in money, but in synthetic gasoline or whatever it is they need for their war machine. The German capitalists invest "their" money where they are told. If, in the opinion of Goering's advisers, a new synthetic gasoline plant is needed, that is where the funds go. The Reich financiers have to make the best of it. Presently their mouths are watering at the prospect

of getting back the Lorraine iron ore deposits and foundries. In consequence iron and steel shares have gone up on the Berlin bourse, but there will be no cleanup. The *New York Times* of July 15th says in a dispatch from Berlin: "The restitution of the Lorraine mines and steel works to German companies owning them before 1918 and the effect which this restitution is bound to have on their earning power and financial condition may yet prove premature since the opinion prevails in informed Berlin circles that the redistribution of the Lorraine industrial spoils will take place on the grounds of expediency and national interest rather than on the basis of old property titles." Because that has been the policy of Germany since the Nazis seized power, and to a considerable extent before, Germany is winning the war. Britain is now following a similar course in her extremity, but possibly too late.

Unlike the Allied leaders, the Nazis enlisted economic and technical experts who knew the requirements for the maximal operation of a national productive plant. These may be summarized as follows:

(1) Modern high-speed machinery
(2) Skilled operation where the machine does not provide its own skill by prior design
(3) Suitable raw materials to feed the machines
(4) Consumptive capacity equal to productive capacity
(5) Close co-ordination between factories, so that as nearly as possible the whole national productive plant functions as a single mechanical organism
(6) Full operation (technically, a high load factor) continuously employing all the available man-and-machine power

The Nazis inherited (1) and (2). They moved heaven and earth to get (3), from abroad where absolutely necessary, and by developing substitutes at home. The balance of (4) was obtained by feeding cannon breeches instead of human mouths, but there is nothing in the specifications which says what should be fed. (5) resulted from the uncapitalistic mobilization of capital in accordance with the dictates of Nazi military economy, on top of what had already been accomplished by rationalization and organization under the Republic and the Empire. (6) was the product of the other five, and its importance is that it not only provided the goods, but solved the problem of unemployment. At the same time this result was not obtained without political actions which will now be examined in some detail, because they have an immediate bearing on the problem with which Hitler's success confronts us.

V

The unification of society by the fascist method requires not only the curtailment of capitalist freedom and the competitive struggle between individual capitalists or aggregations of them, but the suppression of the struggle between the capitalists as a class and the workers as a class. For this conflict interferes also with the smooth functioning of the machine, and the machine must function smoothly in the interest of the nation in arms. In suppressing class conflict in Germany Hitler received a satisfactory measure of collaboration from the capitalists as a group, and, with a few exceptions, he could treat them with sweet reasonableness, as he has treated the Danes and Slovaks more recently. A large section of the working class and its sympathizers, on the other hand, had to be persuaded by the pistol-and-concentration-camp method. But once the leaders had been liquidated he could give the good boys among the rank-and-file excursions, theater tickets at reduced rates, and immaterial honors in return for material sacrifices. And one thing he gave them which was not immaterial: work.

Consequently men and machines are working for him, more efficiently than they have ever worked for a ruler before. The capitalists are tied to the machine with a silk rope and the workers with an iron chain; but the machine does not care how men are tied to it as long as it is assiduously fed and tended, and under

this system its requirements are taken care of very satisfactorily. To us it is a revolting spectacle but, if we are going to be moral about it, it is worth noting that, since stalling and drifting were played out in Germay, Hitler's possible courses in dealing with the workers were only two: force or justice. Technologically, justice means maximal operation of productive machinery for consumption, leisure, and culture. Hitler, being himself, neither could nor would solve the problem in that way. But neither can we, on the basis of "business as usual."

Under our system the interest of the owners of money and machinery takes precedence over the common welfare. No one is obligated to invest his money in productive machinery or to operate the machinery after the investment has been made. The only incentive is profit. Whether the owner of the machine wilfully restricts production to get the most out of the market or, with the best intentions in the world, finds himself helpless to produce because there is no market, is quite beside the point. Either way the result is unemployment and class conflict. In a fortunately situated country like ours a showdown between Hitler's formula and the alternative solution of production for use may be deferred. The country can wobble along, one group trying to ameliorate class conflict by legislation to strengthen the workers' bargaining position, the other bitterly opposing such interference, one group pressing for relief and social services, the other yielding only what must be yielded. This can go on for some time, and there is much to be said for it as long as it works, after its fashion.

But can it still go on now after any fashion? Has not Hitler upset that applecart? All experience indicates that at the level of productivity which has now been attained a system of free enterprise is unable to meet the last three requirements of machine technology set forth above. And now it is pitted against an economic mechanism which does give full and continuous operation, full and continuous employment. Neither systems nor men can expect much gratitude for past achievements: what counts is capacity to produce and fight now, to-day, in competition with other producing and fighting machines. Three-quarters of the earth has already turned away, or is turning away, from the system of "business as usual." Dr. J. Anton de Haas, of the Graduate School of Business at Harvard, describes the situation in these words: "Our economic world has been scrambled for us, and it will never be put together again. The rest of the world is racing away from free competition. Can we build in that world, when we refuse to adjust ourselves to it?" Even the London *Times* admits that this time governmental control of industry will not be discarded when the war ends. But if that control must be carried to the point where it will provide full employment, if the time is approaching when no system of government can survive unless it provides full employment, then in practical terms we must make up our minds which way we are going to collectivize, whether democratically or fascistically, and if we refuse, our minds will be made up for us. Fascism then takes over by default, because it is the nearer and easier of the alternatives.

It is near and easy because industrially and socially the class struggle *is* a nuisance, and many American business men would welcome a chance to get rid of it by Hitler's method; and with the power which business still wields in the United States, a majority of the people might be persuaded to jump on the band wagon, which, we may be sure, will be camouflaged to look like anything but what it is. The preparatory daubs and streaks are already being laid on. The recent widespread attempt of business spokesmen to hang the defeat of France on the Popular Front was an indication. In effect, they were saying that France should have gone fascist before the war

instead of after. No mention was made of the upper-class traitors and their political satellites who sold the country to Hitler and Mussolini before common men died at Sedan and the Meuse. Nothing was said about the decrepit industrial system of France, and the fact that the "nationalization" of the war industries was on the initiative of Daladier, then Minister of War, and the General Staff, and that the breakdown was not in the government armament plants but in the "semi-nationalized" aviation industry, and specifically in the motor factories, which remained in private hands. Nor was anything said about the leading business men and financiers who allowed their factories to sink into obsolescence, and who when the Popular Front came to power, and they had to choose between defeating it and defending their country, decided the country was not worth defending.

The propaganda in this case was a little too thick to get over (for the present), but it showed that in one sector of American business there was not only no sense of outrage at the betrayal of French democracy, but a feeling of community with the betrayers, or it may have been more than that. A prominent American industrialist blandly told me at the time that it would be quite understandable to him if American industry reacted to its alleged abuse under the New Deal by a similar stand. This gentleman may not have been expressing any opinion but his own, but anyone who has had the privilege of listening to the political discussions on the de luxe suburban trains coming in from Long Island and Westchester, before the prospect of war orders soothed the seething business breast, will not dismiss it as absolutely atypical. Under stress it may reappear, in a more virulent form and on a more formidable scale. And there will be stress, plenty of it.

VI

We may already be on that road. The President has appointed a National Advisory Defense Commission charged with the spending of ten billion dollars as a starter. The key members of this body are Messrs. Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., William S. Knudsen, and Ralph Budd. They are the key members because they are doing the spending. All three are representatives of big business and finance. I disavow any intention of impugning the patriotism of these gentlemen. I know they will do their best to get the country its money's worth in return for the ten billions—or it may be more like a hundred before we get through—which they are charged with disbursing. They are unquestionably patriots—but business men-patriots. They believe in the primacy of business; they cannot do otherwise in view of their training and experience. (Mr. Knudsen is an engineer, but if he had not been a business man first he would never have become president of General Motors.) What I want to know is whether Mr. Stettinius, Jr., is a better patriot, buyer, and organizer than his distinguished father, who managed the purchasing for the Allies in this country during the World War, whether Mr. Knudsen is superior in these respects to, say, Mr. Bernard M. Baruch of President Wilson's War Resources Board, and whether Mr. Budd has it all over Mr. Daniel Willard, say. If not, and unless some special grace descends on the members of the present Defense Commission from on high, we are in for trouble, and the way out of that trouble may well be business fascism, on the theory that the defects of business control can be cured only by more business control.

I am not going to review our industrial record in the World War. The facts are well known. Some able, even brilliant work was done by technicians, manufacturers, and military men, but in the large it is a record of mismanagement, overreaching, and plain thievery which went on under the noses of the eminent bankers and business men who were in charge of the procurement effort. Of the thirty billion dollars spent, something

like fifteen billions never came within smelling distance of the armed forces. That fifteen billion constituted "reasonable profits" to stimulate the patriotism of the business interests. Some of it was recovered by the excess- and war-profits taxes, about 2.5 billions in 1918 and part of the 1.4 billions collected in 1919, but the remaining windfall profits were more than enough to disrupt the productive effort, aside from defects in organization and co-ordination. Anyone who wants the details can find them in the Hughes, Graham, and Nye reports. These documents make very unpleasant reading, which may be why they have been trampled underfoot in the great crusade against the Fifth Column.

No doubt we shall do better this time, even under business auspices. This time a plan for industrial mobilization has been set up in advance. There is also the possibility that the more responsible business interests will be genuinely worried at the prospect of fascist aggression, as they were frightened into a co-operative attitude by the collapse of the banks in 1933. Business has a stake in this country, a big one, and there may be a realization that the coup of 1917–18 cannot be safely repeated for reasons both external and internal. But these are hopeful conjectures rather than reliable safeguards. The chastened mood of 1933 did not last long; on many occasions some sectors of business have resolved to behave, and then somebody has stepped out of line and the scramble to get while the getting was good was on once more.

At the moment the chief concern of business men appears to be that depreciation allowances shall be "accelerated," so that as far as possible plant extensions will be a gift from the government, that is, from the people who will simultaneously be spurred to patriotic efforts by price inflation, rationing, and forced purchases of war loan paper at par, paper which will eventually fall into strong financial hands at 80 or 60. The usual bleating about taxes fills the air, while earnings are up 60 per cent for the first half of 1940 over last year, with an increase of 750 per cent reported for an arms company, 500 per cent for one steel company, and 460 per cent for another. There is nothing to show that business can now function at an incomparably higher level of efficiency than in the past. Where are the technological co-ordination, the planning, the determined curbing of financial dissipation which characterize the economies of our prospective enemies? In short, where is the collectivism, democratic or otherwise, which in the long run alone can avail against fascist nations already co-ordinated and militarized to the hilt? This is not 1917 but 1940. France is gone and England is a beleaguered island. Yet for all our hysteria, we act almost as if nothing had changed, as if this were the world of twenty-odd years ago and the old methods, which were not good enough then, were going to be good enough now.

We have, in spite of the financiers, by far the largest and in some ways the best physical productive plant in the world; so, other things being equal, it will carry more waste and parasitic load than any other. But Hitler runs his plant better than we run ours, having jettisoned the primacy of money some time ago. The question is, then, whether our business men will, in a businesslike way, sabotage our plant to an extent greater than the physical advantage, if any, remaining to us after Hitler's politico-economic advantage has been subtracted. What assurance have we that they will not follow their primal instincts and do that very thing? If they do we are sunk.

In that event the manner of our sinking may be forecast. At a given point the industrial effort begins to falter and its inadequacy, relative to Hitler's, becomes manifest. It is not necessary to assume that any such breakdown occurs as in France, or that Hitler or anyone else can land an army on American soil. We may not even be fighting a military war at the time, but a commercial and

diplomatic war, with all the concomitant flag-waving and tension. At any rate, there is a crisis and "something must be done." Hitler's method, with American trimmings, is then all that remains; for by that time it is too late to build up a democratic collectivism. Either a political dictator takes hold, or, more likely, business itself becomes the fascizing force, using the standard technic of smashing unions, reducing wages, increasing hours, and shutting off discussion. Profits can then be salvaged at the public expense, or so it is hoped.

That an American business fascism, so conceived and so dedicated, could in the long run prevail over the Nazi variety, or Nazism plus the also-ran fascisms of Italy and Japan, is, however, very dubious. It would depend on whether business fascism was capable of disciplining itself and limiting its profit proclivities enough to contest the field with the orthodox types of fascism. My guess is that business fascism would fall short of the necessary degree of self-control. In Germany the control came from the outside, from the Nazi party. Would our business men supply an equivalent control from within? If not, the result would be a hybrid fascism incapable of dealing with the relentless military monism of whole-hog fascism. And there would always be the danger of the gravitational pull of like to like, or more-or-less like, tending to bring about some sort of rapprochement between the two systems.

However dubious the practical outlook for business fascism may be, if the United States goes fascist that is the likely style and method. Our big business men have looked abroad and seen the consequences of coming to terms with an autonomous fascism as a last resort to keep the bit in the mouth of a refractory working class. They know that capital then finds itself harnessed side by side with labor, and however much better off it may be compared to its yoke-fellow, its classical freedom, even its moderately restricted freedom under a New Deal, is gone. There would be no end of unpleasant restraints and burdens. But is this necessary, must this price be paid? No, not if the enterprisers are enterprising, not if they take the initiative. In Germany they were forced to adapt themselves to the ordinances of a Hitler who had already acquired the indispensable mass following. But why should not business choose its own Hitler beforehand, build him up, and as far as possible make sure that he will stay under control? In the United States such a program is not outside the realm of possibility, and the intellectual leaders of the business community know it. Where there is a way there may not be a will, but the situation will bear watching.

VII

What would the alternative system of democratic collectivism be like? By democratic collectivism I understand controlled, planned, maximal production by collective effort, for purposes of social welfare and national defense (and one does not exclude the other), without inhibition of civil liberties, religious freedom, and the other guarantees of the Bill of Rights. (Except possibly that a strict construction of due process, in relation to property, may have to be abandoned.) But that tells us no more than any definition tells. How would it work? What would be the method of freeing the technicians?

I have no blueprint and no pat formula, but one thing is sure: the technicians do not free themselves. They are as far from that as in Veblen's day. They are greatly gifted in their various fields, but God has endowed them with as little social enterprise as any group of men living. They will work for anyone, as in the past three centuries. Galileo, having invented the telescope, offered it for military purposes first to the Catholic emperor, then to the opposing Protestant leadership, in letters carefully adapted to the convictions of each. Leonardo, it is true, suppressed his invention of the

submarine boat because he felt that it was too diabolical a device to be put into the hand of unregenerate men, but he was not always so squeamish, and his successors certainly are not. There was of course the technocracy craze of eight years ago, but it was confined to a small body of engineers and succeeded merely in showing their political ineptitude.

The technicians will not free themselves. They are makers of tools and tools themselves. When they are let loose it is by somebody else, and the ends they serve are those of that somebody and his followers. At the same time this amenability can be made to serve good ends as well as bad, and it is not improbable that, given time and favoring winds, a strong tradition of humanistic engineering could be cultivated.

The manner of releasing the technicians, given the power, presents no difficulties. It follows automatically as soon as private profit is abolished or sharply controlled. Take, for example, the matter of investment, which determines what the engineers are to work on, and how long, if at all. There are only two possible motives for investment: use, and profit with use as a by-product or means to profit. When profit is disallowed as the determining factor, only use remains. It may be satanic or saintly, but either way it can be exploited to the full. It follows that to free technological forces one does not revolutionize the existing industrial set-up. Industry, on the functional side, is already organized for production. All one does is to relieve it of its financial overseers and derangers, and then it works better than it did.

As it is, we appoint national boards of engineers much as the Nazis do, but the difference is that the Nazis listen to their engineers and let them function for the benefit of the nation in arms, while we do not listen and let the engineers function only in so far as the results will further pecuniary ends. Or little more than that. The Nazis have made the astounding discovery that engineers are more important than financiers, because engineers can create and run a productive plant without financiers, but not vice versa. Apparently this thought is still too complex for us to grasp.

If our engineers were set free in an economy adapted to their needs their achievements would be incalculable. They could leave the German technological slaves as far in the rear as the Germans outstripped the French. *Power Plant Engineering* for January, 1939 says, "Estimates have been made to show that complete utilization of present technical knowledge could increase production 40-fold. If this were done the 1929 volume of production could be maintained by somewhat over 600,000 employees. Even though this figure be grossly exaggerated it shows the technical strides that have been made of recent years. Furthermore it indicates the tremendous problem involved in incorporating these technical advances and potential benefits in our economic system without wrecking it completely." It is a tremendous problem, but why wait for Hitler to wreck our economic system in another way? How would you like to have some of that potential productive power on tap right now—only a small fraction of it? And aren't you rather glad that the "socialistic" TVA was able to withstand the assault of the private-power interests and is ready for use now that the emergency is upon us?

The job should have been started long ago. The apostles of plenty have been preaching and warning for these twenty years. Of course the preachers did not foresee the collapse of the Allied power in the impending war, and military preparedness was the least of their concerns. They regarded it as one of the deplorable wastes of the going system, which it was and is. Now it is late and war compels what peace could not inure. Had the preachments been taken seriously at the time, had productive capacity been freed from the shackles of random pecuniary enterprise, in some

directions at least the national productive plant would now be in a better position to expand rapidly for the ends of war, and the manpower of the nation would be in a better position to work or fight, and, among young people at least, more willing to apply itself to the task.

But although the job is harder now, it can still be done. We have to start more or less from scratch, with manufacturing all in private hands and most of our thinking still dominated by outworn categories and vain assumptions. How does one go about freeing productive technology under these conditions? It is hardly feasible to fire corporation officials from the top down until one comes to the engineering vice-presidents, who will then be the bosses and lick the Nazis to a frazzle. It is not so simple. Too many of the executive engineers are almost as business-minded as the pure men of business, and, as a rule, not as capable in administration. (Fortunately there are some outstanding exceptions.) The corporations themselves must be controlled. They cannot be left as free business entities bargaining on more than equal terms with business men temporarily serving the government. The planned-economy omelet will not be cooked without extensive breaking of corporate eggs, and somebody besides business men has to do the planning. That job will have to be delegated to a central body of the most capable and disinterested engineers in the country, with a staff of accountants, scientific-management experts, and other help, operating through specialists allocated to every industry and supervising it much as the SEC supervises the stock exchanges.

This central body, in turn responsible only to the government, will have wartime power to dictate prices and all the conditions of production. If the terms are not acceptable the factories will have to be nationalized without boggling or scruples. The saying, "The purpose of government is to protect property" will have to be entirely erased as a guide of policy.

If it is done resolutely and in time it will succeed. The owners of the plants will not suffer too much. They will still be in a position to exercise such productive energies as they may possess, and only those who have none will have to trot off the field and let others get into the game. Mr. Ford, for all his political backwardness, is a fine factory operator; let him operate his factories. The planning board will have the final say as to how many airplanes he is to turn out, and how much he is going to be paid for them, and if he tries to take it out of the stomachs of the help, that will be quickly scotched, because under this scheme the workers are not going to be the only ones to make sacrifices.

Consequently Mr. Ford's profits will not be what he has been accustomed to, and, if the national interest requires it, there will be no profits at all. That may be shocking, but if the German capitalists can work for an "entrepreneur's wage," our capitalists can. They will still be as well off as the British capitalists; the British conscripted all wealth in May. And if we go to war they will be considerably better off than our soldiers. Then too, they may find some compensations in their new situation: life is like that. At least when they talk of sacrifices nobody will be able to say, "Take your hand out of my pocket!"

VIII

But it is not only the immediate issue that concerns us, not merely defense with arms. If a people is to be more than a perishable conglomerate of individuals it must have a sense of solidarity and a collective goal. The binding emotion may be sordid and brutal enough; the Germans have it in the form of a rabid tribal patriotism and their goal is world conquest. But because Hitler gave them the cohesion, the sense of destiny, everything is forgiven him. We lack the élan and the zeal of the Nazis;

everybody knows it. Nothing more grotesque and shameful can be conceived, but it is true. We feel the lack and we try to remedy it; sometimes we think we have captured the oneness, the inward fire, but have we? "God bless America!" we sang fervently at the Democratic and Republican conventions. Amen. But this is too transparent; it cannot hide the lack of national purpose, the unwillingness to give up privileges for a great end. After the orators are gone, and the stadium is empty and silent, one might as well look on the littered floor as in the platforms of the parties to find one single unevasive effort to grapple with the momentous question that looms over all others—mass unemployment. Why should God bless a nation which stultifies and sabotages itself? He has never done so in all history.

The causes of our spiritual debility may be manifold, but the constriction of our industrial and economic life is at the bottom of most of them. There may be peoples who would not be so severely damaged—peoples who have never taken the machine seriously and made a fetish of work. But with our machine preoccupation we are in a different case, both materially and spiritually. On the material side the result has been ten million unemployed, a burden to themselves, to the national economy, and, on the spiritual side, to the national pride and confidence. Everybody who is not wholly engrossed in his private gratifications feels the weight of this dead functionless mass in the midst of life. This condition, with its psychological consequences, will last as long as unemployment lasts, and unemployment will never be ended by "business as usual," war or no war. Look at England.

Life and human dignity are equally at stake. We live with and by machines. The machine has no will of its own, but it is more than an automatic tool of its creator. Men and machines in the mass behave in a way which can be understood only if we regard the machine as contributing to the will—or the compulsion—of the ensemble. In this partnership the machine demands full utilization, if not for life, then for death, if not for welfare, then for war. If through systematic obstruction the men-machines cannot be employed in one direction, they will seek employment in another—any other. The fascist nation in arms is one answer. What we call democratic collectivism is the other.

So viewed, our goal is to make a civilization above the animal level by freeing the machine and by freeing men from the machine. It must be done, or such beginnings of civilization as we have attained will go to smash. It is the only foreseeable method of keeping technics pointed toward the goal of human welfare while defending ourselves by technics against those who have abandoned that vision. It will require a renewed passion, unity, and strength—and understanding. Only a fool refuses to learn from his enemies. If Hitler's success, and the history which preceded it, give us that understanding, if we can fuse the understanding with a devotion counteracting that of his Germans, all that has happened will not have been in vain. If that effort is beyond us we shall go the way of the others, and our fate will be deserved. But it is a goal worthy of America.

THE EDUCATION OF WENDELL WILLKIE

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

IT WOULD not be possible to take Wendell L. Willkie's measure or to speculate about the ends to which he will devote his dynamic energies if he becomes President of the United States without first knowing something of his father. For Willkie senior appears to have loomed as large in his children's lives as did the father of William and Henry James.

A man with a powerful intellect and physique, a former schoolmaster and a lawyer of parts who fought for the common man in Elwood, Indiana, Herman Willkie was the final authority to whom his children turned.

The core of Willkie senior's teaching was love of work—whether with hand or brain—for its own sweet sake; and a belief in democracy as the best form of government known to man. There were four boys and two girls in the family, and not a slug-abed among them. The second son, H. Fred Willkie, who is Wendell's senior by sixteen months, paid a visit to his father some months before he died in 1930. The old man was then bedridden, but at five-thirty in the morning he could be heard reciting:

> "Should we let ants and birds and bees
> Be wise while we our moments waste?
> Let us be up and doing
> And to our duty haste."

Such inspirational lines as these took the place of an alarm clock in the Willkie household. "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" the father would sing out at sun-up, or perhaps Hamlet's lines, "What a piece of work is a man! . . . in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!"

Herman Willkie—the name was spelt Willcke in Germany—was born in Mecklenburg, Prussia, in 1857 and came with his mother and brothers and sisters to this country when he was four years old. His father, who had preceded the family by two years, had no taste for Prussianism and things had got rather hot for him in Mecklenburg. The family settled on a farm near Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Herman grew up. After attending Fort Wayne College and Valparaiso University Wendell's father passed his teacher's examinations. Later he became superintendent of schools in Elwood, Indiana, which had a boom in the late 80's and 90's following the discovery of natural gas and the influx of tin-plate mills. When tax funds gave out and the schools were closed for a time, Herman Willkie, having at that time three children to support, turned to the law and also made some profit in real estate ventures. In business he lost as much money as he made. Property seemed to him an encumbrance.

As a trial lawyer Herman Willkie had no match in that part of the State and he could have accumulated a fortune had he not been a persistent crusader. In the days before workmen's compensation laws had been passed he brought personal injury suits for workmen, and he was one of the few lawyers in the vicinity who refused to carry a railroad pass. He raised money for a library, crusaded to clean up the town, although

he defended saloon keepers who stayed within the law. He also fought the renascent Klan.

In politics he was a Democrat but he once supported a Socialist candidate for Mayor. During the War he made four-minute patriotic speeches before German-American groups and, with even justice, defended them against persecution. In his old age he became city attorney, and at the time of his death he was fighting the Elwood Water Company's attempt to double the rates.

This was the environment in which the Republican Party's candidate for President grew up. While Wendell Willkie preaches to-day that unity between the working and owning class can and must be achieved, as a boy he was ranged with his father on the workers' side of the class struggle. He remembers well, he has told me, how in 1907, when he was fifteen years old, he acted as his father's junior law clerk on a trip to Chicago to confer with Clarence Darrow. The tin-plate workers in Elwood were on strike, fighting a suit in "Injunction Judge Anderson's" court. Darrow thought the case hopeless and unprofitable to a lawyer. Six weeks later Willkie senior won the suit for the workers singlehanded. It was not the first time he had lectured a judge on the Bill of Rights.

Herman Willkie was an independent thinker and a religious man. Born of a Catholic father and a Protestant mother, he possessed a large library on the Bible and he had read Ingersoll without losing his belief in the fundamentals of Christianity. He taught a men's Bible Class in the Elwood Methodist Church, where he gave free rein to his philosophical bent. The Willkie children attended the young folks' classes. Later the Methodist Church went into debt heavily to put up a new edifice, and it was about this time that sixteen-year-old Wendell transferred his allegiance to the small and struggling Episcopal Church. His brothers are not certain whether the attraction in this church was a girl whom Wendell liked or an older man by the name of Hadley who was a great scholar. At this time in his life Wendell was a very serious-minded youth. For a while he was lay reader in the church but his chief religious work was keeping the lawn mowed. Wendell is still an Episcopalian and grace is said at his table when there is a family gathering.

Herman Willkie had married Henrietta Trisch, an Indiana schoolteacher, whose father came from Germany in 1830. Her mother, Etta von Hessen Trisch, was the daughter of a Hamburg family that belonged to the aristocracy, but was no less anti-Prussian than the Mecklenburg Willckes had been. Etta Trisch was for twenty years an itinerant ordained Presbyterian minister in Indiana. Wendell's mother Henrietta was an amazingly active person, "driven by an indomitable will," as her children have inscribed on her gravestone. She studied law in order to assist her husband and when she died last spring the Indiana newspapers described her as the first woman in the State to be admitted to the bar. In her spare time she painted china and played the piano, "making the instrument live," her sons recall. Like her husband, she was a great reader although more interested in belles-lettres than in political science. She bore six children with difficulty, but her vitality was even greater than her husband's. She ran her household with an efficient, sometimes stern hand and she was too busy to be motherly.

The Willkie boys, particularly Robert and Wendell, were great readers. They got through Alger and Henty, Thackeray, Scott, Dickens, and a wide range of history and biography. In the evenings while the children were young the senior Willkie read aloud for an hour, sometimes from contemporary books, sometimes from the classics. At one time Wendell and Fred pored over every speech that Senator John Sharpe Williams made; they admired his fine choice of words and tried to copy him. Politics and current problems, the single tax and all such issues were subjects of table

debate, although the father never organized formal family debates, as has been reported.

The Willkie boys went barefoot because they did not like shoes. They had a clique that met in the basement of their home. Two of their crowd, Earl and Jack McCarl, were "Irish comics," and sometimes the cronies stayed up until 5 A.M., when the boys' father, without scolding, would send them to bed.

He was no disciplinarian, this father. "He seemed to know by instinct all that we were doing and thinking," Fred recalls. "If he wanted to correct one of us he would wait until the right moment and would in the end persuade us to his way of thinking." The senior Willkie knew all about progressive education before the books were written. "Since he never laid down the law, we never learned to lie," Fred says.

When Wendell had a hand in painting the school steps he forthrightly owned up to it, and was suspended—he was never expelled—from high school. In Robert's opinion "every boy who was worth a damn was at one time or another suspended from our school." In all of Wendell's brushes with the school authorities the chief aggravating factor, his brothers think, was his habit of questioning his teachers' facts and conclusions when they differed from his father's. This amounted to contempt of court.

Their father liked to help them with their lessons, whether it was algebra or Greek, and to show them there was more than one way of solving a problem. The boys thought he was the greatest man who ever lived.

Wendell Willkie has asserted in campaign speeches that he grew up "the hard, not the soft way." As compared with Franklin D. Roosevelt, he did grow up the hard way, but not as compared with the children of the economic underprivileged. There was no prolonged feeling of financial insecurity, no real want in the Willkie family despite the ups and downs of Father Willkie's fortunes.

The Willkie children reached adolescence in an expanding industrial era when it was fast becoming a mark of social distinction not to work. Willkie senior believed that it was shameful to be caught not working and that what a man had in his head and not on his back distinguished him. The eldest son, Robert, controlled the local agency for a circular and patent medicine sample distributing business, and this remained in the family for a number of years. The boys earned two dollars per thousand making front-door deliveries and three dollars per thousand making back-door deliveries.

One summer Wendell had a job with a junk dealer. Another summer he earned four dollars a week driving a bakery wagon from four in the morning until nightfall through the country where he traded bread for eggs. The following summer he had a job with a fruit and vegetable man, and for a few weeks in the tin-plate mills, where all of the Willkie boys worked at one time or another. When he was thirteen his father sent him for a summer to Culver Military Academy.

The father took pains to give his children a wide span of experience and to encourage in them a spirit of adventure. He did not buy them tickets to Europe, as William and Henry James' father did, but after the boys had attained their growth he would give them every June a one-way ticket to some point in the West and tell them they were on their own until school opened.

It was a point of pride with the boys never to send an S.O.S. to their father. At the end of his freshman year in college Wendell set out with a friend, Paul Harmon, who is now a professor at Indiana University, for Fargo, North Dakota, where the two had jobs in an eating place. Wishing to see Yellowstone Park, Wendell went on alone to Wyoming, where he worked in the wheat fields and where his back was injured by a falling load of hay. On his way home he was robbed and lost the thirty dollars he had saved. So he called on the local banker, told his story, and raised the

wherewithal to get home. Wendell had already become a successful advocate of his own cause.

Looking back on the summers he and his brothers spent on their own in the West, Fred Willkie said, "We learned self-reliance on those trips. If one of us were to be given a job to-day running a business in the Ural Mountains it would not feeze us."

While Wendell Willkie has boasted of the hard knocks he had in his youth, he sent his twenty-year-old son Philip to an Eastern preparatory school and then to Princeton. Philip has turned out to be anything but a ne'er-do-well. He was a prize-winning debater at Princeton and a highly successful manager of the *Daily Princetonian* and was voted "the least collegiate" of his class. He flunked in history and failed to take his Bachelor's degree last June only because he was too busy with other activities. This fall he enters Columbia University Law School.

II

Senator Van Nuys of Indiana, who knew the Willkie family, once described the whole outfit as "crazy smart." At Indiana University, where Wendell registered as a freshman in February, 1910, the Willkie boys were on the side of the unwashed. In those days President William Low Bryan, anxious for appropriations from the Legislature, was trying "to sissify" the men students. He lectured the football players on platonic love, he disapproved of such campus customs as the night-shirt parades, the hair shaving, and an irreverent magazine called *Bogus* in which the Willkie boys had a hand. Once the police punched in the jaw a small Hawaiian student who had made some commotion in the gallery of the local theater, and Wendell and Robert came to his rescue. In this fray the brothers got badly scratched up.

They were "smart," but too "crazy" to make Phi Beta Kappa, an honor reserved for the well-behaved. Wendell was a debater in college and made some speeches favoring the abolition of inheritances. The Indianian, Thomas R. Marshall, had pointed out that there was nothing in the English Common Law which protected inheritances. Despite his interest in such theories, it would be stretching the point to call Wendell Willkie a Socialist in his college days. He had followed his father into the Democratic party and had carried a Democratic poll-book when he was sixteen.

The Willkie boys were not completely self-supporting in college but they had various jobs such as waiting on table, and the money each earned was turned into the family pool. When Wendell was a sophomore, four Willkies were in college, Robert who was in law school, Julia, the eldest, Fred, and Wendell. They did their own housekeeping, and their house was the center for a group of intimates who shared their ideas. True to their father's liberalism, they had taken a stand against fraternities because, Fred says, the Greeks "got all the breaks and that was not fair."

After his brothers and sister had left the university Wendell took a different tack. He was always, his elder brother Robert remembers, "less of a nonconformist than the rest of us." He was more purposeful and had inherited a larger share of his mother's indomitable will, which in him was transformed into exceptionally great ambition. At the early age of fifteen he began to study "how to succeed." It was not only important to be clever, he confided to one of his brothers, but to consider the likes and dislikes of other people and to listen as well as talk. In his senior year in college he definitely put this theory into practice. At this time he greatly admired and modeled his manners on those of an urbane professor of philosophy who always had an individual greeting for every student.

He thought that he and his brothers might have made a mistake in being too much "agin" the established order on the campus and that more could be ac-

complished by working with people with whom you disagreed than by breaking lances against them. So as a senior he accepted a bid from Beta Theta Pi, which was Paul McNutt's fraternity. He was as much of an individual as ever, careless in dress and given to going his own way. Perhaps his brothers and sister had had stronger convictions about the evils of the fraternity system than he had had. The future candidate for President was learning to be politic.

After graduation from the Liberal Arts College Wendell went out to Coffeyville, Kansas, to teach history. He enjoyed the scholar's life and has never been completely weaned from it. He has read widely on the economic causes of the Civil War and he knows his way round eighteenth-century England. From time to time he reviews for the press a book in a field with which he is familiar. A year ago, before he was being talked of for President, he told me that he would like to retire from the utility business, now that he had in effect finished his job at Commonwealth and Southern, and become the head of a large university if the right opportunity should present itself.

Yet he gave up teaching after a little more than a year, partly because his father wanted him to be a lawyer, partly because he was ambitious. "I knew," he told me, "that I could not be really independent unless I made good money."

Before he started in law school his lively interest in new faces and places drew him to Puerto Rico where his brother Fred was head chemist with a sugar company. Wendell did not know much about chemistry, but he took a month's intensive course at Oberlin, and with Fred's help at night excelled at a routine chemist's job for six months. In Puerto Rico Wendell spent much of his spare time in the streets trying to get some sense of the life and attitudes of the people. At that time Ignacio Iglacius was just beginning to awaken the workers.

In the fall of 1915 Wendell returned to Indiana University as a law student. He was back in campus politics now, and was active in forming a coalition group that included both President Bryan and the student body. He wanted to be identified with a political group powerful enough to be effective. An Akron friend of his has said, "Contrary to what many people think, it was no mere business man, no tyro politician, who took the surprised delegates into camp at Philadelphia." He was right. Willkie is an old hand at making friends and influencing people.

After he had passed the State bar examinations with honors he practiced law for a year in Elwood with his father and older brother Robert. In May, 1917, he enlisted in the officers' training corps. "We Willkies inherited," he once told me, "a hatred of everything Prussian."

III

Home from France, Willkie got himself in April, 1919, a $175-a-month job with the Firestone Rubber Company in Akron, Ohio. He had married Edith Wilk, assistant librarian at Rushville, Indiana, before he went to France, and when she joined him in Akron they frugally set up housekeeping in an apartment shared with friends. At the Firestone plant Willkie's duties were restricted to looking after the personal legal problems of the employees and there was not much chance for recognition here. Soon he made himself known through his stump-speaking for the League of Nations and his activity in the American Legion. As acting commander of Summit County Post from 1920 to 1921, he showed his skill at reconciling factions. In 1922 he spoke out against the bonus as an unjustified burden on the taxpayer.

After a year and a half in Akron the young lawyer and speech-maker came to the attention of Mather and Nesbitt, a law firm that represented, among other large clients, the Northern Ohio Traction and Light Company. From this date on Willkie's is a success story. He

showed up at the law office early in the morning, lunched on a sandwich, and never begrudged his evenings to his briefs. He could labor half the night, then read a book, and do with a few hours' sleep. The Traction and Light Company officials found that he could dispatch a case more swiftly and effectively than his older associates. In a year's time he was made a junior partner of the law firm.

Anecdotes of Willkie's surprise tactics in court and his skill in handling juries to the bewilderment and confusion of his opponents are legion in Akron. There was never a lawyer who cared so much about winning. Willkie and Nesbitt were at one time defending the Traction and Light Company against a man whose automobile had crashed head on with a streetcar. They were not encouraged by the fact that Judge Lionel S. Pardee, the plaintiff, his counsel, and a member of the jury were all Elks. As was his custom, Judge Pardee retired to his chambers while the lawyers summed up. As their opponent talked, Roy Nesbitt objected, and Willkie, who was standing in the doorway between the courtroom and Pardee's office, relayed the objection. "Oh hell, let them fight it out," snapped Pardee, annoyed at being disturbed. Quick on the uptake, Willkie stepped into the courtroom and told the jury, "The judge says 'Oh hell, let them fight it out.' "

Nesbitt again objected, and this time the judge said Nesbitt could go to hell. Willkie again reported the judge's remark, and the jury sensed the judicial bias. They decided the case in favor of Willkie and Nesbitt.

This story was told me with chuckles by Judge E. D. Fritch, an elderly jurist distinguished for his probity who is an admirer of Willkie's. He said he had never known another lawyer at the Akron bar who could have thought as fast as Willkie did in this case, or who would have had the temerity to relay the judge's remarks in quotes. Willkie knew that he could not be brought up on contempt of court charges since he had merely repeated the judge's words.

At times juries handed down what seemed to be excessive verdicts under the spell of the Willkie personality. In these days Willkie represented more than a few truck drivers who, he argued, were being persecuted by the railroads because they offered a new form of competition.

In a case before Judge Fritch Willkie defended a laundress whose car had struck a ten-year-old child. The evidence was circumstantial and there was reason to believe that the child had run into the street. Two little girls had appeared for the prosecution and had testified that they had not seen "Goldie's profile, but had recognized her by her red coat." When the third little girl witness changed the word "profile" to "face," Willkie had his cue. Making friends with the child on the stand, he suggested that she had been talking in the hall with the counsel for the plaintiff, and that he had told her to say "face" instead of "profile." She innocently nodded her head.

Playing on this one word, Willkie went to town with the jury. His distinguished opponent, a Harvard man, he said, used such words as profile, but he, Wendell Willkie, was common folks like the jury. He and they talked plain American, just as the little witnesses would have if they had not been coached. Willkie won the case.

Willkie pulled every last stop when he sued the Pennsylvania Railroad on behalf of a man whose wife had been killed at a grade crossing. The case was a doubtful one since the railroad claimed that the bell had been rung and the whistle blown. Summing up, Willkie confessed to the jury that he had been unable to sleep the night before, knowing that he would be charged in the morning with the responsibility of assessing in dollars and cents the value of a wife's and mother's services. Who, he asked, would put these children to bed at night and hear their prayers? There had been a question whether the judge would allow

the case even to go to the jury. But Willkie got a verdict of $7,500 for his client. It was set aside by the judge and the case was settled before a new trial was held. Clients represented by Willkie usually got their due or more than their due.

Willkie had all Akron talking when he came up against the late Harvey Firestone in 1925. It was a case of David and Goliath. Firestone was suing William H. Kroeger, a man of standing in the community who had had charge of Firestone's real estate development for employees and who later became Superintendent of State Buildings and Loans. Kroeger asked his friend Willkie to defend him. It was a curious suit. Kroeger, who had represented Firestone in various important capacities, had received the modest stipend of $4,200 to $6,000 a year. In lieu of a larger salary, Firestone had turned over to Kroeger, according to the latter, an interest in the Akron *Times*, a sheet which Firestone, Goodrich, and Goodyear had founded in 1913 to fight the IWW. In 1916 the other two rubber companies sold their interest in the paper, but Kroeger continued to hold the Firestone stock in his own name, voting as a director and collecting dividends as its owner. When in 1925 the paper was sold for the unexpectedly large sum of $710,000 to Roy Howard, Firestone sued Kroeger for his 10 per cent share in the proceeds.

The case was meat for young Willkie who did not care how big a tycoon Firestone was. Up against a battery of legal talent imported by Firestone, Willkie won a round of preliminary court skirmishes. In an examination before trial he forced Firestone to precede Kroeger on the stand. The case was finally settled out of court in Kroeger's favor. Firestone was more bitter against Willkie than against Kroeger. Rumor has it that he tried to prevent Willkie's being made president of Commonwealth and Southern nine years later. Yet young Harvey supported Willkie at Philadelphia.

Willkie once mentioned this suit to me as ironic proof that all a man needs to get ahead in the world is a powerful enemy. Then his adversary was Firestone. Later it was to be Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Hard as Willkie worked on his law cases, he was active in the local councils of the Democratic Party. He refused opportunities to run for office himself—said he would not take the county prosecutor's job on a silver platter—but he had a voice in selecting other candidates and campaigned for their election. The cynical might suggest that as counsel for a large corporation he wanted to put into office his own men; but if this had been his motive he should have belonged not to the Democratic Party, but to the Republican, which dominated the Akron scene in the 20's.

After the Democrats had elected a Mayor in 1927 Willkie sponsored the appointment of Judge Aldrich Underwood as City Law Director. Judge Underwood, a fine type of man with a social point of view, told me that in the negotiations which as a city official he subsequently had with Willkie as the representative of the Ohio Edison, Willkie never asked any favors or got any.

In 1922 Willkie campaigned for Martin L. Davey's reëlection to Congress long before the latter was discredited as Governor of Ohio. Years later, in 1933 when the Ohio legislature investigated contributions to Davey's 1934 campaign for the Governorship, a witness by the name of Bradley, formerly in the employ of the Davey Tree Company, testified that the Georgia Power Company, a subsidiary of Willkie's holding company, had favored Davey with its business for political reasons. The charge was "pure bunk," Willkie retorted in the press. Far from giving Davey added business after Bradley had called on him during the campaign, Willkie had ordered the Commonwealth and Southern subsidiaries to make no more contracts with the tree company.

Willkie's speeches before political and

civic groups in Akron had a revivalist flavor. Once, a fellow-Democrat recalls, he jumped down from the platform, waving his arms as he strode down the aisle. There was something of the demagogue in him. He always represented himself as the champion of the common man. While he battled loyally for individual clients, some of whom were humble folk, he was too much on the make in Akron and too busy representing a corporation to be the crusader for the people his father was before him.

During the 20's the unions were in the doldrums in Akron and only the Klan, which had become a strong political organization, challenged the convictions of good liberals. By 1925 the Klan controlled a majority on the school board, and a group of public-spirited citizens organized a campaign to oust its henchmen, finally succeeding in 1927. Willkie contributed money to this campaign and made no secret of his opposition to the Klan. Testimony of Akronites differs as to the number of speeches he took time out to make in the school fight. But it is a matter of record that he fought the Klan-supported McAdoo as a delegate at the 1924 Democratic convention, where he was an ardent supporter of Alfred E. Smith. Returning from the convention, he made several speeches on the Klan issue.

During his ten years in Akron Willkie continued to live economically and invested his savings in local bank and railroad stocks which later went with the wind of the depression. Mrs. Willkie did her own work, and the young couple spent little at the local country club. Willkie had many friends, but he preferred a good argument or a good book to golfing or fishing, and he was too busy to be one of the gang.

In 1929 fate took charge of Willkie's career. He had made an impression on B. C. Cobb, president of Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, for whose Ohio subsidiaries Willkie had labored as counsel. Mr. Cobb secured him a $36,000 a year job with Weadock and Weadock, New York counsel for C & S. Eager to succeed though he was, Willkie had regrets at leaving Akron. It tore at his heart, he confided to a friend, to leave old associations in Akron and go to New York where he would be thrown with "moneyed people." Perhaps he would be happier if he stayed in Akron. . . . Since then Willkie has become a cosmopolitan, but he has changed neither his Indiana drawl nor his hair-cut. When you meet him you feel that you have always known him.

IV

Three years after he arrived in New York he was made president of the Commonwealth and Southern at $75,000 a year. He became the spearhead of the forces opposing the New Deal's alleged attempt to control rather than regulate industry. Because he believed that the TVA was guilty of unbusinesslike methods in its bookkeeping and so was unfairly competing with private enterprise, he carried his case to the people in speeches and articles and into the courts after the government had refused to compromise with him in 1935. He lost in the courts, but in the end he turned defeat into victory and sold the properties of the Tennessee Power Company to TVA for a sum considerably larger than the government had first offered.

Whether his father would have stood with the Commonwealth and Southern stockholders against the government's socialization of the Tennessee Valley seems doubtful. Yet it was his father's teaching that a man should dedicate himself completely to the job in hand which made Wendell Willkie the redoubtable antagonist to the New Deal—to its methods rather than to all of its aims—that he has become.

"It is the job we are doing, not the perquisites that go with it, that counts with a Willkie," Fred Willkie claims. This must be true of Wendell Willkie or he would have allowed the Commonwealth and Southern to raise his salary as

they offered to in the course of the TVA fight. He also refused a proffer of a $225,000 position with another corporation.

In Wall Street and in Washington Wendell Willkie has won the reputation of being a clean fighter. This is conceded by more than a few who disagree with his views on government.

To one who knows him there can be no question that he is as devoted to our political democratic processes as was his father, who fought for the rights of the individual and stood for free trade in ideas. As a utility executive Willkie has been faithful to his inherited belief in collective bargaining. His article called "Fair Play," which appeared in the *New Republic* of March 18, 1940, makes clear where he stands on the Bill of Rights. He delighted in showing this piece to the type of men in Wall Street who say, "There's only one way to get the Reds,—give them no quarter of any kind."

Wendell Willkie is many times more ambitious than his father was. But is it an overriding ambition? At the end of the second ballot at Philadelphia his floor manager, Governor Stassen, telephoned him: "You are gambling with the biggest thing you've ever gambled with, Wendell Willkie—we could use Pennsylvania's seventy-two votes at this point. Shall I have a talk with Joe Pew?" Willkie hesitated the fraction of a second and then said: "No." He wanted no strings tied to his nomination.

Willkie's self-assurance is great. He never fails to put both best feet forward. But underneath his cockiness lies a real humility. A few days after the miracle had happened in Philadelphia I caught him in a reflective mood viewing his candidacy as an eddy—or a whirlpool if you will—in the stream of history. "I haven't figured out yet," he confessed, "why this thing has happened to a man who was, until a few years ago, a Democrat; to a man who did not have a single pledged delegate. It must have something to do with the times we live in, but just what, I am not sure."

Buoyant individual that he is, Willkie takes his responsibilities with high seriousness. It is altogether possible that if elected President he would serve one hundred and thirty million Americans even more faithfully than he served two hundred thousand C & S stockholders.

A progressive Ohio publisher, who never knew Willkie's father but who knows Willkie well, made a prediction which portrays the real Willkie as more his father's son than a partisan for the propertied class. "Given the chance," this publisher said, "Wendell Willkie will dedicate himself to serving all the people, not only the privileged few. Deep down he is an idealist and a born crusader."



PM

THE WALL-STREET-POPULAR-FRONT TABLOID

BY FERDINAND LUNDBERG

On June 18, 1940, after five years of advance talk, publicity, gossip, and rumor, the long-awaited New York afternoon tabloid *PM* was first published. Since then repercussions have been numerous and strange. What is *PM*, where did it come from, and what is it all about?

The editor and publisher is Ralph McAllister Ingersoll, until 1939 publisher and formerly vice president and general manager of Time, Inc., and before that managing editor of the *New Yorker;* he is chiefly known as a successful magazine promoter. The capital of *PM*—a million and a half dollars—comes from some of the most influential families in America. As for the editorial staff and contributors, no such galaxy of literary celebrities has ever before been assembled by a newspaper; it includes Lillian Hellman, playwright; Dashiell Hammett, novelist and scenarist; Louis Kronenberger, essayist and critic; Richard O. Boyer, magazine writer; Dalton Trumbo, novelist, playwright, and scenarist; Leo Huberman, historian and teacher; Roger Dakin, biographer and journalist; Leane Zugsmith, novelist, and many others. Probably no newspaper ever has had a staff responsible for so many books.

The paper itself was to be "an historic event," "a new kind of newspaper," "the easiest newspaper to read"; its typography would be the last word, every sort of mechanical aid would be employed to turn out a perfect product; employing celebrated photographers, it would revolutionize pictorial journalism; it would carry no advertising and so be free of pressure from business quarters; it would be conscious of the social problems of the day, would exert a profound cultural influence on the nation as a whole, and would reshape newspaper standards. And it would be a fighting newspaper. An early prospectus described its editorial attitude: "We are against people who push each other around, just for the fun of pushing, whether they flourish in this country or abroad. We are against fraud and deceit and greed and cruelty and we will seek to expose their practitioners. We are for people who are kindly and courageous and honest. We respect intelligence, sound accomplishment, open-mindedness, religious tolerance. We do not believe all mankind's problems are now being solved successfully by any existing social order, certainly not our own, and we propose to crusade for those who seek constructively to improve the way men live together. We are Americans and we prefer democracy to any other principle of government." Nothing like it had ever been heard of.

The circumstances in which the project got under way were unusual. Mr. Ingersoll had been associated with the Luce news magazines—*Time*, *Fortune*, *Life*—all spectacular successes. They are based on a formula, and make very little attempt to gather original news. They make no attempt to duplicate the twenty-four-hour-a-day task of gathering

news which the great dailies and the press services do. Instead, large staffs rewrite what the daily papers publish. The material is then "processed," colored, and expanded with material gathered by a large number of researchers who ransack libraries and travel about the country interviewing great and small in search of human interest and "background" facts. But the work is primarily an inside job, and Mr. Ingersoll was experienced in the organization of it. Save for a brief term on the New York *American*, as a cub reporter, he has no experience in the gathering of raw news nor familiarity with the management of newspapers.

The Luce periodicals attained their greatest success during the great depression. It was also a time when uncertainty about the future shook the ideas of most people. There were millions of unemployed, nothing was secure, no one knew what was going to happen next. From 1930 to 1935 the Communist Party made considerable headway, losing something of the sectarian flavor which had marked it since its organization in 1919. However, its bitter and outspoken hostility to all brands of liberals and competing radicals remained. But by 1935 the career of Adolf Hitler had forced the Kremlin to think hard; he was a power. In the summer of that year the Seventh World Congress of the Communist International was held in Moscow and the policy of the anti-fascist Popular Front was decided upon; with the tide of fascism rising, all hands throughout the world were called upon to stop the onrush of barbarians. In the United States great strides were made by the Communists among the trade unions, particularly in the newly organized C.I.O. The Popular Front policy also called for the expansion of a large number of organizations largely dominated by Communists. It was represented in the schools and colleges by the Teachers' Union and the American Student Union. The John Reed clubs carried the word among the artists, the American Writers' Congress performed a similar job for authors, the American League for Peace and Democracy drew liberals of all shades and colors. The campaign enlisted followers all over the country, but its chief strength developed in the cities, above all in New York and Hollywood. The high tide for the Popular Front came during the Spanish Civil War when American volunteers and funds were sent to aid the Loyalists.

In New York during the depression the "intellectuals" were in something of a turmoil; liberalism was played out, fascism was a fact, and if the Popular Front wasn't a step forward, what was? Many of Mr. Luce's employees felt that way, and Mr. Ingersoll was decidedly sympathetic. Indeed, at one time he talked about publishing an American edition of *The Week*—a London weekly news-letter with a Communist slant edited by Claude Cockburn, once an American correspondent of the London *Times*. This news-letter had a wide circulation in New York among newspaper and magazine people and business houses. There was a quantity of news that the dailies suppressed or could not see; the reporting of the Spanish War had been biased; labor didn't have the press it ought to have; what about housing, the sharecroppers, and the Okies? The new paper, it was decided after other projects had been abandoned, would tackle these problems; it would be a new version of the newspaperman's dream of a paper where this time, by God, the facts about "that traction deal" would see daylight.

The central figure in *PM* is Mr. Ingersoll, born in 1900, educated at Yale as a mining engineer, and working as a New York reporter by 1923. He says that he got his first idea for *PM* when during a pressmen's strike in 1923 all the New York papers together put out a small eight-page newspaper without advertising. Nothing came of the idea, however, until 1935 when Mr. Ingersoll was joined by Edward Stanley, then assistant to Kent Cooper, general manager of the

Associated Press. Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Stanley set up an organization called Publications Research, Inc., and planning for *PM* began.

The five years of organization were troubled; after numerous differences of opinion, Mr. Stanley withdrew. Daniel Gillmor, now editor and publisher of *Friday*, and an enthusiastic Popular Fronter, put in a large sum, could not agree with Mr. Ingersoll, and took his money out. Still, while the gathering of "intellectuals" and literary celebrities for the staff proceeded, the basic editorial attitude did not change. "What we would have of course," said Mr. Ingersoll in a memorandum in the spring of 1939, "would be an organ of the United Front. Not an organ dedicated to putting over the United Front, or any part of it. But an organ that believed in the destiny of the people and that therefore all those conflicting elements of the United Front were, with greater or lesser efficiency, moving in the right direction." After repeated postponements, it was hoped to publish in the fall of 1939. But in August, 1939, came the Hitler agreement with Russia and the Popular Front blew up. The upheaval in New York intellectual circles was terrific and *PM* was not unaffected. Finally, however, on June 18, 1940, the first issue hit the sidewalks, its general Popular Front attitude substantially intact.

II

Advance advertising and publicity promised readers of *PM* better news writing than they were accustomed to get. As Mr. Ingersoll put it in a memorandum: "*PM* will be written in English—as distinct from journalese. Probably the first words ever said on paper about *PM* declared that it should be written by men and women with a talent for words. Its staff will create its own style, giving its columns their own personality." At the start all copy by staff members was to be put into type as written, without any touch of the editorial blue pencil. But after two days of woe a copy desk was installed, and now *PM* has one of the biggest copy desks in New York. Still, the talent for words is not yet strangled. The issue for August 9th, for example, has a photograph of James D. Mooney of General Motors adroitly captioned: "This rich American's proud look is because of the medal around his neck Hitler has just bestowed." Better quality paper and printing were also promised; more and better news photographs; revival of drawings and sketches, *à la* Daumier; complete but brief news coverage, with omission of nonsense from the news columns; avoidance of frozen news patterns; elimination of space-filling "features"; no advertising din—a vision that brought *PM* more than ten thousand job applications and caused a number of good journalists to give up secure positions to join *PM*. But now, after two months of publication, the paper shows itself to be, technically, no more than a high-grade tabloid, squarer in format than the standard; the front page is printed partly in color but is otherwise undistinguished; the layout is outmoded in style.

Perhaps it is a phase of early growth, but *PM* in many ways shows an absence of expert co-ordination. When the German consulate in the Whitehall Building, New York, was bombed, men from the city and the crime departments of *PM* argued heatedly in the corridors about which department should handle the situation, while newsmen from other papers went about gathering the facts. *PM* when circularizing potential subscribers before it appeared instructed them not to send in any money, just their names, and to give their money to newsdealers who delivered the paper. This instruction was given apparently by someone without knowledge of the New York City newspaper-distribution system and without consulting the circulation department. Newsstand dealers and stationers deliver morning papers in the early hours of the day when they have no other business to attend to; but in the

afternoon most of them cannot be bothered with home deliveries. Directly contradictory news reports and expressions of opinion have appeared in its pages, sometimes on the same page, illustrating lack of editorial insight. In the same issue Willkie is described as the Wall Street station-wagon candidate and also as the candidate, heartily disliked by Wall Street, who once threatened to punch Morgan's nose.

The important features missing from *PM*, features that are the circulation backbones of newspapers, are comics, stock market reports, detailed sports reports, and expertly written paid advertising. Comics, according to a Gallup poll, are the great single factor in the sale of newspapers, and their readers are mainly adults. Only two major papers sell without comics—the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Partly offsetting these deficiencies, *PM* publishes the biggest radio program section in the city and cinema ratings.

Aside from its shortage in standard features, the greatest blank spot in *PM* as a newspaper is its lack of spot news, while as a picture paper it lacks spot photographs. *PM's* editions regularly hit the streets long after competitors have skimmed the newsstand cream with the latest flash news; the *PM* headlines often look like ancient history alongside rival headlines. Static, scenic, and merely pretty photographs adorn its pages.

The biggest promise on which *PM* has fallen flat is: "*PM's* front page . . . will give the reader a thirty-second answer to the question: What's new?" Whatever else it does, the new tabloid doesn't get the news fast enough; it is anywhere from two to three hours late in spot news; it often blunders. At the opening of the Republican convention it predicted, "Taft is in." And gave the reasons.

PM made its debut in the midst of the most savage war in history and the most tense political situation in the United States since the Civil War. Hard-hitting New York papers were daily scooping the world with stories on the British débâcle in Norway and the retreat from Flanders. Into this feverish scene *PM* came like a novice. It was, furthermore, handicapped by a five-cent price, in a city where some of the best papers in the world sell for three cents. It had missed an opportunity to buy the Brooklyn *Eagle's* Associated Press franchise which included the Wirephoto service, and now has to get along with the less comprehensive United Press service. But even an AP franchise cannot give *PM* competitive equality with papers like the *World-Telegram* and the *New York Times*. To achieve approximate equality it would still have to assemble an experienced foreign news staff directed by an editor who knows his men. Richard Boyer, of the *New Yorker* and *Friday*, was sent to Berlin. Dalton Trumbo, who had written scenarios and is the author of the successful novel, *Johnny Got His Gun*, is on special assignment in London. It is hardly fair to expect expert reporting from inexperienced men who don't know the ropes. To plug the London situation, Ben Robertson, Jr., a trained city man, was hired from the New York *Herald Tribune* and sent over. Heavily staffed with literary folk and political intellectuals, *PM* is short on an absolute necessity: news-getters. Even in selecting journalists *PM* has been attracted mostly by re-write and office men. After all the advance advertising, *PM* sums up as a daily pro-Soviet hybrid of *Time* and *Life* with overtones of the *New Yorker*—all publications on which Mr. Ingersoll has worked.

PM publishes no advertising. Instead it summarizes advertising which appears in other New York newspapers, a practical device to give readers essential buying information. This was originally an ingenious move to circumvent the advertising competition of rivals but it was turned into a sweeping promotional virtue. "No advertisers can influence *PM*." It costs from $300,000 to $500,-

000 a year to operate an advertising department and by cutting this out in the opening stages the management made a considerable saving. Later on things may be different. It is unreasonable to suppose that the management is prejudiced against advertising; most of the stockholders are connected with heavily advertised enterprises and William Benton and Chester Bowles, partners in the big advertising firm of Benton & Bowles, are both on the *PM* board of directors. According to one of Mr. Ingersoll's memoranda: "If we achieve the substantial circulation we expect, publishing history shows that advertisers in plenty will follow. Thus advertising can and will be sold, but only after we achieve circulation success."

III

On the 12th of July, 1940, *PM* devoted a full page to a document which named a long list of *PM* staff members and charged them with being either Communists or Communist sympathizers. The photographs of a number of those named were published on the same page. According to *PM*, this document was being circulated in competing newspaper offices and was presumably to be published as an attempt to hurt the circulation of the new paper. Mr. Ingersoll did not deny the charges in the document but said: "Since its inception *PM* has printed no news that would give any reader honest grounds for suspecting that we are Communists, that we are fascists, that we are racially prejudiced, that we are intolerant of any religion. But rumors have been spread against us. Because spreading unprincipled rumors appears to be the cheapest way of combatting a newcomer." He reminded the readers of *PM* that Communist staff members of the *New York Times* and of Time, Inc., had published little house organs of their own.

Actually, this document although its contents are considered authentic on the left, was a "plant." It had been put together by a New York newspaperman and handed over mysteriously to a friend of *PM* with the warning that enemies were gunning for the paper. *PM* fell for the plant, thus putting into type identifications other papers would have been afraid to publish.

Ordinarily the general public probably wouldn't give a thought to the Popular Front interests of the *PM* staff. If the public likes the paper it will buy it; if it doesn't like it, it won't. The product is more important to the public than the people who make it. But in the case of *PM*, the Popular Front coloration has succeeded in making the paper even more of a curiosity, has caused talk all over the country. For a group of successful magazine people together with a number of politicalized literary, stage, and movie people have combined to put out a daily paper. Inexperienced, their venture was undertaken in the hardest spot of all—New York City. It would be a terrific job to get the paper out in any case. Many of these people had Communist or Popular Front sympathies; their political preoccupations did not help them any in their predicament.

Of course not all of the *PM* staff are Popular Fronters. Duncan Aikman, the well-known magazine writer and journalist, is not; nor are Harry Feldman, former circulation manager in New York for Hearst, George Lyons, managing editor, formerly of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, Kenneth Crawford, former Washington correspondent of the New York *Post*, and a number of regular newspapermen drawn from the Associated Press, the *World-Telegram*, the *Herald Tribune* and other papers. Still, the flavor of the original group which gathered about Mr. Ingersoll is clearly marked in the paper's pages.

This has led to a rather complicated picture. The control of the paper is entirely in Mr. Ingersoll's hands because the stockholders gave him a contract with power to determine all the business and editorial policies for five years. We have, then, a Popular Front news-

paper underwritten by a number of rich people who presumably hope to make money out of the venture. But the Popular Front has blown up. Still Mr. Ingersoll has not swerved, and the editorial policy therefore reflects the ideas of a successful magazine man trying to promote Popular Front interests in a world where there is no Popular Front. Next, for one reason or another, persons with Communist sympathies often feel compelled to deny the fact in public. In the case of *PM*, an obvious Popular Front paper, no mention was made in official identifications of the fact that the staff included a former managing editor of the *New Masses*, a former editor of the *Communist*, nor that many of the others wrote for Communist publications. This has been responsible for a lot of rather involved rationalization, and justifies the conclusion that numerous important assignments were made, not on the basis of newspaper competence, but on literary reputation and political sympathy.

Mr. Ingersoll has achieved something of a reputation for his memoranda; he has written many on the subject of *PM*. He wrote the prospectus for *PM* which drew responses from more than 170,000 persons. Some of these memoranda have been reprinted as advertisements. One of them, twenty-two pages in length, and published privately in the spring of 1939, had this to say about editorial policy: "We are a group which believes in the existence of right and wrong and we believe that Right lies to the Left. But how far? Here I believe we can be agnostic scientists. I am willing to say frankly I do not know. I am willing to subscribe to journalistic inquiry admittedly and openly more interested in and more sympathetic to all Left movements—Liberalism, New Dealism, Socialism, Communism, Anarchy."

Again he has said: "The first thing to be told publicly and emphatically and continuously about capitalism of course is that it doesn't exist or, if you like, that it exists everywhere. In other words, the sense that U. S. Capitalism must be against Communism is nonsense because in whole sections of our life in this alleged capitalistic country we have no capitalism at all. . . . I would like to say . . . frankly that we have an open mind on Capitalism. We are not going to be so stupid as to be horrified by the idea of confiscation of property when we have had the phenomenon of property being confiscated—by the State for public works, by the State through limiting profits, etc., for generations."

Disquisitions of this misleading character give a Through-the-Looking-Glass flavor to the paper's editorial policy. Mr. Ingersoll wrote in another memorandum: "We are against the Fascist philosophy. We believe the evidence on Fascism is all in; there is in the Fascist philosophy a live threat to everything we believe in, beginning with the democratic way of life." But in *PM* for August first, Mr. Ingersoll called for the formation of an American Fascist Party, in order to "clarify" issues and make democracy "work." The reasoning here seems to be that by setting up a Fascist standard to which all dishonest men might repair, it would be easier for the rest of us to recognize a Fascist when we see one. At the same time the Reich and the Soviet Union are in friendly alliance.

IV

Meantime, what about the stockholders? *PM* proudly and truly asserted that they were drawn from some of the most influential families in America. Among them are Marshall Field III, Mrs. Louis Gimbel (Gimbel Brothers and Saks-Fifth Avenue); Harry Scherman (Book-of-the-Month Club); M. Lincoln Schuster (Simon and Schuster, publishers); Mrs. Marion Rosenwald Stern and Lessing Rosenwald (Sears, Roebuck and Company); Philip A. Wrigley, George Huntington Hartford II (Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company); John Hay Whitney, Dwight Deere Wiman (theatrical producer);

John L. Loeb (broker), and Dorothy Thompson, the eminent columnist and seer. The paper is capitalized at $1,500,000 and the stock is held in blocks ranging from $50,000 to about $200,000. Whitney, Field, and the Rosenwalds are understood to hold the largest amounts. Already the paper's misfortunes have caused ructions among the stockholders. There have been heated conferences and impassioned arguments.

Mr. Ingersoll's success as a promoter was well known and he brought with him from Time, Inc., considerable prestige. He was credited, for example, with bringing automobile advertising back to *Time* after it had been transferred to *Life*, something of a triumph because it meant holding the advertising for both publications. He talked persuasively to potential *PM* investors and, though not yet forty, seemed to know the newspaper field from Etaoin to Shrdlu, and got the contract giving him a free hand in all editorial and business decisions. The stock was sold with literature stressing the spectacular successes of *Time*, *Fortune*, *Life*, and the *New Yorker*. For a time Kuhn, Loeb and Company were investigating the proposition, supposing that in some way or other, Time, Inc., was behind *PM*. When it discovered otherwise the banking house lost interest. But on the whole, the stock promotion was an able job.

Clifford Yewdall, public accountant, had worked out in detail, for the promoters, the monthly cash position of the enterprise for the first year, showing $752,610 expected to be on hand after twelve months of operation, in which the paper would be out of the "red" in the eighth month and earning $39,250 the twelfth. The prospectus stressed that no capital investment was being made; office and printing facilities were to be rented. In every way the prospectus breathed conservatism, concern for profits, attention to every detail of operation.

Stock was sold in units of ten shares of common and one of preferred at $100.10 per unit. Preferred was valued at $100 and common at 1 cent. *PM* has outstanding 300,000 shares of common, of which Ingersoll took 75,000 shares, and 15,000 shares of preferred. A total of 75,000 shares of common is held for distribution to staff members as bonuses. The common carries all voting power up to three years, so that, his contract aside, Mr. Ingersoll's $750 gives him 25 per cent of the vote, while his personally selected staff holds another 25 per cent. It is believed in newspaper circles that Mr. Ingersoll's personal investment does not exceed $25,000 in all.

If the paper turns profitable it is stipulated that the preferred shall be retired at par out of profits and all power shall be vested in the common, in which case voting power would be divided between the management and investors. If the paper loses money, however, it will be in full control of the preferred stockholders after three years.

But for the first five years, thanks to Mr. Ingersoll's contract, all stock provisos bearing on control are largely academic; for under his contract Mr. Ingersoll has full power unless a court should rule otherwise or unless he should decide to give ear to the stockholders. Ingersoll is paid $36,000 a year, compared with his earlier demand for $45,000 from *PM* stockholders, which was vetoed by attorneys for the Whitney interest. The great question is: Can *PM* make the grade?

At the moment there are doubts. Circulation, newsstand sales of *PM* in June, stimulated by all the ballyhoo, were around 200,000 copies daily. Circulation experts estimated newsstand sales three weeks after first publication at 92,000 copies, and estimates at the end of July placed the figure at 51,000, with all-round distribution at 150,000 copies. This was nearly 100,000 below the nearest competitor, the *Post*. At this writing the pulse of *PM* is fast, the temperature high, respiration difficult.

FROM BLUEPRINTS TO GUNFIRE

THE NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMISSION GETS TO WORK

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

IT WAS on May 28th that President Roosevelt announced the establishment of the National Defense Advisory Commission. The announcement came with typical Rooseveltian timing. The press had been demanding an "economic dictator" to spend efficiently the mounting billions for defense. The country, impatient for military security, had been clamoring for a speed-up of rearmament. An emergency atmosphere, in short, had created something which may prove of epochal importance.

The names of the members inspired confidence. They were as follows: William S. Knudsen, President of General Motors Corporation—production; Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation—raw materials; Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers—labor; Leon Henderson, member of the SEC—prices; Ralph Budd, President of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R.—transportation; Chester C. Davis, member of the Federal Reserve Board—agriculture; Miss Harriet Elliott, Dean of Women of the University of North Carolina—consumers. Here was a group of capable individuals who might be expected to accomplish the task of defense quickly and efficiently.

The objective of the Commission was officially described as follows: to translate the defense program from blueprints into action. This task, it was explained, is based on three fundamental questions: What do we need? Where is it? How do we get it? The statutory definition of its duties ran as follows: "To supervise and direct investigations and make recommendations to the President and heads of executive departments as to: (1) the mobilization of military and naval resources and defense; (2) the increase of domestic production of articles and materials essential to the support of armies and of the people during the interruption of foreign commerce; (3) data as to the amounts, location, method, and means of production, and availability of military supplies; (4) the giving of information to producers and manufacturers as to the class of supplies needed by the military and other services of the Government, the requirement relating thereto; and (5) the creation of relations which will render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the Nation."

But the public did not examine closely the definition of the Commission's functions. The public did its thinking about the Commission with a liberal share of wishing. Conservative business men foresaw their colleagues on the Commission "cracking down" on "lazy" Labor. Labor, noting the presence of Hillman, Henderson and a "liberal employer" like Knudsen, jumped to the conclusion that they would "crack down" on reactionary employers. And all elements, with the boundless American confidence in technical genius, envisioned Mr. Knudsen turn-

ing out countless planes and tanks within a few months.

As time passed, however, it began to appear that the DAC possessed no thaumaturgic powers. It was primarily, as its name indicated, "Advisory." It had no power to compel Industry and Government to co-operate. It was to act as an advisory co-ordinator, a speeder-up—if Industry and Government chose to be speeded up. Perhaps the reminder that it was legally established under authority of the 1916 statute which functioned at the commencement of our entrance into the World War brought up such ominous connotations as "Liberty Motors." At any rate, it soon became evident that the Commission could not escape many of the problems which retarded the equipment of our Army in 1917–18. "Quick accomplishment," it appeared, would in practice mean "as quick as possible."

The fact is that the President had appointed a very acceptable group of individuals. He was ready to back up any reasonable recommendations they might make. They began by addressing themselves to their task with industry and spirit. But, for one thing, neither they nor the President had dictatorial powers: they had to work within the present economic and political system. For another, although specialists, they were not magicians: they had to deal with inexorable technical problems which demanded much time and patience. The DAC was getting under way, but the way was going to be longer than the public expected.

II

That this way was also steep and winding became evident when Mr. Knudsen, as head of the Production Division, began to work on airplanes. In view of the lessons of the European war, it was not surprising that this was the first problem he had to tackle. This involved dealing with an industry immensely more complicated than in the last war. The airplane in 1917, it is often remarked, was about as complicated compared with its successor to-day as a bicycle would be. Moreover, scientific progress in aerodynamics had advanced more rapidly than the translation of this progress into mass output. Standardization, therefore, loomed as one of the first measures necessary to cut through the accumulated results of years of research and experimentation.

Standardization, as between the Army and Navy services, was one of the first and most obvious steps. Before the Commission had been going many weeks Dr. George Meade, head of Knudsen's aeronautical section, announced that the Commission had succeeded in establishing the following scheme of collaboration for Army and Navy buying which would cut much red tape:

(1) Standardization of contract provisions for both services.

(2) Where both services buy from the same manufacturer, only one does the negotiating.

(3) The Army and Navy have compromised the differences between engine-test requirements of their air arms, making it possible from now on for a manufacturer who passes the test of one to know that his product will meet the requirements of the other.

(4) Where both services use the same type of engine, specifications have been standardized.

But this did not touch the thorny problem of "types" and "models." It should be explained that the Army and Navy have each six basic types of combat planes. In the Army: (1) fighters; (2) interceptors; (3) light bombers; (4) medium bombers; (5) heavy bombers; (6) reconnaissance. In the Navy: (1) scout-bombers; (2) scout-observation; (3) fighters; (4) patrol-bombers; (5) torpedo bombers; (6) utility.

But no co-ordinator could possibly standardize these twelve into a lesser number of types. Fighters must have better maneuverability than bombers. Fighters need better armor and greater fuel capacity than interceptors (since they must protect the bombers). Bomb-

ers need greater fuel capacity than fighters. Certain Navy bombers land on water. All Army planes land on terra firma. Many naval planes must be more compact than Army planes, since they must be stowed away in aircraft carriers and battleships. These must also sustain different kinds of strains—such as being catapulted from battleships. And so on.

But while types cannot be reduced, models can. The Army has listed 103 different models from 23 different manufacturers. The Navy has 45 models from a dozen manufacturers. The services of course never intended to keep all these models in operation. When the emergency should come they planned to choose the best model of each combat type with the best combination of improvements and put it into production.

Now the time had come to choose, standardize, and produce. This does not mean that 103 Army models were reduced to six. The standardization is resulting in a sifting down of the total to an unspecified, but greatly reduced number of models. Also, in connection with the standardization, Mr. Knudsen and the services have to distribute efficiently the chosen models among the factories best able to produce them; then to expand the plants wherever necessary; and to equip them with tools. This is the regulation way of speeding up production.

But early in the rearmament drive there appeared to be another way—a short-cut. It had long been obvious that an increase in airplane production in existing plants could not be achieved without many delays. For one thing, these plants depended on the already overloaded machine-tool industry. For another, they needed more mechanics—workers who would have to be trained over many months. Therefore it was quite natural that Mr. Knudsen should look within his own industry for production facilities. The auto industry, in fact, has long possessed its own machine-tool industry which presumably could supplement the commercial machine-tool industry. There was an abundance of skilled workers. Auto manufacturers had mastered the technic of mass production. Finally, some auto companies had experimented with production of airplanes and airplane engines.

One of the first to step forward and offer his services was Mr. Henry Ford. He and his son Edsel claimed that they could turn out 1,000 planes a day, reaching full production after a six months' tooling and preparatory period. Mr. Knudsen then proceeded to negotiate a $43,500,000 contract with the Ford Motor Company to build 3,000 engines for the United States Government, to be produced together with 6,000 for the British Government. It was understood that all 9,000 engines would be modified models of the British Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, on which Ford engineers had already been at work in the Ford plant at Dagenham, England. This engine is a liquid-cooled type. (With the exception of the Lycoming and the Allison types, in experimental production, the American engine industry is producing only air-cooled engines—a type which considerably slows up airplane speeds.) The contract was considered as good as signed when suddenly Mr. Henry Ford announced that he would make engines for the United States but not for the British Government, a belligerent. The deal accordingly fell through. It was indeed a keen disappointment, but the DAC, rebuffed in Dearborn, turned elsewhere. The Packard Motor Company indicated that it would undertake the job.

But Packard did little to remove the disappointment. For Packard promised only twenty engines the first month, ten months after the letting of the contract, or by about May, 1941, and an increase every month until fifteen months after production began, or about August, 1942, when they would be producing the maximum—840 engines a month. Now 840 engines a month means, on the average, about 420 planes a month, only a fraction of Ford's claim of 1,000 a day. Still illusions about astronomical in-

creases in plane production persisted. Perhaps they still persist, although they should not after Mr. Knudsen's very candid press conference on July 26th, when he announced that the American airplane industry was scheduled to produce not more than 716 military planes, both U. S. Government and foreign orders, in August 1940; and that we could not expect a production of 3,000 military planes until about the middle of 1942. "Instead of waiting for airplane builders to expand their facilities," asked one newspaperman, "why don't you use automobile factories as engine builders?" "We should gain nothing but floor space," Mr. Knudsen replied. "They are different engines, of different size, of different tooling. The buildings alone would be of use." And with that Mr. Knudsen bowed out the prospects of the auto short-cut.

By this time, in fact, the long-term aspect of rearmament had begun to influence the calculations not only of the services and the DAC, but of Congress as well. An article in the *Field Artillery Journal*, by Gen. William J. Snow, former head of the field artillery, came to reinforce these considerations. This article showed how long it took to produce certain ordnance items in the last war:

Materiel Sought	*Date of Contract*	*Full Production Attained in*
75 mm. gun Factory A	August, 1917	1 year 6 months
75 mm. gun Factory B	November, 1917	1 year 2 months
75 mm. recoil Factory C	April, 1918	1 year 3 months
75 mm. recoil Factory D	March, 1918	1 year 3 months
75 mm. gun carriages	April, 1918	1 year 1 month
4.7 gun Factory E	July, 1917	1 year 10 months
4.7 gun Factory F	August, 1917	1 year 2 months
4.7 gun carriage	July, 1917	1 year 3 months
155 mm. howitzer	August, 1917	1 year 2 months
9.2 inch howitzer	January, 1918	Production stopped by armistice

All this in spite of the fact that in 1917 we already had a munitions industry in full swing as a result of the Allied buying of more than two years previous. "We ought right now to be converting our factories to produce war supplies," said General Snow, who claimed that some of the items which took a year to produce in 1917 could hardly be produced now in less than two years. Nor was ordnance all. It appeared that we needed new plants for producing gunpowder, for bomb and shell-loading, for machine-guns, air cannon, etc. These facts brought to the consideration of Congress by the DAC and the War Department served to influence Congress in voting still larger appropriations.

Getting appropriations reported out, however, has been one of the easiest of tasks. The more arduous job follows—the job of converting these sums into new plant and equipment. And here Industry raised the biggest obstacle to the quick progress of the Commission. For it was not enough to offer a firm a contract, even when the price named included the cost of expansion of plant and equipment. The Commission had to solve the complicated question of amortization—a problem which, Mr. Knudsen admitted, had proved a "big drawback" in rearmament progress.

It comes down to this. According to accepted Treasury practice, a firm can amortize plant and equipment over the normal life of the asset. In the case of much of the plant and equipment to be used for defense production, the "normal life" would run from ten to twenty years. But supposing, objects the firm, armament orders stop a year or two after the new plant has been built and the new equipment installed. Must the firm continue to amortize the plant, meanwhile paying taxes and upkeep thereon, for ten to fifteen years more? After all, the end of the World War found many firms cut off

without orders and a big, expanded plant to maintain. True, in the World War many firms were able to make such large profits, unrestricted by tax laws, that the sudden arrival of the armistice brought them no hardship. But to-day arms profits are limited and tax laws much more drastic. Here exists a situation, claim these firms, which makes us hesitate to take contracts until we feel we are protected by a revision of the law.

The DAC, the Services, the White House, the Treasury, and Congress leaders went into a huddle. They came out with a decision to put into the forthcoming excess-profits bill a provision to write off in five years the value of additional factory facilities "certified as immediate and necessary for national defense purposes by the Army and Navy and Advisory Commission of the National Defense Council." Also they agreed that profit limitations of 7 per cent and 8 per cent on naval construction and Army and Navy aircraft construction would be dropped in favor of an excess-profits tax to apply generally to all industries, whether working for the Government or not. It was felt in Government circles that such concessions could well be made to speed up production and that any undue profits could be taken care of later in the tax bill.

Even so some firms still hesitated because, in spite of these official assurances, Congress might delay and alter the excess-profits legislation. Accordingly, the Treasury produced a rabbit from its hat in the complicated ruling of July 25th. This ruling would permit a firm which leases a piece of land for, say, eight years and constructs thereon a plant to produce munitions for the emergency defense program, to write off the investment in the plant, as far as tax purposes are concerned, within the period of the lease. This land could be leased from the government, from a private owner, or from a subsidiary company created to buy and land hold the title. At present (August 1st), it is hoped, this Treasury ruling and the assurance given that the new amortization measure will be passed may overcome this obstacle. Apparently it already has, in the case of the aircraft industry, for on July 31st, Mr. Donald W. Douglas of the Douglas Aircraft Company stated in behalf of representatives of major manufacturers of airplanes meeting in Washington with the Government, that to avoid delays while technical and legal difficulties are being ironed out by legislative enactments the manufacturers "have agreed to immediately sign contracts."

But who is going to provide the money to finance this expansion? Jerome Frank of the SEC on June 20th, in a letter to Francis A. Bonner, chairman of the National Association of Securities Dealers, said that the Administration promised to "do everything in its power" to help private capital finance plant expansion for national defense. According to Jesse H. Jones of the RFC, his organization would help finance plant of a more or less temporary nature, while private capital will be left to finance that which falls into the category of permanent expansion of plant. For the present the problem of finance seems to be solved.

Nor does another big problem—that of priorities—offer any serious obstacles so far. But the Commission, looking ahead, has taken steps toward eventual solution of this problem which delayed our rearming in the last war and Allied rearmament in the past few years. To date, these steps have been confined to supplying industry with a list which indicates the preference to be accorded between Army contracts and Navy contracts or between several Army and Navy contracts. Thus if some Army unit badly needs a number of gun carriages, the firm in question will be requested to put this order ahead of other Army contracts less needed or whatever Navy contracts might interfere. Also if a manufacturer has normal commercial orders which interfere with defense contracts, he will be asked to give priority to the defense orders. For the present, it is understood, no compulsion will be used. But if serious obstacles are encountered

there exists a legal provision for the establishment of a list of compulsory priorities over all commercial and foreign business. The President in that case would have to issue a proclamation listing the items demanding priority.

This priority problem, one on which British rearmament has badly stumbled, may swell to greater proportions at a later date when the defense program begins to take a bigger share of industrial output. But the American problem offers difficulties less serious than the British. A very much larger proportion of British production is exported and these exports help to pay for the imports of raw materials which England lacks. Hence if the arms business usurps too large a share of British production it endangers the whole British economy. The United States, with its much smaller export business, faces no such hazard.

Besides, it is felt that for some time to come a voluntary priority system will work satisfactorily. Already the machine-tool makers organization has instituted a voluntary system of defense priorities. Also, it is pointed out that the Government in the past has successfully obtained voluntary co-operation from exporters in preventing flow of such arms and critical raw material items to such aggressor nations as it chose to designate. But the most potent reason is that it is considered rather hazardous to enforce compulsory priorities at present. Wide sections of commercial industry might seek to lay in heavy stocks, thereby raising prices and dislocating the normal level of industry. Priority power is a dangerous weapon.

Mr. Donald Nelson, Co-ordinator of Purchases, has charge of priorities, in addition to his other duties. Mr. Nelson, formerly of Sears, Roebuck, has initiated a system of negotiated purchases, to replace the slower process, hitherto followed by the services, of taking bids. It is hoped that this will accelerate rearmament, although up to August 1st the proportion of negotiated contracts is said to be only 5 per cent of the whole.

Thus the manifold problems which the Knudsen Division has sought to solve. But what, concretely, has this Division accomplished in face of them? Some conception of the progress made appears in figures released by this Division in the latter part of July. Mr. Knudsen in his press conference of July 26th (supplementing an earlier announcement on July 16th) announced that he had cleared contracts between June 6th and July 25th of $1,412,907,677.87 for the Navy, and $315,288,152.08 for the Army. (The Knudsen Division clears contracts of $500,000 or more.) The contracts were for airplanes, tanks, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, ammunition, anti-tank guns, anti-aircraft searchlights, machine-guns, various fire-control precision instruments, trucks, blankets, overcoating, shoes, ship propulsion machinery, storage batteries for submarines, airport and air station construction, barracks, and many other items.

As an index of the Commission's performance, the total sum in dollars and cents may be deceptive. For instance, most of the Navy contracts are considered to have been ready before the DAC was established. Clearing of the Navy contracts was *pro forma*. Also, comparing the amount of Army contracts cleared—$315,288,152.08—to the total amount of money authorized and passed by Congress for new weapons for the Army this year—about $1,800,000,000 up to August 1st—makes the clearance progress of the Knudsen Division, expressed in money, less impressive.

An exact estimate of the Knudsen achievement can hardly be obtained from these figures. The Division, while it had little to add to the expedition of the Navy contracts, has been performing other tasks necessary to the future extension of the Navy program. It has dealt with the problem of expanded facilities for production of armor plate and of expanded facilities which will be necessary for the two-ocean Navy program. Thus Mr. Knudsen announced that five navy yards, on the Pacific and

Gulf coasts, are being put in order for production. As for Army contracts, many technical obstacles, in addition to the commercial obstacles described above, have slowed up progress. For instance we have ordered up to August 1st only 627 new (light) tanks out of about 3,000 tanks called for. But Mr. Knudsen points out that preparation for tank construction takes infinite care and time. Approximately 2,400 individual drawings are required in the complete design of light tanks. Medium tanks are being re-designed as a result of lessons learned from the battle of Flanders. And so on. In short, no one outside the Division or the White House is in a position to make an exact appraisal of the Knudsen Division's work at this date of writing.

III

The Knudsen division has occupied the attention of the public to the virtual exclusion of other divisions of the DAC. This is natural, as the public still looks to the end-product rather than to various primary and intermediate stages which possess less color. But concern with raw materials, prices, labor, transportation, etc. do possess no less immediacy. They are integral parts of the whole program. Perhaps the best description of the necessary interrelation of the different divisions of the DAC was expressed by Mr. Knudsen who said in illustration of the problem, "You (Mr. Stettinius) bring the materials to my door, and I'll cut them up."

Mr. Stettinius' Materials Division has to do with the acquisition of supplies of strategic and critical raw materials. On July 13th, Mr. Stettinius gave the following example of how his division works. "Word came to us one Monday morning," he said, "from the Chinese Government that a stock of tungsten and antimony was available near Indo-China. These much-needed materials are produced outside the country. The day after receipt of this information these supplies had been purchased through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and to-day they are on the ocean bound for the United States aboard an American flag ship. Without the co-operation of the RFC, the procurement division of the Treasury and the Maritime Commission this transaction would have been impossible."

As indicated in this statement, the RFC has been of great assistance to the Materials Division. Late in June the RFC was authorized to aid in acquiring strategic and critical raw materials up to $250,000,000 in value. The RFC created two $5,000,000 concerns, the Rubber Reserve and the Metals Reserve companies, to acquire rubber, tin, manganese, and other materials not available in sufficient quantities in this country.

The creation of a special rubber company fills a very vital need, since the United States depends on the Far East for its rubber. Mr. Stettinius now claims that this problem is on its way to solution, largely through the development of a program for production of synthetic rubber at an economical cost by several manufacturers. Plans for individual producing units, he said on July 13th, have been engineered and, "considering the stocks on hand of raw and reclaimable rubber, we feel that before this month is over we will have a plan of synthetic production worked out which could eliminate our dependence on imports at any time imports were restricted or cut off." Some Government circles are not so sanguine. They claim it may take several years to build and equip such plants, and that it will require large sums of money.

The problem of tin, the other important strategic material lack, has received attention. Most of our tin comes from the Far East, some from Bolivia. But whatever its origin, it all has been refined in England. With the exception of a brief period at the end of the last World War, no tin has been smelted in this country. Now, the Stettinius report of July 13th says, stock piles of this material are being built up and conferences have

been held with four principal smelting companies in the United States to discuss building of tin-smelting plants in this country.

There has been activity on other raw material fronts. The same report says that substantially increased production of 100-octane gasoline is being worked out to assure the air services of sufficient supplies. Also they have plans for the storage of large quantities of this gasoline at strategic locations underground. Finally they have given attention to the problem of supplying such materials as optical glass products, armorplate, webbing for parachutes, aluminum, and chemicals.

The Labor Supply Division under Mr. Hillman has received far less recognition than it deserves. Some production areas of the defense program suffer from an acute lack of skilled workers, which Mr. Hillman (aided by Mr. Owen D. Young) is striving to remedy. This division is working in co-operation with the NYA, the CCC, and the Office of Education to supply young semi-skilled workers. The Hillman report of July 16th says that between 30,000 and 40,000 enrollees are taking training. This number is reported to be increasing rapidly toward an eventual goal of 150,000. Perhaps of more importance than the training of young workers has been the intensive search carried on by this Division for the procurement of old workers who, either because of the layoffs of the depression or for other reasons, have sought other employment than the skilled trades which they had previously followed.

The Labor Supply Division when its establishment was first announced seemed to face a darker future than has subsequently appeared. At the outset of the defense program clamors for rescinding of the Walsh-Healey Act, the provisions of the Wage-Hours Board, and other social legislation filled the press. Colonel Fleming of the Wage-Hours Board did much toward stilling this campaign by his letter made public July 12th. In this letter he reported no need to modify the time and one-half for overtime requirement of the present law. Colonel Fleming referred to a general order issued by the Army chief of ordnance in November, 1917, which said that "industrial history proves that reasonable hours, fair working conditions, and a proper wage scale are essential to high production." He also referred to a wartime report of the British munitions commission which stated that, from experiments over a period of more than a year, a reduction of working hours was associated with an increase in production. Whether Colonel Fleming's letter and the stated resolve of the Administration to maintain all social legislation were responsible or not, the DAC says that it has encountered no difficulties in negotiating contracts because of industrialists who demanded modification of social legislation.

This Division has also organized an advisory board consisting of representatives of the CIO, AF of L, and Railroad Brotherhoods. It states that the Labor Supply Division has intervened, acting together with the conciliation service of the Department of Labor, to avert several serious production stoppages in the General Motors Corporation, Pacific Coast shipping, in shipbuilding on the Gulf Coast, in the copper industry in Utah, and in the aluminum industry.

Mr. Henderson's Division, while it was originally announced as concerned with price stabilization, seems to have acquired a wider scope, according to the report of July 16th. It provides a general clearing house of statistics required by other divisions; it formulates standards to guide procurement agencies in connection with recent legislation authorizing negotiated contracts in lieu of competitive bidding; it has devoted time to the problems of amortization for income-tax purposes; and has studied, in co-operation with Messrs. Knudsen and Stettinius, the whole problem of plant expansion. But Mr. Henderson has moved once, up to August 1st, against an apparently unjustifiable price rise, in the

wood-pulp industry. Close observers of the DAC believe that Mr. Henderson has played a far more active and important role in the whole set-up than the public have realized.

Mr. Chester Davis' Agricultural Division announces its objective as the protection of agriculture in the shifts of economy resulting from defense and the international situation. But this Division has also taken on specific tasks such as: work on the problem of new plant location—decentralization—with the view to utilizing surplus labor, particularly in agricultural areas; negotiating for the financing of advance payments for agricultural commodities which are also strategic materials; and collaboration with Mr. Hillman for training American farm youth.

Miss Harriet Elliott's Division of Consumers was obviously designed originally to protect the public from unjustifiable increases in consumers goods and prices, and reports that it is "on the alert" in this connection. But Miss Elliott also announced that she is at work on another very interesting project: laying the groundwork for an educational campaign to mobilize public sentiment behind the idea that the civilian population must be prepared physically to meet the defense responsibilities placed upon it by the emergency. To this end, the Division has organized a co-ordinating committee and laid plans for meetings.

Mr. Ralph Budd's Division of Transportation has been busy with a number of tasks: (1) the obtaining of a sufficient car supply to meet emergencies; (2) the acquiring of special rolling stock for handling troops and their equipment; (3) rail transportation in connection with Army maneuvers; (4) special attention to the movement of iron ore on the Great Lakes; (5) possibility of emergency demands on the highways; (6) studying problems of inland waterways and pipe lines (doubtless to prepare for any interruption in the coastwise tanker transport of oil from the Gulf to the Atlantic Seaboard).

IV

What of the future of the DAC? One thing seems a certainty. As the defense program develops and orders fan out through the general economy less will be heard of Messrs. Knudsen and Stettinius, and more of their colleagues. After Mr. Knudsen gets the factories built and tooled the problem of manning them with labor will bring Mr. Hillman's role to the fore. He will have not only to supply the manpower but also to keep labor peace—perhaps no easy job, considering the fact that organized labor is split. There will be junctures when Mr. Budd's direction of the railroads and other means of transportation will overshadow other matters. Mr. Davis will at times occupy the spotlight in behalf of agriculture and Miss Elliott of the consumer. But even before Miss Elliott can act, Mr. Henderson may well come forward to deal with economic dislocations appearing as a result of price shifts and the effects of rearmament on the whole scheme of our economy. This may prove to be the panorama of the activities of the DAC as its program advances.

The DAC can hardly remain above the battle in the press much longer. So far the activities of the Commission have been sheltered rather too sedulously from publicity. This seems a sort of censorship, perhaps needless, and quite probably dangerous. Mr. Knudsen's press conference on July 26th seemed to reverse this policy by its candor and thoroughness. The Commission would do well to continue such press conferences and bring fully to the public notice at least the technical reasons why rearmament takes time. They would thereby avoid some possibly strong reactions from the public later on, when and if the public learns that planes and tanks are not forthcoming in the quantities expected. Such a public reaction might have political effects not conducive to the smooth working of the defense program.

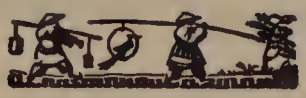
There is another hazard. Congress can and has slowed up the DAC's work.

For, in July, Mr. Stettinius and others demanded that Congress pass an appropriation for building a TVA dam and steam plant near Knoxville, Tenn. They explained that it was necessary to start this work immediately to provide power for the works of the Aluminum Company of America at this place. The Company's aluminum output is vital to the construction of airplanes. The demand came with all the more force as neither Mr. Stettinius nor his aides have been favorable to TVA. Yet Mr. Stettinius' demand was blocked in the House by Mr. McLean (Rep. N. J.), an opponent of TVA, and Congress recessed without acting on the proposal. This episode suggests that Capitol Hill may prove to be the most difficult of bottlenecks.

Here was a case of obstruction from the Right. But the Left may also join the game. They may point out that the amortization arrangement makes a present of valuable munitions facilities to private companies. Why not, they may ask, extend the system of Government building and owning of plants, with their leasing to private industry for operation —as they have done in the case of the powder plant in Indiana, leased to the Du Ponts? As of August 1st, some $240,000,000 worth of plants will come under this category. Why not more? Again, the Left may react strongly against any attempt by the DAC to forward relaxation of anti-trust laws. There may appear many such shoals in the DAC's course.

In the present international situation, and in a presidential year, it is difficult to speculate on the future of the DAC. But it seems likely that if the United States goes to war the DAC hierarchy may move over into the Government's famous M-Day plan. The Army procurement service, which has worked so long on M-Day plans, has been of great assistance to the DAC. Their files and experience have played a bigger role in the present defense program than the public knows. The Army procurement officers express themselves as well satisfied with the help which Messrs. Knudsen *et al* are giving them—particularly in dealing with such unforeseen situations as the President's demand for 50,000 planes. Hence if the United States does enter the war the M-Day plan may take on new vigor from the DAC.

But if peace or "appeasement" breaks out following some settlement in Europe—? It is quite possible that the prosperity—at least the industrial activity and re-employment—attendant on the vast spending of rearmament may bring about a situation in which a post-war deflation would prove impossible for political reasons. Even if Mr. Willkie should supersede Mr. Roosevelt as chief executive he might find it difficult, nay impossible, to resist the temptation to carry on big defense spending. Whether Mr. Willkie would carry on this spending in just the same way, or with the same regard to social implications as Mr. Roosevelt, is a matter for nice speculation. But in any case it would seem that a form of sanctioned spending, sanctioned by all, has come to bolster our economy, and that this development may prove very difficult to reverse. Pessimists may view this with more than usual alarm, as the end of liberal capitalism in the United States, with a totalitarian state at the end of the vista. Less pessimistic individuals may discover some light on the horizon. They may note the words of John Maynard Keynes on this subject, "If the United States takes seriously the material and economic side of the defense of civilization, and steels itself to a vast dissipation of resources in the preparation of arms, it will learn its strength—learn it as it can never learn it otherwise." If Keynes turns out to be a prophet, then a shift from wartime to peacetime spending may be able to proceed in a newer atmosphere, with perhaps revolutionary results. Because these two alternatives seem the most likely at present, is the reason why it was possible at the beginning of this article to describe the establishment of the DAC as of "epochal importance."



PANTALOON IN BLACK

A STORY

BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

He stood in the worn, faded, clean overalls which Mannie herself had washed only a week ago, and heard the first clod strike the pine box. Soon he had one of the shovels himself, which in his hands (he was better than six feet and weighed better than two hundred pounds) resembled the toy shovel a child plays with at the shore, its half cubic foot of flung dirt no more than the light gout of sand the child's shovel would have flung.

Another member of his sawmill gang touched his arm and said, "Lemme have hit, Rider."

He didn't even falter. He released one hand in midstroke and flung it backward, striking the other across the chest, jolting him back a step, and restored the hand to the moving shovel, flinging the dirt with that effortless fury so that the mound seemed to be rising of its own volition, not built up from above but thrusting visibly upward out of the earth itself, until at last the grave, save for its rawness, resembled any other, marked off without order about the barren plot by shards of pottery and broken bottles and old brick and other objects insignificant to sight but actually of a profound meaning and fatal to touch, which no white man could have read. Then he straightened up and with one hand flung the shovel quivering upright in the mound like a javelin and turned and began to walk away, walking on even when an old woman came out of the meager clump of his kin and friends and a few old people who had known him and his dead wife both since they were born, and grasped his forearm. She was his aunt. She had raised him. He could not remember his parents at all.

"Whar you gwine?" she said.

"Ah'm goan home," he said.

"You don't wants ter go back dar by yoself. You needs to eat. You come on home and eat."

"Ah'm goan home," he repeated, walking out from under her hand, his forearm like iron, as if the weight on it were no more than that of a fly, the other members of the mill gang whose head he was giving way quietly to let him pass. But before he reached the fence one of them overtook him; he did not need to be told it was his aunt's messenger.

"Wait, Rider," the other said. "We gots a jug in de bushes—" Then the other said what he had not intended to say, what he had never conceived of saying in circumstances like these, even though everybody knew it—the dead who either will not or cannot quit the earth yet, although the flesh they once lived in has been returned to it—let the preachers tell and reiterate and affirm how they left it not only without regret but with joy, mounting toward glory: "You don't wants ter go back dar. She be wawkin yit."

He didn't pause, glancing down at the other, his eyes red at the inner corners in

his high, slightly back-tilted head. "Lemme lone, Acey," he said. "Doan mess wid me now," and went on, stepping over the three-strand wire fence without even breaking his stride, and crossed the road and entered the woods. It was middle dusk when he emerged from them and crossed the last field, stepping over that fence too in one stride, into the lane. It was empty at this hour of Sunday evening—no family in wagon, no rider, no walkers churchward to speak to him and carefully refrain from looking after him when he had passed—the pale, powder-light, powder-dry dust of August from which the long week's marks of hoof and wheel had been blotted by the strolling and unhurried Sunday shoes, with somewhere beneath them, vanished but not gone, fixed and held in the annealing dust, the narrow, splay-toed prints of his wife's bare feet where on Saturday afternoons she would walk to the commissary to buy their next week's supplies while he took his bath; himself, his own prints, setting the period now as he strode on, moving almost as fast as a smaller man could have trotted, his body breasting the air her body had vacated, his eyes touching the objects—post and tree and field and house and hill—her eyes had lost.

The house was the last one in the lane, not his but rented from the local white landowner. But the rent was paid promptly in advance, and even in just six months he had refloored the porch and rebuilt and reroofed the kitchen, doing the work himself on Saturday afternoon and Sunday with his wife helping him, and bought the stove. Because he made good money: sawmilling ever since he began to get his growth at fifteen and sixteen and now, at twenty-four, head of the timber gang itself because the gang he headed moved a third again as much timber between sunup and sundown as any other, handling himself at times out of the vanity of his own strength logs which ordinarily two men would have handled with cant hooks; never without work even in the old days when he had not actually needed the money, when a lot of what he wanted, needed perhaps, didn't cost money—the women bright and dark and for all purposes nameless he didn't need to buy, and it didn't matter to him what he wore, and there was always food for him at any hour of day or night in the house of his aunt who didn't even want to take the two dollars he gave her each Saturday. So there had been only the Saturday and Sunday dice and whiskey that had to be paid for until that day six months ago when he saw Mannie, whom he had known all his life, for the first time and said to himself: "Ah'm thu wid all dat," and they married and he rented the cabin from Carothers Edmonds and built a fire on the hearth on their wedding night as the tale told how Uncle Lucas Beauchamp, Edmonds' oldest tenant, had done on his forty-five years ago and which had burned ever since. And he would rise and dress and eat his breakfast by lamplight to walk the four miles to the mill by sunup, and exactly one hour after sundown he would enter the house again, five days a week, until Saturday. Then the first hour would not have passed noon when he would mount the steps and knock, not on post or door frame but on the underside of the gallery roof itself, and enter and ring the bright cascade of silver dollars on to the scrubbed table in the kitchen where his dinner simmered on the stove and the galvanized tub of hot water and the baking-powder can of soft soap and the towel made of scalded flour sacks sewn together and his clean overalls and shirt waited, and Mannie would gather up the money and walk the half-mile to the commissary and buy their next week's supplies and bank the rest of the money in Edmonds' safe and return and they would eat once again without haste or hurry after five days—the sidemeat, the greens, the cornbread, the buttermilk from the well house, the cake which she baked every Saturday now that she had a stove to bake in.

But when he put his hand on the gate

it seemed to him suddenly that there was nothing beyond it. The house had never been his anyway, but now even the new planks and sills and shingles, the hearth and stove and bed were all a part of the memory of somebody else, so that he stopped in the half-open gate and said aloud, as though he had gone to sleep in one place and then waked suddenly to find himself in another: "Whut's Ah doin hyar?" before he went on.

Then he saw the dog. He had forgotten it. He remembered neither seeing nor hearing it since it began to howl just before dawn yesterday—a big dog, a hound with a strain of mastiff from somewhere (he had told Mannie a month after they married: "Ah needs a big dawg. You's de onliest least thing whut ever kep up wid me one day, leff alone fo weeks.") coming out from beneath the gallery and approaching, not running but seeming rather to drift across the dusk until it stood lightly against his leg, its head raised until the tips of his fingers just touched it, facing the house and making no sound; whereupon, as if the animal controlled it, had lain guardian before it during his absence and only this instant relinquished, the shell of planks and shingles facing him solidified, filled, and for the moment he believed that he could not possibly enter it.

"But Ah needs to eat," he said. "Us bofe needs to eat," he said, moving on though the dog did not follow until he turned and cursed it. "Come on hyar!" he said. "Whut you skeered of? She lacked you too, same as me."

They mounted the steps and crossed the porch and entered the house—the dusk-filled single room where all those six months were now crammed and crowded into one instant of time until there was no space left for air to breathe, crammed and crowded about the hearth where the fire which was to have lasted to the end of them, in front of which in the days before he was able to buy the stove he would enter after his four-mile walk from the mill and find her, the shape of her narrow back and haunches squatting, one narrow spread hand shielding her face from the blaze over which the other hand held the skillet, had already fallen to a dry, light soilure of dead ashes when the sun rose yesterday—and himself standing there while the last of light died about the strong and indomitable beating of his heart and the deep steady arch and collapse of his chest which walking fast over the rough going of woods and fields had not increased and standing still in the quiet and fading room had not slowed down.

Then the dog left him. The light pressure went off his flank; he heard the click and hiss of its claws on the wooden floor as it surged away, and he thought at first that it was fleeing. But it stopped just outside the front door, where he could see it now and the upfling of its head as the howl began; and then he saw her too.

She was standing in the kitchen door, looking at him. He didn't move. He didn't breathe or speak until he knew his voice would be all right, his face fixed too not to alarm her.

"Mannie," he said. "Hit's awright. Ah ain't afraid."

Then he took a step toward her, slow, not even raising his hand yet, and stopped. Then he took another step. But this time as soon as he moved she began to fade. He stopped at once, not breathing again, motionless, willing his eyes to see that she had stopped too. But she had not stopped. She was fading, going. "Wait," he said, talking as sweet as he had ever heard his voice speak to a woman: "Den lemme go wid you, honey." But she was going. She was going fast now; he could actually feel between them the insuperable barrier of that very strength which could handle alone a log which would have taken any two other men to handle, of the blood and bones and flesh too strong, invincible for life, having learned, at least once with his own eyes, how tough, even in sudden and violent death, not a young man's bones and flesh perhaps but the

will of that bone and flesh to remain alive, actually was.

Then she was gone. He walked through the door where she had been standing and went to the stove. He did not light the lamp. He needed no light. He had set the stove up himself and built the shelves for the dishes, from among which he took two plates by feel and from the pot, sitting cold on the cold stove, he ladled on to the plates the food which his aunt had brought yesterday and of which he had eaten yesterday, though now he did not remember when he had eaten it nor what it was, and carried the plates to the scrubbed bare table beneath the single small fading window and drew two chairs up and sat down, waiting again until he knew his voice would be what he wanted it to be.

"Come on hyar now," he said roughly. "Come on hyar and eat yo supper. Ah ain't gonter have no . . ." and ceased, looking down at his plate, breathing the strong, deep pants, his chest arching and collapsing until he stopped it presently and held himself motionless for perhaps a half minute, and raised a spoonful of the cold and glutinous pease to his mouth. The congealed and lifeless mass seemed to bounce on contact with his lips. Not even warmed from mouth-heat, pease and spoon spattered and rang upon the plate; his chair crashed backward and he was standing, feeling the muscles of his jaw beginning to drag his mouth open, tugging upward the top half of his head. But he stopped that too before it became sound, holding himself again while he rapidly scraped the food from his plate on to the other and took it up and left the kitchen, crossed the other room and the gallery and set the plate on the bottom step and went on toward the gate.

The dog was not there but it overtook him within the first half-mile. There was a moon then, their two shadows flitting broken and intermittent among the trees or slanted long and intact across the slope of pasture or old abandoned fields upon the hills, the man moving almost as fast as a horse could have covered that ground, altering his course each time a lighted window came in sight, the dog trotting at heel while their shadows shortened to the moon's curve until at last they trod them and the last far lamp had vanished and the shadows began to lengthen on the other hand, keeping to heel even when a rabbit burst from almost beneath the man's foot, then lying in the gray of dawn beside the man's prone body, beside the labored heave and collapse of the chest, the loud harsh snoring which sounded, not like groans of pain, but like someone engaged without arms in prolonged single combat.

When he reached the mill there was nobody there but the fireman, an older man just turning from the woodpile, watching quietly as he crossed the clearing, striding as if he were going to walk not only through the boiler shed but through (or over) the boiler too, the overalls which had been clean yesterday now draggled and soiled and drenched to the knees with dew, the cloth cap flung on to the side of his head, hanging peak downward over his ear as he always wore it, the whites of his eyes rimmed with red and with something urgent and strained about them.

"Whar yo bucket?" he said. But before the fireman could answer he had stepped past him and lifted the polished lard pail down from a nail in a post. "Ah just wants a biscuit," he said.

"Eat hit all," the fireman said. "Ah'll eat outen de yuthers' buckets at dinner. Den you gawn home and go to bed. You don't looks good."

"Ah ain't come hyar to look," he said, sitting on the ground, his back against the post, the open pail between his knees, cramming the food into his mouth with his hands, wolfing it—pease again, also gelid and cold, a fragment of yesterday's Sunday fried chicken, a few rough chunks of this morning's fried sidemeat, a biscuit the size of a child's cap—indiscriminate, tasteless. The rest of the crew was gathering now, the voices and sounds of movement outside the boiler shed.

Presently the white foreman rode into the clearing on a horse. Rider did not look up; setting the empty pail aside, rising, looking at no one, he went to the branch and lay on his stomach and lowered his face to the water, drawing the water into himself with the same deep, strong, troubled inhalations that he had snored with, or as when he had stood in the empty house at dusk yesterday, trying to get air.

Then the trucks were rolling. The air pulsed with the rapid beating of the exhaust and the whine and clang of the saw, the trucks rolling one by one up to the skidway as he mounted them in turn, to stand balanced on the load he freed, knocking the chocks out and casting loose the shackle chains and with his cant hook squaring the sticks of cypress and gum and oak one by one to the incline and holding them until the next two men of his gang were ready to receive and guide them, until the discharge of each truck became one long rumbling roar punctuated by grunting shouts and, as the morning grew and the sweat came, chanted phrases of song tossed back and forth. He did not sing with them. He rarely ever did, and this morning might have been no different from any other—himself man-height again above the heads which carefully refrained from looking at him, stripped to the waist now, the shirt removed and the overalls knotted about his hips by the suspender straps, his upper body bare except for the handkerchief about his neck and the cap clapped and clinging somehow over his right ear, the mounting sun sweat-glinted steel-blue on the midnight-colored bunch and slip of muscles, until the whistle blew for noon and he said to the two men at the head of the skidway: "Look out. Git out de way," and rode the log down the incline, balanced erect in short rapid backward-running steps above the headlong thunder.

His aunt's husband was waiting for him, an old man as tall as he was, but lean, almost frail, carrying a tin pail in one hand and a covered plate in the other. They too sat in the shade beside the branch a short distance from where the others were opening their dinner pails. The bucket contained a fruit jar of buttermilk packed in a clean damp towsack. The covered dish was a peach pie, still warm.

"She baked hit fer you dis mawnin," the uncle said. "She say fer you to come home."

He didn't answer, bent forward a little, his elbows on his knees, holding the pie in both hands, wolfing at it, the syrupy filling smearing and trickling down his chin, blinking rapidly as he chewed, the whites of his eyes covered a little more by the creeping red.

"Ah went to yo house last night, but you want dar. She sont me. She wants you ter come on home. She kept de lamp burnin' all last night fer you."

"Ah'm awright," he said.

"You ain't awright. De Lawd guv, and He tuck away. Put yo faith and trust in Him. And she kin help you."

"Whut faith and trust?" he said. "Whut Mannie ever done ter Him? Whut He wanter come messin' wid me and—"

"Hush!" the old man said. "Hush!"

Then the trucks were rolling again. Then he could stop needing to invent to himself reasons for his breathing, until after a while he began to believe he had forgot about breathing since now he could not hear it himself above the steady thunder of the rolling logs; whereupon as soon as he found himself believing he had forgotten it, he knew that he had not, so that, instead of tipping the final log on to the skidway, he stood up and cast his cant hook away as if it were a burnt match, and in the dying reverberation of the last log's rumbling descent he vaulted down between the two slanted tracks of the skid, facing the log which still lay on the truck. He had done it before—taken a log from the truck in his hands, balanced, and turned with it and tossed it on to the skidway, but never with a stick of this size. So that in a complete cessation of all sound save

the pulse of the exhaust and the light free-running whine of the disengaged saw, since every eye there, even that of the white foreman, was upon him, he nudged the log to the edge of the truck-frame and squatted and set his palms against the underside of it. For a time there was no movement at all. It was as if the unrational and inanimate wood had invested, mesmerized the man with some of its own primal inertia.

Then a voice said quietly: "He got hit. Hit's off de truck," and they saw the crack and gap of air, watching the infinitesimal straightening of the braced legs until the knees locked, the movement mounting infinitesimally through the belly's insuck, the arch of the chest, the neck cords, lifting the lip from the white clench of teeth in passing, drawing the whole head backward and only the bloodshot fixity of the eyes impervious to it, moving on up the arms and the straightening elbows until the balanced log was higher than his head.

"Only he ain't gonter turn wid dat un," the same voice said. "And when he try to put hit back on de truck, hit gonter kill him."

But none of them moved. Then—there was no gathering of supreme effort—the log seemed to leap suddenly backward over his head of its own volition, spinning, crashing, and thundering down the incline. He turned and stepped over the slanting track in one stride and walked through them as they gave way and went on across the clearing toward the woods even though the foreman called after him: "Rider!" and again: "You, Rider!"

At sundown he and the dog were in the river swamp four miles away—another clearing, itself not much larger than a room, a hut, a hovel partly of planks and partly of canvas, an unshaven white man standing in the door beside which a shotgun leaned, watching him as he approached, his hand extended with four silver dollars on the palm. "Ah wants a jug," he said.

"A jug?" the white man said. "You mean a pint. This is Monday. Ain't you all running this week?"

"Ah laid off," he said. "Whar's my jug?" waiting, looking at nothing apparently, blinking his bloodshot eyes rapidly in his high, slightly back-tilted head, then turning, the jug hanging from his crooked middle finger against his leg, at which moment the white man looked suddenly and sharply at his eyes as though seeing them for the first time—the eyes which had been strained and urgent this morning and which now seemed to be without vision too and in which no white showed at all—and said:

"Here. Gimme that jug. You don't need no gallon. I'm going to give you that pint, give it to you. Then you get out of here and stay out. Don't come back until—"

Then the white man reached and grasped the jug, whereupon the other swung it behind him, sweeping his other arm up and out so that it struck the white man across the chest.

"Look out, white folks," he said. "Hit's mine. Ah done paid you."

The white man cursed him. "No you ain't. Here's your money. Put that jug down, nigger."

"Hit's mine," he said, his voice quiet, gentle even, his face quiet save for the rapid blinking of the red eyes. "Ah done paid for hit." Turning his back on the man and the gun both, he recrossed the clearing to where the dog waited beside the path to come to heel again. They moved rapidly on between the close walls of impenetrable cane-stalks which gave a sort of blondness to the twilight and possessed something of that oppression, that lack of room to breathe in, which the walls of his house had had. But this time, instead of fleeing it, he stopped and raised the jug and drew the cob stopper from the fierce dusk-reek of uncured alcohol and drank, gulping the liquid solid and cold as ice water, without either taste or heat until he lowered the jug and the air got in.

"Hah," he said. "Dat's right. Try me. Try me, big boy. Ah gots some-

thing hyar now dat kin whup you."

And, once free of the bottom's unbreathing blackness, there was the moon again. His long shadow and that of the lifted jug slanted away as he drank and then held the jug poised, gulping the silver air into his throat until he could breathe again, speaking to the jug: "Come on now. You always claims you's a better man den me. Come on now. Prove hit," and drank again, swallowing the chill liquid tamed of taste or heat either while the swallowing lasted, feeling it flow solid and cold with fire past and then enveloping the strong steady panting of his lungs until they ran suddenly free as his moving body did in the silver solid wall of air he breasted, and he was all right, his striding shadow and the trotting one of the dog traveling swift as those of two clouds along the hill, the long cast of his motionless shadow and that of the lifted jug slanting across the slope as he watched the tall frail figure of his aunt's husband toiling up the hill.

"Dey tole me at de mill you wuz gone," the old man said. "Ah knowed whar to look. Come home, son. Dat ar can't help you."

"Hit done awready hope me," he said. "Ah'm awready home. Ah'm snakebit now and pizen can't hawm me."

"Den stop and see her. Leff her look at you. Dat's all she axes: just leff her look at you—" But he was already moving. "Wait," the old man cried. "Wait!"

"You can't keep up," he said, speaking into the silver air, breasting aside the silver solid air which began to flow past him almost as fast as it would have flowed past a moving horse; the faint frail voice was already lost in the night's infinitude, his shadow and that of the dog scudding the free miles, the deep strong panting of his chest running free as air now because he was all right.

Then, drinking, he discovered suddenly that no more liquid was entering his mouth; swallowing, it was no longer passing down his throat, throat and mouth filled now with a solid and unmoving column which, without any reflex of revulsion, sprang columnar and intact and still retaining the shape of his gullet, outward glinting in the moonlight, to vanish into the myriad murmur of the dewed grass. He drank again; again his throat merely filled solidly until two icy rills ran from his mouth-corners; again the intact column sprang silvering, glinting, while he panted the chill of air into his throat, the jug poised before his mouth while he spoke to it:

"Awright. Ah'm gwy try you again. Soon as you makes up yo mind to stay whar Ah puts you Ah'll leff you alone."

He drank again, filling his gullet for the third time and for the third time lowered the jug one instant ahead of the bright intact repetition, panting, indrawing the cool of air until he could breathe. He stoppered the cob carefully back into the jug and stood with the deep strong panting of his chest, blinking, the long cast of his motionless and solitary shadow slanting away across the hill and beyond, across the mazy infinitude of all the night-bound earth.

"Awright," he said. "Ah just misread de sign wrong. Hit's done done me all de help Ah needs. Ah'm awright now. Ah doan needs no mo of hit."

He could see the lamp in the window as he crossed the pasture, passing the black-and-silver yawn of the sandy ditch where he had played as a boy with empty snuff-tins and rusted harness buckles and fragments of trace-chain and now and then an actual wheel, the garden patch where he had hoed in the spring days while his aunt stood sentry over him from the kitchen window, crossing the grassless yard in whose dust he had sprawled and crept before he learned to walk, and entered the house, the room, the light itself, his head back-tilted a little, the jug hanging from his crooked finger against his knee.

"Unc Alec say you wanter see me," he said.

"Not just to see you," his aunt said. "To come home, whar we kin help you."

"Ah'm awright," he said. "Ah doan needs no help."

"No," she said. She rose from the chair and came and grasped his arm as she had grasped it yesterday beside the grave; again, as on yesterday, the forearm like iron under the hand. "No! When Alec come back and tole me how you had wawked off de mill and de sun not half down, Ah knowed why and whar. And dat can't help you."

"Hit done awready hope me. Ah'm awright now."

"Don't lie to me," she said. "You ain't never lied to me. Don't lie to me now."

Then he said it. It was his own voice, speaking quietly out of the tremendous panting of his chest which would presently begin to strain at the walls of this room too. But he would be gone in a moment.

"Nome," he said. "Hit ain't done me no good."

"And hit can't! Can't nothing help you but Him. Ax Him! Tole Him about hit! He wants to hyar you and help you!"

"Efn He God, Ah don't needs to tole Him. Efn He God, He awready know hit. Awright. Hyar Ah is. Leff Him come down hyar and do me some good."

"On yo knees!" she cried. "On yo knees and ax Him!" But it was not his knees on the floor: it was his feet, and for a space he could hear her feet too on the planks of the hall behind him and her voice crying after him from the door: "Spoot! Spoot!"—crying after him across the moon-dappled yard the name he had gone by in childhood and adolescence, before the men he worked with and the bright dark nameless women he had taken in course and forgotten until he saw Mannie that day and said, "Ah'm thu wid all dat," began to call him Rider.

It was just after midnight when he reached the mill again. The dog was gone now. This time he could not remember when nor where. At first he seemed to remember hurling the empty jug at it. But later the jug was still in his hand and it was not empty, although each time he drank now the two icy runnels streamed from his mouth-corners, sopping his shirt and overalls until he walked constantly in the fierce chill of the liquid tamed now of flavor and heat and odor too even when the swallowing stopped.

"Sides," he said, "Ah wouldn't th'ow nothin at him. Ah mout kick him efn he needed hit and was close enough. But Ah wouldn't ruint no dawg chunkin' hit."

It was still in his hand when he entered the clearing and paused among the mute soaring of the moon-blond lumber stacks, standing in the middle of the now unimpeded shadow which he was treading again now as he had trod it last night, swaying a little, blinking about him at the stacked lumber, the skidway, the piled logs waiting for to-morrow, the boiler shed all quiet and blanched in the moon: and then it was all right. He was moving again. But he was not moving, he was drinking, the liquid cold and swift and tasteless and requiring no swallowing, so that he could not tell if it were going down inside or outside; but it was all right. And now he was moving, the jug gone now and he didn't know the when or where of that either, crossing the clearing, entering the boiler shed and through it, crossing the junctureless trepan of time's back-loop to the door of the tool-room, the faint glow of the lantern beyond the plank-joints, the surge and fall of a shadow between the light and the wall, the mutter of voices, the mute click and scutter of the dice, his hand loud on the barred door, his voice loud too: "Open hit. Hit's me. Ah'm snakebit and bound to die."

Then he was inside. They were the same faces—three members of his timber gang, three or four others of the mill crew, the white night-watchman with the heavy pistol in his hip pocket and the small heap of coins and worn banknotes on the floor before him; himself standing over the kneeling and squatting circle,

swaying a little, blinking, the deadened muscles of his face shaped into smiling while the white man stared at him. "Make room, gamblers," he said. "Ah'm snakebit and de pizen can't hawm me."

"You're drunk," the watchman said. "Get out of here. One of you niggers open that door and get him out of here."

"Dass awright, boss man," he said, his voice equable, almost deferential, his face still fixed in the faint rigid smiling beneath the blinking of the red eyes; "Ah ain't drunk. Ah just can't wawk straight fer dis hyar money weighin' me down."

Now he was kneeling too, the other six dollars of his last week's pay on the floor before him, blinking, still smiling at the face of the white man opposite, then still smiling, watching the dice pass from hand to hand around the circle as the watchman covered the bets, watching the soiled and palm-worn money in front of the white man gradually increase, watching the white man cast and win two doubled bets in succession, then lose one for twenty-five cents, the dice coming to him at last, the cupped snug clicking of them in his fist.

"Shoots a dollar," he said, and cast and watched the white man pick up the dice and flip them back to him. "Ah'm snakebit," he said. "Ah kin pass wid anything," and cast, and this time one of the others flipped the dice back. "Ah lets hit lay," he said, and cast, and moved as the white man moved, catching the white man's wrist before the hand reached the dice, the two of them squatting, facing each other above the dice and the money, his left hand grasping the white man's right wrist, his face still fixed in the rigid and deadened smiling, his voice still almost deferential: "Ah kin pass even wid miss-outs. But dese hyar yuther boys—" until the hand sprang open and the second pair of dice clattered on to the floor beside the other two, and the white man wrenched it free and sprang up and back and reached the hand backward toward the pocket where the pistol was.

The razor hung between his shoulder blades from a loop of cotton string round his neck beneath his shirt. The same motion of the hand which brought the razor forward over his shoulder flipped the blade open and freed it from the cord, the blade opening on until the back edge of it lay across the knuckles of his fist, his thumb pressing the handle into his closing fingers, so that in the instant before the half-drawn pistol exploded he actually struck at the white man's throat not with the blade but with a sweeping blow of his fist, following through in the same motion so that not even the first jet of blood touched his hand or arm.

After it was over (it didn't take long; they found the prisoner on the following day, hanging from the bell rope in a negro schoolhouse about two miles from the sawmill, and the coroner had pronounced his verdict of death at the hands of a person or persons unknown and surrendered the body to its next of kin all within five minutes) the sheriff's deputy who had been officially in charge of the business was telling his wife about it. It was in the kitchen; his wife was cooking supper, and the deputy had been up and in motion ever since the jail delivery shortly after midnight and he had covered considerable ground since, and he was spent now from lack of sleep and hurried food at hurried and curious hours and, sitting in a chair beside the stove, a little hysterical too.

"Them damn niggers," he said. "I swear to Godfrey, it's a wonder we have as little trouble with them as we do. Because why? Because they ain't human. They look like a man and they walk on their hind legs like a man, and they can talk and you can understand them and you think they understand you, at least now and then. But when it comes to the normal human feelings and sentiments of human beings, they might just as well be a damn herd of wild buffaloes. Now you take this one to-day—"

"I wish you would," his wife said harshly, a stout woman, handsome once,

graying now and with a neck definitely too short, who looked not harried at all but choleric. Also she had attended a club rook party that afternoon and had won the first, the fifty-cent, prize until another member had insisted on a recount of the scores and the ultimate throwing out of one entire game. "Take him out of my kitchen, anyway. You sheriffs! Sitting around that courthouse all day long talking. It's no wonder two or three men can walk in and take prisoners out from under your noses. They would take your chairs and desks and window sills too if you ever got your backsides and feet off of them that long."

"It's more of them Birdsongs than just two or three," the deputy said. "There's forty-two active votes in that connection. Me and Mayfield taken the poll-list and counted them up one day. But listen—" The wife turned from the stove, carrying a dish. The deputy snatched his feet rapidly out of the way as she passed him and went on into the dining room. The deputy raised his voice a little. "His wife dies on him. All right. But does he grieve? He's the biggest man at the funeral. Grabs a shovel before they even got the box into the grave, I heard tell, and starts throwing dirt onto her faster than a slip scraper could. But that's all right—"

His wife came back. He moved his feet again. "—maybe that's the way he felt about her. There ain't any law against that, long as he never officiated at the deceasing too. But here the next day he's the first man at the mill except the fireman, getting there before the fireman had his fire going; five minutes earlier and he could even helped the fireman wake Birdsong up so he could go home and go back to bed again or even cut Birdsong's throat then and saved everybody trouble. So he comes to work, the first man on the job, when McAndrews would have give him the day off and paid him his time too, when McAndrews and everybody else expected him to take the day off, when any white man would have took the day off no matter how he felt about his wife, when even a little child would have had sense enough to take a holiday when he could still get paid too. But not him. The first man there, jumping from one truck to another before the whistle quit blowing even, snatching up ten-foot cypress logs by himself and throwing them around like matches. And then, just when everybody has decided that that's the way to take him, that that's the way he wants to be took, he walks off the job in the middle of the afternoon without by-your-leave or thank you or good-by to McAndrews or nobody else, gets himself a whole gallon of bust-skull white-mule whiskey, comes straight back to the mill to the same crap game where Birdsong has been running crooked dice on them mill niggers for fifteen years, goes straight to the same game where he has been peacefully losing a probably steady average ninety-nine per cent of his pay ever since he got big enough to read the spots on them miss-outs, and cuts Birdsong's throat clean to the neckbone five minutes later.

"So me and Mayfield go out there. Not that we expect to do any good, as he had probably passed Jackson, Tennessee, about daylight; and besides, the simplest way to find him would be just to stay close behind them Birdsong boys. So it's just by the merest pure chance that we go by his house; I don't even remember why now; and there he is. Sitting behind the door with that razor open on one knee and his shotgun on the other? No. Asleep. A big pot of pease set clean on the stove, and him laying in the back yard asleep in the broad sun with just his head under the edge of the porch and a dog that looked like a cross between a bear and a Polled Angus steer yelling fire and murder from the back door. And he wakes up and says, 'Awright, white folks. Ah done it. Jest don't lock me up,' and Mayfield says, 'Mr. Birdsong's kinfolks ain't going to either. You'll have plenty of fresh air when they get a hold of you,' and he says, 'Ah done it. Jest don't lock me up'—advising,

instructing the sheriff not to lock him up; he done it all right and it's too bad, but don't cut him off from the fresh air. So we loaded him into the car, when here come the old woman—his ma or aunt or something—panting up the road at a dog-trot, wanting to come with us, and Mayfield trying to tell her what might happen maybe to her too if them Birdsong kin catches us before we can get him locked up, only she is coming anyway and, like Mayfield says, her being in the car might be a good thing if the Birdsongs did happen to run into us, because interference with the law can't be condoned even if the Birdsong connection did carry that beat for Mayfield last summer. So we brought her along too and got him to town and into the jail all right and turned him over to Ketcham and Ketcham taken him on upstairs and the old woman coming too, telling Ketcham, 'Ah tried to raise him right. He was a good boy. He ain't never been in no trouble till now. He will suffer for what he done. But don't let the white folks git him,' and Ketcham says, 'You and him ought to thought of that before he started barbering white men without using no lather,' and locked them both up in the cell because he felt like Mayfield did, that her being there might be a good influence on the Birdsong boys if anything started if he should run for sheriff when Mayfield's term was out. So he come on back downstairs and pretty soon the chain gang come in and he thought things had settled down for a while when all of a sudden he begun to hear the yelling, not howling: yelling, though there wasn't no words in it, and he grabbed his pistol and run back upstairs and into the room where the chain gang was, where he could see through the door bars into the cell where that nigger had done tore that iron cot clean out of the floor it was bolted to and was standing in the middle of the cell, holding the cot over his head like it was a baby's cradle, yelling, and the old woman sitting hunched into the corner and the nigger says to her, 'Ah ain't going to hurt you,' and throws the cot against the wall and comes and grabs holt of that steel door and rips it out of the wall—bricks, hinges and all—and walks out into the big room, toting the door over his head as if it were a gauze wire window screen, saying, 'It's awright. Ah ain't tryin' to git away.'

"Ketcham could have shot him right there, but like he figured, if it wasn't going to be the law, then the Birdsong boys ought to have first lick at him. So Ketcham don't shoot. Instead he jumps in behind where the chain-gang niggers were kind of backed off from that steel door, hollering, 'Grab him! Throw him down!' except they hang back at first until Ketcham gets up to where he can kick the ones he can reach, batting at the others with the flat of the pistol until they rush him. And Ketcham says for a good minute he would grab them up as they come in and fling them clean across the room like they was rag dolls, still saying, 'Ah ain't tryin' to git out, Ah ain't tryin' to git out,' until at last they pulled him down, a big mass of nigger arms and heads and legs boiling around on the floor and even then Ketcham says every now and then a nigger would come flying out and go sailing through the air across the room, spraddled like a flying squirrel and his eyes sticking out in front of him like the headlights on a car, until at last they had him down and Ketcham went in and begun peeling away niggers until he could see him laying there under the pile of niggers, laughing, with tears big as glass marbles popping out of his eyes and running across his face and down past his ears and making a kind of popping sound on the floor like somebody dropping bird eggs, laughing and laughing and saying, 'Hit look lack Ah just can't quit thinking. Look lack Ah just can't quit.' And what do you think of that?"

"I think if you eat any supper in this house you'll do it in the next five minutes," his wife said from the dining room. "I'm going to clear this table then and I'm going to the picture show."

THE BATTLE OF TIN PAN ALLEY

BY LEONARD ALLEN

WHEN you weary of news from the battlefront and long for something quiet and peaceful, you turn your dial to music, but unwittingly you've jumped straight into another story of conflict. Radio songs are now the center of a fierce trade war between the broadcasting industry and the source of its most vital raw material—music.

That source is ASCAP, more formally known as the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, a voluntary, unincorporated, non-profit organization formed to collect jointly the fees to which composers and publishers are entitled for public performance of their works. The members of ASCAP and its twenty-one foreign affiliates have written virtually all the most popular music of the past quarter-century and have assigned to the society the exclusive right to license the public performance of these compositions. As a result, radio is dependent upon ASCAP for permission to use the great majority of the songs which flow through your loudspeaker daily.

Under a blanket license calling for a sizeable annual fee, ASCAP permits radio to use all of this tremendous store of music. But this coming December radio's five-year contract with ASCAP runs out—and the broadcasters have already served fiery notice that they consider ASCAP's proposals for higher fees in a new pact "intolerable" and completely unacceptable. To emphasize its determination to resist the society's demands, radio has raised more than a million dollars to develop its own source of music, in the hope of ending a long-lamented dependence on the society.

Should the present deadlock continue, your loudspeaker must grow accustomed to a new crop of melodies starting next January 1st. Banned from the air will be the works of America's outstanding popular song writers—Victor Herbert, John Philip Sousa, George Gershwin, Rudolph Friml, Jerome Kern, Rodgers and Hart, Ethelbert Nevin, Sigmund Romberg, Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, and others. Twisting your dial will no longer bring such familiar tunes as "Kiss Me Again," "St. Louis Blues," "Donkey's Serenade," "When Day Is Done," "The Rosary," "Star Dust," "Old Man River," "The Stars and Stripes Forever," and "Road to Mandalay."

ASCAP controls the rights for radio performance in the United States of these and some 200,000 other songs owned by its 1,219 American members and 45,000 foreign writers and publishers. For another 100,000 compositions which are in the public domain and have no legal protection in themselves, ASCAP has copyrighted arrangements. Thus the exodus from the air would take the most popular orchestrations of many songs, including the "Blue Danube" waltz, the prelude to "Lohengrin," even "Yankee Doodle." One of ASCAP's twelve arrangements of "Auld Lang Syne" is heard on the radio some 4,000 times a year. All told,

ASCAP's catalogue lists some 300,000 songs, some 2,500 of which might be said to constitute the daily grist of radio's mill.

As a collective bargaining agency ASCAP holds a powerful grip over all establishments which profit by the performance of copyrighted music, but its strength has never gone unchallenged. Through the twenty-six years of its existence it has battled with one or another of its customers—dance halls, restaurants, night clubs, hotels, theaters, or radio—to collect what it considered just fees for use of its compositions. This quarter-century fight has coursed through Federal and State legislatures, from justices of the peace to the Supreme Court, and always the battle cry has been "monopoly" and "exorbitant charges" on the one side, "justice for genius" on the other.

For the past eighteen years ASCAP's major foe has been radio, and most logically so, for radio's amazing strides in less than two decades have made it by far ASCAP's biggest customer. In 1939 the broadcasters paid $4,142,000, or 67 per cent of the society's entire income. As a result, the two forces now seem essential to each other. Without radio ASCAP would lose two-thirds of its income; without ASCAP radio would be deprived of a tremendous percentage of its music supply. Yet the two are constantly at odds. As radio's income mounted steadily ASCAP felt justified in asking constantly higher fees. The society argued that music was vital in the broadcasters' operation and, moreover, that the rise of radio had reduced a composer's income from other sources such as sheet music and phonograph records. Each request for an increase in fees aroused acrimonious debate, but the haggling always ended with radio's accepting some boost, albeit with considerable protest.

Now ASCAP is asking for 1941 a contract under which, an independent source estimates, radio would probably pay from $8,000,000 to $8,750,000 a year. (The radio people consider that a low estimate.) And radio has answered, in effect: "That's the last straw. We'll fight this demand to a finish." To achieve this determination radio has chosen a weapon tried unsuccessfully in the past, but never on such a large scale. This weapon is a new publishing firm, organized to develop for radio its own reservoir of music which can be substituted for the ASCAP catalogue next year should radio finally sever relations with the society.

To date, 302 radio stations, representing about 64 per cent of the dollar volume business done by radio in 1939, have already bought stock and paid license fees totaling $1,294,918 in the new firm, known as Broadcast Music, Inc. This company, called BMI in the trade, is developing its catalogue by publishing the works of new composers, buying out existing publishers, and making new arrangements of favorite songs in the public domain. Geared to become a working rival for ASCAP, BMI also serves the joint purpose of a bargaining weapon in the event that the rivals eventually negotiate.

At the moment neither side shows signs of capitulating. With some eight or nine million dollars a year at stake, this battle of music seems destined to be the greatest conflict in the history of the amusement industry.

To heighten the conflict a third party appeared in May, when the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice subpoenaed the books of ASCAP. This may portend a revival of a civil suit which the government brought in 1934, charging ASCAP with violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, or it may be a new type of attack, seeking grand jury action to determine whether ASCAP can be indicted as a monopoly in restraint of trade.

In 1934 the government's complaint termed ASCAP "a self-perpetuating body dominating the music industry and radio" because it owns 80 per cent of the music which radio needs as a staple

of its business; charged that the society's prices were "unlawfully and unreasonably maintained," and said that users must get licenses on "terms and conditions arbitrarily fixed by the society." After ten days' trial in June, 1935, the government asked for an adjournment in order that the parties might stipulate the facts. It later proved to be a pigeonholing, for the case has remained dormant since.

II

Whatever the government's aim now, a trial would be no novelty to ASCAP. Born in a courtroom, the society since then has virtually lived before the bar, either to protect its members' copyrights or defend its own existence. Basically, ASCAP springs from the copyright law of 1909 which set minimum damages of $250 plus costs for the unauthorized performance for profit of a copyrighted song. Legally, this established a composer's property rights in his songs; but the protection was solely on paper. To utilize it was hardly worth the expense for any single composer.

After the turn of the century night life was developing in New York City. Restaurants and cabarets, needing considerable music for their orchestras and floor shows, simply took any songs available, with no thought of paying for the privilege. "After all," they reasoned, "if we have to pay the persons who play or sing the music we can't be expected to pay a composer too." With that attitude existing, wholesale piracy of copyrighted music was rampant. The composers' resentment at this treatment crystallized in Victor Herbert, whose Irish temper boiled over one night in 1913 when he walked into Shanley's Restaurant off Times Square in New York and heard the band playing music from his show, "Sweethearts," then current on Broadway. He called the proprietor over and informed him of the copyright law requiring payment for performing that music. Shanley replied that he charged no admission to his cabaret; hence the music was not used for profit and no performance fee was necessary. Herbert sought the aid of several composers and publishers and brought a test case of infringement.

When Shanley's defense was backed by an association of hotel and restaurant owners, Herbert realized that the music writers also needed the strength of unity if they were to fight for protection of their copyrights. In 1914, with a group of nine including John Philip Sousa, Nathan Burkan, a copyright lawyer, and Gene Buck, who has been president of ASCAP since 1923, Herbert founded ASCAP.

The society's first test case was a complete victory. In a unanimous Supreme Court decision against Shanley's in 1917, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes rejected the argument that "music was only incidental to the restaurant," and said: "If the music did not pay, it would be given up. If it pays, it pays out of the public pocketbook. Whether it pays or not, the purpose of employing it is profit, and that is enough." Performance for profit, he ruled, meant any profit, including that on the food and liquor sold at establishments using music.

That decision was the starting gun for a drive to wipe out musical piracy. In the next five years ASCAP policed entertainment establishments, garnered evidence, and brought scores of infringement suits as it beat down concentrated opposition and established licenses for hotels, restaurants, night clubs, taverns, and theaters. The battle was a losing one financially until 1921. Expenses exceeded collections annually, although the officers were unsalaried and Burkan gave his legal services free. ASCAP, however, made steady progress and by the early nineteen-twenties had achieved its major goals. It seemed on the threshold of comparative peace, until a new user of music appeared—radio. There lay a new struggle, which is just reaching its climax now, almost two decades later, despite a hundred legal

suits. In the interim the original issue of piracy has disappeared and new ones have arisen.

In the first years after station KDKA, Pittsburgh, had uttered the birth cry of an industry, radio was struggling for financial stability. To encourage a potentially good customer, ASCAP gave licenses to the fledgling stations free or at nominal fees; but when business became aware of the potentialities of radio advertising and began to pour money into the broadcasters' coffers, ASCAP sought its share of the new profits. That raised a new legal issue: what was the copyright status of music performed via this new medium?

At first various radio stations put forth many contentions, some of which now seem absurd, to support their belief that they should pay no license fees. Samples of these were: "Since there's no audience in the studio, we're not giving a public performance"; "we make the song-writers famous, so why should we pay them?"; "radio is of a private and philanthropic nature, serving purely in the public interest"; "radio does not broadcast music, but emanates electrical energy." The Supreme Court overthrew all these defenses by deciding that broadcasting constituted performance for profit and that fees were justified.

By the nineteen-thirties radio's income was booming and the industry was willing to pay for its music. Did this mean peace? No, just a shift to a new battleground—what constituted fair payment? Thus far the disputants have always argued their way to a compromise figure and the broadcasters have dug into their jeans, but far from quiescently. They have shouted vociferously of "excessive charges," "gouging," and "monopoly"; they have fought in Congress for changes of the copyright law; they have urged anti-trust prosecution and state laws to hamper ASCAP.

There were crises in the verbal struggle in 1932 and 1935, but each time radio agreed to contract terms. The 1935 pact, now running out, provided that broadcasters must pay fixed sustaining fees plus 5 per cent of their commercial income each year. Early last year radio began to worry that ASCAP might ask substantially higher fees after 1940. An attempt at negotiation with the society found nothing resembling a meeting of minds, and the National Association of Broadcasters called a special session to launch Broadcast Music, Inc.

The broadcasters' fears were justified last March when ASCAP presented its proposals for 1941. The schedule lowered the fees to be paid by the smaller stations, which had been chief complainants in past years, but at the same time introduced innovations which would still permit ASCAP a substantial net increase. The chief innovation was the collection of a 7½ per cent commercial fee from the networks themselves, which had previously paid nothing because fees had been levied solely on their member stations. Now ASCAP aims to collect at the source for programs broadcast over a network, a plan vastly advantageous for the society financially. Should the networks pass this charge on to their members, many small stations might find their gains nullified.

All told, according to an estimate by *Variety*, an amusement trade paper which should have no axe to grind because it serves both radio and music, the new contract would require radio to pay in 1941 somewhere between $8,000,000 and $8,750,000 as against a $4,300,000 fee in 1939. Had the new terms been in effect in 1939, individual stations would have paid $1,300,000 less, but the networks would have contributed a fund of $4,125,000 instead of being exempt.

Naturally the National Association of Broadcasters and the networks let out an immediate howl about the terms. Neville Miller, president of the NAB, sounded radio's war cry: "The broadcasters must resist as a matter of life or death." As a result, NBC and CBS both notified their affiliates that the networks would not use ASCAP music in 1941 on the basis of present demands.

III

Throughout the storm following publication of its proposals ASCAP stood pat on the assertion that its terms are equitable because: (1) they give music-writers and publishers the greater return which they deserve inasmuch as radio is now making more money from the society's compositions; (2) it places this heavier financial burden on those best able to pay—the networks; (3) the writers' losses in other royalties because of radio are far greater than any sums they receive from the broadcasters.

The crux of radio's argument is that ASCAP does not provide "justice for genius," but maintains a monopoly on the "popularization of music" which benefits a small group of established writers, hampers new composers, and gives the society a stranglehold on all industries using music. Since ASCAP issues only a blanket license, says radio, companies wishing to use any of ASCAP's songs must pay for them all and hence cannot afford to use non-ASCAP music. Thus the only new songs which can become popular each year are those contained in the ASCAP catalogue and the society has gradually attained "a power of life and death over any user to whom music is essential."

This power is used, says a radio spokesman, through levying "an income tax upon the broadcasters for the right to do business. ASCAP assumes the position of a government by demanding that the broadcasters reveal to the agents of the society the amount of their income and pay the society a certain percentage of that income." Furthermore, by its blanket license ASCAP taxes all of radio's income, even that from sponsored dramas, quizzes, and sports events, which use no music. (ASCAP calls this last statement "quibbling" because, with more complicated bookkeeping, it could just as equitably collect higher fees solely on programs using music. As for the "income tax" charge, ASCAP says that contracts in the amusement industry are generally established on a percentage of business and not on flat fees, and that a playwright is permitted to check each day's box office receipts to safeguard his royalties.)

If ASCAP represented all composers, authors, and publishers, says radio, and they charged for their music on a per-use basis, there would be no trouble with users of music, but the society represents only a "small circle" and its monopolistic power is detrimental to all other writers, who can reach the public only through ASCAP publishers. Even then they receive no performance fees until they are eligible for admission to ASCAP, which requires that they have five songs published and approved by the society's board of directors. Admission to this "small circle" is difficult, says radio. (But ASCAP points out that it had 175 writer-members in 1924 and 1,083 early this year, an average of 60 new members a year.) BMI says it will aid music by opening the door to many new composers now hampered by ASCAP's power.

To sum up radio's attitude: ASCAP's power of taxation necessarily means the power to destroy the effectiveness of radio as an advertising medium and thereby destroy the broadcasting industry as it exists in this country. Radio disclaims any desire to see ASCAP music go off the air, but would like it to remain under conditions of free competition. For this reason BMI was formed, says radio; behind the current crisis over exorbitant demands is a basic struggle to end the existence of monopolistic control in the field of music.

From there the controversy proceeds into a welter of statistics from which each party draws conclusions to suit itself. Radio cites *Variety's* estimate and complains that its 1941 fees would rise from 70 to 100 per cent over payments for 1939 and 1940. To this they must add other rising expenses of recent years—taxes, higher production costs, unionization. It is charged that the new contracts would eat up 90 per cent of the annual net profit on network operations.

Summed up, radio's grievance is this: Our payments have increased 900 per cent between 1931 and 1939. We now contribute 67 per cent of ASCAP's annual income, five times as much as any of the society's other customers. Proportionately we pay forty times as much as movie houses. Moreover, the two chief networks are now using 10 to 15 per cent less music than they did a few years ago.

Turn to the ASCAP side and you hear: Granted that payments have increased 900 per cent since 1931, but remember that radio was in its infancy in 1931 and we gave the stations especially low rates to encourage their growth. Now radio is big business. Its commercial gross in 1932 was $25,000,000; in 1939 it was $171,000,000. Why shouldn't the industry be paying far more now?

The society's argument continues: A major network show will pay a singer or orchestra leader several thousand dollars a week. Yet the music these performers use, on a pro rata basis, will cost perhaps $300. But radio calls ASCAP's fees "intolerably burdensome." That same type of inverted logic—argues ASCAP—comes from the dance-hall owner who says: "I have to pay $4,000 a year for an orchestra, and then ASCAP hits me for another $60, so because of ASCAP I have to give up the orchestra."

If radio grosses $171,000,000 in a year and 74 per cent of its programs are music, is 5 per cent too much, ASCAP asks, to pay for that music? No other American industry can purchase the raw material on which it lives "for such a ridiculously low percentage of its gross earnings." Radio replies that its programs do not contain 74 per cent music, and cites a survey by the Federal Communications Commission setting the figure at 52.5 per cent.

Radio pays us more than any other customer, says ASCAP, because radio uses our music most. Moreover, it exploits the songs so intensely that the composers' income from sheet music and phonograph records, once the bulwark of their earnings, has been severely depleted. A few decades ago song-writers avidly sought public performance of their work, even free, to publicize it and foster the sale of sheet music, piano rolls, and records. But to-day radio grinds out a melody over the entire country dozens of times a day and the public rapidly becomes surfeited with the tune. Radio undoubtedly makes music popular, but it also kills a song's appeal swiftly. Radio has shortened the life of a hit song from sixteen months in 1925 to two or three months now.

In 1927 a hit song like "Sonny Boy" could sell two million copies of sheet music. "Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen," a tremendous success of radio's heyday, sold under 225,000 copies. An average pre-radio hit would sell over 1,000,000 copies; to-day a hit reaches 100,000. The sale of phonograph records has been hit even more sharply. A song-writer to-day must write eight times as many hits to earn the same income as fifteen years ago. Since radio has attained its popularity a composer's income from sheet music and phonograph royalties on one hit song has dropped some $40,000. The most that any single song-writer received from ASCAP in 1939 was $16,000 for all his music, of which two-thirds, or $10,600, can be said to have come from radio. So ASCAP asks: "Why shouldn't radio be made to compensate for some of the other income it has destroyed?"

Radio spokesmen dispute the extent of the decrease in royalties from sheet music and especially from records and say that anyhow radio is not solely responsible for those losses. Moreover, they point out, if fewer songs live sixteen months or sell 1,000,000 copies, probably more songs now rate as hits for two or three months and sell 100,000 copies. Finally, they say, the quick death of songs to-day is "directly traceable to the policy of ASCAP and the ASCAP publishers who plug certain songs as hard as they can so as to pile up a performance record, because a publisher's rating in ASCAP depends 50 per cent upon the number of

radio performances with which his music is credited."

Aside from financial wrangling, radio has made frequent sorties into other battlefields for attacks on ASCAP. Under pressure from radio stations and other of ASCAP's customers, bills to limit the society's powers by changes in the copyright law have been introduced in virtually every session of Congress. Recently various radio stations turned to the State legislatures and lobbied for laws to hamper ASCAP. In some thirty States anti-ASCAP laws were introduced, many of them, according to the society, "obviously unconstitutional and designed only to harass us." Laws were actually passed in nine legislatures and went into effect in seven States. Their provisions forbade collection of performance fees by joint action; required schedules of fees to be printed on sheet music; necessitated listing the names of all persons who had ever had an interest in the copyright of a song (some 30,000 names in each case); permitted collecting fees only on a per-performance basis. The general effect of them all was to hamstring ASCAP.

The society has obtained injunctions against the laws in Florida, Tennessee, and Nebraska. The case in Nebraska, however, is now being appealed to the Supreme Court to seek a reversal of the lower-court decision or at least an indication of how far State legislatures can go in limiting the operations of ASCAP. In Montana and Washington, where the statutes are currently being tested in court, ASCAP has made no collections since 1937. The Montana law attracted nationwide attention last February when it brought the ASCAP-radio feud to a new height of bitterness.

That law forbids any organized group to collect royalties, but exempts existing contracts from its provisions. Last year ASCAP sent to all radio stations under contract in Montana a notice requesting payment of their license fees within thirty days, on threat of revoking their licenses. The day before the ultimatum expired a Montana judge issued an injunction restraining Montana broadcasters from paying any fees to ASCAP. Nevertheless, members of the society proceeded to file infringement suits against the broadcasters. In retaliation, the manager of one radio station obtained from a justice of the peace warrants charging Gene Buck and three other ASCAP officers with "attempted extortion," "attempt to obtain money by false pretenses," and "conspiracy to extort money from the complainant." (ASCAP was trying to collect a bill, you remember.)

The Montana warrants were almost served by New York City police last fall, but just when a group from the strong-arm squad arrived to make the arrests, Mayor LaGuardia telephoned to twit the police for their zeal in this comic-opera "crime" and to discourage any criminal action. On Washington's Birthday of this year, however, Gene Buck was arrested in Phoenix, Arizona, where he was recovering his health after two deaths and a near-fatal illness in his family. The sheriff set bail at $10,000 —cash. Furious because banks and his lawyers' office were closed, Buck telephoned friends in Hollywood, and one of them offered the sheriff as part-payment a $9,000 certified check on the Chase National Bank. The sheriff replied, in effect: "I'm one of those old-fashioned fellows, and I don't know what a certified check is, and I never heard of the Chase National Bank."

Buck's friends scurried about for hours, even collecting money from ticket booths in local movies, before they had raised the cash. The following day the $10,000 bail was cut to a $750 bond, and four days later Governor Roy E. Ayers of Montana, refusing to ask extradition of Buck, said: "We can't bring the man into this State on the theory he's a fugitive from justice when he's never even been in Montana."

ASCAP promptly accused the NAB of engineering the whole Montana episode. The NAB indignantly denied any connection with the episode and radio men

expressed their regret, especially because the arrest made Buck appear a persecuted martyr protecting the rights of American composers.

IV

Buck's arrest was the climax of the series of more than a thousand legal actions in which ASCAP has figured since 1914. But despite the constant courtroom tangles the society has grown steadily in size and power. ASCAP's first distribution of funds in 1921 totaled $81,833; in 1939 the figure had risen to $5,099,302. In 1924, ASCAP had 194 writers and publishers; to-day there are 1,219 names on the membership rolls.

Last year ASCAP had 32,524 contracts under which it collected license fees from 14,836 theaters, 9,991 restaurants, 2,895 dance halls, 1,852 hotels, 15 wired music services, 678 radio stations, and 2,257 miscellaneous establishments. Depending on their size and income, theaters paid from 5 to 20 cents per seat, restaurants, dance halls, and hotels from $60 to $2,400 a year. ASCAP's income is divided quarterly with equal shares awarded to the writers' and publishers' groups, after 10 per cent has been taken out for foreign affiliates and some 18 to 21 per cent for overhead—collection, distribution, investigation, and legal fees.

Individual shares for song-writers are based not upon the extent to which their work has been currently performed—this it would be difficult to gage precisely—but on the nature of their contribution to American music, their seniority in the society, and the number and popularity of their hits. Distributions to writers in 1939 ranged from $120 to $16,000. The highest sum went to members in class AA, the top group, which includes such composers as Cole Porter, Jerome Kern, Rudolph Friml, Vincent Youmans, Sigmund Romberg, Oley Speaks, and Irving Berlin. ASCAP's membership includes also the estates of ninety composers, among them Victor Herbert, Edward MacDowell, John Philip Sousa, Ethelbert Nevin, and George Gershwin. Publishers' shares of the society's income are allotted on the basis of seniority, number of performances given their compositions, and the general value of their catalogues to the organization.

ASCAP's executive and clerical staff of 250 occupies the entire 45th floor of the R.C.A. Building in Radio City. Managed by a board of directors of twelve publishers and twelve composers and authors, the society maintains thirty branch offices throughout the country. A staff of seventy field agents or "music police" checks on infringements of ASCAP's copyrights by following newspaper announcements and advertisements to learn of establishments using music for profit. They visit ballrooms, taverns, night clubs, hotels, and theaters from Harlem to Hollywood and request that owners take out licenses if they are using ASCAP's music. If a proprietor declines and still continues to use the society's compositions he is given three warnings, after which an infringement suit is filed. ASCAP rarely collects judgments awarded in such cases, but prefers to accept contracts and legal costs.

The need for an organization to collect fees is self-evident when you try to picture a single composer performing the investigating and prosecuting functions of the society's legal staff and nationwide "music police." Before the society was organized writers had no practical means of enforcing collection of performance fees, or even of attaining a position to bargain fairly with publishers. The most tragic case in point, says ASCAP, was the life of Stephen Foster, whose music is among the best-loved in America. He died in a hospital charity ward with thirty-eight cents in his purse because he had no financial reward for the popularity of his songs.

Such a situation could not arise to-day, says ASCAP, because it assures ample payment to composers for frequently played music. Moreover, should once-successful writers fall into straitened

circumstances ASCAP has made this pledge: "No member of ASCAP who writes successful music, or anyone dependent upon him, shall ever want." The society distributed $305,000 in 1939 for pensions and relief payments to finance medical care, funerals and rent, food and insurance expenses.

Well-knit, powerful, and firmly intrenched in Tin Pan Alley, the society to-day stands ready to face radio's newest onslaught with confidence, because attempts to compete with ASCAP are an old idea, hitherto totally unsuccessful. In 1924 the movie industry poured more than $100,000 into an attempt to supply silent film theaters with non-ASCAP music. When this failed some movie companies bought out established music firms and thus became publisher-members of ASCAP. NBC and NAB made futile efforts to combat ASCAP in the early 'thirties.

Warner Brothers launched a new type of competition in November, 1935, when the ASCAP publishing firms which it had bought out resigned from the society. The movie company felt it could collect more from public performance rights by its own efforts than through ASCAP. But the major radio stations, rather than sign separate contracts and pay extra fees, just omitted Warner music completely, even though it comprised some 20 per cent of ASCAP's catalogue and its 36,000 tunes included most of the work of Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern, Cole Porter, Noel Coward, George Gershwin, Sigmund Romberg, and Rodgers and Hart. Warner Brothers returned to the ASCAP fold within eight months, after movie houses had complained that Warner musical films were flops without the advance advertising of radio plugs. Moreover, the dereliction had hurt the company's sale of sheet music and its phonograph royalties.

V

The new Broadcast Music, Inc., however, feels that it can succeed where other efforts have failed because it is well organized and well financed and for the first time has the united support of the greater part of the radio industry. Second, it believes that ASCAP's other customers have found their interests coinciding with radio's and have given evidence of their intention to co-operate with BMI. (The new firm plans to let establishments outside of radio use its music for a nominal fee, because it is not aimed primarily at profit.) Finally, BMI says that radio is the greatest medium for popularizing music and can thus give its compositions the best send-off toward public acceptance. This support has started already. Since April 20th the major networks have been gradually slipping into their non-commercial programs the first popular songs published by BMI.

Turning out thirty songs a month, BMI should amass by the end of the year a supply of 230 popular songs published under its own imprint, plus any compositions it can garner by buying the public-performance rights to catalogues of established firms. To date BMI has acquired a catalogue of 2,800 compositions, chiefly hillbilly and folk music, from a Chicago firm, and another of 2,000 songs from one of the smaller New York publishers. Thus it will have ready for next January at least 5,000 copyrighted songs, plus a group of new arrangements of music in the public domain. (BMI believes 40 per cent of ASCAP's catalogue, and over 80 per cent of the world's music, falls in the public domain.) Meanwhile, the radio-sponsored firm is negotiating to buy other catalogues and hopes to sign up by next year all the performing-rights societies, outside of ASCAP, with which radio deals. It even sees possibilities of weaning away some of ASCAP's writers and publishers; but the society says it has already signed 97 per cent of its membership to new ten-year contracts.

ASCAP predicts that half the nation's radio stations will sign new contracts willingly, but is nevertheless arming it-

self, for it undoubtedly needs radio. While it complains that the airwaves destroy music too quickly, the microphone is still the great publicizer in the modern scheme of entertainment. Without radio to popularize their compositions, ASCAP's members will get less in sheet music and recording royalties.

But radio needs ASCAP too. Can the broadcasters discard so much of their most frequently played music and hope to replace it satisfactorily within eight months through the work of the unknowns and lesser lights of the music-writing fraternity? Without ASCAP radio is likely to be decidedly short-handed in familiar jazz and light classical music for some time. Should that result in a greater emphasis on classical music and old American songs it could conceivably cause a vast change in the musical taste of the radio audience.

Radio's performers too have a major stake in this trade war. How will the airwaves' star singers and band leaders feel about being ordered to discard the songs which have hitherto been the bulwark of their programs? And what of the sponsors' reaction toward a broadcasters' edict on what songs they may and may not play on their expensive network programs? Advertisers might bring strong pressure to bear toward a settlement. In this regard ASCAP has an important card yet to play, for it can offer to license advertisers directly for use of the society's music, whereupon the advertisers could press radio for lower rates. BMI, on the other hand, feels that the advertisers will surely side against ASCAP lest the higher fees be passed on to them.

The large radio stations are among ASCAP's strongest foes, but breaking with the society would cause them at least one sharp regret. As a central clearing house for copyrights ASCAP has saved the broadcasters considerable time, expense, and worry by making it unnecessary to check copyrights through a tremendous variety of sources. Radio had a taste of such a complication on New Year's Eve in 1935, when Warner Brothers took its 36,000 tunes off the air. Despite careful supervision to avoid use of Warner selections, two networks and a few independent stations in New York inadvertently played some forbidden tunes and drew down lawsuits. Imagine the worries in steering clear of a taboo list containing 300,000 songs!

All in all, it is considered possible in music trade circles that eventually the radio industry will follow the precedent of movie companies and buy into active publisher-members of ASCAP and thus gain a place on the board of directors from which they could exert pressure to keep down radio's fees.

The current deadlock makes for interesting conjectures, but they may all be superseded should the government succeed in its efforts to prove the society a monopoly in restraint of trade. The Department of Justice did not press its case in 1935, but new evidence has been gathered since. In a review of a Florida case last year Supreme Court Justice Hugo L. Black's lone dissenting opinion termed ASCAP a price-fixing combination wielding "the power of life and death over every business dependent upon copyrighted musical compositions for existence." Meanwhile test cases of State laws have brought forth new testimony.

This is a fateful year for ASCAP. Its power is being challenged simultaneously on three fronts—by the Department of Justice, State laws, and BMI. With this last threat chiefly in mind, Gene Buck predicted at the 1940 ASCAP dinner: "The year will see either lasting peace or else ASCAP may become entangled in the greatest commercial conflict in the history of the American music business." In view of ASCAP's entire history, lasting peace seems a phantom hope. But the magnitude of the struggle no one is likely to dispute.

THIS PRE-WAR GENERATION

BY MORTIMER J. ADLER

THE first world war produced a post-war generation. Its young men won a fight but lost what they were fighting for. Their lives had been interrupted, their purposes undermined, and their eyes opened. They were self-conscious of their disillusionment and demoralization, and their spokesmen—the artists and journalists among them—publicized their cynicism so successfully that it came to be regarded as the mood of a whole decade.

The second world war finds us with a pre-war generation. It consists of the youngsters still in college and the graduates of the past ten years. Considering their state of mind, one is tempted to say that the fathers have tasted war and the children's teeth are set on edge. Mr. Archibald MacLeish has in fact suggested that the temper of the post-war generation communicated itself and formed the temperament of youth to-day.

The facts of resemblance must not lead us, however, to a hasty conclusion about causes, for there is one remarkable difference between the two generations. The veterans of the last war had had "illusions"; they had pledged themselves in the name of "ideals." They were a lost generation because they had lost something. But it would be incorrect to speak of the present generation as disillusioned or demoralized. They seem to have grown up without any allegiances that could be betrayed, without a moral philosophy to renounce. They talk like calloused realists, though their actual experience of life cannot account for their imperviousness to traditional appeals.

This pre-war generation has obviously not been produced by the present conflict in Europe nor by the threat of America's involvement. It existed five years ago, ten years ago, but it took the dire calamities of May, 1940 to make us generally aware of the characteristics of our college-bred youth. The commencement orators last June spoke with an amazing uniformity on this one point. Whatever type of foreign policy they favored, they all recognized a danger sign in the disaffection of youth, its distrust of any cause which spoke the language of principles. In address after address the country over, college presidents or their surrogates appealed for a revival of idealism; tried to persuade the young that there are things worth living, and hence dying, for; pleaded for courage and self-sacrifice in devotion to the common good. They argued against what they called the prevalent materialism, the single-minded self-interest of the college graduate's aim—to take care of himself and let the rest go hang, to get ahead in the world by beating his neighbor. And most tragically significant of all, they begged the youth of the country "to have faith in democracy."

In most cases the commencement orators were thinking of preparedness, of national defense or active participation in the war. They asked for faith in democracy with an ulterior purpose. Congressional appropriations for armament are not enough, nor even the armaments themselves, built at any speed and

in any quantity. Wars, especially modern, total wars, are waged with the energy of youth. Though it seldom became explicit, the speeches last June evoked the contrasting images of Hitler's youth and ours. Of course Hitler's youth were regimented and hop-fed, but they had some "virtues" after all. They were loyal and resolute. If only we could generate overnight a faith in democracy that would equal the faith in fascism, with its spirit of self-sacrificing devotion to a cause!

The educators or leaders who spoke to America's young men last June were so anxious about the immediate consequences of their audience's mood that they did not stop to inquire into its causes. Obsessed with the urgent need for change, they forgot that only by altering causes can one control effects. In their impatience, however sincere, they committed a basic error in rhetoric. They did not even ask themselves why all their words would fall upon deaf ears, why stirring phrases would not stir, why not even the loftiest visions would inspire.

II

What are the causes? How did this pre-war generation come to be what it is? Since no one can pretend to know the etiology of a whole generation, I claim no more for what I have to say than that it is a guess based on more than fifteen years of classroom experience with the disease I am trying to diagnose. But before I tell my story let me consider some of the other guesses which have recently been aired.

In his now famous address on post-war writers and pre-war readers, Mr. MacLeish claimed that the one had contaminated the other, that literature was the avenue of infection, especially the novels of such men as Latzko, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Remarque, and Aldington. I do not know whether MacLeish had the parallel in mind, but he was repeating Plato's charge that the poets, the story-tellers, the tellers of half-truths, were the corrupters of youth. I have never thought that Plato was right about the poets. His characterization of them was right, but not his judgment of their influence. They are story-tellers; they are men of imagination rather than of thought; they certainly cannot be relied upon to give youth sound moral and political instruction; but they are not important as compared with other educational influences, much less so in our day than in earlier times.

The writers themselves seem to agree with me on this point. Mr. Robert Sherwood said: "Archibald MacLeish is right in his conclusions, but he exaggerates the influence exerted by writers of our generation. By far the most successful of antiwar books, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, failed to convert young Germans to pacifism." Mr. Richard Aldington dismissed the notion that authors really affect the national state of mind as a typical high-brow delusion: "most people in America have never heard of the writers MacLeish mentions and could not have been influenced by them." I am sure that most college students have not read these novels. Even allowing for the influence they may have worked through the movies, or by indirect communication, I cannot agree that they are the major cause.

The writers who commented on MacLeish's speech had guesses of their own to offer. Again I quote Mr. Sherwood, who felt that youth considered "democracy a decadent mess—and no wonder, in view of the environment in which they grew up: the jazz age of the early 20's, the hypocrisy and crime of prohibition, the drunken sailorism of the Coolidge boom, and the wailing defeatism of depression." Another author placed the blame on young men's doubts about their economic or spiritual stake in American democracy. And still another said that they had "lost faith in democracy. It is up to democracy to show it is worth fighting for."

There is some truth in all these remarks, but I do not think they go to the

root of the trouble. There is no question that the spectacle of democracy malpracticed may have killed some youthful enthusiasm for its cause, no question that the go-getting materialism of the American environment has corrupted youth more than novelists ever could, no question that the young have felt themselves betrayed by their elders. But it is not the failure of democracy to solve its economic problems, nor the shallowness and stupidity of its political leadership which has caused the disaffection. Only a very small percentage of American students—and this in itself is a shocking fact—are left-wingers of any variety. Nor is there a much larger number of those who have taken the principles of democracy seriously enough to be able to detect and criticize the deviations in practice.

The real trouble is that our college students and recent graduates do not take *any* moral issues seriously, whether about their personal affairs or the economic and political problems of the nation. Their only principle is that there are no moral principles at all, their only slogan that all statements of policy, all appeals to standards, are nothing but slogans, and hence frauds and deceptions. They are sophists in the most invidious sense of that term which connotes an unqualified skepticism about all moral judgments. Such skepticism leads naturally to *realpolitik:* in the game of power politics—and there is no other—only force and propaganda count. The issue between fascism and democracy cannot be argued as if there were a right and wrong to it. Whoever wins is right; whatever works is good. Our college students to-day, like Thrasymachus of old, regard justice as nothing but the will of the stronger; but unlike the ancient sophist, they cannot make the point as clearly or defend it as well.

What, then, is the difference between our youth and Hitler's? Even if ours have not read *Mein Kampf* or been inoculated with the revolutionary spirit of nihilism, they have become "realists" of the same sort, believing only in the tangible rewards of success—money, fame, and power. Unlike Hitler's youth, however, they mean by success their own personal advancement, not nationalistic aggrandizement. Hitler's young men, through a mystical identification of personal with national success, work for Germany. Our young men work for themselves, and they will continue to suffer democracy—which, remember, they do not think can be *proved* to be intrinsically better than fascism—only so long as it works for them. True, at the present moment, they *feel* that Hitler is a bad man and say they don't *like* totalitarianism; but if pressed for reasons they will repeat phrases such as "civil liberties" or "human rights," the meaning of which they cannot explain, the justification for which they cannot give. They can readily be pushed to admit that these too are only opinions, which happen to be theirs by the accident of birthplace.

Here precisely lies the danger. The present generation has been immunized against anyone who might really try to argue for democracy in terms of justice, but not against the attractions of success and security. The only slogans they have learned to suspect are those which claim the approval of reason; and the thing which seems most like propaganda to them is what "pretends" to offer rational arguments for a course of action—as right rather than expedient. They have no sales resistance against the appeal of promises to gain for them the things every animal wants. They will even have "faith" in democracy if such promises can be made in its name. They are ready to have faith in any program which does not insist that it is right by reason. Let America cease to be the land of opportunity for individual success, let another and much worse depression increase the number who are hopelessly insecure, and our young men may find a leader who can change their "faith." They are democrats now only by feeling and opinion. Feelings and opinions are easily changed by force of

circumstances and by rhetoric which mocks at reason, as Hitler's did. If some form of fascism offers immediate fruits, they who have forsaken the way of principles and reasoning will not see that democracy is better in principle, despite abuses which impair its beneficence in practice. Instead of trying to make democracy work because they *rationally know* it is right, they will give it up for something else which, at the time, offers a quicker cash return.

Mr. MacLeish diagnosed the disease correctly but he failed to trace its causes to their roots. John Chamberlain had observed that the younger generation "needs none of Mr. Stuart Chase's semantic discipline. The boys and girls tend to distrust all slogans, all tags—even all words." Agreeing to this, MacLeish went farther. He saw that their basic distrust is of "all statements of principle and conviction, all declarations of moral purpose"—for it is only such statements and declarations that they regard as slogans. But he merely scratched the surface when he supposed that it was the literature of our period that "was disastrous as education for a generation which would be obliged to face the threat of fascism in its adult years." The education of this pre-war generation has been disastrous indeed; but the calamity has been caused by our schools and colleges, not by our novelists. Even if the first world war had never happened, even if there had been no post-war generation to spread its disillusionment, even if such phrases as "making the world safe for democracy" had not come to symbolize how men can mistake empty slogans for sacred shibboleths, the present generation would be as full of sophistry and skepticism. For the past forty years there have been forces at work in American education which had to culminate in this result.

III

The factors operating in the current situation have been prepared by centuries of cultural change. What has been happening in American education since 1900, what has finally achieved its full effect in the present generation, flows with tragic inevitability from the seeds of modern culture as they have developed in the past three hundred years. The very things which constituted the cultural departure that we call modern times have eventuated, not only in the perverted education of American youth to-day, but also in the crises they are unprepared to face. That fascism should have reached its stride in Europe at the same time that pseudo-liberalism—the kind Lewis Mumford denounces as corrupt, pragmatic liberalism—has demoralized us, is an historic accident. Only the timing is a coincidence, however, for both the European and the American maladies arise from the same causes. They are both the last fruitions of modern man's exclusive trust in science and his gradual disavowal of whatever lies beyond the field of science as irrational prejudice, as opinion emotionally held.

I do not wish to make science itself the villain of my piece. It is the *misuse* of science, intellectually as well as practically, which is to blame. We do not blame science for the murderous tools it has enabled men to make; neither should we blame science, or for that matter scientists, for the destructive doctrines men have made in its name, men who are for the most part philosophers and educators, not scientists. All these doctrines have a common center—positively, the exclusive adoration of science; negatively, the denial that philosophy or theology can have any independent authority. We can regard this intellectual misuse of science as another one of the false modern religions—the religion of science, closely related to the religion of the state. We can group all these doctrines together and call them by names which have become current: *positivism* and *scientism*. And again we can see a deep irony in the historic coincidence that just when the practical misuse of science has armed men for wholesale

slaughter, scientism—the intellectual misuse of science—has all but disarmed them morally.

Let me see if I can explain the mind of this pre-war generation by the scientism which dominates American education. I am also concerned to show how the semanticism, which Messrs. Chamberlain and MacLeish noted in the youthful distrust of all language, is a closely related phenomenon. Just as scientism is a misuse of science, in itself good, so semanticism names the excessive exploitation of semantics, which in itself is a good discipline concerned with the criteria for determining the significance of words.

An American college student who, under the elective system, samples courses in the natural and social sciences, in history, philosophy, and the humanities gradually accumulates the following notions: (1) that the only valid knowledge of the nature of the world and man is obtained by the methods of experimentation or empirical research; (2) that questions which cannot be answered by the methods of the natural and social sciences cannot be answered at all in any trustworthy or convincing way; or, in other words, answers to such questions are only arbitrary and unfounded opinions; (3) that the great achievement of the modern era is not simply the accumulation of scientific knowledge, but, more radically, the recognition of the scientific method (of research and experimentation) as the *only* dependable way to solve problems; and, in consequence of this, that modern times have seen man's emancipation from the superstitions of religion, the dogmatisms of theology, and the armchair speculations of philosophers; (4) that the study of social phenomena became scientific when research divorced itself entirely from normative considerations, when economists and students of politics no longer asked about the justice of social arrangements, but only who gets what, when, and how.

A bright college student will readily draw certain inferences from these few basic notions that get dinned into him from every source of his education. He will see for himself that moral questions, questions of good and bad, right and wrong, cannot be answered by the methods of natural or social science. He will conclude that "value judgments" cannot be made, except of course as expressions of personal prejudice. He will extend this conclusion to cover not only decisions about his own conduct but also moral judgments about economic systems and political programs. He will accept without question the complete divorce of economics from ethics and, in discipleship to Machiavelli, he will become as much a realist in politics as Hitler and Mussolini. If, in addition to being bright, he is proud of his modernity, he will regard anyone who talks about standards of goodness, principles of justice, moral virtues as an unregenerate old fogy; and he will express his aversion for such outmoded opinions by the *ad hominem* use of epithets like "medieval" or "scholastic" or "mystic."

Even those who are not bright enough to draw their own conclusions from the main tenets of a college education get them ready-made in certain courses. They are told by the teachers of social science that all "systems of morality" reduce to tribal *mores*, conventional taboos and prescriptions which govern the culture of a given time and place. They learn, as a result of this complete moral relativism, that they must respect their "ethnocentric predicament," which simply means that they, who belong to a given culture or system, cannot judge the right and wrong of any other without begging the question, without taking their own point of view for granted, though it is neither better nor worse than the contrary assumptions of those whom they judge. They are told, in so many words, that anyone who proceeds otherwise is an absolutist. To suppose that all men living at any time or place are subject to the same fundamental canons of right and wrong, however diverse their manners or *mores;* to suppose that all men

precisely because they are all men, sharing equally the same human nature, should be motivated by the same ideals of truth and goodness—that is the demon of absolutism which every social science course in the curriculum tries to exorcise. When they succeed, as they usually do by sheer weight of unopposed prestige, the college student who has been thus indoctrinated even dislikes using such words as "truth" and "goodness" because they sound like "absolute values."

I said a moment ago that the teaching pronounced in unison by the social scientists is unopposed. You may think that opposition must come from at least one quarter of the campus—obviously from the philosophy department. But, paradox of paradoxes, if the student is not already thoroughly debunked, rid of all "medieval superstitions" and "absolutisms," he gets the finishing touches of his modern education in the philosophy courses. While it is not unanimously accepted, the doctrine of scientism is certainly the dominant dogma of American philosophy to-day. The degenerative tendency of modern philosophy to move in this direction reached its culmination in American pragmatism and all its sequelæ—the numerous varieties of positivism. All the varieties agree on one point: that only science gives us valid knowledge of reality. Hence philosophy, at its best, can be nothing more than a sort of commentary on the findings of science; and at its worst, when it refuses to acknowledge the exclusive right of scientific method to marshal evidence and draw conclusions therefrom, philosophy is either mere opinion or nonsensical verbiage. The history of philosophy, especially in the primitive times before the scientific era, is told as a history of guesses, some bright, some wild, but all equally unworthy of modern credence.

Far from opposing the social scientists, their colleagues in the philosophy department support the derogation of "systems of morality" as so many ways of rationalizing emotional fixations and cultural complexes. (Ethics becomes a sort of psychoanalysis.) It is in the philosophy course that the student really learns how to argue like a sophist against all "values" as subjective and relative. Far from being the last bulwark against the scientism professed or insinuated by every other part of the curriculum, the philosophy courses reinforce the *negativism* of this doctrine by inspiring disrespect for any philosophy which claims to be independent knowledge. And, to complete the job, the ancient sophistries which our philosophy departments have revived are implemented by semanticism. The student learns to suspect all words, especially abstract words. Statements which cannot be scientifically verified are meaningless. The abstract words which enter into moral judgments—such words as "justice" and "right" or even "liberty" and "happiness" have only rhetorical meaning. Denuded of deceptive verbiage, all such judgments can be reduced to statements of what I like or what displeases me. There is no "should" or "ought."

Concerning the intellectual character of this generation, there appears to be agreement. Certainly the most plausible explanation of that character is in terms of the education youth has received. If I have fairly summarized the impact of a college education have I not accounted for the state of mind which seemed to worry the commencement orators last June, and which Mr. MacLeish attributed to the insidious effects of post-war novels?

Whether or not they go to war, irreparable damage has been done to the young men of this generation. They have been misled by their teachers into giving up their birthright. Education has failed democracy as well. When men no longer have confidence that right decisions in moral and political matters can be rationally arrived at, when they no longer regard themselves as rational animals, but as rationalizing brutes, the institutions of democracy are the walls of an empty house which will collapse under

pressure from without because of the vacuum within.

IV

There are two misconceptions I wish to avoid. The picture I have painted is black enough but it is not utterly so. It must be qualified in the first place, by recognizing that there are a few teachers on every campus who take their stand against the tide; and in the second place, by acknowledging that most college students are at heart good boys and girls. (So, may I add, were Hitler's boys and girls.) It is sometimes difficult to decide whether they think sophistically or only talk that way, but it is easy to discover that their sophisticated speech masks a kind of natural goodness. Let me report some of my own experiences to illustrate these points.

For some years now at the University of Chicago President Hutchins and I have been teaching courses in which the students are asked to read great works in ethics, economics, and politics. They have already had enough education to be suspicious of Plato and Aristotle, St. Thomas Aquinas and John Locke. They react at once against these, or any other authors, who write as if truth could be reached in moral matters, as if the mind could be convinced by reasoning from principles, as if there were self-evident precepts about good and bad. They tell us, emphatically and almost unanimously, that "there is no right and wrong," that "moral values are private opinions," that "everything is relative."

This is not the picture of one class, but of many. What is impressive is the uniformity of our experience during the past ten years in teaching high school students, college students of all classes, graduate students drawn from various divisions of the University. We have found the same thing in trying to teach the philosophy of law to future lawyers and the philosophy of education to future teachers. Nor should it be thought that the reaction is elicited by the books we assign, that it merely signifies the students' suspicion that we are doctrinaire Aristotelians or Thomists, or something equally bad. It happens as readily in reading Rousseau who tries to prove republicanism from the rights of man; or in reading *The Federalist Papers*, along with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution; for those fellows also talked about self-evident truths and used such words as "liberty" and "happiness" as if they had some meaning. And for those who suppose that American colleges are hotbeds of radicalism, let me say that the same thing happened when we asked them to read Karl Marx's *Capital*. We tried to show them how Marx had proved the injustices inherent in the historic processes of capitalism. They resisted, not because they could answer Marx's arguments, but because they initially rejected the very notion that a moral judgment about capitalism, or anything else, can be proved.

Yet, I say, these same boys and girls are good at heart. We revealed their hypocrisy to them one day when they accidentally displayed their devotion to ideals. The subject was education in relation to the state. For the sake of clarifying a point in Aristotle's *Politics* on the statesman's use of education, Mr. Hutchins took the position that education cannot *improve* the community, that education will never serve the cause of social progress. He argued that the aims of education are always determined by *existing* moral and political standards, and hence one cannot hope for educational change to raise the general morale. Apart from the merits of the argument, the interesting fact is that the students were plainly shocked by such pessimism. They *hoped* that education could make men better and uplift society. This hope, we pointed out, was inconsistent with everything else they had been saying. They who had been denying objectivity to the distinction between better and worse were now affirming the possibility of progress, of human betterment. They had been taken off guard by Mr. Hutchins's apparent turnabout and, for

the moment, betrayed a strain of natural aspiration. Deep down in their hearts they still wished to believe there was some meaning to "better" by which progress in human affairs could be measured. But when faced with the implications of such belief, they refused, albeit with some embarrassment, to concede that reason could require all men to acknowledge such things to be true. Here was a new hypocrisy. The old-fashioned hypocrite paid lip-service to moral maxims which his conduct flouted. These youngsters appeared to have some love for the good; they might even act accordingly; but except in unguarded moments, their sophisticated minds prevented them from speaking accordingly.

Whoever says that it makes no difference what people think or how they speak so long as their hearts are in the right place, commits a dangerous fallacy. One hypocrisy is as bad as the other; if anything, this one is worse because, when right feelings are not supported by right thinking, good men can be insensibly corrupted. Men of good will are not just sweet-tempered animals, but beings whose desires aim at a good they rationally apprehend as such. When the mind refuses to *see* the good and the bad of things, repudiating any moral quality in things and actions to see, the will is blind, and blindly attaches itself to this or that through natural instinct, waywardness, or caprice. Not rooted in reason, such attachments are impermanent. They can be easily uprooted by those who are skilled in playing Pied Piper to the passions. That is why I dread the instability of a generation which, at best, will only have "faith" in democracy—but no sure reasons for upholding it as *objectively* the best form of political community. If their "faith" in democracy amounts to nothing more than well-disposed feelings at the moment, change of circumstances may alter the direction of their sentiments and they may find themselves with a faith in fascism or the same thing by another name.

Let me illustrate the inconsistencies and confusions which result from the divorce of head and heart, by a few tales out of school about my colleagues, the teachers of this pre-war generation. On one occasion last spring an eminent professor of history at the University took the position in after-dinner conversation that, while he didn't *like* Hitler, no one could *prove* that he was wrong. I tried to argue that I could demonstrate—demonstrate as certainly as Euclid could a theorem in geometry—that totalitarianism is intrinsically unjust; but in vain, for the professor of history replied that any demonstration I might make would be valid only in terms of its premises, and, obviously, my premises would be *my* arbitrary assumptions. Hitler need not grant them; he could make others, and prove the opposite case as well. Non-democratic political systems could be just as true as non-Euclidean geometries. I did not succeed in convincing him that moral thinking, unlike geometry, does not rest on postulates, but commands assent to its conclusions because they are drawn from self-evident first principles—traditionally known as the natural moral law. The historian denied self-evident truths; what looked like them were just verbal tautologies, word-magic. He smiled at the notion of a natural moral law; there were just primitive urges which could be rationalized in different ways. My historian was a democrat "by faith"—by the way he felt at the time. It is easy enough to imagine how a change of heart might be forced on him; his mind would present no obstacle to such change.

On a later occasion I was dining with the local authority on international law and a professor of medicine. It was shortly after the Nazi invasion of the Low Countries. Both my colleagues were hot under the collar about American isolationism. They wanted immediate action in support of the Allied cause. What was that cause? I asked. It was the cause of democracy, our cause, and we must act at once. At the time

those were my sentiments too, but I soon discovered that I could not make common cause with my colleagues. After dinner I reported the conversation I had had with the professor of history, and again I said that I thought the political truth of democracy could be demonstrated. *No such thing!* Democracy could be saved by force of arms but it could not be proved by weight of reason. The professor of international law told me that his "preference" for democracy was simply a cultural bias, arising from "postulates" which could not themselves be examined for truth or falsity. That we Anglo Saxons accepted them, that Italians and Germans rejected them, was simply an inscrutable fact, an historic accident. The professor of medicine spoke similarly: outside the domain of natural science there is only opinion; each man systematizes his opinions in a certain conceptual frame of reference; there is the democratic frame of reference, the Nazi frame of reference, and so on. I knew the impossibility of plumbing this argument to its depths. That would mean challenging the scientism which made my colleagues skeptical about morality. I simply said that I might be willing to fight for democracy as a political good I could rationally apprehend, but that I wouldn't move an inch to make the world safe for a cultural bias, a set of postulates, or a frame of reference.

This pre-war generation has been made what it is by its teachers—these colleagues of mine, justifiably respected in their special fields, yet undermining all the merits of their teaching by a false philosophy, the destructive doctrine of positivism. But the blame should not fall entirely on the colleges and universities. The corruption begins at the lower levels, long before the student becomes sophisticated by semantics or learns about the ethnocentric predicament. The public school system of the country, at both elementary and secondary levels, whether explicitly "progressive" in program or not, is Deweyized in its leadership. I use the name of Dewey to symbolize what Lewis Mumford describes as pragmatic liberalism—a liberalism "so completely deflated and debunked" that it forsakes all the "essential principles of ideal liberalism: justice, freedom, truth" and hence disavows a rationally articulated moral philosophy; supposing instead that " 'science,' which confessedly despises norms, would eventually supply all the guidance necessary for human conduct." Public education in the United States is run by men and women who have been inoculated with pragmatic liberalism at the leading schools of education (Columbia, Chicago, Harvard, California) where fundamental policies are formed. Mr. Mumford has done yeoman's work in castigating his old friends on the *New Republic* and *Nation*, but it is much more important to change the mind behind the school system of the country than the readers of the so-called liberal weeklies.

Mr. Hutchins and I discovered what that mind was like when we taught a course in the philosophy of education last year. It was taken by men and women who were candidates for the Ph.D. in education, many of whom were already in responsible teaching or administrative positions. We began with this definition: "Education is the process whereby the powers of human nature become developed by *good* habits." I have italicized the word "good" because that, as usual, was the stumbling block. The class objected to the definition as normative; the *science* of education must be objective. Some of them said there was nothing good or bad about education, and others shocked us even more by suggesting that education might just as well be a development of bad habits. The argument went on for days, requiring us to get down to fundamentals. In the course of it we discovered that these professionals in education had been thoroughly indoctrinated with scientism and positivism. The mark of indoctrination was that they really couldn't defend their position; the marks of the

doctrine they had swallowed were the familiar denials—of the objectivity of moral standards, of the rationality of men, of any method for answering questions except that of empirical science.

If the teachers of the country, and more than the teachers, their higher-ups, are in this state of mind, can we expect the present generation to be otherwise? Mr. MacLeish may think that those who write a country's novels are more influential than those who make its laws. I think that those who teach its youth are more, immeasurably more, influential than either.

V

Can anything be done about American education? I doubt it. The college presidents who expressed such deep concern about American youth last June do not, for the most part, see educational failure itself as the major cause of their condition. If they remember their commencement addresses they may open college with a renewed effort to inspire "faith in democracy," to appeal for a purely emotional loyalty to the nation in time of stress. As the emergency increases there may be talk of military training and similar expedients for immediate preparedness. But of that long-term preparedness which consists in fundamental educational reform there will be nothing. College presidents will not try to fight the enemy in their midst—the destructive doctrines which dominate American education to-day—because they do not recognize this enemy, or worse, they belong in his camp. President Conant, for example, has been one of the most vocal exponents of intervention. He urges us to fight for democracy. But he has never affirmed—and being a scientist, is not likely to see the need for—an independent metaphysics, without which ethics and politics have no rational foundation. In consequence, his educational policy involves no challenge to scientism and positivism in all corners of the Harvard curriculum.

One college president has issued that challenge again and again. He too spoke about preparedness last June. But he was thinking of a basic intellectual reform as indispensable to safeguarding democracy from dissolution, as well as from attack by force. He said:

> In order to believe in democracy we must believe that there is a difference between truth and falsity, good and bad, right and wrong, and that truth, goodness, and right are objective standards even though they cannot be experimentally verified. They are not whims, prejudices, rationalization, or Sunday school tags. We must believe that man can discover truth, goodness, and right by the exercise of his reason, and that he may do so even as to those problems which, in the nature of the case, science can never solve. . . . Political organization must be tested by conformity to ideals. Its basis is moral. Its end is the good for man. Only democracy has this basis. If we do not believe in this basis or this end, we do not believe in democracy. These are the principles which we must defend if we are to defend democracy.
>
> Are we prepared to defend these principles? Of course not. For forty years and more our intellectual leaders have been telling us they are not true. They have been telling us in fact that nothing is true which cannot be subject to experimental verification. In the whole realm of social thought there can, therefore, be nothing but opinion. Since there is nothing but opinion, everybody is entitled to his own opinion. . . . If everything is a matter of opinion, force becomes the only way of settling differences of opinion. And, of course, if success is the test of rightness, right is on the side of the heavier battalions.

But President Hutchins will not succeed in changing education at Chicago for the same reason that it will not be changed in most of our institutions. The faculties, by and large, see the other way. They are (and perhaps no one else can be) the ultimate guardians of the curriculum, the oracles of its content. That being so, I doubt if anything short of a major cataclysm or a miracle could work the transformation.

We have some reason to be wryly optimistic about the cataclysm. If we are forced to fight we will; in that eventuality young men will join the colors or be drafted. But we may be forced to defend democracy without the violence of arms, to defend it against interior decay and boring from within. Even if we

fight, or perhaps because we do, we may be faced with the necessity of resuscitating democracy from the almost lethal dose of wartime measures. Even if we win a defensive war, fascism may still reign among our enemies, and we shall be morally and spiritually weakened to combat their success story, the triumphant march of totalitarian ideologies. In any of the possibilities I can foresee, our greatest need is the clearest understanding of what democracy means, the most patient rational articulation of its principles. And I do not mean that this should be a rare secret, possessed by the favored few who have written books on the subject. I mean it should belong to the masses whom democracy educates—certainly all those who enjoy the opportunities of college education. That, as I have tried to show, cannot happen until the colleges make their students philosophers instead of sophists.

Last June, while the commencement orators were calling for renewed faith in democracy, a student at Williams College wrote a guest editorial in the college paper which bluntly said fascism is a better object of faith than democracy. It has more to offer, positively and constructively. Democracy is decadent and dying. It does nothing but repeat old shibboleths, out of step with the times. Fascism does things, and does them in terms of contemporary realities. "The English government and the French government," he wrote, "offer no twentieth-century set of aims and principles in which the poor soldiers in Flanders can put their faith as the German boys put their faith in Hitler." We of the democracies are fighting for next to nothing. "It is we, rather than they, who are nihilists."

Thus the cataclysm may overtake us like a summer cloud, without our special wonderment. War or no war, victory or defeat, we may wake up some morning to find that a good many boys feel as the writer of the Williams editorial. Whether it is a pre-war or post-war generation will make no difference so long as it is a generation which has been educated in the manner of the past forty years. They will pass from a faith in democracy to a faith in fascism simply because outward circumstances will have sufficiently attenuated the one and strengthened the other. As President Hutchins pointed out, our present intellectual position is "much closer to Hitler than we may care to admit. . . . Such principles as we have are not different enough from those of Hitler to make us very rugged in defending ours in preference to his. And second, we are not united and clear about such principles as we have. We are losing our moral principles. But the vestiges of them remain to bother us and to interfere with a thoroughgoing commitment to amoral principles. Hence we are like confused, divided, ineffective Hitlers." The payoff is indicated: "In a contest between Hitler and people who are wondering why they shouldn't be Hitlers, the finished product is bound to win."

This may sound like a counsel of despair. But it is defeatism in the schoolroom, not on the battlefield. Strangely enough, it is much easier to solicit preparedness for war than preparedness for peace. Men can be energized into action, even radical reforms, when the issues are urgent enough, and the ends not much beyond their noses. The long-term objectives are seldom achieved by the purposeful planning of men or the concerted action of nations. They are reached, slowly and painfully, through the inscrutable windings of history. Education will not shake off its typical modern faults until history is ready for the end of modern times and the birth of a new cultural epoch. The impending cataclysm foreshadows the event. I know I may be looking for miracles, but I cherish the hope that if democracy die it will be reborn in a better culture than that of the modern world.

THE NEW STARVATION

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

MEDICAL research has given a new meaning to the word starvation. As late as the opening years of the present century the belief was general among experts that the accepted food requirements might be made up with cheaper foods—for example, beans in place of meat—so long as quantitative standards were not neglected. And since an apoplectic obesity marked many of those who could afford to eat their fill, it was easy to accept the aphorism that the poor man's diet was a blessing in disguise.

But biochemists of the twentieth century have taught us that a full belly is not necessarily a safeguard against starvation. They have shown that starvation may be a selective process in which the absence of some quantitatively small factor may bring on illness, invalidism, insanity, and finally death. Fortunately they have been able to demonstrate also the encouraging opposite of this, showing that the addition of some simple foodstuff to a supposedly adequate diet may weight the difference between mediocre and optimum health.

A striking example was provided a few years ago by studies made by Dr. H. C. Corry Mann in a boys' institution. The boys were receiving what was rated as an adequate diet, but Dr. Mann thought he would see what a glass of milk would do. So he selected indiscriminately a group of the boys and fed each the same food that the others were receiving with the addition of only one pint of milk daily. Careful records were kept of the weight, height, and physical fitness of all subjects, and at the end of the test the results were compared. It was found that the group which had been fed the presumably adequate diet had gained an average of 3.85 pounds in weight and 1.84 inches in height, whereas the other group, those who had had the additional pint of milk daily, showed gains of 6.98 pounds and 2.63 inches respectively. "The casual visitor would never fail to recognize the boys receiving the extra ration of milk," said Dr. Mann; they were "obviously more fit."

II

It is not strange that a small deficiency can produce so many and such varied illnesses as those with which the nutritionist is called on to deal, for the body's requirements of food are numerous and diverse—and every year, it seems, additional requirements disclose themselves or are stumbled upon in the course of experiments.

There are at least twelve mineral elements essential to human life, either as building materials or as chemical tools. About a score of vitamins are known, and at least eight seem important to the human body. Proteins are combinations of smaller structures, amino acids; and twenty-three amino acids are now known; but just which of the twenty-three are the indispensable nitrogenous bricks for the body's tissue building is still a question under investigation by the experts. However, regardless of our ignorance of the nature and mechanism of many of

these compounds, we do know that prolonged lack of any essential amino acid, vitamin, or mineral may cause failure of some organ or function. There is, moreover, a great deal of near-starvation for lack of carbohydrates and fats. Fuel is just as essential to health as are minerals and vitamins, and fuel from proteins alone is an expensive commodity which few of the "third of a nation" can afford.

Not all cases of nutritional deficiency are to be charged against poverty however. Sir Robert McCarrison, British authority on nutrition, has reported the case of a young man's sudden rise from unemployment to moderate prosperity which was followed by illness involving a deficiency disease. He had lived in the west of Ireland, where the family subsisted on such vegetables and milk as they raised, with an occasional rabbit, fish, or other meat. When he went to England and took a job the youth had money for the purchase of food, and he changed his diet abruptly: white bread instead of the accustomed porridge of homeground meal; beef, ham, and bacon instead of the vegetable soup, potatoes, and greens of his rural fare; and well-sugared tea in place of milk and buttermilk. Despite the improvement in his standard of living the fellow became seriously ill. Sir Robert found that he was starving for essential minerals and vitamins, chemical tools supplied by the "poor" Irish diet, but very sparse in the more expensive refined foods of his choice. This happened in 1939.

Two groups of British scientists recently made an investigation of the Vitamin B_1 content of brown bread as compared with that of white bread. Their report, says the *British Medical Journal*, "leaves no doubt as to the superiority of brown bread over white as a source of Vitamin B_1." Other nutritionists have published a comparison of the bread rations consumed by the British people over hundreds of years. They show that, as a result of changes in character and consumption of bread alone, available Vitamin B_1 has dropped to a fraction of its former value. In 1670 the British soldier's daily ration contained 1,000 units of Vitamin B_1; in 1782 the diet of the English parish poor contained 660 to 850 units, and in 1838 the City of London's Poor Law diet contained 1,230 units—whereas in 1937 the nation's daily intake ranged from about 290 units at the lowest income level to 450 to 550 at the two highest levels. "Thus the best-fed members of the population today, while getting twice as much Vitamin B_1 as people on a low-income level, yet consume less than the parish poor of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century."

Five thousand cases of scurvy among lumberjacks and farmers of northern Maine were reported early in 1939. Scurvy, which may express itself in spongy gums, chronic weakness, anemia, and a tendency to spontaneous bleeding, is an effect of Vitamin C deficiency; and since Vitamin C is present in potatoes, for which northern Maine is famous, the remedy was at hand—provided the natives ate the potatoes instead of shipping them to the city for sale.

Sometimes faulty diets are deliberately taken in pursuit of special objectives that at the time seem important. Dr. Dwight L. Wilbur, of the Stanford University School of Medicine, tells of observing three patients whose cases illustrate three such circumstances. One was an allergic woman who had been put on a restricted diet to avoid the offending food factor. Unfortunately the diet was wanting in certain minute but essential ingredients, and after a year and a half she presented a sorry spectacle: thin, with scaling skin, intestinal disorder, and nervousness, all characteristic signs of pellagra. Another case was that of a young woman who had adopted an extremely meager diet to reduce her 180 pounds. "It was not unusual for her to have coffee for breakfast, a candy bar at noon, and a dish of clear soup at night," and after some months she accomplished her purpose: brought her weight down to 90 pounds. But along with it she developed anemia, stomach ulcer, chronic

diarrhea, and wrecked her health. The third victim was a Negro woman who had been told that a diet of laundry starch would whiten her skin. So she had forced herself to eat the unpalatable stuff, gradually omitting vegetables, meats, and other edibles, until the carbohydrate became her main food. Her skin did whiten, but it was the pallor of anemia and dropsy, and with it came paralysis and the characteristic heart disturbance of that weakening disease which the Singhalese long ago named beriberi (I cannot).

No known food will change the pigment of the skin, but the two other problems can be handled. In a food allergy the offending substance usually is a specific protein; even when it is several proteins, substitutions are possible which will not exclude ample supplies of each of the five aliments. Similarly with diets for the correction of overweight: as we have seen, the fat-sustaining calories can be radically reduced if correct metabolic principles are observed. Supreme among these principles is the rule: Never skimp on "the little things in nutrition." Because they are little and hidden, vitamins are the aliment most likely to be neglected.

III

In 1920, when the term "vitamin" was applied to a group of recently discovered food factors, three substances were so designated—Vitamins A, B, and C. Deficiency of A had been identified with nightblindness and rickets, deficiency of B with beriberi, deficiency of C with scurvy. These diseases had been known for centuries, and gradually it had been learned that a diet of liver would cure nightblindness and rickets, the fine dust-like particles polished from rice would cure beriberi, and lemon juice, scurvy. But it was not until in our century, beginning in 1907, that chemists began to discover what were the chemicals in liver, in rice polishings, and in lemon juice that possessed these curative properties. The isolation of each in an approximately pure state constitutes its discovery as a vitamin, and since 1920 the discoveries have followed one another with dizzying rapidity, as old vitamins have been broken into two or more and new vitamins found.

The first breakdown occurred in 1922 when it was discovered that the rickets-preventing factor in Vitamin A was quite different from the nightblindness-preventing factor. With its isolation, the anti-rachitic factor was named Vitamin D—and Vitamin A was retained as the designation for the substance which cures and prevents nightblindness. Vitamin D regulates the body's use of calcium and phosphorus; in its absence bones and teeth may fail to develop normally. Soon still another kind of molecule was found concealed within the A complex—a substance which showed itself to be necessary to fertility and reproduction in experimental animals. This has been named Vitamin E.

While these discoveries were being made other explorers were searching Vitamin B and finding increasing evidence that their quarry was no simple monomolecular structure, but a jungle of many chemical entities. Up to the spring of 1940 ten different Vitamins B had been reported, with evidence that still others may await identification.

First of the B complex to be isolated was the anti-beriberi factor. This feat was accomplished in 1926 by two Dutch scientists, B. C. P. Jansen and W. F. Donath, working in the same laboratory in Java in which beriberi was first shown to be a consequence of deficient diet. By 1936, R. R. Williams, a chemist of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in New York, had worked out its structure, synthesized it, and to-day Vitamin B_1 is being manufactured in large quantities. Because of its structure this vitamin is called "thiamin." Recent studies show that thiamin is essential to the growth of roots in plants, and there is a demand for the substance among experimental horticulturists. But its greatest significance lies in its service within the human system

as a chemical tool. Without thiamin in the blood the body's fundamental process of burning sugar and other carbohydrates is interfered with. Its deficiency is reflected not only in faulty metabolism but also in nerve disorders and heart trouble.

The second vitamin to be separated from the B complex was discovered through its service as a growth factor in rats. A component of rice polishings, milk, egg white, and several other foods, it was isolated in 1933 by a German group—Drs. Richard Kuhn, Paul Gyorgy, and Theodor Wagner-Jauregg—and synthesized the following year by Kuhn and others. In line with the tendency to give vitamins distinctive chemical names, the new-found substance was christened "riboflavin."

Not until 1938 was the first connection of a human disease with riboflavin deficiency proved. In that year Drs. W. H. Sebrell and R. E. Butler, of the United States Public Health Service, were treating victims of a curious skin disorder. The disease appeared to be a complication of pellagra, but pellagra medication failed to relieve the shiny lips, cracked mouth corners, oily noses, and other symptoms, and Sebrell and Butler decided to try riboflavin. The effect was almost magical. Within a few days the mouth lesions healed, soon the other symptoms disappeared, and the patients got well.

Cases of this kind were receiving riboflavin treatment at the University Hospital, Augusta, Georgia, in 1939, when another service of riboflavin was discovered through its effects on eleven of the patients. These eleven had been admitted because of this skin disorder, but the doctors observed that they had eye trouble also, a fiery condition of the cornea known as "keratitis." In this disease capillary blood vessels multiply in great numbers, threading their way among the transparent cells of the eye, blurring the vision, in extreme cases causing blindness. It was the skin trouble, however, for which the group was being treated, and riboflavin was administered daily. Soon the sore mouths and swollen tongues and cracked skin began to heal, and then the doctors noticed that the eyes were healing also: the redness was clearing, vision was improving. As a test, riboflavin was omitted from the diet. Within a few days the eyes began to redden again; and by such tests, repeated, the connection of the eye disease with the vitamin deficiency was proved. By means of a slit-lamp apparatus the doctors were able to look into the corneal tissue of the healed eyes and see tiny transparent lines marking the places where the blood vessels had been. This study was made by Dr. H. D. Kruse of the Milbank Memorial Fund, Drs. V. P. Sydenstricker and H. M. Cleckley of the University of Georgia Medical School, and Dr. Sebrell.

Thus, although its human significance was unknown as recently as four years ago, riboflavin is now established as one of the essential vitamins. Two diseases, one of the skin, the other of the eye, are definitely associated with its deficiency. And since the vitamin is essential to normal growth in rats, as experiments show, it is reasonable to infer that riboflavin may be necessary to the growth processes of the human body also—though this remains to be proved. Experiments are under way.

The third triumph in the unraveling of the Vitamin B complex was the discovery of the specific factor that cures and prevents pellagra. This pellagra, like most of the other deficiency diseases, was long thought to be a germ infection. Its name, a corruption of the Italian words "*pelle agra*" (rough skin), came into use about 1771 when pellagra was prevalent in Italy, Austria, Spain, and other European lands. Cases were reported from Massachusetts and New York in the 1860's, but it was not until 1907 that the wide incidence of the disease in certain Southern States was recognized. About 400,000 cases of outright pellagra occur in the United States annually, and in addition other hundreds

of thousands of latent cases add their toll to the nation's ill health. The disease is marked by three principal symptoms: the skin roughening already referred to, a chronic revolt of the digestive system, and nervous and mental disturbances which may lead to insanity. Anything claiming to be a cure of pellagra must care for these three D's: dermatitis, diarrhea, and dementia.

During World War days Dr. Joseph Goldberger, of the United States Public Health Service, showed that he could cure this "poor man's disease" by diets. He had noticed that many of its victims lived on salt pork, dried beans, molasses, and corn pone. In orphan asylums and other institutions where pellagra was rife he shifted the inmates to fresh meat, green vegetables, milk, eggs, and fruit—and amazing recoveries resulted. Then, in Mississippi, the State authorities permitted Goldberger to experiment with a group of prisoners who had been promised freedom if they survived the experiments. In these tests he induced frank cases of pellagra in healthy men simply by restricting their eating to the salt-pork-and-dried-beans combination. He also demonstrated that yeast alone, if eaten regularly with the impoverished fare, would banish pellagra. But to Negroes and poor whites of the rural South a yeast cake was a sort of medicine, and unpalatable. Also, like the fresh meats and vegetables, it was expensive. So most of the victims continued to eat their accustomed "poor man's diet."

Another fundamental contribution was made in these studies. Goldberger tried the "poor man's diet" on dogs and found that it would produce the disease known as black-tongue. When he added yeast, the tongues healed. Thus he demonstrated that black-tongue is canine pellagra—and medical researchers had an experimental animal with which to pursue the cause and cure.

The cure was hidden in milk, fresh meats, fresh vegetables, eggs, yeast. Goldberger called it the pellagra-preventive factor—and now began a long search to track it down and identify it chemically. During the late 1920's the success of Drs. George R. Minot and William P. Murphy in treating pernicious anemia by feeding liver to anemic patients directed renewed attention to the liver as a chemical storehouse, and biochemists decided to prospect it for Goldberger's PP factor. One of them, Dr. Y. Subbarow working at the Harvard Medical School, was able to break down liver extract into as many as twenty different fractions, each a pure chemical compound. At several research centers tests were begun to see which of the liver fractions would prove to be the PP factor. Twenty compounds—hundreds, perhaps thousands, of tests to be made—which would win? In 1937 the answer came from the University of Wisconsin, from the group working there under the leadership of Dr. C. A. Elvehjem. They had found that the PP factor is nicotinic acid.

Nicotinic acid is an organic compound discovered about sixty years before, and so named because it was a derivative of nicotine. But no one found any use for it, and so it had lain idle on the chemists' shelves, unrecognized, unappreciated, for more than half a century. To be sure, back in 1912, Dr. Casmir Funk had come upon nicotinic acid as one of the components of rice polishings. But Funk was seeking the anti-neuritic vitamin, and when he tested nicotinic acid and found it inactive against beriberi he dropped it and continued his studies to a brilliant conclusion with the other fractions of the rice polishings. Some months prior to the Wisconsin experiments, Dr. B. C. J. G. Knight in England discovered that in order to grow the staphylococcus bacteria it was necessary to have nicotinic acid and thiamin in the nutrient solution. His studies showed that nicotinic acid is a constituent of the enzymes which activate and regulate growth. Thus, there were clues pointing to the importance of nicotinic acid, and several experimenters were hot on its

trail, but the whisper came to the fortunate four at Wisconsin—Elvehjem and his associates, R. J. Madden, F. M. Strong, and D. W. Wolley. They had a group of dogs suffering severely with black-tongue, brought about by the "poor man's diet." Without changing the diet in any other respect, they added pure nicotinic acid to the rations. Within a few days the swollen tongues began to regain normal size and color, and the dogs got well.

These results, published in the *Journal* of the American Chemical Society in September, 1937, served as a go-ahead signal to physicians. If nicotinic acid cures canine pellagra it ought to cure human pellagra. Tests were made at the City Hospital in Indianapolis, Duke Hospital in Durham, and the General Hospital in Cincinnati, all at about the same time. Soon the most amazing reports began to circulate. A man treated at Duke, for example, had been ill of pellagra for fifteen years: scrawny, spotted with sores, his tongue so swollen that he could hardly swallow, diarrheic, fumbling in mind and body—he had all the symptoms. Twenty-four hours after Drs. Julian M. Ruffin and David T. Smith gave him his first injection of nicotinic acid he began to show improvement; in six days of injections his mind cleared; in another six, his sores had disappeared. Twelve days of the magic acid reversed the course of fifteen years of ill health. Nor is this North Carolina experience exceptional. Similar stories were coming out of Cincinnati and Indianapolis at the same time, and presently medical journals were popping with news of nicotinic acid and its cures.

From the University of Georgia Medical School came an account in 1939 of results obtained with a group of mental patients. None exhibited any obvious symptoms of pellagra, but all were in a state of profound mental depression. Drs. V. P. Sydenstricker, H. M. Cleckley, and L. E. Geeslin administered nicotinic acid, and shortly thereafter every case showed a marked improvement, the stupor lifted, and some patients experienced dramatic recoveries. "The results," reported the physicians to the American Medical Association, "make it evident that these patients presented a form of pellagra evidently common but seldom recognized. We are quite certain that the therapeutic test with nicotinic acid was life-saving in practically all of the group, and equally certain that many persons have been allowed to die because of a failure to recognize the cerebral symptoms of pellagra when other evidences of the disease are absent."

Early in 1940 Drs. Tom D. Spies, of the University of Cincinnati Medical School, and J. P. Frostig, of the University of California Medical School, reported interesting results from a research at the Hillman Hospital in Birmingham, Alabama. Dr. Spies is one of the pioneers in the treatment of pellagra with nicotinic acid, Dr. Frostig is a psychiatrist, and they collaborated to study the nervous symptoms of early pellagra. They selected 60 patients who were "subclinical," *i.e.*, victims of malnutrition in whom the frank symptoms of pellagra had not yet appeared. A psychiatric appraisal of each patient showed that without exception all were mentally uneasy, chronically tired but too fidgety to rest, tormented with insomnia and frequent headaches. Curious sensory impairments were found: in some patients, distortions of color sense; in others, a repugnance to music, nausea to the odors of cooking, a revolt of taste to such an extent that foods formerly enjoyed became offensive. Phobias and anxieties obsessed every patient, and most striking was the decay of morale. "Why, I'm scared to death," said a former coal miner, a brawny fellow who had been bold and belligerent, but who confessed, "When I see two men fighting with their fists, it seems to me that I will pass out."

These studies indicate that nervous symptoms appear early in pellagra, and may be its first signs. Drs. Spies and Frostig suggest that if the nervous mani-

festations were recognized and treated promptly, the serious mental deterioration which so often accompanies pellagra could be prevented. The treatment used in the 60 cases was the administration of vitamins: nicotinic acid to some patients, thiamin to others, and to still others cocarboxylase, which is thiamin in enzyme form. In every instance, the nervous condition diminished or disappeared within a few hours. Several had their first full night's sleep in years.

Note that both nicotinic acid (the B vitamin specific to pellagra) and thiamin (the B vitamin specific to beriberi) were effective in relieving the nervous symptoms. Remember also the cases of sore mouth and other pellagralike conditions which Drs. Sebrell and Butler treated successfully with riboflavin, that other potent member of the B triad. The three diseases appear to overlap, and perhaps a clue to their interrelatedness lies in the fact that all three vitamins enter into the construction of body enzymes. Cocarboxylase is the enzyme made of thiamin; cozymase is the one made of nicotinic acid; and xanthine oxidase is the enzyme made of riboflavin —and these three collaborate in the body's metabolism. Recent research shows that they are indispensable catalysts in the sequence of processes by which fuel foods are oxidized to supply the body's energy. To burn sugar in a furnace a temperature of 1000° F. is required; but the human body does the job at 98°, and the fact that it can carry on combustion at this low temperature is dependent on the functioning of the enzymes. They serve as carriers, taking hydrogen atoms from the sugar molecule, and passing them on, step by step, in the sequence of processes by which energy is released and the sugar burned to carbon dioxide and water. If any member of this bucket brigade is absent the line of hydrogen passers becomes broken, the sequence of operations is interrupted, and the result is a case of beriberi, pellagra, or some other manifestation of faulty internal combustion.

Thus, starting with three vitamins in 1922, we have dismembered two of these original substances into six humanly important vitamins:

Vitamin A Vitamin D Vitamin E	from the original Vitamin A complex
Thiamin (B_1) Riboflavin (B_2) Nicotinic Acid	from the original Vitamin B complex*

Vitamin C, the only one of the original three which remains undivided, has been identified chemically as ascorbic acid. It is the anti-scorbutic factor whose presence is necessary to prevent scurvy, some kinds of anemia, and related diseases. Recent studies show that Vitamin C is essential to the formation of the colloidal substance which serves as a pliable cement to bind tissue cells together. In healthy tissue this binding material shows under the microscope as a clear jelly streaked with darker bands of firmer texture, like the reinforcing strips of steel in concrete. But in the absence of sufficient Vitamin C the bands do not form, the intercellular substance becomes more liquid, less binding, and cells show a tendency to separate. The hemorrhages which accompany scurvy are consequences of this weakness in the intercellular substance—the cells forming the walls of small blood vessels separate, and through the gaps the blood leaks out. Microscopic studies show that as soon as Vitamin C is administered to a scorbutic patient the bands reappear in the intercellular substance, and the separated cells once more join together into continuous tissue.

There is still another vitamin whose importance comes into play when blood vessels begin to leak, Vitamin K. Its existence was first recognized in 1929 when Dr. C. P. H. Dam, at the Biochemical Institute in Copenhagen, was experimenting with chickens on deficient diets. He noticed that when the birds got cut, or pin feathers became broken,

* Seven other substances found in the B complex have been reported as vitamins, but their value has been demonstrated only in animal experiments, and their significance to human metabolism, if any, remains to be proved.

they bled indefinitely. Examination showed that their blood lacked prothrombin, the natural substance which enables blood to clot on exposure to air. And subsequent research revealed that there is a specific food factor which is necessary to the construction of prothrombin. This vitamin was finally isolated, and in 1939 its synthesis was accomplished simultaneously in four different institutions in the United States. Vitamin K has been used in the treatment of obstructive jaundice and in the control of bleeding in new-born infants. Surgeons are finding it useful.

Still another role in the drama of health is that performed by the germ killers; and although there is no evidence that any of the vitamins serves as a bactericide, there is reason to believe that Vitamins A and C assist in strengthening the body's natural resistance to infection. It has been noticed that persons suffering with Vitamin A deficiency show a high incidence of colds, grippe, and other infections of the respiratory tract. In recent studies in Wisconsin, Drs. Horace R. Getz, George B. Hildebrand, and Milton Finn tested a large group of tuberculous patients. They found that more than half of the group were deficient in Vitamin A, though similar tests of an equal group of non-tubercular persons showed only 11 per cent to be deficient. It is possible that tuberculosis may affect the metabolism of Vitamin A, but the general idea seems to be that the vitamin plays a vital part in keeping the mucous membrane of the nose, throat, and other internal surfaces in healthy condition. Studies of Vitamin C reported by Dr. Leslie J. Harris, of the British Medical Research Council, indicate that Vitamin C is used at a rapid rate in a system that is fighting an invasion of parasites. Surveys show this to be true of patients suffering with surgical tuberculosis, pulmonary tuberculosis, acute rheumatism, osteomyelitis, and rheumatoid arthritis. It is found that leucocytes, the white blood cells which are the body's chief defenders against invading microbes, are richly endowed with Vitamin C. Perhaps here is one reason why the body struggling with an infectious disease uses up the vitamin more rapidly than in health. The whole subject of the relation of vitamins to infections is still in its early stage of investigation, but there are clues which suggest that the "little things of nutrition" play a part here as in other processes.

IV

It would be possible to take up each of the essential minerals and point out diseases traceable to its deficiency, in much the same way that the foregoing section has attempted to picture the effects of vitamin starvation. And so with protein deficiency, carbohydrate deficiency, fat deficiency—each deprivation, if continued over periods of time, produces its specific ailment. However, a deficiency disease rarely occurs alone and uncomplicated. Malnutrition, as the doctors encounter it in the hospitals and homes of the United States, is usually a mixed pattern, it is seldom chargeable to the lack of a single food factor, and the percentage of cases which exhibit frank symptoms is small compared with that of the latent or subclinical cases.

"We have evidence of the existence of a comparatively large amount of gross malnutrition among our people, but have not yet probed very deep," said Dr. Frank G. Boudreau, director of the Milbank Memorial Fund. "According to one authority, malnutrition is like an iceberg: its greatest mass and its greatest danger lie beneath the surface. We are able to recognize frank scurvy, rickets, pellagra, beriberi, xerophthalmia, nutritional anemia, and nutritional edema, but we have made few surveys to determine the vast amount of latent malnutrition which undermines health, influences susceptibility to disease, and probably shortens life."

A beginning is being made in the sort of survey which Dr. Boudreau suggests. During 1939–1940, Cornell University,

the United States Public Health Service, the New York City Department of Health, and the Milbank Memorial Fund co-operated in undertaking in a large city high school a program of examinations, with the view to determining what proportion of the students were suffering from various forms of food deficiency. Beginning also in 1939, the Rockefeller Foundation has included nutritional studies in its program of public health work, and two surveys are now being conducted under its grants—one by Vanderbilt University School of Medicine in Tennessee, the other by the State Board of Health in North Carolina where the survey is a joint project with Duke University School of Medicine. The plan includes medical examinations by physicians to determine the present health of the population, food surveys by nutritionists to determine the kinds and quantities of foods being consumed, diagnostic tests to determine the nature and extent of nutritional deficiency in each instance, followed by periodic re-examinations to check on changes resulting from prescribed diets, vitamin administration, and other measures.

These surveys in metropolitan New York and rural Tennessee and North Carolina are pioneering a new approach to population studies of nutrition. Until recently the tests available for diagnosing food deficiencies were crude. About all that one could do was to record the kinds of food eaten, determine whether the subject was overweight or underweight, and, in cases of outright disease, appraise the nature of the deficiency by evaluating the disease. Such methods failed to detect latent deficiency, and moreover they were difficult to apply to a general population. To-day, however, the situation is different. It is now possible, by means of various physical and chemical tests, to determine the lack of specific vitamins, minerals, proteins, and other factors, and to measure these needs quantitatively. Thus the way was opened to a really scientific survey of a population in terms of its nutrition, and it is this sort of survey that is now in progress in New York, in Tennessee, and in North Carolina. Physicians are expectantly awaiting the results of these three studies. For nutrition to-day occupies the center of medical interest.

It is the borderline cases that involve the larger proportion of the population, that constitute the heaviest toll on the nation's human resources, and that make the most frequent demands upon the practicing physician. Dr. James S. McLester, of Birmingham, Alabama, recently described these borderline patients as a group of persons who, "while presenting a variety of symptoms, have in common easy fatigue, both mental and physical, anemia of varying degree, digestive disorders of every type and of all grades of severity, aches and pains that are not necessarily constant in time or location, a lowered basal metabolic rate perhaps, dryness and other minor disturbances of the skin, and an emotional instability that physicians are accustomed to associate with neurasthenia." But, he is convinced, neurasthenia is a poor diagnosis always, and for this particular group in it is highly unsatisfactory.

"The patients of whom I speak," continued Dr. McLester, "have been put to bed in the hospital, reassured, given a pat on the back, and forced to eat a liberal, well-balanced diet—a type of diet to which, as a rule, they were utterly unaccustomed and against which they sometimes rebelled. In the majority of instances, the improvement has been thoroughly satisfactory. The aches and pains have disappeared, foods were eaten that formerly were regarded with fear, emotional stability has been established, and not infrequently the patient has blossomed out like a rose. He was cured for the time being, but of what he was cured I formerly had many doubts. Now I believe I know. It was not, as was first thought, the seclusion, the opportunity for quiet contemplation, the reassurance, the atmosphere of encouragement, or the pat on the back that accomplished the cure. It was food."

THE TEMPEST AT HARVARD

BY IRWIN ROSS

THE sons of Harvard have never scrupled to wash their dirty linen in public, but the past three years have seen such a varied assortment run through the wringer that the academic world, not to speak of the lay public, is not only pleasantly entertained but disturbed as well. Obviously, if Siwash College declared a moratorium on academic freedom, decided that undergraduate instruction was unimportant, and destroyed the security of its teaching staff, the situation, although deplorable, would hardly be of great moment. But when the oldest and in many respects the greatest university in the land is suspected of similar transgressions, alarm is rightfully felt by all friends of higher learning. For Harvard has long been a leader among American universities; in many matters great and small, ranging from the difficult ideal of academic tolerance to President Eliot's elective system, her pioneering example has been widely followed. If the old school is now charged with betraying her traditional liberalism, her actions deserve sharp scrutiny lest they prove detrimental to the entire educational community.

The story begins in April, 1937. During Easter recess a Boston newspaper prematurely broke the story that Economics instructors J. Raymond Walsh and Alan R. Sweezy had been dismissed—actually given two-year terminating appointments rather than the regular three-year terms with prospects of future promotion. A few industrious souls had remained in the yard over vacation. They formed a protest committee, started issuing releases to the Boston papers and preparing circulars for distribution to their confrères when they returned from the hinterland. The motif of these philippics was that academic freedom had been violated—Walsh and Sweezy were being victimized because of their political opinions. A good case could be made out. Walsh was the founder of Harvard's Teachers' Union. He taught the only undergraduate course on labor problems from a frankly sympathetic point of view. He made small bones about being a Marxist or a quasi-Marxist. More than that. At a recent legislative hearing he had sharply criticized—some say insulted—President-Emeritus A. Lawrence Lowell for his opposition to the Child Labor Amendment. Alan Sweezy's activities had been more temperate, although equally suspect politically.

The charge of violating academic freedom cut deep. Harvard had long been known as an intellectual Hyde Park, and University Hall immediately denied any departure from tradition. "Teaching capacity and scholarly ability" were declared the sole considerations in the dismissals. But here silence would have served better than any plea, as the administration soon found to its sorrow. The statement on teaching ability was interpreted as meaning that Walsh and Sweezy were poor teachers; their defenders had abundant evidence to the contrary: the rise of enrollment

figures in the courses they taught, testimonials of former and present students, statements of their colleagues. Perhaps, the student committee hinted, Walsh and Sweezy were being victimized by Harvard's prime sacred cow: the imperative "Publish or Perish." These men preferred devoting the bulk of their energies to their students rather than to the methodical production of scholarly treatises. It was suspected that President Conant, a scientist who could add figures but could not evaluate all the intangibles that go to make up a good teacher, judged a man solely on his bibliography. The administration countered by a deft retreat: Walsh and Sweezy were not poor teachers. Rather, granting their competence, the university simply lacked the money to retain all its bright young men. There the argument stood.

Meantime the faculty was becoming as restive as the students, particularly the younger instructors who saw in the plight of Walsh and Sweezy a possible forewarning of their own fate. At the instigation of the Teachers' Union, one hundred and thirty-one men signed a petition to nine highly respected senior professors, asking them to investigate the entire affair. The professors turned the petition over to President Conant, and he, in turn, appointed the same nine men as his committee. Eight of these gentlemen wrote the two reports which were finally issued. They were: E. Merrick Dodd, Jr., Felix Frankfurter, Edmund M. Morgan, Kenneth B. Murdock, William S. Ferguson, Ralph Barton Perry, Arthur M. Schlesinger, and Harlow Shapley.

The President stated definitely that should the Committee's findings warrant reopening the case, he would do so. There would still be plenty of time to reinstate the men, since their terminating appointments had two years to run. The general consensus was that the petitioners could hardly have asked for more, and further agitation was silenced for a year.

The committee's first report was issued in May, 1938. It dealt exclusively with the Walsh-Sweezy case and declared that a second report, considering the larger question of the conditions of all the younger members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, would be issued later. In brief, this first report found for the men. After an exhaustive review of their careers and personalities, it declared that both were excellent teachers and highly promising scholars. If their scholarly achievement did not yet equal their promise, there were many extenuating circumstances, and they should be given every opportunity to demonstrate their prowess. But the dismissals were not only unjust: they were detrimental to instruction, leaving broad gaps in the fields of labor problems and economic theory. If anything, the gentlemen's heresy should be counted in their favor, since the Economics department is preponderantly conservative, and diversity of opinion is always desirable.

Why were Walsh and Sweezy dismissed? The Economics department was absolved of any suspicion of violating academic freedom since the Committee found that it had twice unanimously recommended the men for reappointment. The University administration was cleared because its rejection of the recommendations was motivated by an impersonal administrative ruling. The Committee credited the dismissals to a curious misunderstanding. In the spring of 1936 there were seven instructors in the Economics department. President Conant ruled that only two could be advanced to the rank of assistant professor during the next two years. The administration understood that the other five were automatically eliminated from the university, but the department—strange to tell—was never so informed! As a result, two men were recommended for promotion, three left voluntarily, and Walsh and Sweezy were expected to remain. Had the department known that five instructors

were slated to go its promotions might have been different. For criteria it might have relied less on scholarly production, more on promise and indispensability.

The report provided Dr. Conant with an excellent opportunity to reverse himself. Overnight he could have fashioned a reputation for openminded and liberal administration Instead, contrary to his pledge of the previous year, he curtly refused even to reopen the case. The outcries were intense but they were unavailing. Most of the protestants now felt that the department was guiltless; if anything, it too had been injured since it was forced to act in the dark. But President Conant was still held suspect despite the opinion of the Committee. If he were not prejudiced against Walsh and Sweezy how explain his rejection of the report? He had not even bothered to answer specifically any of its arguments.

These suspicions were reinforced by an unusual appointment made a few weeks before the report appeared. Granville Hicks was announced as one of the new American History Counsellors, to take office the following year. The post was a relatively unimportant one, and the other six counsellors were all young men with slight, if any, teaching experience. Hicks, on the other hand, was an experienced teacher and ranked as assistant professor when he was forced out of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 1935. The readiest explanation for appointing a man of Hicks' stature to an inferior post was the administration's alleged desire to vindicate its action in the Walsh-Sweezy case. But the appointment of Harvard's one professed Communist served to confirm the old fears. Granville Hicks' term was for one year, and the appointment was not to be renewed. He did no teaching, but merely advised students interested in the extra-curricular study of American history. No matter how stimulating his presence was, his services could not conceivably compare with those of Walsh and Sweezy.

II

In April, 1939, the second report of the President's Committee appeared. Hailed both in and out of Harvard as the teacher's Magna Charta, it resulted from a year's careful canvassing of the grievances of younger instructors and a realistic appraisal of the defects of the existing tenure system. It reported an almost universal insecurity and demoralization in the lower ranks of the faculty. Appointments were sometimes hasty and ill-considered; criteria were vaguely defined. Instructors were often uncertain as to the amount of published research necessary for promotion; sometimes they felt the demands were too great, and teaching and tutorial duties had to be neglected in order to meet them. The period of temporary tenure was too high. A man could be continuously reappointed for fifteen years and then find himself on the ash heap. At thirty-six to forty a jobless college teacher with a rank less than that of associate professor often has difficulty finding a job; to college presidents looking for new talent he is an old man.

This widespread insecurity derived first of all from the recognized impossibility of the university's promising permanency to all, or even a majority, of its instructors. This was not true before the depression. As the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* pointed out some months later, "from 1924 to 1933 the income of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences increased nearly eighty-five per cent. . . . From 1933 to 1939, however, the income of the Faculty increased only *three per cent.*"

This economic squeeze is not of course peculiar to Harvard. Almost every university and college in the country has suffered since 1929 in the dwindling of income from endowments and the shortage of new gifts. There has been a general tendency among college administrations to meet the pinch by postponing promotions, by failing to fill higher-paid positions when they fall vacant, and by getting more and more of the necessary

instruction done by younger, low-paid teachers. Of these there has been an over-supply, for the graduate schools were full during the depression: innumerable young people saw academic life as a safe and agreeable refuge from the economic storm. But as time went on the apparent security vanished. Few of the young teachers who now crowded the lower ranks could hope to advance far: the rest must inevitably be squeezed out.

Considering the problem as it faced Harvard, the President's Committee felt that much could be done to improve the lot of the academic proletarians. Criteria for promotion should be clearly defined: at each step of the ladder a man would know what was expected of him in order to advance farther. The post of assistant professor should be abolished and the period of non-permanency reduced from a possible fifteen to eight years: a man's Harvard service would benefit, not prejudice, his prospects elsewhere. The Committee recommended that a Dean's and President's Fund be established, the one to provide for short-term, the other for long-term fluctuations in departmental appointments: a department would no longer have to fire an exceptional talent because its quota of permanencies for the year was filled. In order to promote a less capricious method of appointment, all members of a department, not merely permanent appointees, should be permitted to vote on recommendations, with the sole provision that a man could vote only for an appointment to a lesser rank than his own. In addition, the Committee said many pertinent things about academic freedom, the necessity of cultivating diversity of opinion, particularly in the social sciences, and the stimulus that derives from having a sprinkling of "thoughtful rebels" throughout the college.

That was the substance of the report. But the professors were realistic enough to understand that the best of reports would avail nothing with short-sighted administration. They advised caution in applying the new rules. None of the proposed changes should "automatically alter the status of the existing personnel." "Each individual affected shall be separately considered by the administration and the department concerned." Existing commitments should be scrupulously observed. In view of subsequent events these were perhaps the most important passages in the whole document.

In general the recommendations were applauded by both pro- and anti-administration forces. But with a fatalism born of seeing the best of reports go unheeded, few expected anything to come of it. Something did. President Conant announced that he wanted the faculty's opinion of the report—a good omen. While he held a total of four meetings, he divided the faculty into several groups and met separately with each, thus preventing a thoroughgoing interchange of opinion—a dubious omen. The meetings themselves were too short for considered deliberations, and the faculty remained ignorant of the manner in which Conant meant to apply the report. In addition he allowed no voting. Instead, Conant asked members who had objections to write to him, but, fearful as ever for their prospects, few men cared to exercise the privilege. Consequently certain objections, particularly to the abolition of assistant professorships, were ineffectual, but President Conant was of course able to report almost unanimous endorsement. He did say that "there has been expressed, however, from many quarters a hope that a certain flexibility may be possible in the administration of any new rules and procedures." He promised such flexibility. His critics, veterans of the Walsh-Sweezy affair, remained skeptical.

III

The proof was not long in coming. Within ten days of adoption of Harvard's Magna Charta, ten assistant professors were suddenly denied reappointment.

These men, in the Biology, English, Government, and Slavic departments, had taught at Harvard anywhere from ten to fourteen years. They were all capable —some outstanding—teachers and scholars. That much was admitted by the university throughout the entire controversy, so their defenders did not have to belabor the point.

Why were they dropped? Dean Ferguson's statement in the *Crimson* of June 7, 1939, provided the answer. The dismissals were in line with the new tenure policy, deriving specifically from the proposals to abolish assistant professorships and limit temporary tenure to eight years.

The outcries of the opposition followed. The tenure report had been perverted, they said in effect. What became of the recommendation for cautious application? What of President Conant's promise to exercise flexibility? Several of these men had received previous assurances of promotion. Were they not to be honored? If the rulings on assistant professors and temporary tenure were to be made retroactive, common fairness demanded that the men be promoted rather than dismissed.

The Committee had plainly not expected that the assistant professors would be precipitously discharged; rather, they planned that a number of them would be made associate professors. If any other indispensable souls were left, money from the proposed President's Fund could be used. This wasn't all. The dismissals themselves were pushed through so quickly that no regard could be given the Committee's recommendations for careful definition of criteria and canvassing of all the available evidence of a man's work—unpublished as well as published research, his students' opinions of his teaching ability as well as those of his colleagues.

Such was the substance of the immediate protests. But the dismissals came so late in the college year that it was impossible to organize any effective campaign until the fall. The *Crimson*, however, did speak out in vigorous criticism, and the undergraduate members of Phi Beta Kappa broke all tradition by catapulting themselves from their ivory tower into the thick of the fighting; their initial protest set the tone for all the student agitation of the coming months: the dismissals were a body blow to undergraduate instruction.

The argument runs as follows: The teaching staff of a university may conveniently be classified into three age groups. The youngest group consists of students—young men working for their doctorates. At the other end of the scale are the senior members of the faculty—Harvard's big names. Between these two groups are the men under attack.

The younger men are inexperienced teachers and, in many cases, are insufficiently equipped with a knowledge of their subject. The older men, while experienced, are fewer in number and usually devote most of their energies to highly specialized instruction. It is the middle group—faculty instructors and assistant professors—which is responsible for the greater part of the experienced teaching in the college. But this fact has been completely ignored by the administration, it is argued. The sole consideration in dealing with these men has been the possibility of promotion. If no such possibility exists they must be fired. The burden of teaching must consequently be shifted to the other two groups. Since the senior professors already carry a heavy schedule of work, the net effect is to have most of the load shouldered by the younger, inexperienced men. As a result, the undergraduate suffers.

The generalization is graphically borne out when one gets down to cases. The heart was cut out of the English department, four of its six assistant professors being eliminated. The departure of Theodore Spencer deprived the department of its chief apostle of the modern and experimental approach. He was

giving three half-courses and was responsible for a projected full course on an exciting subject in Comparative Literature, History of Ideas from Dante On. Nor was there an available substitute for Walter Houghton, who gave the only course in criticism of poetry. Ernest J. Simmons, with Spencer the best known of the victims, was not only an administrative and pedagogical pillar of the English department, but one half of the Slavic department and a lecturer in Comparative Literature as well. Only Knox Chandler, eighteenth-century scholar, can be said to have been replaced; but to effect the substitution Harvard had to import Professor Sherburn of Columbia at a salary nearly double that of an assistant professor. The situation was similar in the Government and Biology departments.

IV

In the fall the student and faculty campaign started in earnest. A Student Committee to Save Harvard Education was formed, receiving an enthusiastic editorial send-off from the *Crimson*. Even the authorities took the name seriously. Seven hundred and fifty upperclassmen signed a petition asking the Governing Boards to reconsider the administration's action. All the undergraduate papers—there are six at Harvard—entered the fray, even to the gilded æstheticians of the *Advocate*. The *Lampoon* indeed published a full-page cartoon of President Conant, dressed as an old witch, peering into a mirror and querying, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, on whom shall the axe next fall?"

All the Boston papers, heavily staffed with Harvard men, gave considerable space to the controversy. Only the *Herald* defended the administration. The *Transcript* gleefully splashed the *Lampoon* drawing over four of its otherwise respectable columns. The *Globe* was particularly bitter in its editorial comment. Referring to President Conant, it remarked, "A laboratory is not the ideal training field for dealing with complex human relationships. It is more concerned with test tubes than with retorts. The retorts are coming all the time. And one of the ablest academic heads in New England said recently, 'I doubt if you can break the lives of ten assistant professors in one forenoon and expect your institution to go on as usual.' "

To all of this the administration had a simple answer. The stabilization of Harvard's income necessitated a constant turnover; the alternative was to "freeze" the lower ranks, *i.e.*, permanently retain scores of young men who had no hope of advancement and so block all opportunity to the still younger hopefuls who knock at Harvard's door each year. (In short, these dismissals were Harvard's way of preventing that overcrowding of the lower teaching ranks which had been forced on so many colleges by the need of balancing their budgets. Some punishment there must be; Harvard was trying to spread it.) To the complaint that undergraduate instruction was suffering, the university emphasized the well-known fact that not all the assistant professors were departing: a good many had received advancement. Finally, the authorities indicated disappointment at the lack of gratitude shown them: every man had been given a year's notice of dismissal, and an effort was made—unfortunately not always attended by success—to find him a job elsewhere.

The opposition granted the economic argument and conceded that the lower ranks should remain fluid. Appreciation was expressed for the university's advance notice. But all these things were beside the point. The fact remained that a number of indispensable men were being cast off when there was a method of retaining them without unbalancing the budget. A very simple method.

Under the new tenure system a man is not appointed as associate professor unless the university foresees an opening for

him in the ranks of the full professors in a period of, say, five or ten years. Vacancies are calculated on the basis of the number of full professors who will reach retirement age. Actually, a number of unexpected vacancies often occur because of death, voluntary retirement, or resignation. If the university discharges good men merely because it cannot at the moment plan further advancement for them it may find itself handicapped should anything untoward occur. The two men whose promotion caused the dismissal of Walsh and Sweezy resigned shortly thereafter; advancement would thus have been available for the latter pair had they been retained.

The administration granted the financial feasibility of appointing associate professors with no assurances of further advancement, but argued against it on the ground that it would promote caste differences: some associates would be earmarked for advancement and the others would chafe under the resultant discrimination. Not at all, replied the opposition, there would be no "frozen" associate professors; all associates, like all assistant professors and faculty instructors, would be in competition for greater glories.

Thus the debate seesawed during the fall. It was by no means confined to student groups. The faculty was profoundly disturbed. For the first time in many years, its full attendance mark was approximated at meetings. The body's first action was to suspend for a year the smaller, delegated Faculty Council, which was felt to be unrepresentative since it included a large number of administrative appointees.

The Teachers' Union formed an informal united front with the more conservatively minded professors. The Union buttonholed Faculty members and got them to meetings; the conservatives held forth on the floor. Four senior professors led the oratorical display: James B. Munn, head of the English department, whose bailiwick was hardest hit and who had strong reason to be piqued; William Yandell Eliot, Professor of Government; Marshall Stone, son of the Supreme Court Justice, one of the youngest and most brilliant full professors in the college; and Alfred C. Redfield, Professor of Physiology, who spoke for the Biology department. They were supported by an overwhelming majority of the Faculty. The fire on the floor became so hot that at one meeting in December President Conant confessed to the dumbfounded members that he had made mistakes in the past which he hoped not to repeat. That admission in itself was a good deal of a victory.

But the real spoils were of a more material nature. By a large majority the Faculty voted for the new policy on associate professors. Its recommendation was subsequently approved by the Corporation and so became university policy, leaving the way open to the four departments affected to reconsider the June decisions, and make new recommendations for promotion.

Before reconsideration could be effected, however, the Faculty passed another important resolution. Throughout the entire controversy it felt that its prerogatives had been flouted by the administration: departments had too little to say in the management of their own affairs, consideration of the tenure report had been perfunctory, the President had kept the teaching staff uninformed as to his real intentions. The Faculty therefore asked Conant to appoint a committee of its own members to investigate the governmental set-up of the university with a view to facilitating better relations between Faculty and administration.

At the turn of the year the dismissals were in the lap of the departments. But the situation had changed considerably since the previous June. A few of the ill-starred "ten" had already left. One, Theodore Spencer, had been snatched up by Cambridge, but was prevented by the war from going to his new post; he remained at Harvard with the title of "Visiting Lecturer" without ever having

left the place. In addition, important cleavages appeared in certain of the departments. The controversy had been acrimonious; some of the professors' previously lukewarm supporters had since grown cold to the idea of their continuance at Harvard. As a consequence, only two men, Spencer and Benjamin Wright of the Government department, were finally reappointed.

V

That is the situation to-day. Reinstatement of even two men is considered a signal achievement. When the campaign started the opposition thought it could do little more than make a big noise. For the nonce the Faculty seems alive to what is going on, and it appears unlikely that mass dismissals can recur. The demoralization among the younger men has not been alleviated, however. Frankly and simply, they distrust President Conant. Everybody agrees that the Committee recommendations, together with the increased flexibility introduced by the Faculty, provide the mechanism for a tenure policy that will work to the maximum advantage of all concerned. But the mechanism, the *way*, must be augmented by a sympathetic *will*, and the will of President Conant is frankly suspect.

In any consideration of Harvard's troubles the discussion always returns to President Conant as proximate cause. Granted that the depression imposed difficulties, Harvard, with the largest per-capita endowment of any university in the country, was certainly affected no more than the rest. Yet no other university experienced comparable trouble. Better administration could have prevented it. The explanation is disappointingly simple in view of all the dust the fighting has stirred. As to what motivates the administrative foibles of President Conant, it is hard to do more than hazard a guess.

Conant wants to build an all-star Faculty. The question is: what constitutes a star? It is widely suggested that he is indifferent to undergraduate instruction. Former students remember him as an uninspiring lecturer but a great chemist. Consequently in the perennial struggle between teaching and research Conant always prefers the prodigious scholar to the brilliant teacher. His heart really belongs to the graduate school, the story continues. The explanation is conceivable: young men are fired because there is no money, but at the same time scholarly stars—men like Professor Sherburn in the English department—are imported from other universities at fancy prices.

Is it possible that political illiberalism motivates the dismissals? Perhaps. This is at least the only completely satisfying explanation of Conant's discharge of Walsh and Sweezy in disregard of two departmental recommendations and the urgent advices of his own committee. But in the case of the ten assistant professors the hypothesis is inapplicable: most of the men are conservatives. None the less, for whatever the reason, the last few years have seen a steady exodus of progressives from Harvard. The Teachers' Union, to which most of them belong, experiences a terrific turnover every year. It has lost two of its three presidents, Doctors Walsh and Simmons. The third, Dr. David Prall, could not be eliminated because he ranked as associate professor.

In his Tercentenary speech, President Conant called for "a spirit of tolerance which allows the expression of all opinions however heretical they may appear. . . . The origin of the Constitution, the functioning of the three branches of the Federal Government, the forces of modern capitalism, must be dissected as fearlessly as the geologist examines the origin of the rocks." Yet to-day the heretics at Harvard are so few as to be wellnigh nonexistent.

Political prejudice may be part of the answer. For the rest there appears no way to explain Conant's action other than to underscore the rigidity of his

methods and, presumably, his mind. Such was the ground on which his own committee condemned the two-out-of-seven ruling in the Economics department. The subsequent discharge of the assistant professors proceeded from a similar calculation, little regard apparently being given to the men's qualities as teachers or even as human beings. Nothing but obstinate inflexibility can explain the administration's opposition to the new policy on associate professors. Indeed, if there is a single demonstrable lesson to be drawn from the fracas at Harvard it is that the problems of adapting a university to the hard facts of restricted income, and at the same time developing a brilliant Faculty, are enormously complicated ones, involving that most delicate human factor—morale—and cannot be solved with an axe.

WHEN YOU HAVE SEEN THE BROWN NOVEMBER WOOD

BY NANCY BICKEL

WHEN you have seen the brown November wood
Naked and drab and aching for the snow,
You will not wonder that my spirit should
Be glad to feel the winds of winter blow.
When you have heard the whispering of leaves
Holding last meetings in November streets
You will not think that lingering reprieves
Are anything but tragedies and cheats.
So do not speak me fair when in your mind
Hate and affection struggle undecided;
The executioner who is most kind
Indulges not the neck to be divided.
Let me not suffer drably, hold last meetings,
Or with a prayer put off the headsman's greetings.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

MY PUBLISHERS have presented me with H. A. Highstone's book *Practical Farming for Beginners*, the sly inference being that I have much to learn. Publishers are on the whole well satisfied to have their writers disappear into rural circumstances, but they are genuinely concerned about how we put in our time. I am sure that, like parents whose children have left home, publishers are often visited with vague forebodings, sudden twinges of fear, the feeling that something is about to fall on writers—an eight-pound striking hammer perhaps, or a fit of loneliness.

There are ample grounds for this alarm. When a person who has been accustomed to making his living by writing attempts to combine this heavy work with the even heavier work of growing some of his own food the consequences may be grave. If recent book lists are any indication, the country must be overrun with writers who are whipping their environment into shape for publication. The strain is very great, on both nature and man, and I sometimes wonder which will crack first. There is something rather ominous about an impatient author, with a deadline to meet, keeping petulant vigil in a pumpkin patch so that he will be on time with his impressions of fall.

For me, always looking for an excuse to put off work, a farm is the perfect answer, good for twenty-four hours of the day. I find it extremely difficult to combine manual labor with intellectual, so I compromise and just do the manual. Since coming to the country I have devoted myself increasingly to the immediate structural and surgical problems which present themselves to any farmer, be he ever so comical in his methods and his designs. I have drifted farther and farther from my muse, and closer and closer to my post-hole digger.

The blurb which accompanies *Practical Farming for Beginners* states that the book will be welcomed by "an increasing number of American people who, fed up with the pressure of city living, are going back to the land for their livelihood." That shows that publishers do not understand the situation. Pressure of city living? No pressure which I ever knew in town compares with the pressure of country living. Never before in my life have I been so pressed as in the past two years. Forty acres can push a man hard even when he isn't in debt, provided he loves them and is an easy victim to the stuff he reads in the bulletins. Pressure! I've been on the trot now for a long time, and don't know whether I'll ever get slowed down. To-day is our bean harvest, and even the beans in their screw-top jars are under pressure (ten pounds) in our new pressure canner, so hot are we to get them processed in one-third the time it might otherwise take. And when there is pressure up in the kitchen it transmits itself to the whole place, and the tension becomes noticeable in all departments.

One morning a few months ago, during a particularly busy time, when I awoke I didn't dare get dressed: I knew that my only hope of getting this column written was to stay in bed—which is where I did stay. I told my wife it was a slight sore throat, but it was a simple case of voluntary confinement. It was the first time I had ever taken to bed in the full blush of health simply because I didn't dare face the economic consequences of putting my pants on.

Mr. Highstone's book presents a formula

for subsistence farming, that is, farming for consumption rather than for profit, farming to produce *all* one's wants. It is the best diagram of that scheme I have studied. It is hardboiled, sound, persuasive, and convincing. On that account I regard it as one of the most dangerous of books, capable of destroying whole families, wiping them out like flies; for it suggests that any city man of average ability can create, within a couple of years and with his own hands, a satisfactory and secure economy based on the land, independent of any other source. This I do not believe. I believe that relatively few city-bred men are capable of achieving self-sufficiency through farming, and that, on the whole, the ones that might be capable of it wouldn't be particularly interested in it. Mr. Highstone is obviously a man with a gift for organization. He possesses a dauntless spirit, a keen financial sense, and the sort of mechanical ability which makes him jack-of-all-trades. He even writes well. He is informed, and he tells what he knows. His chapter called "The Chicken Trap" could only have been written by a man who had experienced the disappointments of an ill-planned poultry venture, and who had learned to hate the very guts of a hen. It should certainly be read and digested by any person who dreams of lightening his old age by collecting eggs at sundown.

Briefly Mr. Highstone's formula is this:

To sustain yourself on the land, you must first get straight in your head that there is to be no nonsense about "making a profit." There is to be no buying of chicken feed by the bag and marketing of eggs by the dozen cases. You must simply create a farm which will produce, directly, everything you need including a small regular cash income (not profit). Any deviation from this course will get you into hot water. Furthermore, you must have enough capital at the start so that you won't be mortgaging your future. Mr. Highstone tells you how many thousands of dollars you will need to get started, how many acres you must buy (how many in grass, how many in grain, how many in gardens), and he names the animals you will need, the number of tons of every grain you must produce, the extra amount of cream and eggs you must sell to provide the monthly check, and the equipment you will need in house and barn. He faces life with confidence, and by the time you have read the book you too will face life with confidence, and will believe that you can hitch a team and hold a plow.

To create a self-sustaining farm, he says, you must have the following set-up:

Three cows.

One hundred hens (no more, no less).

A team of horses (which you buy after reading *Farmer's Bulletin 779*, "How to Select a Sound Horse").

Three or four hogs. (Usually Mr. Highstone is much more specific than this, and says definitely three, or definitely four, but in this case there is a little leeway and you can decide between three hogs and four hogs.)

A hive of bees.

Enough land to grow all the feed for the above animals and for yourself and family, namely, ten tons of grain, fifteen tons of hay, and the usual vegetables and fruits. That's what you have to have. From these animals and this land you will receive all the food you and your family need, plus forty dollars a month—$25 from eggs, $15 from cream.

The principle on which this method of subsistence works is this:

The cow is the foundation on which the structure is built. The cow provides the means of producing, from the land, the indispensable commodities, milk, butter, and cheese. Furthermore the cow provides skim-milk, the by-product which makes diversification possible. Skim milk contains the protein which makes chickens lay eggs and which makes hogs grow. This protein is ordinarily provided (on profit-and-loss farms) by expensive concentrates bought at a grain store—laying mash, hog ration, etc. Mr. Highstone will have you buy nothing, and he is very stern about that.

It's forbidden, and if you start slipping and buy a bag of grain, your whole structure will topple. The cow also provides surplus cream, which is saleable and from which you get a monthly check, along with a check for the eggs which the hens laid because they were fed skim milk and which they wouldn't have laid if they had been on a straight grain diet.

The author admits that there is nothing new or original about this scheme; his contribution is in establishing the correct balance and in pointing out the fallacy of disturbing the balance by adding here or subtracting there. Thus the scheme falls, for instance, if the farmer reduces his hens to a flock of twelve or increases them to a flock of five hundred; twelve hens won't provide extra money from the sale of eggs, and five hundred hens will turn into a poultry farm and will take more time than a diversified farmer can give and will consume more food than he can raise on his property.

Mr. Highstone, being himself a practicing farmer, knows one important truth about country life: he knows that farming is about twenty per cent agriculture and eighty per cent mending something that has got busted. Farming is a sort of glorified repair job. This is a truth which takes some people years to discover, and many farmers go their whole lives without ever really grasping the idea. A good farmer is nothing more nor less than a handy man with a sense of humus. The repair aspect of farming looms so large that, on a place like my own, which is not really a farm at all but merely a private zoo, sometimes months go by when nothing but repair goes on. I can get so absorbed in the construction of a barn door that I can let the spring planting season go right by without ever opening the ground or planting a seed. If I were engaged in making myself self-sustaining I should perhaps be a little wider awake; but I know, from experience, that at any given moment of the year I should be found doing the wrong thing, and with a dull tool. I mention this because the weakness in Mr. Highstone's book is not in his plan for subsistence but in the people who are going to try to carry it out. In spite of all his warnings, there will be plenty of them who will get sidetracked, probably along the line of some special hobby, hitherto unindulged. I have been fooling around this place for a couple of years, but nobody calls my activity agriculture. I simply like to play with animals. Nobody knows this better than I do—although my neighbors know it well enough, and on the whole have been tolerant and sympathetic.

Mr. Highstone wisely insists that the man who intends to get a living from the land begin not by studying agronomy but by learning to hollow-grind an ax and file a saw. He insists that you equip yourself, immediately, with dozens of tools and implements including a pipe vise, a drill press, a forge, and a 2-horse stationary gasoline engine. "The fact," says Mr. Highstone, "that a man may be unfamiliar with some of them should never daunt him." I have a strong suspicion, although I know nothing about Mr. Highstone, that his years in the city were spent dreaming not so much about fields of ripening grain as about a shop equipped with a pipe vise. The ecstatic passages in his book are not the ones dealing with husbandry and tillage, but the ones dealing with edge tools. He demands that the subsistence farmer equip himself right at the start with four hundred dollars' worth of implements and tools, including a walking plow, a two-horse spike harrow, a one-horse row cultivator, a wire hayrake, a mowing machine, a buck rake, a stoneboat, a farm wagon, a roller, a disk harrow, and a long list of tools ending with an assortment of nuts and bolts, washers, and wood screws. (Incidentally, he forgot a crowbar, a clawbar, a block and tackle, and a pair of tinnersnips, without which my own life would be empty indeed.)

In all this, and in fact in his pattern for a self-contained farm, he seems to

me essentially sound. It is only in his assumption that a city man of average intelligence, strength, and will power can operate a self-contained farm that he appears fanciful. Some of the bald statements in his book are open to question. He says: "Anyone with brains enough to pound sand can successfully raise chickens." I think that is a misleading pronouncement. Raising chickens (except in very small quantities) is partly luck, partly experience, and partly a sort of gift, or talent.

In another place Mr. Highstone actually suggests that the subsistence family harvest its own grain crop by mowing it with a mowing machine and making sheaves by hand. Remember that the grain harvest is ten tons, or 200 sacks of grain each weighing one hundred pounds. And remember also that the grain harvest comes at the same season as the canning —those 600 Mason jars that have to be filled. It would take a large family of stalwart sons and daughters to put through that program without cracking. Some of the jars are going to crack even if the children don't.

The life of self-sufficiency in this 20th century is the dream of persons with a nostalgic respect for early American vitality and ingenuity. It conflicts, temperamentally, with modern ways. If I were to attempt to put myself on a self-sustaining basis I know that for practical reasons I should have to throw the master switch in the cellar and send my regrets to the Power Company, not simply because I couldn't afford to buy power on forty dollars a month but because the possession of power in the household leads on into paths that are inimical to self-sufficiency. They lead direct to the profit (and loss) system. Mr. Highstone devotes a section to the septic tank and sewage-disposal system; but my first step in the direction of security on the land would be to abandon all flush toilets not because I don't approve of them but because they can destroy one's economy. People differ about plumbing. Mr. Highstone proposes to lick plumbing with a pipe vise. His is the manly approach. But I know my limitations. The practical way for me to lick plumbing is not to have any. I should also have to abandon my electric refrigerator, my electric water pump, my electric water heater, my electric lights, and I should have to sell my furnace and use the coal bin for storing root vegetables. There are days when I could take the leap with a glad cry; there are other days when I should hesitate.

The great service Mr. Highstone has rendered in his book is to clarify the scene. He tells what self-sufficiency means, tells where back-to-the-landers go wrong, and how they confuse the idea of being self-sustaining with the idea of running a country business for profit. Of course even the most realistic subsistence farmers are sometimes wanderers in the paths of evil. I can picture the day in the Highstone family when the news got round that Father was writing a book called *Practical Farming for Beginners*. He started secretly, but writers give themselves away eventually, and pretty soon the family knew that something was up.

"What's Pop doing, Mom?" one of the little Highstones asked.

"Sh-h, he's writing a book, dear," replied Mrs. Highstone.

"You can't eat a book, Mom."

"Well, no-o. But you see your father will receive money from the sale of the book, and with the money we can buy what we need."

"What about that sauerkraut he was going to put up to-day?"

"He will soon have money so we can *buy* some sauerkraut."

"Will we have sugar in our coffee instead of honey?"

"Maybe."

"That's cheating, isn't it, Mom?"

"I wouldn't know, darling. Ask your father."

And so, above the Highstone farm, the specter of Profit raised its ugly head.

ROAD TEST

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE Easy Chair promises to resume the editorial life after to-day's session but feels obligated to close its tour with a report on ten thousand miles of travel as traveled by automobile. The first thing to say is that ten thousand miles vindicated all the praise of Detroit that has been expressed in this column. The car was a 1939 model that had already been driven fifteen thousand miles. It was given a routine check-up at the start and another one at the end of five thousand miles; the oil was changed every two thousand miles. It was taken, usually at high speeds, from sea level to a maximum altitude of eleven thousand feet, over every conceivable kind of road, through temperatures that ranged from thirty to one hundred and fifteen degrees. It balked once but that was because a pint of water had got into the gas tank at the last filling station. Mechanically, nothing broke down, faltered, or even complained. At one lubrication I discovered that an earlier garage had skimped its job; there was no grease left in the transmission. How long the car had been running in a condition supposed to be death to transmissions there was no way of determining, but it had remained silent and contented and had suffered no damage whatever. Throughout the trip it behaved as well as any car behaves on city streets; it was a wholly effective mechanism.

One reservation must be made. Some days after I got home the generator burned out. The same thing happened to the car's predecessor at the end of another long drive, and though two instances do not justify a generalization, they do make one sensitive, not to say suspicious. Maybe Detroit ought to produce tougher generators. And unless it wants to deal with an uprising of angry motorists armed with bent jack-handles, it has got to reverse the practice of the past ten years, which has made it increasingly difficult to change a tire. Year by year you get farther from the rear wheels, and it has long been impossible to put a jack under them without crawling on your stomach under the bumper and gas tank. A man who has to take that exercise when the road is muddy or has just been oiled cannot love automobile designers, especially if the jack lets go while he is underneath. It usually does; all the jacks supplied as standard equipment are vile, treacherous, and likely to be disabled by the first use; most of those sold at accessory shops are no better. The one that is supposed to be applied to the rim of the wheel could be successfully used only by a Rube Goldberg character; the one that is applied to the bumper is just a joke in bad taste and rapidly comes to look like one.

The idea seems to be that the modern tire does not have to be changed. Manufacturers reached that euphoria in their advertising years ago but their product has been caught in a permanent bottleneck. I bought a new set of first-line tires before starting west; the ads show them holding up on the proving

ground, in Death Valley, and along the crest of the Andes long after the frail flesh of drivers has given in. But at sixty-five hundred miles one of them opened for six inches along the tread, and inspection showed that the other three were farther gone than their predecessors had been at fifteen thousand. Sixty-five hundred miles of hard driving had achieved what Death Valley and the Andes had failed to do. Since only about a thousand miles had been over dirt roads, and only a tenth of that really bad going, the cause must have been sustained speed, and hereafter I shall know what to think when I see that ad with a thermometer stuck in the fabric. My local garage recommends the new darling of the trade, rayon fabric, and is willing to cut the list price with a liberality that would arouse Thurman Arnold. But to pay one hundred and twenty-eight dollars for tires to go on a thousand-dollar automobile strikes me as unsound economics, and I conclude that though Detroit makes good in the pinch, Akron is bluffing.

A 1939 eight-cylinder car that had already traveled fifteen thousand miles averaged exactly fifteen miles to the gallon of gas, in country that mostly had a steep pitch, at the speeds one learns to use after a few days in the West. It used twelve quarts of oil besides what was put in at two-thousand-mile intervals, and six of those went in when I caught a garageman in an immorality. Including gas, oil, lubrication, overnight storage charges, the expense of washing after several oil baths, a tire to replace the one that collapsed, the pulmonary probing when the water got in the gas tank, and a set of new carburetor jets which were not needed, the over-all cost of transportation was a little less than two cents a mile.

The skill of garagemen as diagnosticians and internists is amazing everywhere, but their morals vary. The one who installed the carburetor jets was exploiting my ignorance of motor metabolism at high altitudes, made his ten dollars, and accomplished nothing whatever. Another one charged me for fifteen gallons of gas but gave me just enough to get fifty miles out of town, another one only half-filled the transmission, and I caught another one putting in "recovered" oil. Their manners, however, are everywhere magnificent. As a class they are genial, accommodating, and willing to work at any hour of the night. But they should study the road maps they distribute; they seem to know less local geography than school children, much less than traffic cops. The tourist comes to depend on filling stations not only for geography but for all cultural information as well, culinary, ethographical, and meteorological, and —if I may be permitted a plug for a corporation that never heard of me and does not advertise in *Harper's*—one tourist in the West eventually concentrated on Conoco stations. I have no idea that their gas is better than anyone else's but they have been instructed to be helpful and keep their washrooms clean. (By the way, ask for the washroom. If you say "toilet" you crack a national amenity.)

At Rock Springs, Wyoming, a sign advertises a tourist camp located at Winnemucca, Nevada, six hundred and fifty miles away. That represents an average day's drive for a Westerner who has made a late start. Wyoming directs you to slow down to fifty at the worst curves. Nebraska sets sixty miles an hour as the legal maximum, and in Montana you must not exceed fifty-five after dark. An Easterner does not easily adjust his habits to the speeds these legal fictions imply, but has to adjust them unless he is to become a danger to others. The adjective "safe" comes to have strange new connotations. To cover seventy-five miles in sixty elapsed minutes is safe when the going is level and straightaway for twenty miles at a stretch and one does not meet another car—or, meeting a solitary one, is able to see it straddling the white line five miles away. Reposing one's faith in

highway engineers and assuming that one's tires are sound—as they probably aren't—it is as safe as driving forty actual miles an hour in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania. One feels nevertheless that a slight hazard enters when the natives try to maintain their average in canyons, on switchbacks over divides, and along river roads which the highway commission has not yet widened and straightened out. At seventy-five miles an hour and better even the reflection of the sky in the road ahead, even the vibration of heat mirage, becomes as potentially dangerous as a washout.

Nevertheless Western distances imply such speeds. That cars stand up under them is further evidence that Detroit is doing its job, but one expends more awe on the people who drive them. In the populous but incompletely motorized East, Boston and Philadelphia or Albany and Pittsburgh are at least a full day's drive apart, and most people who travel between them instinctively go by train. But west of the Missouri the implications of an automobile culture are being worked out. The woman who drives from Santa Fe to Denver to buy a blouse she has seen advertised, the salesman who makes Salt Lake City in one day from Denver by way of Cheyenne (paying five calls on the trade), the San Franciscan who drives to Yellowstone for a week-end or to Phoenix for a dinner party—such people are exploring new functions of both time and space. Psychologically, they are already habituated to to-morrow, whereas you and I who need a Pullman ticket and a strong motive to go from New York to New Haven are mired in yesterday. They are not better drivers than we, however, as the back page of any Western newspaper shows. They drive fast enough to litter the highways with dead jackrabbits, whereas anything faster than a skunk is safe from Easterners, but also they kill themselves and one another in ghastly numbers. They will go on doing so, even when the canyon roads are widened; for the mechanism is already out of synchrony with human reflexes.

Ever since my boyhood I have thought of the Forest Service as the most admirable of government bureaus, with the Park Service only just behind it, if at all. Clearly the Bureau of Public Roads and the State highway commissions are now their peers. Year by year, setting out by car, one travels on better roads than ever before, in spite of the diversion of highway funds and the episodes that keep the newspapers in a flurry of graft exposure. On the map which it distributes to tourists the Montana commission apologizes for its roads, pleading that it is both one of the largest and one of the least populous States. The apology is unjustified; there is a greater proportion of unsatisfactory roads in the rich State of Ohio, which was sold large quantities of paving brick at some time in the past and is now suffering from them. I traveled Montana, as elsewhere in the West, mostly on secondary and tertiary roads, desert and mountain roads that were mere ruts and trails only a few years ago; they have been conditioned with intelligence and skill, and there are few places in our geography that cannot be reached in comfort. Twenty-five years ago I went over Teton Pass on horseback and the trip took two days; this summer I drove over it in half an hour. There is a paved road through Raft River Valley where I was briefly a ranch hand twenty years ago; there is a firstclass highway to the north rim of the Grand Canyon through one of the most savage deserts in the United States, and, in short, a Westerner returning after absence was astonished by the excellence of roads in a country that is immense, poor, and thinly peopled.

It is an odd fact that there are fewest road signs where there is most need for them. One who starts for Laramie from Cheyenne on the only paved road between the towns does not need reassurance every five miles that he is still on his course. But one who has been traveling a back road for some hours badly needs information when that road crosses another one—and he seldom gets

it. I was frequently forced to steer by compass and in the Snake River bottoms got so tangled in a maze of unmarked trails that I could not find one of the principal objectives of my trip, old Fort Hall. Main roads are adequately marked nearly everywhere, but one must still rely too often on instinct in North Dakota (which ought also to arrange detours when it is reconstructing thirty-mile stretches of main highway).

All other highway commissions could learn wisdom from Michigan's. It had much natural beauty to work with of course, but has made the most of it and has produced the pleasantest roadsides in the United States. There are no billboards—and that alone would be an impressive lesson to, say, Maine or New Jersey. It has planted craftily and richly, so that one drives through a continuous parkway. And the parkway becomes a developed park at short intervals; there are picnic grounds, camping areas, thousands of roadside tables, fountains flowing spring water certified by the Board of Health, and innumerable ingenuities that gratify and refresh the tourist. That is a canny—and thrifty—way to build roads.

Since I was touring as a historian I had a professional interest in the signs that convey historical and economic information. Some of them are superfluous, some pointless, some ambiguous. (I do not understand, for instance, why an Ohio community sees fit to advertise itself as "Medina County. Home of the Garbage Fed Hog. The Garbage Dumping Ground of Cuyahoga County." One suspects sectional tension or social criticism but decides on other evidence that the suspicion is unfounded: the sign expresses pride.) But such signs as the State commissions usually put up, and many of those sponsored by the descendants of our heroes, are excellent. Sometimes the history is inaccurate or even, as in Dodge City, Kansas, faked; and entering my native State, I ran square into a thumping lie, one which is the more injudicious since nearly anyone can spot it. There are a good many similar monuments in Utah; they are due to the defensiveness of the Mormons, who do not realize that the achievements of their pioneers are sufficiently respected by everyone to stand on their merits without the assistance of fiction or dialectics. Defensiveness does not trouble the descendants of other pioneers in the West, but sometimes grammar does.

Wyoming marks practically everything and has lavished commemoration on trivial gold discoveries and Indian scrimmages, but has failed to mark the area that is most glamorous in the State's history. You cannot find out from road signs how to get to South Pass. Getting there by compass, instinct, and information from truckdrivers, you cannot find out just where the emigration traveled. Even the crossing of the Continental Divide in this gateway to all the West—the place where the United States ended and Oregon and dreamland began—is not marked. I was told that there is an Ezra Meeker monument somewhere near the Divide, but it must be in the brush—I could not find it. Surely the State could let a grandfather or two go uncelebrated and set up a stone to the American empire.

Montana does better by history. Shrewd judgment determined which sites were worth marking, and the inscriptions express a salty and once Western skepticism that permits the Indians to have had something on their side and sees the pioneers as somewhat colored by our common clay. And they are written with a fine feeling for the vernacular: they have style. I do not know who wrote them—I could find out only the painter's name and the locally admired fact that he painted them freehand—but he is a historian and a man of letters. There are Western States—and New England and Southern States—that could profitably employ him to revise what is asserted in monumental stone along their rights of way.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

Personal and Otherwise



BEFORE THE DOWNFALL

Premier Reynaud and M. Daladier at Notre Dame on May 27th

DÉBÂCLE

TWICE in seventy years the French army has collapsed and the nation gone to pieces. "The army is ready down to the last gaiter button," remarked one of Louis Napoleon's marshals in 1870, when the French army was on the way to Gravelotte and Sedan. The rout of the French and the collapse of the government in 1870 were so overwhelming that when Zola came to write his novel he chose for a title the commonest phrase used by his countrymen to describe the disaster: *The Débâcle*. Now there is another débâcle to describe. ***Robert de Saint Jean's*** "The Failure of France" is the story of the political impasse in which Premier Paul Reynaud found himself when he took office last winter and his luckless efforts to stave off defeat. M. de Saint Jean is a French journalist, and from 1935 to 1937 headed the London office of the *Paris Soir*. After that he covered the various European crises for the same paper. On the outbreak of the war he went to work for the Ministry of Information in Paris and was made head of the North American department. He lectured in the United States in 1933 and again in 1934. His book, *La Vraie Révolution du Président Roosevelt*, published in 1934, was awarded the Strassburger prize. He is now living in New York.

POLITICS EX MACHINA

EVER since the invasion of Norway and especially since Flanders the stories of the German advance have devoted many columns to the mechanical ingenuity and the extraor-

dinary co-ordination of Hitler's military machine. But what are the political implications? ***Carl Dreher's*** "Why Hitler Wins" is an engineer's analysis of what Hitler has done, "a lesson in technological politics for Americans." Machine politics is an old and familiar term in the United States. But Mr. Dreher is referring to mechanics of a different sort; what Veblen and Rathenau tried to accomplish by reason and enlightenment, Hitler has effected with a club. Mr. Dreher is a well-known radio engineer. After graduation from Columbia in 1917, he went to work in the test shop of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company's factory. He moved along with the development of radio and after four years of research under Dr. Alfred N. Goldsmith, he became radio engineer for the Radio Corporation of America. In turn he was engineer in charge of broadcasting and staff engineer of the National Broadcasting Company. After that he was sound director for one of the Hollywood studios. In 1936 he retired and since then has been in consulting practice. He now divides his time between Hollywood and a farm in upstate New York. He has written a considerable amount, both technical and otherwise. The section on broadcast reception in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is his work. His most recent *Harper* article was a biographical portrait of a famous engineer in the Northwest, "J. D. Ross, Public Power Magnate."

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE?

In order to gather the material for "The Education of Wendell Willkie" ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley*** went to Louisville to talk to Fred and Robert Willkie, the Republican candidate's brothers, and then spent some time in Akron canvassing Wendell's neighbors there. The author, who is a special writer for the New York *Post*, has written many articles for *Harper's*. The most recent, "The Future of Eleanor Roosevelt," appeared last January. Mrs. Bromley attended Northwestern University and since 1920 has lived in New York. For some years she held advertising and book publishing jobs; then she became a free lance. From January, 1935, to May, 1938, she wrote for the Woman's Page of the New York *World-Telegram*. Since then she has been writing for the *Post*. Her books include *Birth Control, Its Use and Misuse* and—with Florence Haxton Britten—*Youth and Sex*.

Pardon Me

After a five year make-ready, New York City has a new newspaper. *PM*, the afternoon tabloid, first appeared on June 18, 1940. After three months an appraisal is in order and this is provided by ***Ferdinand Lundberg***. He is in a good position to do this since he put in ten years as a newspaper man himself. Three of those years he spent in police and court reporting in Chicago. In one way or another his line of duty kept him near the activities of Al Capone, with time out to cover a chapter of the W. E. D. Stokes divorce. In 1927 Mr. Lundberg came to New York to work for the United Press. For three months late that spring he was at Roosevelt Field covering Lindbergh, Byrd, Chamberlin, and the other flyers who were taking off for Europe every few minutes. After that he worked at the *Daily News* copy desk and then, for seven years, was Wall Street reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

In 1934 he quit this job to write. His books include a biography of Hearst and a book about *America's Sixty Families*, which Mr. Ickes took for a text in a celebrated radio speech. Mr. Lundberg is now at work on a book about lawyers. Three chapters of this have already appeared in *Harper's*. Though he is out of the game now, his interest in news-gathering and news men is still strong. Last April he wrote an article for us about "News-Letters, A Revolution in Journalism," the story of the rise of the Kiplinger school of reporting.

TO ARMS

Probably no American newspaper man has devoted more time to the study and investigation of armament manufacture than ***Frank C. Hanighen***, author of "From Blueprints to Gunfire," the story of the Defense Advisory Commission's work from the beginning until press time. In collaboration with H. C. Engelbrecht, Mr. Hanighen wrote *Merchants of Death*, an elaborate survey of the international arms traffic which provoked much argument both here and abroad. This was a Book-of-the-Month selection in 1934. By himself he investigated the story of the na-

(Continued on second page following)



Be careful of that match!

THE FAMILIAR, helpful match *can* turn into a dangerous enemy.

Employed carelessly, discarded thoughtlessly, or left within reach of children, the match ranks among the foremost causes of approximately 360,000 household fires which account for most of this country's 10,000 annual deaths from burns.

Naturally, the match isn't the *only* fire hazard we must guard against in our homes. Many other things we make use of are dangerous if misused.

In *your* home, for instance, are the following fire precautions strictly observed?...

▶ Are you sure that all electrical appliances are equipped with only standard, approved connection cords and wiring, and are in good condition?

▶ Do you avoid the use of gasoline and other flammable liquids for cleaning in the home?... the use of kerosene for lighting fires?

▶ Do you keep your gas burners clear of grease which might catch fire? Are your burners regulated to prevent too high a flame—particularly when broiling or frying fats? Do you tie back curtains and other flammable material which might blow onto the flame?

▶ Is every stove, furnace, or hot pipe shielded adequately from wooden surfaces?... Are ashes placed only in metal containers?

These are just a few of the highly important safety measures which deserve your attention. If more of us had a thorough understanding of the various fire hazards, of fire prevention, and of effective fire fighting, the annual toll of 10,000 lives would be reduced, and an enormous saving could be made in the nation's annual fire loss—*a loss which last year was estimated at more than $313,000,000.*

To help you safeguard your home and your family against fires and other accidents, Metropolitan offers a *new,* interesting, free booklet, "Home Safety Quiz." Co-operate with your local organizations during National Fire Prevention Week—beginning October 6th—by checking up on possible fire hazards in your home. Write to Dept. 1040-H.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(*A MUTUAL COMPANY*)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Wendell Willkie as a Culver Academy Cadet in 1906

tionalization of armament manufacture in France. He was one of the few foreign correspondents who visited the famous Skoda cannon works in Czechoslovakia before the Munich crisis. Last spring he wrote two articles for us that raised a good deal of rumpus. The first, "Selling to the Enemy," was published in March, 1940. This was the story of the sale of coke and iron ore between France and Germany, via Luxembourg and Belgium, after the outbreak of the war last September. There were numerous embittered protests, but it turned out that Mr. Hanighen was right and had his facts straight. In the May issue, which appeared only a few days before the invasion of Belgium and Holland, he analyzed the hazard which the Allies faced because of their inexperience with the methods of mass production. His article explained much that was to happen in May and June. For the past three months he has been in Washington, reporting the big defense push.

Mr. Hanighen was born in Omaha and educated at Harvard College. In addition to *Merchants of Death*, he has written *Santa Anna, the Napoleon of the West*, *The Secret War*, a study of international oil, and *Nothing But Danger*, an anthology of true adventure stories of the Spanish Civil War.

(*Continued on second page following*)

McGuffey, new style

BACK in the days when school kept in a single room cluttered with desks and benches deeply carved with the initials and memorabilia of youthful romances, *McGuffey's Reader* was education's keystone. The school-boy learned to read from it; he learned a groundwork of interesting facts from it and its simple maxims gave him some useful rules for living in his growing world.

McGuffey's utility was defined by the horizon of its time. There was available very little of the educational material and practise which have developed in our quicker-paced era. There were, for example, no manual training departments that teach boys a better use of their hands and eyes in practical carpentry and cabinet work, though there was plenty of manual training at home in the daily chores. Nor were there any science laboratories where the older students could learn the rudiments of biology, chemistry and physics; even the universities were woefully lacking in these facilities.

Technically, in short, these earlier schools were primitive in equipment. There were very few institutions where the layman could find adequate tools with which to cultivate his knowledge. American museums, as such, were largely art collections, poorly organized and thrown open to the public as a result of the growth of the democratic spirit in the Nineteenth Century. On the scientific side, Prince Albert's Exhibition, at London in 1851, was possibly the first inkling the man in the street had of the great strides made in science and mechanical invention.

The contrast today is as extreme as that between the original *McGuffey* and the modern text books on organic chemistry. The school boy and girl, hardly less than the adult citizen, move in a complex world. Teachers have adjusted teaching methods so that the youthful student may get some glimmer of the way of life. Material equipment has grown apace. The museums; the planetariums; the great observatories, like the sky-searcher at Palomar that brings the moon within a familiar distance; the streamlined buildings of the city education systems and the excellent facilities of rural consolidated schools, all aid the popular acquisition of broad range information, to the extent of each individual's capacity to comprehend.

As a producer of virtually every form of steel used today, Bethlehem Steel Company supplies the educational plants with numerous modern materials; with sheets that are formed into furniture, lockers, domestic science and laboratory equipment; tool steels for the manual training departments and the trade schools; galvanized steel for roofing and ductwork; reinforcing bars for floors, solid and open-web beams for fire-resistant construction; and a score of other steel products used in a hundred different ways. As a steel construction company, Bethlehem builds schools, auditoriums, laboratories, dormitories and modern university buildings.

IN Bethlehem Steel Company's rod mill at Sparrows Point, Md., the red-hot rods used in making wire pass through the finishing rolls at a maximum speed of 46 miles an hour.

IF you were prospecting for iron ore, you would find a compass a very helpful aid in your quest, since this instrument is markedly affected by the presence of iron in the ground.

SINCE "open fireplaces" have become a rental inducement, it is estimated that about 200,000 fire-screens are sold each year and that their production requires approximately 2,000,000 square feet of wire or about 500 tons of steel.

This advertisement of BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY *was set up in 10 point Janson type*

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

RELEASE

"Black Pantaloon" is the second story of ***William Faulkner's*** that we have published in as many months. "The Old People" appeared in the September number.

MUSIC TRADE WAR

Leonard Allen is a native New Yorker, who took his bachelor's degree at Cornell University and later attended the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia. As a free-lance writer he has contributed to various newspapers and magazines, and has written scripts for the radio networks. This is his first contribution to *Harper's*.

NO FAITH

Mortimer J. Adler's "This Pre-War Generation" is another chapter in the story that began when Archibald MacLeish, in the course of an address given on the 23d of May before the American Association for Adult Education, attacked the anti-war writers of the '20s and accused these writers of being responsible for a state of "moral unpreparedness" in the United States. Since then the intellectuals have been busy with the theme. Our leading article last month, Roy Helton's "The Inner Threat: Our Own Softness," dealt with it.

Mr. Adler is Professor of the Philosophy of Law at the University of Chicago and was appointed to that position shortly after Robert Hutchins became President of the University in 1929. A great deal has been written and said about the interest of the two men in "the great books." Early in the '20s John Erskine had a course in the great books at Columbia and Adler was one of the instructors in the course. From 1929 until 1930 he was Instructor in Experimental Psychology at Columbia, going from there to Chicago. In 1937 St. John's College at Annapolis was reorganized on the great books plan with Mr. Hutchins as a member of the Board. Simultaneously Professor Adler was appointed Visiting Lecturer and in that capacity he goes to St. John's half a dozen times a year from Chicago. Professor Adler was born in New York in 1902. Between the ages of thirteen and fifteen he was secretary to Edward Page Mitchell, Editor of the New York *Sun*, and wrote editorial copy for the *Sun*. From 1928 to 1930 he was Assistant Director of People's Institute in New York. He is married and has two adopted children. His books include *Dialectic*, *Diagrammatics*—written in collaboration with Maude Hutchins, *Art and Prudence*, *What Man Has Made of Man*, *St. Thomas and the Gentiles*, and *Problems for Thomists: The Problem of Species*. His *How to Read a Book*, published last spring, has been a popular success.

Professor Adler says: "I have just finished a technical monograph, entitled *The Demonstration of Democracy*, and am continuing now to work out every detail of the proof—and I mean proof—that Democracy is the best form of political community. I am a member of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion, meeting in New York September 9–11, where I shall read a paper entitled 'God and the Professors' in which I shall excoriate the American academic mind more fully even than I did in the *Harper* article."

SHORT WEIGHT

George Gray's "The New Starvation" is complementary to his "Overweight," which we printed in September. It is the eighth in Mr. Gray's series of articles on recent developments in medicine. The ninth and last will appear shortly. Mr. Gray is the author of *New World Picture* and *The Advancing Front of Science*.

IS HER FACE CRIMSON?

In the past couple of years the traditional Harvard poise and indifference have been rudely jarred. The Faculty and President Conant have been at each other, hammer and tongs. "The Tempest at Harvard," an interim report on the still unsettled struggle, is by ***Irwin Ross***, who saw some of the engagements himself and could gather his material at first hand. He is twenty-one years old and was graduated from Harvard College last June. While in college he wrote for the revived Harvard *Monthly* and was one of the founders of *The Progressive*. During his senior year he began doing free-lance work for various New York periodicals. A number of articles by him have appeared recently in *The New Republic*. He is now working for the International Student Service as Refugee Secretary.

(Continued on second page following)

ANY BOY
can make a motor
by Westinghouse



▪ *For a thing so important* to modern life, an electric motor is an amazingly simple device. Just a few pieces of steel, iron and copper, wound with coils of wire. Any bright boy can follow instructions and make one that will run.*

• *Yet* the most romantic story ever told could be written about the electric motor. It runs practically every mechanical device in use today. It turns the wheels of industry. It carries people to work from the suburbs to the topmost floors of tall buildings. It changes housekeeping from dreaded drudgery to delightful adventure. Our daily lives and livelihoods depend—more than we realize—upon the smooth, effortless spin of a thousand electric motors.

▪ *In fact,* electric motors are so common nowadays that we accept them as our primitive ancestors accepted air, water and fire. We flick a switch—and an automatic razor zips off our whiskers. We push a button—and our automobile motor starts. A faucet turns—and a faraway pump delivers water. A vacuum cleaner cleans, an electric fan cools, an adding machine adds, a phonograph plays—and it's all automatic, as far as most of us are concerned.

• *We have* been making electric motors for a great many years—in fact we've made millions and millions of them. Naturally, we have improved their design and construction considerably since 1886. We can remember when we thought a ¼-horsepower motor, which took up more than a cubic foot of room, was a pretty commendable achievement. Now we can pack the same horsepower into a third of the space, sell it for less, and save the user a big dividend in operating cost.

▪ *But after all,* it's fitting the motor to the *job* that really counts. A ¼-horsepower motor and a 10-horsepower job just can't be combined. Neither can an oil rig and a motor designed for an air conditioning system. That is why Westinghouse offers stock motors in thousands of types, sizes and ratings. And if none of these is exactly what is needed, a special model will be built to order.

▪ *The electric motor* is "bread and butter" to us—and to almost everyone else. The more we learn about the jobs it can do, the more we can add to its usefulness. Meanwhile, we keep right on with the testing, experimenting and improving that have helped to make the electric motor the unsung hero of American progress.

** Maybe you know a bright boy who would like to have us send him a little book telling how he can make a toy motor that will run. Just write Westinghouse, 306 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

The Sea hasn't changed its language

at CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL

There are words in the winds from the sea's blue horizon, and syllables in the surf. They urge you to forget routine, to take a new lease on life.

So, too, will the creature comforts found at Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. Long Ocean Decks basking in the spring sunshine. Bicycling, golf, squash and badminton. Thoughtful service. Splendid meals. Restricted clientele.

Write for color folder

LEEDS AND LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

Atlantic City

ON THE BOARDWALK

WINDOW SHOPPING

is fun . . . particularly if you can look at the wares of the finest shops in the country.

But it's more fun when it doesn't result in aching feet . . . when the only effort involved is that of turning to the "Where-to-Shop" Section in the front advertising section of this issue.

POETS

THE poet of the month is a newcomer to *Harper's*, ***Nancy Bickel,*** born and educated in Cleveland, Ohio, where she recently married the Viennese actor, Hans Joachim Freund. She is now living in New York.

FOOTNOTE ON VALOR

THIS letter has just come in from Mr. Morgenstierne, the Norwegian Minister to the United States:

In his very interesting article "The New German Military Theory" published in your August issue Mr. Hoffman Nickerson makes light of the resistance offered by the Norwegians against the German invaders. May I be permitted to point out the following facts which speak for themselves:

Germany lost a very considerable part of her navy in Norwegian waters, including the cruisers *Bluecher* and *Karlsruhe*, and probably the battleship *Gneisenau*, which were sunk by Norwegian land batteries and small naval craft on the first day of the invasion.

Norwegian resistance continued for two whole months, which happens to be longer than that of any other nation invaded by the German forces. Hostilities ceased when the Allied forces decided to withdraw from Narvik because it was felt that the Allied forces should be centered in the battle for France.

In a memorable statement General Otto Ruge, the Commander-in-Chief of the Norwegian army, summarizes his impressions of the fighting spirit of the Norwegians in the following sentence:

"In those weeks my faith in my people grew, faith in their willingness to sacrifice, in their endurance, their confidence and courage; I have found the same confidence here in the North, I have seen that this people will not die."

It is also of interest to note that Herr Hitler in his speech to the Reichstag July 18th said that the "Norwegian units defended Norway very bravely."

The national honor of Norway remains not only intact but enhanced.

SOCIAL HISTORY VIA HARPER'S

A FORMER contributor, Stella C. Ward of New York, reminds us of our age—which is not an impolite thing to do, for after one has had one's ninetieth birthday one is entitled to be proud of it:

I found Mr. DeVoto's piece about the history of *Harper's* in the June issue exceedingly interesting;

but there is one thing he failed to mention—the historic value of the advertising pages of the old *Harper's* down through the years. Why, one could almost reconstruct an American social history, decade by decade, by following those ads!

Take the matter of bustles, for instance. They must have come in one, two, three, and four horse-power, for according to *Harper's* discreet ads you could get a modest one for 39 cents, but the price increased with the size of the bustle, so that a fashionable lady of 1887 could squander as much as two dollars for the complete enlargement of her backside.

And the swell buggies with their new rubber tires and smart whips and lap-robes! It was only about 1906 that an horrendous-looking thing—a kind of a buggy without shafts for the horse—began to mar those fine end-pages. And who of us who are middle-aged can forget the Pears' Soap and the Pearline ads of our childhood?

As a Pennsylvania Dutch farm child of ten I became acquainted with *Harper's* in this wise. To be allowed to go to market with Mother was a great adventure. All the day before we would dress chickens, mold butter, pack eggs, and prepare vegetables for sale. Then in the starlight at 3 A.M. we would set forth in the spring-wagon behind old Doll for the six-mile ride to town, that took her over an hour. The market was an open, curbstone affair.

When nine o'clock came I would go to the new Carnegie library and read till noon; and it was there that the world of good literature was first opened to me through the eyes of *Harper's*. Up to that time my literary diet had been the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress* (a loathsome book), and the sickly, pious, fourth-rate stuff in the Sunday School libraries.

The librarian, a kindly woman, noting my avidity, allowed me (against the rules) to borrow old numbers of *Harper's* to take home against next market day. So, through *Harper's*, I got acquainted with a goodly number of fine writers; and I have never gone back to shoddy stuff. And several years ago, when *Harper's* bought several pieces that I myself had written, my conceit was intolerable.



CORRECTION

In Dale Kramer's article on "The American Fascists" in our September number there was an erroneous reference to Philip Johnson as "of the Johnson & Johnson medical supplies manufacturing family." Philip Johnson is not a member of this family; he is the son of Homer Johnson, Cleveland lawyer, and is in no way connected with Johnson & Johnson. We regret this error.

SERVING ENGLAND... SCOTLAND... IRELAND ...WALES

IN THE PAST swift and comfortable expresses of the British & Irish Railways have taken thousands of American visitors each year to the delightful vacation spots in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

TODAY unfortunately Americans cannot visit these places they love so well, yet despite the sterner duties which are now being faced in Europe, the British & Irish Railways are maintaining their contact with their American friends through their General Traffic Manager in New York, Mr. C. M. Turner.

IN THE FUTURE when peace comes again it is their hope that visitors of the past will retrace their steps once more to the old country, and that new visitors will flock to their friendly islands when the time comes for them to be welcomed back.

Associated British and Irish Railways



C. M. TURNER, *General Traffic Manager*
9 Rockefeller Plaza (16 W. 49th Street) New York, N.Y.

When at the New York World's Fair, actually step aboard the famed "Coronation Scot" train and see for yourself an example of the splendid travel facilities.



STEAMSHIP SAILINGS

SAILINGS TO DECEMBER 1ST, SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Alaska Steamship Company
From Seattle to Southwestern and Southeastern Alaska Ports

COLUMBIA	Sept. 28	
DENALI	Oct. 1	
ALASKA	Oct. 2	

American President Lines, 604 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
From New York to California, Honolulu, Orient and Around-the-World

PRES. ADAMS	Sept. 27	
PRES. HARRISON	Oct. 24	
PRES. JACKSON	Nov. 8	

From San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila

PRES. COOLIDGE	Oct. 4	
PRES. TAFT	Oct. 15	
PRES. ADAMS	Oct. 19	
PRES. CLEVELAND	Nov. 1	

American Republics Line 5 Broadway, N. Y.
From New York to East Coast of South America, Barbados, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo and Buenos Aires (Northbound calling at Trinidad instead of Barbados)

BRAZIL	Oct. 5	
URUGUAY	Oct. 18	
ARGENTINA	Nov. 2	

Supplemental passenger service by new diesel motor-liners MORMACHAWK, MORMACDOVE, MORMACGULL, MORMACWREN, MORMACLARK, DONALD McKAY, MORMACPENN, MORMACYORK, MORMACMAIL, MORMACLAND
‡Inquire for sailing dates

American-So. African Line, 26 Beaver St., N. Y.
N. Y. to Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, Lourenco Marques, Beira, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar, Tanga, Mombasa

SAGADAHOC	Sept. 28	
CITY OF NEW YORK	Oct. 5	
HENRY S. GROVE	Nov. 2	
LANCASTER	Nov. 16	

Canadian Australasian Line
344 Madison Ave., N. Y.
‡Vancouver to Honolulu, Suva, Auckland, Sydney. For particulars of sailings, consult nearest Canadian Pacific Office

Canadian Pacific Steamships
344 Madison Ave., N. Y.
Between Vancouver, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Between Montreal and Quebec and Liverpool
‡For particulars of sailings, consult nearest Canadian Pacific Office

Chilean Line 17 Battery Pl., N. Y.
(GARCIA and DIAZ: AGENTS)
New York to Ecuador, Peru and Chile

COPIAPO	Sept. 28	Nov. 16
IMPERIAL	Oct. 12	Nov. 30
ACONCAGUA		Oct. 26

Furness Red Cross Line
New York — Halifax, N. S. — St. Pierre, Miquelon or Corner Brook, Newfoundland — St. Johns, Newfoundland
Weekly Sailings

Furness Prince Line
New York to Pernambuco, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires
‡Occasional Sailings

Furness West Indies Line
New York — Virgin Islands, Windward and Leeward Islands, to Barbados and Trinidad
‡Monthly Sailings

Grace Lines 10 Hanover Square, N. Y.
New York —Caribbean Service to Bermuda; Curacao, N. W. I.; La Guaira, Maracay, Valencia, Puerto Cabello in Venezuela; St. George, Bermuda

SANTA PAULA	Sept. 27	Oct. 11
SANTA PAULA	Oct. 25	Nov. 8
SANTA ROSA	Oct. 4	Oct. 18
SANTA ROSA	Nov. 1	Nov. 15

New York to West Coast of South America via Panama Canal, Colombia, S. A.; Ecuador, Peru, Chile to Valparaiso

SANTA ELENA	Sept. 27	Nov. 8
SANTA CLARA	Oct. 11	Nov. 22
SANTA LUCIA	Oct. 25	Dec. 6

Matson Line
San Francisco to Honolulu

LURLINE	Sept. 27	Oct. 11
LURLINE	Oct. 25	Nov. 28
MATSONIA	Oct. 3	Nov. 7
MATSONIA	Nov. 22	Dec. 6
MONTEREY		Oct. 15

Matson Line
Los Angeles Harbor to Honolulu

LURLINE	Sept. 26	Oct. 10
LURLINE	Oct. 24	Nov. 29
MATSONIA	Oct. 4	Nov. 8
MATSONIA	Nov. 21	Dec. 5
MONTEREY		Oct. 16

Special Honolulu Sailing

Morgan Line
(See Southern Pacific Steamship Lines)

Munargo Line Co. Pier 3, North River
N. Y. to Nassau, Miami and Havana

MUNARGO	Oct. 9	Nov. 6
MUNARGO	Oct. 23	Nov. 20

New York and Cuba Mail S. S. Co.
N. Y. and Havana

ORIENTE	Sept. 28	

N. Y. to Havana, Progreso and Vera Cruz

MONTEREY	Sept. 25	

The New York and Porto Rico S.S. Co.
N. Y. to San Juan and Trujillo City

COAMO	Oct. 3	Oct. 17
COAMO	Oct. 31	Nov. 14
BORINQUEN	Oct. 10	Oct. 24
BORINQUEN	Nov. 7	Nov. 21

Nippon Yusen Kaisha — (N. Y. K. Line)
Seattle and Vancouver to Yokohama, Kobe

HIKAWA MARU	Oct. 3	Nov. 22
HIE MARU	Oct. 18	Dec. 9
HEIAN MARU		Nov. 11

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hong Kong

KAMAKURA MARU	Sept. 28	
ASAMA MARU	Oct. 25	
NITTA MARU	Nov. 11	
TATUTA MARU	Nov. 19	

Osaka Syosen Kaisya 17 Battery Place, N. Y.
From Los Angeles to Yokohama and Around-the-World

ARGENTINA MARU	Sept. 29
HOKOKU MARU	Oct. 15
BUENOS AIRES MARU	Nov. 13
BRASIL MARU	Dec. 2

Panama Line 24 State St., N. Y.
New York to Port au Prince, Haiti and Cristobal, C. Z.

PANAMA	Oct. 3	Oct. 24
PANAMA	Nov. 14	Dec. 5
CRISTOBAL	Oct. 10	Oct. 31
CRISTOBAL		Nov. 21
ANCON	Oct. 17	Nov. 7
ANCON		Nov. 29

Panama Pacific Line 1 Broadway, N. Y.
New York and Baltimore to Panama Canal, Acapulco (Mexico), Los Angeles, San Francisco

CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO	Oct. 19
CITY OF LOS ANGELES	Oct. 26
CITY OF BALTIMORE	Nov. 16
CITY OF NEWPORT NEWS	Nov. 30

Southern Pacific S. S. Lines (Morgan Lin
531 Fifth Ave.,
New York to New Orleans

DIXIE	Oct. 4	Oc
DIXIE	Nov. 1	No

United Fruit Company Pier 3, North
N. Y. to Cristobal, Panama Canal Zone, Limon, Costa Rica; Puerto Barrios, Guate and Havana, Cuba

JAMAICA	Oc
CHIRIQUI	Oc
QUIRIGUA	No
VERAGUA	No
TALAMANCA	No

N. Y. to Havana, Cuba; Cristobal, Pa Canal Zone; Puerto Barrios, Guatemala Havana, Cuba

VERAGUA	Oc
TALAMANCA	Oc
JAMAICA	No
CHIRIQUI	No
QUIRIGUA	De

N. Y. to Kingston, Jamaica; Barran Cartagena, Colombia; and Cristobal, Pa Canal Zone

CHIRIQUI	Oct. 2	No
TALAMANCA	Oct. 9	No
QUIRIGUA	Oct. 16	No
JAMAICA	Oct. 23	No
VERAGUA	Oct. 30	De

N. Y. to Havana, Cuba; Puerto Barrio Guatemala

ANTIGUA	Oct. 5	Oc
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M.S. Kungsholm	Oct. 5	Oct. 18 N

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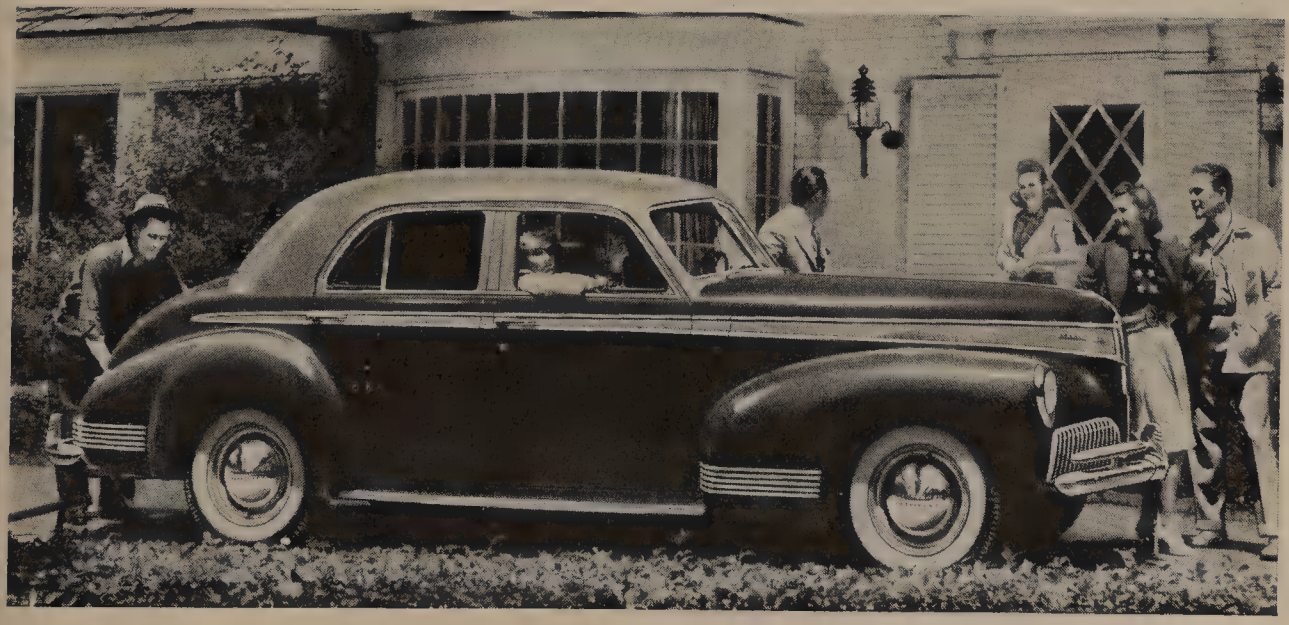


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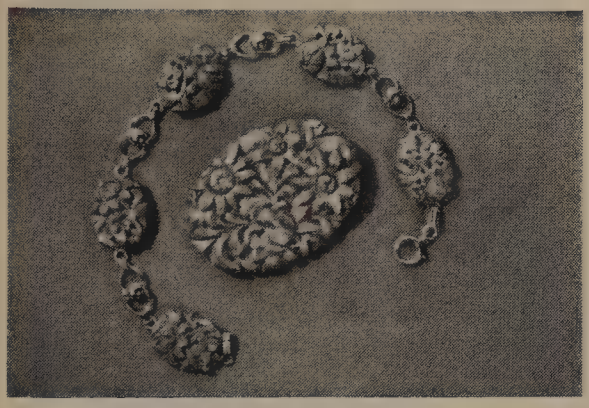
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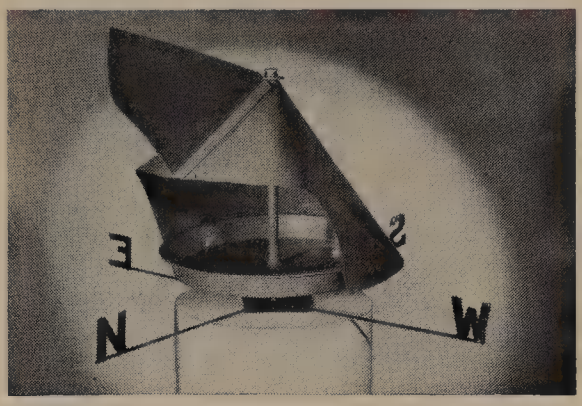


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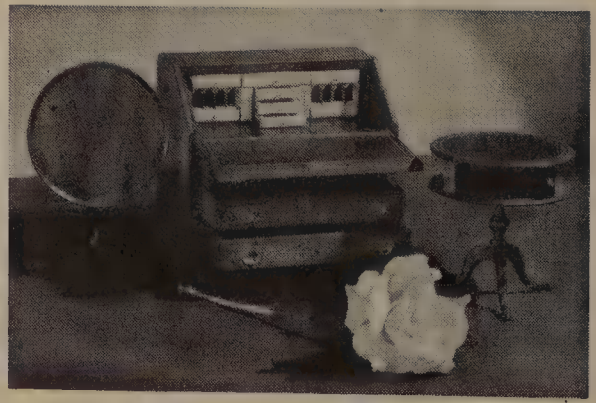


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The Triumph Candelabrum is well-named, for its simple, modern design strikes a successful note in any decor. Silver plate (with a 10 year guarantee) on bronze; 12″ high, 11″ wide; $15.00 a pair. . . . The Midget Candle Holders flanking the candelabrum are 3″ high. Silver plated, they cost $5 a pair; chromium, $4.50; bright brass, $3.50. Hagerstrom Metalcraft Studio, 1243 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.



Here's the proper setting. Now follow this recipe for adding color and warmth to the home scene: place one of Danny Corcoran's *Magic Logs* on the top of a pile of ordinary logs. Ignite fire, sit back and enjoy the fascinating, many-colored flames that will dance and leap in your fireplace. *Magic Logs*, in quantities of 50, 100, 500 and 1000, cost $4, $7.50, $32, and $55 respectively. From Danny Corcoran, 200 Oak Street, Shrewsbury, Massachusetts. . . . (Fireplace by Edwin Jackson, 175 East 60th Street, New York City.)



A&F Co.



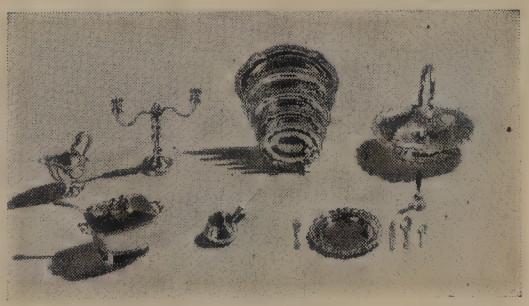
The 1940 "CHRISTMAS TRAIL"

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In this stimulating book from "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World" you'll find brilliant, new gift ideas for sportsmen and sportswomen...their youngsters, their homes and their hobbies. Send for free copy.



WIRELESS RECORD PLAYER—works like magic through any radio, without connections. Automatically changes 10 or 12 inch records. Self-starting motor, walnut cabinet. $39.95.



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True reproductions of old, hand-loom patterns made by pioneer mountain weavers. Fast, rich colors. Pure Virgin Wool. The pattern above is the famous LOVER'S KNOT with intricate, all-around PINE TREE Border. In double weave only, 54″ x 84″, $14.00; 84″ x 100″, $22.50.

Single weaves in MORNING STAR, OLIVE LEAF, WHIG ROSE, and RING AND FLOWER. 54″ x 90″, $10.00; 78″ x 100″, $12.50; or 90″ x 100″, $16.00.

Choice of colors: Navy blue, delft blue, green, rose, red, orange, brown, lavender or yellow on white. Or in any combination of two of these colors on white.

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FREE Descriptive Booklet 'H-3' on request

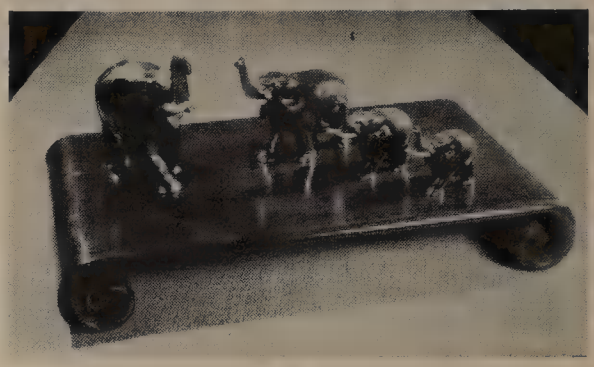
PAR CO., LTD., 11 East 53rd St., New York

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White birch logs — 18″ long, 2″ or more in diameter. Treated to burn slowly, silently, with beautiful multi-colored flames of blue, green, purple, etc. Odorless. Relax in comfort before their constantly changing hues. Burn one log at a time on top of ordinary wood. Low wholesale price — $4 for 50, $7.50 for 100, $32 for 500, $55 for 1000, with freight prepaid. Tell your friends about these fascinating logs. Perfect Christmas gifts. Sample log, by mail, 15c.

Danny Corcoran Co. 200 Oak Street Shrewsbury, Mass.

For good luck or for a stunning decorative note, for a wedding gift or a Merry Xmas, we heartily recommend a parade of elephants, or just one, hand carved of King Ebony (the finest wood obtainable) and ivory. 1½″ size, $1.50; 2″, $2.00; 2½″, $2.50; 3″, $3.00; 3½″, $3.50; 4″, $6.50; 4½″, $7.50; 5″, $8.50; 5½″, $10.50; 6″, $12.50. (Add 25¢ for postage.) Gunn & Latchford, 323 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

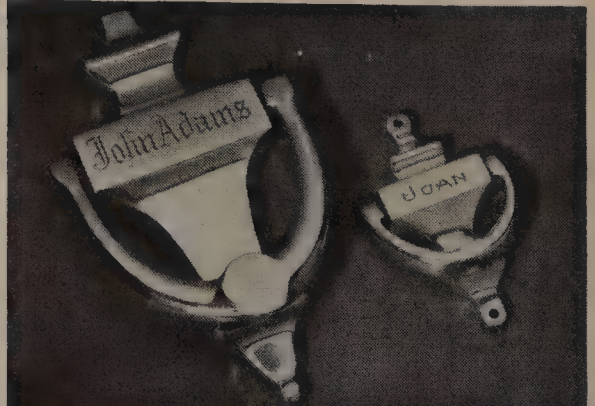


Whether by chariot or by the more humble wheelbarrow, your guests' cigarettes can be offered to them on *Stanite*, a new, lustrous and stainless silver composition made by a secret process. The chariot



is $7.50; the wheelbarrow with its walnut handles is $3.50. W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Avenue & 47th Street, New York City.

Of good Colonial ancestry is this dignified knocker of solid cast brass. It is a gift that will lend charm to any door, on cottage or mansion. 7″ high. With name engraved in "Old English," $2.95. . . . Its tiny cousin is a 3½″ solid brass bedroom knocker. Engraved with first name only, in block letters, $1.50. Art Colony Industries, 54 West 3rd Street, New York City.



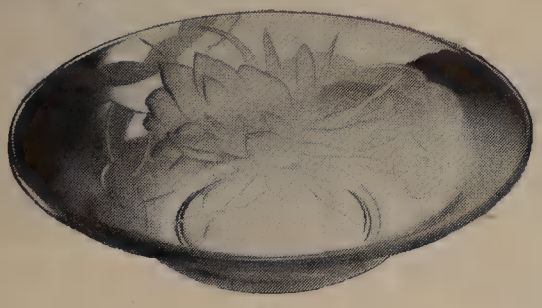
WHERE to SHOP

The Metropolitan Museum's collection of Christmas cards this year is notable again for its great variety as well as its excellent taste. There's something to suit everyone on your list. There's everything from a 13th Century Rhenish stained window design to a wood engraving from Washington Irving's Sketch Book. Here we reproduce



a penmanship motive from a 17th Century Spanish woodcut. (White on dark blue; 10¢.) For illustrated folder, address Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Avenue & 82nd Street, New York City.

The grace of cool sparkling water plus the mysterious fragrance of night blooming flowers combine to breathe romance and beauty into this flaring, twelve-inch crystal bowl, which is decorated with the nocturnal blossom of the *Cyroleus*. A most handsome gift for $7.50. Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



As gay as the white horses of Vienna are these two steeds, one dancing, one prancing. And they are gayer still when they are garlanded, for they are of blue and white pottery and each has a flower-holding recess along his fine mane. They are $2.50 apiece, the dapper young ringmaster $3.50. W. & J. Sloane, Fifth Avenue at 47th Street, New York City.



SANTA SHOPS HERE
—why don't you?



● Santa says there's nothing like distraction to keep work from growing dull. There's ■ photo frame on one side to hold a favorite picture. A calendar on the second side tells the day. Turn again and there's ■ tilted mirror to powder a nose, or sneak a quick peek when no one's looking. In brown, blue or green calf, gold-tooled. Each.....**$7.50**

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These lovely art-ware pottery jugs come filled with delectable

ORANGE BLOSSOM HONEY

direct to you from the Florida Orange Groves. 8" tall Rebecca jug, $1.50. Unfilled, 85¢. 5" Pirate jug, $1.10. Unfilled, 75¢. Available in Turquoise, Maiden-blue, Rose-pink, Maple-tan, Lemon-yellow, Orange.

Prices postpaid; 6 or more slightly less



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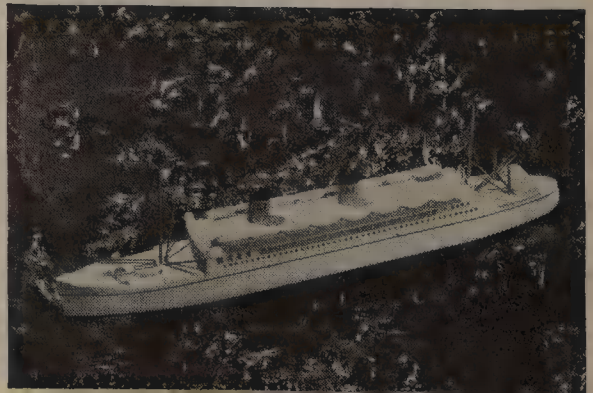
In this case we are uncertain whether or not the very practical virtues of Lucite outweigh its crystalline beauty. All we know is that it is a pleasure to have the good looks of these pieces made so indestructible. The fluted bowl is $5.95; the coiled candle-holders, $4.50 a pair. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, New York City.



For any kind of plant spraying, the *Harco Sprayer* is the best and most easily portable affair we've seen. The hand that holds the jar also releases the spray by the use of a slight downward pressure, leaving the other hand free to manipulate and direct the small nozzle. Uses standard one-quart Mason jar, which is easily replaced. $2.25 postpaid. Max Schling Seedsmen, 616 Madison Avenue, New York City.



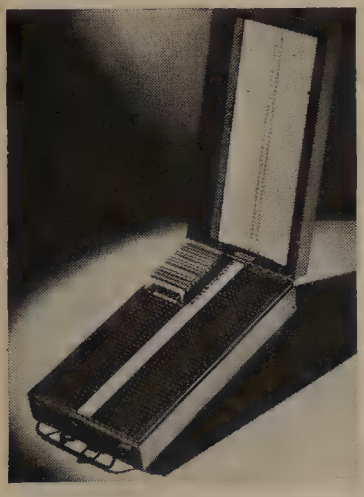
For a gift of sentimental value as well as eye-appeal, give your man a handsome model of the liner on which you took that unforgettable honeymoon cruise, that heavenly trip to Hawaii. A 9" model of the Matson Line's *Lurline* for $5.00 is shown below. There are other sizes and other models. Just inquire of Van Ryper, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.



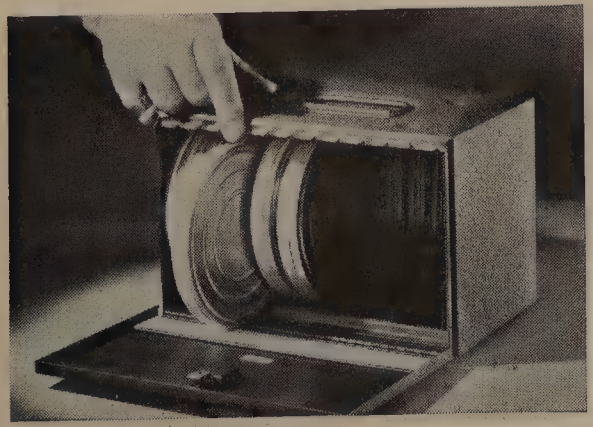
WHERE to SHOP

The small gifts on your Christmas list usually cause more trouble and anxiety than the big ones, but here are some neat items that will solve many of your problems: key ring with lizard matchbook case, $1.50; set of key caps with labels "Garage," "Car," "Office," "Home," $1.00; pen knife, thin and beautiful, with trick opening that keeps blade firm, $2.00. Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East 57th Street, New York City.





If you have reached the stage in your photographic career where your results are worth keeping and filing away carefully, you'll be interested in these two fine all-metal chests—one for your glass slides and the other for your motion picture reels. Both chests are very compact and portable. Both allow for the convenient stacking together of several chests. Both have removable indices. The slide chest holds 100 2 x 2 glass slides or 200 Ready Mounts, well cushioned with red felt and easy to remove or insert. The price is $2.50. . . . The other chest is called the *Ejector Film Chest*. It comes in two sizes—for twelve 200 ft. 8 mm. reels at $3.95, or twelve 400 ft. 16 mm. reels at $4.75. A convenient push button arrangement releases any desired reel. Willoughbys, 100 West 32nd Street, New York City.





Shop Early for

GARDEN LOVERS

Christmas for your garden loving friends — or relatives — is solved by Max Schling's famous BROUETTE (Wheelbarrow in plain English).

Last year it made hundreds of non-dirt farmers chortle with delight so, it is repeated by popular demand.

We described it as the "new, super streamlined, clutchless, rubber-tired, lightweight WHEELBARROW GONE SPORTING." And that still goes.

If you do not garden, you will have to take our word for its usefulness, but your gardening friend will credit YOU with infinite wisdom.

$6.00 F.O.B. New York
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Delicately fashioned of sterling silver, a beautiful accompaniment to the sugar and creamer, good weight. Size: 5⅜ ■ 9¼ inches.
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$10.00
Exquisitely designed, gold-lined, heavy cast handles, open base. Height: 3¼ in.
Money refunded within ■ days after receipt of goods, if merchandise is not satisfactory.

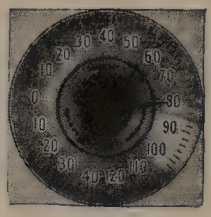
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■

For the more sedentary moments in a sportsman's life—or for any man who appreciates fine desk appointments—Abercrombie offers a reading glass ($10), an address book ($10) and a three-compartment cigarette box ($12.50) in red, blue or green calfskin, hand-decorated in natural colors with game birds, waterfowl and fish motifs. The game record book, at $7.50, shows the comparative speed in m.p.h. of all the leading game birds and wild fowl. Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Avenue & 45th Street, New York City.



■

One package of *Floralife* makes 15 quarts of a solution that will keep your cut flowers fresh and beautiful for days longer. Cut roses, for instance, will last as long as ten days! $1.15 postpaid. . . . There's also a little gadget which you will probably want to buy by the dozen or half-dozen to give



away as small gifts or prizes. It's the *Soil-Rite Watering Gauge* which tells you automatically when your plants are thirsty. 30¢ each, postpaid. Max Schling, Seedsmen, 616 Madison Avenue, New York City.

■

This mahogany caster, counting the lazy susan feature among its assets, will do much duty, for it is a good service piece that is pleasant to look upon. We like particularly its little brass rail and the cute mahogany tricks that serve as tops for the condiment bottles and jars. $9.75. Lewis & Conger, 45th Street and 6th Avenue, N. Y. C.



■

For that civilized custom of tea drinking, nothing could be more appropriate than this lovely *Thousand Flower* Tea Set, embodying all the grace and charm and courtesy of the Orient. Delicate in coloring, 23 pieces (service for 6) includes sandwich plates, cups and saucers, sugar and creamer and tea pot, and costs $10 postpaid. Gunn & Latchford, 323 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



WHERE to SHOP

Amusing and most attractive is this charm bracelet with its tiny, workable tools. Everything is there, from hammer to pliers, from saw to screw driver. All gleaming in gold, with touches of bright red here and there. For any young woman who wants to hammer away at the heart of some young man and pry it loose from its solitary state. $3.75. Lewis & Conger, 45th Street and 6th Avenue, New York City.



When is a gadget no longer a gadget? When it is based on a sound idea and becomes a practical necessity. For example, this chrome plated shaving brush rack which simply and neatly holds your brush with bristles down to preserve their long life. As easy as hanging your hat on a hat rack. $1.00. Newton Electrical Mirror, Inc., 174 Worth Street, New York City.



The *Luxuray* "Better Sight" Lamp is a new bed lamp which prevents eyestrain. The light is scientifically correct, for a diffuser screens out the glare. It hangs without screws on any bed, and, moreover, is well designed in ivory or walnut "plastacele." At the very nice low price of $1.95. Lewis & Conger, 45th Street and 6th Avenue, New York City.





S. S. Queen Elizabeth in war paint

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Own models of your favorite ocean liners. Use them as gifts. They bring the tang of the sea to home or office. Made by hand, from the architects' plans on Martha's Vineyard Island. Full 9" in length, waterline model, finished in actual colors.

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$1.50 Postpaid
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These Merry-Go-Round Feeders Protect the Birds from Cats and Other Bird Enemies.

Approved by Audubon Society

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Wild Bird Supplies. Write for Booklet

CHAS. M. MITCHELL, So. Lancaster, Mass.



YOU'LL ENJOY AND CHERISH IT!



THE Family

by

NINA FEDOROVA

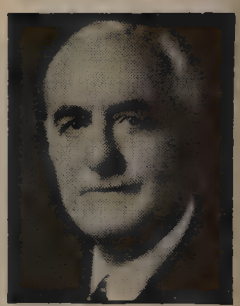
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By Margery Sharp

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It's in the mood of
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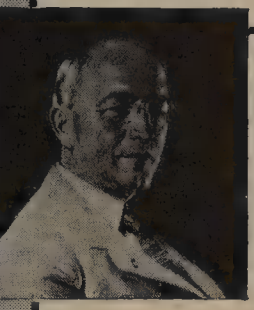
Matthew Josephson's

(author of THE ROBBER BARONS)

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A hard-hitting history for all people interested in our national destiny, a stirring story of American politics in the era of reform from McKinley to Wilson. Includes the entire political roster of this age of unrest: the Presidents, near Presidents, and President makers—Lodge, Root, Beveridge, La Follette, Bryan, Taft, Harvey, Wilson, T. R., House. A keen analysis that relates itself to the present and the future. $3.75

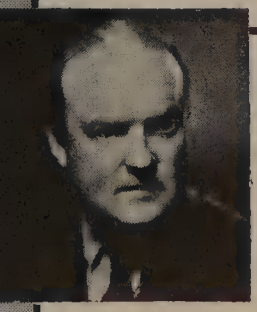


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THE NEW BOOKS

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In the corrupt theology of our times, History—an hypostatized History, with a most palpable capital H—has replaced Jehovah as the Judge and Maker of us all. To know History's laws—and to obey them and co-operate with them—is the mission of every little fatalist among us. The Marxians are the worst, of course; but almost all of us tend in our more lugubrious moments to cross ourselves and mumble propitiatory abracadabra about "inevitable trends" and "irrepressible conflicts" and the like. In scholarly fields, the upshot is that certain historians think they can do their work with triangle and T-square, absolutely determining the "inner essence" of the past and correctly deducing the future therefrom.

The tight teleological reign of the Great God History, however, is now showing some faint signs of running out; three recent books by three rather apologetic ex-Marxians seem to prove as much. There isn't a great deal of similarity either of tone or of literary method between Edmund Wilson's ***To the Finland Station*** (Harcourt, Brace, $4), Louis Hacker's ***The Triumph of American Capitalism*** (Simon & Schuster, $3), and Matthew Josephson's ***The President Makers: 1896–1919*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75). But all of them have one thing in common, and that one thing is a faint but all-pervading note of doubt that any certain way of charting or explaining the "inevitable" in history is possible. If Renan and Anatole France (as historians) represent the French Revolutionary tradition of Michelet in a diluted, weakened, "declining" form, as Edmund Wilson carefully explains in the first section of *To the Finland Station*, then Hacker and Josephson and Wilson himself bear a similar relationship to Marx and Engels and Lenin and Trotsky (as historians). The great days of ringing Marxian affirmation in historical writing have gone forever; and now comes the period of skepticism and self-search and weary watching for a new "principle" and a new tradition to take the place of the old.

Edmund Wilson's book has been in the making for years, and it has both benefited and suffered from the exhausting parturition. When Wilson started it, back in the earliest days of the depression, he was busy talking of "taking Communism away from the Communists" and telling his readers that Marxism permitted the historian to disengage himself from the historical process and so take a wholly objective and scientific view of human affairs. But Wilson is a person of stubborn honesty, and he soon stopped talking claptrap about the wonders of Marxism. Since he had projected *To the Finland Station* as a "study in the writing and acting of history," he felt he had to explore the predecessors of Marx. Hence the first section on the tradition of historical writing that grew and flourished and declined with the rise and fall of the French Revolution. Michelet, who took his cue from Vico's remark that "the social world is certainly the work of men," is pictured as a vigorous believer in the Revolution of the Rights of Man, but as one who was fatally caught between "nationalism" and "socialism." Michelet's "revolutionary tradition," which is displayed in the many volumes of his history of France, declines into the skepticism of Renan and the sad hedonism of Anatole France. But as one school of historical writing is falling, another is coming to maturity. The early socialists—the Saint-Simons, the Fouriers, the Owens—lacked the key to the understanding of society's progress, but Marx and Engels, working with Hegel's dialectical theory that history bounces from thesis to antithesis to synthesis, managed to get hold of some vital truths along with a good measure of mystical nonsense. From Marx's and Engels's writing of history, Lenin and Trotsky proceeded to "act" history. And so, in a

sense, two exiled German scholars who wrote in nineteenth-century London and Manchester turned the world over in 1918 after Lenin had stepped from his train at Petrograd's Finland Station.

The trouble with Wilson's schematization is that it seems entirely arbitrary: for the life of me I can't see why Michelet and Renan and Anatole France belong in the book, or why it stops short at the Finland Station in 1917 instead of at the breaching of the Mannerheim Line in 1940. If Vico affected Michelet, there is no evidence presented to show that Michelet had any effect whatsoever on Marx. It would have made a tighter continuum if Wilson had started with John Locke and gone on to Adam Smith and Ricardo as "predecessors" for whom Marx provided the antithesis; or it would have been more sensible if we had been given an early section on the Physiocrats and Rousseau and Voltaire, or on Kant and Hegel, or on Hamilton and Madison and John Jay and Jefferson. (Incidentally, Madison and Hamilton and the rest did a better job of fitting a "key" to the "lock" of history than ever Lenin did in 1917–18.) As it is, Michelet and Renan and Anatole France seemed dragged in solely because Wilson wanted to write about them—which he does with considerable pertinacity and grace.

Again, when Wilson comes to the sections on Marx, Engels, Lasalle, Bakunin, Lenin, and Trotsky, there is a curious tone of insufficiency in the treatment. *To the Finland Station* comes out some five years after Wilson's first disillusionment with the U.S.S.R.; and every so often we encounter a paragraph admitting that such-and-such in Marxism may have had a lot to do with Stalinism and Fascism. Yet there is no detailed attempt to isolate the elements in Marxism that gave rise to the miscarriage of the Russian Revolution, or to the "antithesis" or the "synthesis" of Fascism. We get a sense that the body of this book belongs to 1934, while the soul is struggling to be the soul of 1940. Wilson does express his dissatisfaction with the machinery of the dialectic, and he will probably spend the rest of his days quarreling with Marxists because of his sensible dismissal of the labor theory of value. Moreover, he is profoundly right when he complains that Marx never understood America. But he doesn't ever stop to question the validity of the root Marxian assumption, that private productive property is the root of all evil. Other thinkers—Hilaire Belloc is among them—have argued that the right to a certain amount of private productive property is the root of all freedom; but Wilson, who is tenacious about many things, is not stubborn enough to grapple with this basic question. He is skeptical when it comes to details, but he glosses over the central problem with hardly a bow.

But if the thinking and the proportions in *To the Finland Station* seem askew, the portraits are not. Marx, the harried, querulous, dyspeptic, tortured exile, living in squalor on the largesse of others and letting his wife and children suffer irremediable wrongs; Engels, the gay anomaly who is at once a student, an athlete, a business man, a first-rate journalist, and a man of the world; Lasalle, the theatrical, lordly, good-living, and hectic opponent of Bismarck; Bakunin, with his ghastly and perverse anarchistic glamour; Lenin, the "great headmaster," and Trotsky, "the young eagle"—all of these devils (or all of these saints) emerge from Wilson's careful studies in behaviorism as credible human beings. Wilson is indefatigable in his pursuit of the revealing circumstance or incident; he has read Marx's early verse, he has pondered the importance of Engels's drawings, he has visited Lenin's boyhood home at Simbirsk on the Volga, and when Lenin reads Turgenev instead of Dostoevski (his brother's favorite) it becomes an index to character. Wilson is half novelist, half creative artist, in this "study in the writing and acting of history"—and it is the creative, or re-creative, aspect of *To the Finland Station* that sets it apart in the rather dreary literature of Marxism. Wilson has Max Nomad's ability to make revolutionary figures come alive on the printed page—and he has a way of combining solidity and grace that is absent from Nomad's best book, *Rebels and Renegades.*

Like Edmund Wilson, Louis Hacker began his history, *The Triumph of American Capitalism*, under the spell of Marxian economic determinism. If I remember correctly, he started out to prove that English and Dutch money had as much to do with the development of the United States as the open frontier which figures so heavily in the school of Frederick Jackson Turner. But as Hacker bit into his problem, he discovered the truth to be the opposite: the great capital investment of the United States proved to be largely a matter of local savings; and Mr. Hacker's original thesis fell apart in his hands.

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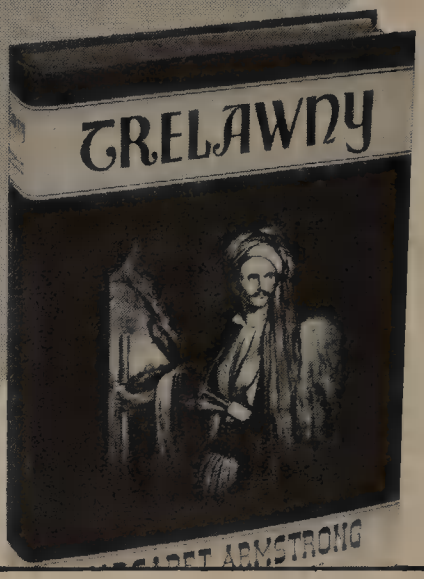
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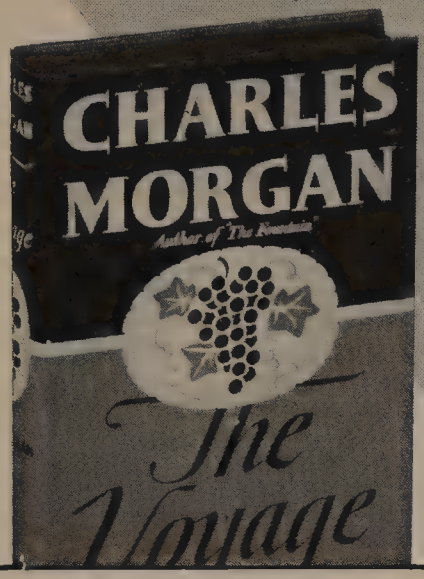
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The truth, however, makes more heartening history than the original idea; for, as Mr. Hacker puts it, the fact that we were not an integral part of a capitalist-imperialist organism that had its directing brains in London saved us from the pattern of Russia, China, India, and Mexico—countries that were developed as colonial preserves of western Europe. The self-dependence of the American middle classes gave them a feeling for all the values that were completely absent in feudal Europe, or in the colonial extensions of Europe in Asia, Africa, and South America. Simply because we were not part of Marx's unfolding thesis-antithesis-synthesis of feudalism-capitalism-communism, we have created a civilization that is both unique and safe by comparison with that of other nations.

In writing of the growth of American industrial capitalism out of the swaddling clothes of mercantilism, Mr. Hacker sticks to the lingo of his original school. His persistent use of abstractions, which he endeavors to render as exact as possible, makes for rocky, if rewarding, reading. When he has a fascinating figure on his hands, such as Peter Faneuil, the Boston smuggler-enterpriser of the eighteenth century, he makes shift to drop him as quickly as possible. But the main point—that it was the underprivileged who built American industry, not the bankers of Europe—makes Mr. Hacker's history a five-star book for those interested in the creation of our republic. There are minor points worth pondering, too—as, for example, the fact that the plantation economy of the South would never have paid a profit to its owners if they had not been able to speculate in Western lands at the same time.

Mr. Hacker's conclusion is a complete denial of his earlier economic determinism. For it emphasizes the priority of the human mind and will. State capitalism, he thinks, is here to stay. But, unlike the Germans and the Russians, we will, he says, use it as a slave, not a master. Where does Mr. Hacker get his assurance of this? From the fact of the American tradition: ". . . intervening between the day of the absolutist Mercantile State, with its cynical contempt for the individual, and our own, there stands the tradition of the Enlightenment, the American Revolution, Jeffersonianism, Old Radical Republicanism, Populism." This, for an erstwhile Marxist, is sheer idealism: it makes mind-stuff eternally independent of the forms of government and property-relations in America. Personally, I think the new, idealistic Hacker is sound in his emphasis on the saving element in the American tradition. He is, however, not very precise in his use of the abstraction of State capitalism. How much government ownership does he mean? And of what types of industry? He can't have so forsworn his original economic determinism that he now thinks freedom is compatible with State ownership of every last

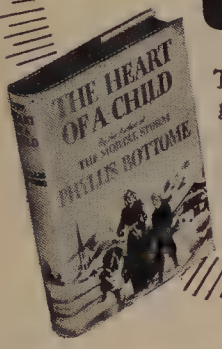
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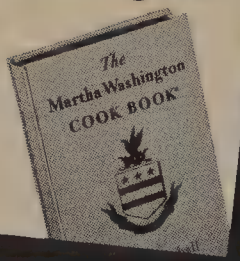
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scrap of land and every tea-shop, ball park, newspaper, and candy factory. We may be in for State capitalism; but there is a vital difference between the Russian and Scandinavian *forms* of State-controlled economy. I assume, naturally, that Mr. Hacker thinks we will have the latter. But if we get the former, not all the "tradition" in the world will save us from slavery. Where the element of our free will enters is in our indicated choice between the two forms of government interference with the economic process.

Matthew Josephson's *The President Makers: 1896–1919* picks up where his earlier *The Politicos* leaves off, with the victory of the McKinley "gold bugs" over "Danton" Bryan and "Robespierre" Altgeld. Where Edmund Wilson writes history in terms of the progenitors of great ideas, and where Louis Hacker writes it in terms of trade balances and investments, Mr. Josephson sticks to human personalities. But he never exploits human idiosyncrasies for their own amusing sake; he is mindful of both ideas and economics as they affect his personalities. And he is mindful of another thing, too: the persistence of human institutions, which often shape future history regardless of ideas and economic considerations alike.

If I were to say patly that Mr. Josephson's book is the best in its field, I would be doing an injustice to many other books about the epoch of Theodore Roosevelt. But certainly Mr. Josephson's is the clearest in its assessment of the forces working through both men and institutions in that epoch. Mr. Josephson writes with a certain soft, suave charm about Nelson Aldrich, Theodore Roosevelt, Big Bill Taft, Old Bob La Follette, Colonel House, and Woodrow Wilson. But if that were all he had to recommend him we could forget him and go back to Bowers's life of Beveridge, or to Pringle's *Taft*, or to Nathaniel Stephenson's *Nelson Aldrich*, or to Ray Stannard Baker or William Allen White on Woodrow Wilson. The literature on the progressive era is vast; and there is no use multiplying biography for the mere sake of telling an old story. Mr. Josephson, however, sees the progressive era as a period in which two conceptions of reform battled for supremacy—the Brandeis conception and the Herbert Croly conception. Brandeis was, of course, for preventing monopoly by enforcing competition and controlling the size of business units; Croly was for giving bigness its head and then regulating it in a vague "public" interest. With these two thinkers as his touchstones, Mr. Josephson is able to bring order out of the chaos of conflicting "New Nationalisms" and "New Freedoms"; he is always alert for the indirect influence of the two great progressive theoreticians on politicians who certainly never paid much conscious attention either to Brandeis's *Other People's Money* or to Croly's *The Promise of American Life*. In writing of the history of 1912, when Brandeis dominated the party of Woodrow Wilson

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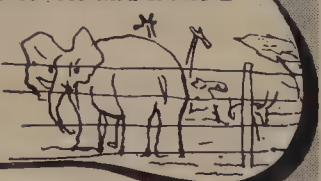
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and when Croly affected the Rooseveltian Bull Moosers, Mr. Josephson, by inference, sheds a good deal of light on the confusions of Franklin Roosevelt's two terms in office. For Franklin Roosevelt is temperamentally a Croly progressive, yet he has been forced by the failure of NRA to embrace the Brandeis version of progressivism all through his second term. And now, irony of ironies, just when Roosevelt's Assistant Attorney General Thurman W. Arnold has written a whacking good Brandeisean book called ***The Bottlenecks of Business*** (Reynal & Hitchcock, $2.50), a foreign war threatens to throw F.D.R. from Brandeis back to Croly. But the fight will go on long after you and I and F.D.R. and Thurman Arnold are dead, as Mr. Josephson, who is no alarmist, recognizes in his sane and temperate foreword. Incidentally, Mr. Josephson, working from Amos Pinchot's papers, has given us the best account to date of the inner manipulations of the 1912 Progressive Party convention by George W. Perkins and Frank Munsey, two representatives of the "interests" which Old Bob La Follette's National Progressive Republican League had originally been formed to combat.

In the first paragraph of this month's reviews I have slandered those who think there is any one single "key" to history. And just to underscore my point I offer ***Singing Valleys: The Story of Corn***, by Dorothy Giles (Random House, $3), a fascinating book which treats the history of the Western Hemisphere as a by-product of the fact that maize was native to this side of the ocean. Miss Giles goes a long way with her unifying "principle," the cornstalk: she proves to her satisfaction that the Pilgrims of New England and the Cavaliers of Virginia would have died without it. Moreover, she says, corn means individual freedom: one man can single-handedly plant, pick, and store enough corn for the winter where it takes many men to reap, thresh, and store a crop of wheat. If New England had not been reared on the easy crop of corn, she would never have been able to spare her men for long voyages to China and the South Seas on ships. As it was, New England's women were perfectly capable of planting and picking—and eating—corn while the men were off gallivanting after whale oil.

The Marxians say that all history is the history of class struggles. That may go for decadent—and maizeless—Europe. But Miss Giles says that all history in our hemisphere is the history of corn. As one who is still living off his corn patch in a frostless late September, I can accept Miss Giles's Golden Bantam mysticism where Marx's Golden Shekel mysticism leaves me cold.

To turn to purely contemporary history, there is Clare Boothe's ***Europe in the Spring*** (Knopf, $2.50). Miss Boothe sailed for Europe last February; she talked with Ciano in Italy, paid her respects to the Ritz harpies in Paris, insulted the

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By Fred Rothermell

"This is a novel very rich in personalities . . . It is a humorous book too, when the story prompts humor, which is often, and it is an honest book . . . It is a vivid reporting of a great emergency in a novel scene."—Henry Seidel Canby. $2.50

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British in London for not pushing their defenses, and took a side jaunt over to Holland and Belgium just in time to be caught in Brussels on May 10, the day of the *Blitzkrieg*. In the course of her wanderings Miss Boothe failed to get the exact facts about German plane production and the hydrogenation of coal (if that's the process by which Hitler is getting his oil); all she managed to pick up was gossip, innuendo, misleading leads, false syllogisms, gags, the social clichés of the day. Nevertheless (or therefore), *Europe in the Spring* is a most accurate historical document. Clare Boothe has an ear for dialogue, an eye for social surfaces; and her book lives in its conversational quality. It will undoubtedly prove to be a perfect index to the state of mind of Paris and London last May, just before the Germans broke through.

As for Miss Boothe's conclusions, I can't accept them at their face value (although it may be necessary to take them on a provisional, *as if* basis if we are to rearm in time). Miss Boothe evidently thinks the United States is through as a democracy unless it can galvanize itself into an all-out crusading mood designed to carry *both democracy and Christianity* to the ends of the earth. Her hatred of Hitler, which I certainly share, has led her to an "either-or" philosophy—but "either-or" never enabled the Moslem world to conquer the Christian world, or vice versa; and there is no reason to believe that any one way of life is ever going to conquer everywhere. (The British, Miss Boothe, became great precisely because they never believed in "either-or"; "limitation" was the Briton's watchword.) But if the stated lesson of *Europe in the Spring* seems to me false, there is a real lesson for America concealed in a colloquy on page 143. Here Miss Boothe notes that England managed to remain both "mobilized" and a democracy for years simply because her navy was integrated with her peacetime economy. The United States, too, can choose such a combination of perpetual "mobilization" and democracy, for the United States is a great island. Miss Boothe can vote for crusading; but if time permits there remains the democratic alternative of voting for a navalism to make crusading *against* us too expensive a job to appeal to anyone, even including Hitler.

The remaining items on my list of September reading include ***The Ghostland***, a really fine novel by Fred Rothermell (Lippincott, $2.50); Archibald MacLeish's ***The Irresponsibles*** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $1); and Jerome Weidman's crisp travelogue, ***Letter of Credit*** (Simon & Schuster, $2.75). *The Ghostland* is about a family that is caught in the great Ozark drought; while it is less cosmic in scope and implications than *The Grapes of Wrath*, it is more purely dramatic. If it had been published four years ago it would have been hailed as a fine "proletarian" novel; to-day it can be hailed as a first-rate story of people who happen to be up against it. . . . Mr.

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MacLeish's *The Irresponsibles* is a lyrical, impassioned plea for scholars and artists to defend the values of a civilization that respects scholarship and art; one can agree thoroughly with its intent without believing that all of our scholars and artists have been "irresponsible." . . . Mr. Weidman's *Letter of Credit*, the story of a trip around the world just on the eve of the war, is smart, spanking stuff. I enjoyed particularly the account of the man who lived for forty years in the Malayan jungle under the impression that he and his wife were just there on a temporary basis.



IN BRIEF



By Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

The Family, by Nina Fedorova.

A white Russian family fled to China, where poor but happy they proceeded to open a boarding house and take in samples of nearly all the derelicts of the earth. The story jumps about amusingly from one character to another during the days of bombing and terror in Tientsin in 1937. There is the roaring but kind-hearted Englishwoman, usually drunk; the fortune-telling Russian woman; the Russian philosopher-scientist and his gentle wife. The five little Japanese; the grandmother of the family, resourceful and deeply religious; the mother who becomes as serene and lovely as the grandmother; the pretty daughter, radiantly in love; the silent older boy, and the very real little-boy brother. The importance of the book does not lie in the action, but in the feeling that pervades it—a feeling of childish serenity and belief in life and the brotherhood of man in spite of suffering and horror. This belief is so implicitly affirmed all through the story that one cringes a little at having it pointed out like a moral at the end. But it doesn't spoil the rich effectiveness of the book. Atlantic Prize Novel.

Little, Brown, $2.50

You Can't Go Home Again, by Thomas Wolfe.

All the words to describe Tom Wolfe's books have been used again and again. This final autobiographical novel—he could write no other kind—is different from the others only in that it comes nearer to our time and to days that are more mature. It is full of sorrow for the passing of old worlds that we have loved, but full of hope, too, for new worlds which he was sure that we as a nation, and he—George Webber—Tom Wolfe—would find. A deeply moving book. Harper's, $3

The Stone of Chastity, by Margery Sharp.

There seems no limit to the gaiety that comes out of England while the sky falls upon her people. At the moment, Jan Struthers' very human, very British *Mrs. Miniver* is leading most of the best-

seller lists, but Miss Sharp's hilarious story of Professor Pounce and his stone of chastity, and the havoc they stirred up in the little village of Gillenham, may well start warm competition for first place. Little, Brown, $2.50

Dago Red, by John Fanté.

In this autobiographical family story, in a chronological progression of scenes, in vivid staccato, Mr. Fanté tells what life is like in an Italian-American home. There are rich pictures of his first communion, his first funeral, his first girl. By the author of *Wait Until Spring*, *Bandini*, and *Ask the Dust.* Viking, $2.50

Non-fiction

Trelawney, by Margaret Armstrong.

The Book-of-the-Month for October is the biography of the picturesque young adventurer and writer, friend of Shelley and Byron. His life was one incredible story after another and Miss Armstrong, who wrote *Fanny Kemble: A Passionate Victorian*, has done them all justice. Macmillan, $3

From England to America: A Message, by H. N. Brailsford.

This is an enlarged version of the letter which Mr. Brailsford wrote to the *New Republic* some months ago. From an Englishman who has fairly consistently attacked the peacetime policies of his government, this statement of faith is especially interesting. Completely aware of the temper of American feeling, he knows that his message is not a popular one, but believes it is one that we must accept. With understanding for our point of view, but without mincing words he tells this story: None of us is safe until Nazism is not only repulsed but defeated. It cannot be defeated, finally, without American help. And even with American help it cannot be wiped out without a friendly European base of operations from which to strike at its heart. If we let England go now, we lose that base and can only win it back later at infinitely greater cost. And he makes no bones about saying that if Hitler is to be beaten, sooner or later we must send *men.* It is a relief to hear someone speak with courage the whole truth as he sees it. Whittlesey House, $1

Letter from England, by Mollie Panter-Downes.

Many people are already familiar with these letters which have appeared in the *New Yorker* over a period from September, 1939, to September, 1940, but reading them again in book form one finds that their cumulative effect is extraordinary. It is a heart-lifting record of a weary year. Little, Brown, $2

Beyond German Victory, by Helen Hill and Herbert Agar.

This is a book which should be read by everyone who is seriously considering the crisis which faces us to-day. It is a plea to our leaders to tell us the truth while there is still time, and to the people to demand the truth before it shall be too late, as it

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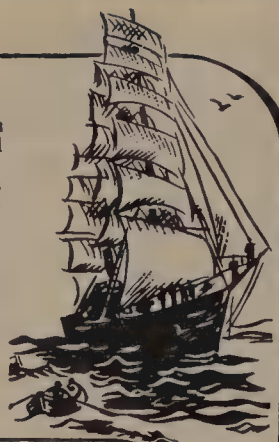
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Mr. Veteran on the Junior College



ACT VI

Scene: Mr. Veteran's living room, where he is welcoming Mrs. Swift.

MRS. SWIFT: I hope you don't mind my coming early. I have a confession to make.

MR. VETERAN: You know very well you can't come too early to please me. What's your confession?

MRS. SWIFT: I've been talking so positively to Ann about education for girls — using all of your arguments — that she thinks I really know something.

MR. VETERAN: I'm inclined to agree with her.

MRS. SWIFT: Well, generally speaking, I know I'm right because I agree with you, but there's one entire field I'm ignorant about, and it may be the very thing for Julie. Will you tell me about junior colleges quick before Ann and Julie come?

MR. VETERAN (*glancing at the clock*): In ten minutes? That's a large order, Polly, but I'll do my best. I'll skip statistics and merely remark that this comparatively new idea in education has grown in the last twenty-five years, with the approval of such educators as President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, until there are now more than five hundred junior colleges in the country. There is the widest variety in their histories, characters, and performances. There are junior colleges for men, there are those for women, and there are coeducational ones. They range in size from twenty to twelve hundred students, in cost from $150 to $2500 a year, in location from the eastern to the western seaboard.

MRS. SWIFT: Heavens! I'd no idea the field was so huge.

MR. VETERAN: It's so huge that even at a hard gallop it would take hours to run over the surface. The main idea reduced to its simplest terms is this: the junior college offers two years of study equal in grade and quality to the work of freshman and sophomore years at a liberal arts college, although the academic program is generally more elastic and may include vocational or professional courses.

MRS. SWIFT: It sounds interesting, but I don't know. Julie has always shied away from even the word "college." I've wondered why.

MR. VETERAN: Perhaps because a four years' course on top of preparatory school sounds pretty long.

MRS. SWIFT: I'm sure that is part of it. You know, she's an intelligent child, and she's always liked school well enough.

MR. VETERAN: A great advantage of the junior college for a girl like Julie is that she isn't committed to a long course at the start. She would get two years of higher education, after which, if she wished, she could transfer to a college or university and enter junior year. Otherwise, she would have had a well rounded, interesting, and profitable course of studies far beyond what any preparatory school could give.

MRS. SWIFT: I told you, didn't I, that Julie doesn't seem to have any particular interest?

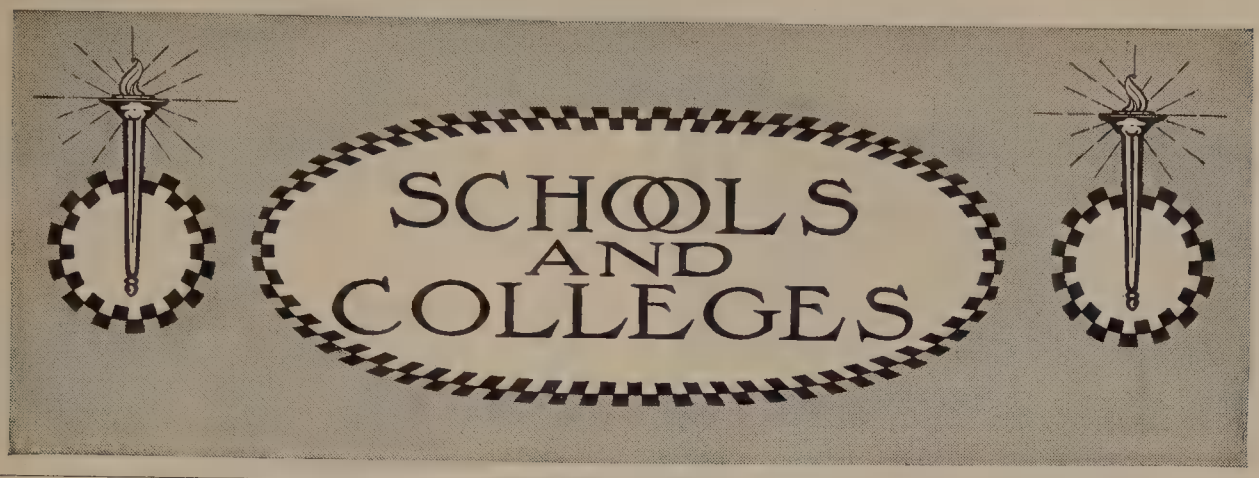
MR. VETERAN: You did, indeed, and that's another reason why a junior college seems well worth consideration for her. The best of them have been particularly interested in uncovering latent aptitudes, and most of them give careful tests to entering students to find out what hidden talents may be brought to light. Then, teachers trained in guidance — dreadful word, but expressive — help the students plan their courses around these talents. Often a newly discovered aptitude generates a desire to study that turns an indifferent student into a first rate one. That might easily happen to your niece. I know of one girl who was found to have a flair for color and line so marked that the junior college where she had entered helped her to build her studies around the subject of interior decoration. That meant stiff courses in history, fine arts, aesthetics, psychology. She became so interested that she went on to a university and is now doing post graduate work.

MRS. SWIFT: But suppose Julie doesn't discover any such burning interest.

MR. VETERAN: Suppose she doesn't — that's all right. You tell me she is naturally domestic. The junior colleges offer admirable courses in domestic economy — in household management, intelligent buying, child study. The homekeeping hearts are likely to be happiest when the homekeeping jobs are done efficiently, don't you think? The domestic job doesn't have to be a haphazard, trial and error performance. Is it reasonable to suppose that Julie's future husband is going to love her the less because she manages her part of the domestic bargain with skill and wisdom? (*A bell rings.*)

MRS. SWIFT: There they are! Now that I've had my spot of cramming on the subject, I *could* talk beautifully about the advantages of junior colleges, but I'm not going to because I want Ann and Julie to be persuaded and I don't know anybody who persuades as nicely as you do, Mr. Veteran.

A. R. A.



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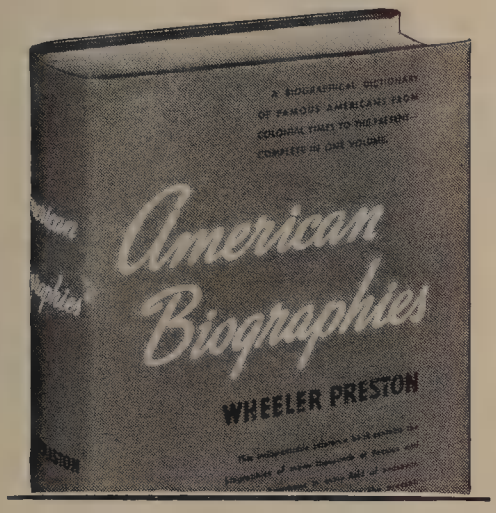
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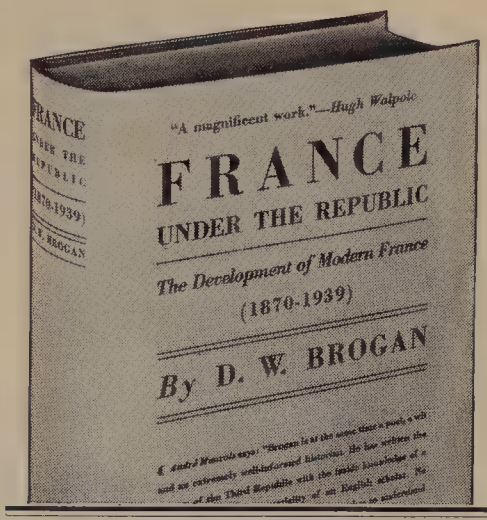
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Harpers Magazine

THE PILGRIM HAWK

A NOVEL IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

BY GLENWAY WESCOTT

THE Cullens were Irish; but it was in France that I met them and was able to form an impression of their love and their trouble. They were on their way to a property they had rented in Hungary; and one afternoon they came to Chancellet to see my great friend Alexandra Henry. That was in May of 1928 or 1929, before we all returned to America, and she met my brother and married him.

Needless to say, the twenties were very different from the thirties, and now the forties have begun. In the twenties it was not unusual to meet foreigners in countries as foreign to them as to you, your peregrination just crossing theirs; and you did your best to know them in an afternoon or so; and perhaps you called that little lightning knowledge, friendship. There was a kind of optimistic curiosity in the air. And vagaries of character, and the war and peace that go on in the psyche, seemed of the greatest and even importance.

Chancellet must be a painful place in the forties, although one of the least changed in France, I suppose, because it is unimportant. As I remember there was a school of what is now romantically called celestial navigation, with a modest flying field and a few hangars, two or three kilometers away, at Pelors; but if that is in use now the foreigners must have it. In our day, day in and day out, the old Duchesse de Challot and her poor relations and friends in tight coats on wind-broken mounts used to hunt in the forest of Pelors. We could hear their hunting horns which sounded like a picnic of boy sopranos, lost. Meanwhile perhaps there have been anti-aircraft guns for the defense of Paris embedded all amid the earths of foxes; angry radio stammering in the well-kept branches. Now at least the foxes and the thrushes can come back. The old ex-cabinet minister whose château and little park adjoined Alex's garden is dead.

Her house was just a section of the

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village street: two small dwellings and a large horse-stable combined and rebuilt and expensively furnished in the plain modern style. She or her architect made a mistake in the planning of the ground floor. The dining room and the chief guest-room were on the street, which is also the highway to Orléans and the tourist country of the Loire; so that the reckless French traffic practically brushed the walls, and heavy trucks alarmed one all night. Not only Alex's bedroom but the kitchen and pantry opened into the spacious and quiet garden. This delighted the new servants whom Alex had brought up from Morocco, a romantic pair named Jean and Eva. They promptly took a far corner of it under some plane trees for their own use; and all spring they passed every spare moment there, quarreling and occasionally weeping during the day, but like clockwork making peace and sealing it with kisses in the twilight or moonlight. . . . I mention this odd location of the servants' quarters because, that afternoon of the Cullens' visit, I went to speak to Jean and happened to look out the kitchen window and saw Cullen in the garden, futilely giving way to his awful jealousy, emancipated from love for a few minutes.

There had been no mention of their coming, or perhaps I had forgotten it. I heard the doorbell ring, then ring again. Jean and Eva must have been outdoors or napping. Alex had put through a telephone call to London upon some little annoying matter of business, and wished not to be disturbed. So I went to the door; and there was the long dark Daimler entirely occupying the cobbled space between the house and the highway, and there stood the Irishman about to ring a third time. "Oh, how d'ya do, is this Miss Henry's house, my name's Cullen," he said; and turned to help Mrs. Cullen out of the car, which was a delicate operation, for she bore a full-grown hooded falcon on her wrist. A dapper young chauffeur also helped. She was dressed with extreme elegance and she wore the highest heels I ever saw, on which, with one solicitous male at each elbow, she stumbled across the ancient cobblestones, the bird swaying a little and hunching its wings to steady itself.

I told them my name, and they repeated it after me and shook hands with a somewhat grand and vague affability. "I brought my hawk," Mrs. Cullen unnecessarily announced. "She's new. I thought Alex wouldn't mind. And I hope you too," she added and paused a moment, with bright eyes to flatter me just in case I felt entitled to authority of some sort in Alex's house, "I hope you won't mind." She had no way of knowing who or what I was: casual caller or one of Alex's kinsmen or perhaps a sweetheart.

Her eyes were a crystal blue, unmistakably Irish; and she was unmistakable in other ways too, in spite of her brisk London voice and fine French dress. Her make-up was better than you would have expected of a lady falconer; still you could see that her skin was naturally downy and her snub nose tended to be pink. There was also a crookedness, particularly in the alignment of her nostrils and her voluble little lips. How rare pulchritude is among the Irish, I said to myself; therefore what a trouble is made when it does appear: Emer and Deirdre, Mrs. O'Shea and Mrs. McBride. Then my glance fell upon Mrs. Cullen's snowy dimpled fingers, with a considerable diamond on one, a star sapphire on another. Between her sleeve and the rough gauntlet to which the falcon clung, her wrist showed like a bit of Easter lily; and her ankle was a match for it, perfectly straight in a mere glimmer of stocking. No doubt these fine points were enough to entitle her to a certain enchantment and disturbance of the opposite sex: her husband for one.

Meanwhile Jean had come running in a fine embarrassment, buttoning his white jacket; and I sent him to inform his mistress of the arrival of her guests and to guide their chauffeur to the garage, while

I tried to usher them into the living room. But Mrs. Cullen went on explaining the hawk. "Her name's Lucy. Don't you think she's sweet? She's Scottish; I've only had her five or six weeks. A gamekeeper near Inverness trapped her, but she's all right, only one toe bent in the trap. D'you see, this toe?" She paused on the threshold and held up the gloved hand and wrist on which Lucy perched, and I saw, gripping the rugged and stained leather, one sharp talon that did not grip straight. The stain on the leather was dried blood.

"I call her Lucy because my old father used to make me read Scott to him in the winter whenever the weather got too beastly to hunt. I thought Alex would like to see her."

"We had to bring her anyway," her husband loudly chimed in. "The most awful things happen if we leave her in the hotel. She frightens the chambermaids, and they scream and weep. I have to give immense tips."

He was a large man, not really fat but with bulk and softness irregularly here and there, not so much in the middle as up and down his back, all around his head, in his hands. His British complexion suggested eating and drinking rather than hunting and shooting; certainly nothing about him suggested hawking. His hazel eyes were a little bloodshot, wavering golden now and then; and he had a way of opening and shutting his lips, like an unsympathetic pout, or a dispirited kiss, under the tufts of his mustache.

We were about to sit down in the living room when they both noticed it, and evidently felt obliged to comment. "What a splendid room, splendid," they said; "most unusual and modern and comfortable." It was not splendid, but it was very large: the entire former stable with the hayloft removed so that the roof constituted the ceiling, with old chestnut rafters gothically pointing up twenty-five or thirty feet; the woodwork darkly waxed and the walls painted white. It reminded me of a village church. At regular intervals all round hung certain modern pictures with only blunt rudimentary drawing and overflowing color, like stained glass. But on as fine a day as this, modern art was dimmed and dwarfed by the view of the garden and the park beyond it; Alex's architect having removed almost a third of the wall on that side and put in two great panes of plate glass.

Mrs. Cullen tripped over to this great window and courteously exclaimed once more: "Splendid garden. What luck to have a pond!" It was what the French call an English garden; no formal flower beds—a few blossoms amid the grass, paths along the water, and shrubs flourishing, in the muffled brilliance of late May. The characteristic Seine-et-Oise sky, foamy cloud and weak blue, lay at our feet also, daubed in a soft copy on the surface of the pond. In the background every tree was draped in a slightly different shade of the same ecstatic color.

But as Mrs. Cullen stood facing all this I had an impression of indifference and mere courtesy; her look did not take in much. A little narrow frown, an efficient survey, only to discover if there was anything in it for her personally; and there was not. In a moment the light eyelashes began to flutter again, and the blue pupils loosened, merely sparkling. Her prolonged and expressive looks were all for her husband or her hawk.

Now what seeing the garden chiefly reminded her of was that the hawk could not see: its entire head except the beak encased in its plumed Dutch hood. "Poor Lucy, blind as a bat," she murmured; and very deftly, taking one drawstring in her teeth and the other between thumb and forefinger of her right hand, she unhooded it. It also frowned and stared circularly at the room and blinked at the window. Then it opened out and rearranged the whitish and bluish feathers round its throat; combed its head between its tethered legs; smoothed its cheek against its powerful shoulder.

Mrs. Cullen paced up and down, evi-

dently trying to decide which armchair would suit her and Lucy best. Then Alex came in from her long-distance business, with apologies for not welcoming them at once. They replied with another round of compliments upon the house and garden, and there was a new introduction of the falcon. "Lucy, for Lucy Ashton, Lucy of Lammermoor," Mrs. Cullen explained. "Don't you remember her song? *Easy live and quiet die, Vacant hand and heart and eye.*"

To my amusement Cullen hummed a few notes of the Mad Scene from "Lucia" in a manly Irish treble. His wife hushed him by murmuring his name, which was Larry; and went on informing Alex that they were at the Plaza-Honoré, busy shopping in Paris, eager to leave for Hungary via Strasbourg on the morrow. I was impatient for them to cease this small talk and be seated, because I wanted to sit down and admire the falcon comfortably, and to ask certain questions. At last Mrs. Cullen requested a straight chair, which I brought from the dining room.

I was much impressed by Alex's enthusiasm during this first part of the Cullens' visit. It reminded me that she must be lonely here in France with only myself and my cousin and a few other friends rather like us. She had spent a number of years in Scotland with her father, and in Morocco, and journeying around the Orient; and in London too the acquaintances of her girlhood had been outdoor people like these two, self-centered but without any introspection, strenuous but emotionally idle. It was a type of humanity that she no longer quite respected or trusted, but evidently still enjoyed.

Their enthusiasm about themselves and all that exactly appertained to them, always overflowing, coolly playing and bubbling over in mild agitation like a fountain, held your attention and mirrored itself in your mind; little by little you began to bubble with it. One of Alex's obvious characteristics was lack of curiosity; and I think that was chiefly fear of arousing or authorizing others' inquiry about herself. Perhaps selfishness reassured her and made her less shy. In any case, that afternoon she eagerly asked questions, including some that I had in mind; and Mrs. Cullen was charmed to answer; and Cullen was charmed to listen and give back his approximate echoes. Thus an odd kind of compatibility was established, in which I too gradually let myself be included, somewhat to my surprise.

For one thing, the bird charmed me so that nothing else mattered much. And it served as an embodiment or emblem for me of all the truly interesting subjects of conversation that these very sociable, traveling, sporting people leave out as a rule: illness, poverty, sex, religion, art. Whenever I began to be bored, a solemn glance of its maniacal eyes helped me to stop listening and to think concentratedly of myself instead, or for myself.

Furthermore the Cullens began to puzzle me; to charm me in that sense. Whether or not I finally arrive at a proper understanding of people, I often begin in the way of a vexed, intense superficiality. And indeed they were mere male and female of that species of well-to-do British which haunts the entire world with excess of energy and sedate manner. They were self-absorbed, coldly gregarious, mere passers of time. But nothing about them was authentically sedate or even peaceful. There Cullen plumply sat in Alex's softest armchair, his legs more widely spread or loosely crossed than you would expect of a conventional gentleman; licking his lips under his fringy mustache; evidently thinking of his dinner; interrupting his wife's conversation at regular intervals as if that were his life work. Yet he seemed to be constantly fighting against some strange feeling, and to be somehow outwitted by it. Whenever he spoke, his wife smiled or kindly tilted her head toward him. This, I felt, was chiefly good breeding on her part; many of his remarks, and especially his tone of voice, seemed unpleasant. But between

remarks, in her general glances at him, there was affection as bright as tears. And during the loving fuss she made over the great bird on her arm she kept shifting her eyes in his direction, imploring him to try to like it too. It might have been a baby, and he a lover; or was it the other way round?

Alex expressed surprise that they should willingly leave Ireland at this lovely time of year. Mrs. Cullen answered that, in season or out, there was nothing much to do in Ireland except hunt. "And our terrible sons pinch our hunters when they come home. We can't afford to keep enough for them. I can't bear a horse that others have been riding."

She also alluded mildly to the diminishment of the old quiet kind of fortune like theirs. The banshee in the draughty corridor or the weedy hedge crying not the deaths of relatives, but increase of taxes, decrease of rents and investments. . . . Indeed they still appeared rich, in hand-woven silk with diamonds, in tweed as soft as silk, stopping at the Plaza-Honoré, en route to Budapest in a Daimler. But all that in fact is cheaper than an old country house full of guests, and the requisite stable and kennel and larder and cellar, and servants enough. Having closed Cullen Hall, Mrs. Cullen pointed out, they were in a position to accept invitations half the year; and the Continent was cheap.

Evidently her telling us this vexed Cullen. He warmly informed us that one of his neighbors, a drunken idiot anyway, had sold everything that the entail permitted, and two of his cousins were obliged to rent; and so it went all over the British Isles. Their own circumstances were neither discreditable nor hopeless. There were still certain inheritances due them, on his side, not Mrs. Cullen's. His sons might be considered grown men, except by their mother; but they were still engaged in that great postponement, education, which is expensive. His brother and sister were happy to have them during their long vacations; but as a rule they preferred to loiter at Cullen Hall with two or three servants who were too old to dismiss anyway; and they hunted with the neighbors. It is easy for youngsters to get on with new people, even such as the latest in their county, a manufacturing peer named Bild, a Jew; not at all easy for him.

Mrs. Cullen said a word in defense of Lord Bild. Thank heaven it was he who had bought the estate adjoining Cullen Hall, on their youngsters' account especially. Although of common Germanic origin he was very strict about manners and sportsmanship and keeping fit; more so than they were. Neighborly influence is like education; the best teachers belong to the races and classes which have been learning themselves just lately.

Now Cullen had risen and was standing at his wife's elbow, shaking his finger at the falcon teasingly. I thought that the bird's great eyes showed only a slight natural bewilderment; whereas a slow sneer came over his face and he turned pale. It was the first revelation I had of the interesting fact that he hated Lucy. He would willingly have sacrificed a finger tip in order to have an excuse to retaliate, I thought; and I imagined him picking up a chair or a coffee table and going at her with smashing blows. What a difference there is between animals and humans! Lucy no doubt would be disgustingly fierce when her time came; but meanwhile sat at her ease in abeyance. Whereas humanity is histrionic, and must prepare and practice every stroke of passion; so half our life is a vague and stormy make-believe.

Mrs. Cullen merely looked up at her husband and said in a velvety tone, "The trouble with Ireland, from my point of view, is that they don't like our having a falcon. Naturally Lord Bild disapproves; but I don't mind him. He's so unsure of himself; he's a Jew furthermore; you can scarcely expect him to live and let live. But our other neighbors and the family are almost as tiresome."

He thrust the teasing hand in his pocket and returned to his armchair. Her eyes sparkled fast, perhaps with that form of contrition which pretends to be joking. Or perhaps it pleased her to break off the subject of their Irish circumstances and worldly situation and to resume the dear theme of hawk, which meant all the world to her.

The summer before, she told us, an old Hungarian had sold her a trained tiercel. "I took him with me last winter when we stayed with some pleasant Americans in Scotland. There's a bad ailment called croaks, and he caught that and died. They had installed their American heating, which I think makes an old house damp; don't you? Then their gamekeeper trapped Lucy and gave her to me. Wasn't that lucky? I've always wanted a real falcon, a haggard, to man and train myself." In strict terminology of the sport, she explained, only a female is called a falcon; and a haggard is one that has already hunted on her own account, that is, at least a year old when caught.

Except for that one deformed bit of one foot, Lucy was a perfect example of her species, *Falco peregrinus*, pilgrim hawk. Her body was as long as her mistress's arm; the wing feathers in repose a little too long, slung across her back like a folded tent. Her back was an indefinable hue of iron; only a slight patine of the ruddiness of youth still shone on it. Her luxurious breast was white, with little tabs or tassels of chestnut. Out of tasseled pantaloons her legs came down straight to the perch with no apparent flesh on them, enameled a greenish yellow.

But her chief beauty was that of expression. In a way it was like a little flame; it caught and compelled your attention like that, although it did not flicker and there was nothing bright about it nor any warmth in it. It is a look that men sometimes have; men of great energy whose appetite or vocation has kept them absorbed every instant all their lives. They may be good men but they are often mistaken for evil men, and vice versa. In Lucy's case it appeared chiefly in her eyes, not black but funereally brown, and extravagantly large, set deep in her flattened head. On each side of the upper beak there was a little tooth or tusk. Mrs. Cullen explained that the able bird in the prime of life uses this to snap the spinal cord of its quarry, which is the most merciful death in nature. It reminded me of the hooked gloves which our farmers wear to husk corn; and so in fact, I thought, it must work: the falcon in the sky like a large angelic hand, stripping the meat of pigeon or partridge out of its feathers, the soul out of its throat.

I think Mrs. Cullen was the most talkative woman I ever met; and it was hawk, hawk, all afternoon. A good many inhabitants of the British Isles are hell-bent all their lives upon killing some wild animal somehow, and naturally are keen about the domestic animals which assist them. Others, who know all about human nature, nevertheless prefer to converse about animals, perhaps because it is the better part of conversational valor. Mrs. Cullen's enthusiasm was nothing like that, and it probably would have annoyed or alarmed the majority of her compatriots. As it seemed to me after listening a while, she felt welling up in her mind some peculiar imagination, or some trouble impossible to ignore, which she tried to relieve by talking, with a kind of continuous double meaning. I think she would never have admitted the duplicity, and perhaps could not have expressed herself in plain terms. People as a rule do mean much more than they understand.

She informed us, for example, that in a state of nature hawks rarely die of disease; they starve to death. Their eyesight fails; some of their flight feathers break off or fall out; and their talons get dull or broken. They cease to be able to judge what quarry is worth flying at; or their flight slows up so that even the likely quarry gets away. Or, because they have lost weight, the victim is not

stunned by their swooping down on it. Or when they have clutched it, they cannot hang on long enough to kill. Day after day they make fools of themselves. Then they have to depend upon very young birds or sick birds, or little animals on the ground, which are the hardest of all to see; and in any case there are not enough of these easy conquests to keep them in flesh. The hungrier they get, the more wearily and weakly they hunt. And the weaker they get, the more often they go hungry, in a miserable confusion of cause and effect. Finally what appears to be shame and morbid discouragement overcomes them. They simply sit on the rocks or in a tree somewhere waiting to die, as you might say philosophically, letting themselves die.

"I met a man on the staff of our great madhouse in Dublin last year," Mrs. Cullen added. "I was curious to see what it was like; so he took me with him one afternoon on a tour of inspection. Some of the mad people reminded me of hawks, exactly." The lethargically mad, sitting with their hands in their laps, imaginarily exhausted, unable to speak above a whisper, with burning but unfocusable eyes, unable to concentrate. . . .

Cullen cleared his throat boisterously, perhaps to protest against the curiosity of women or against this folly of reading meaning into the ways of mere birds.

Falconers believe that hunger must be worse for falcons than for other birds and animals, Mrs. Cullen said. It maddens them, with a soreness in every feather; an unrelievable itching in their awful feet; a bloody lump in their throats, with the light plumage wrapped loose around like a bandage. This painful greed, sick single-mindedness, makes it possible to tame them and to perfect the extraordinary technique of falconry, which is more than any other bird can learn. You hear it in their cry—*aik, aik*—as Mrs. Cullen then imitated it for us, ache, ache—a small flat scream with a bubbling or gargling undertone, as if their mouths were full of scalding water. "I suppose human beings never feel anything like it."

"But Madeleine, Madeleine, we're never hungry," her husband protested with a chuckle in which there was great satisfaction. "How can we tell?"

She begged him not to be silly. She had known people who had starved, Irish republicans hiding from the Black and Tans, Germans in 1922, and had inquired of them; and they had described it as rather a soft, cool, drowsy feeling.

I wondered about this. Although I had been a poor boy, on a Wisconsin farm and in a slum in Chicago and in Germany in 1922, I could not recollect any exact sensation of hunger, that is to say, hunger of the stomach. And I thought—as the relatively well-fed do think—of the other human hungers, mental and sentimental and so on. For example, my own undertaking in early manhood to be a literary artist. No one warned me that I really did not have talent enough. Therefore my hope of becoming a very good artist turned bitter, hot and nerve-racking; and it would get worse as I grew older. The unsuccessful artist also ends in an apathy, too proud and vexed to fly again, waiting upon withheld inspiration, bored to death. . . . Naturally I did not speak of this to Alex and the Cullens. It seemed rude and somehow abnormal even to be thinking of it, while they sat exchanging information about real life, really starving nations and greedy species of birds.

Whereupon our present bird mantled, that is, stood a moment on one leg, shook the other leg and wing downward, and spread that half of her plumage in a long fan, gazing at me, blinking or winking at me. But because my writing had gone badly all spring I could not bear to give her more than a passing thought with reference to that. I began to think of her as an image of amorous desire instead. That is the great relief of weariness of work in any case; the natural consolation for its not going well. Or

perhaps the Cullens' feeling about each other suggested it to me. No doubt art is too exceptional to be worth talking about; but sex is not. At least in good countries such as France and the United States during prosperous periods like the twenties, it must be the keenest of all appetites for a majority of men most of their lives.

And highly sexed men, unless they give in and get married and stay married, more or less starve to death. I myself was still young then and I had been lucky in love. But little early quarrels and failures warn one; and in the confidences of friends and in gossip about other men, one discovers the vague beastly shape of what to expect. Life goes on and on after one's luck has run out. Youthfulness persists, alas, long after one has ceased to be young. Love-life goes on indefinitely, with less and less likelihood of being loved, less and less ability to love, and the stomach-ache of love still as sharp as ever. The old bachelor is like an old hawk.

Civilized human beings have learned how to avoid literal starvation and the fear of death and real enslavement; so at least it seemed in the twenties. They have this kind of thing instead: fear of old age, loss of charm, lack of love. Therefore I caught myself gazing at my young unmarried Alex anxiously, sentimentally, and at her Irish guests with idle envy. But the Irish wife's uneasiness and the husband's captivated but uncomfortable look reminded me that I was making a false distinction. There is not as much sweet safety in marriage as one hopes. Hunger and its twin, disgust, are in it too; need and greed; and passage of time, the punishment. Of course true love and lust are not the same, neither are they inseparable or indistinguishable. Only they reflect and elucidate each other.

Looking back upon that afternoon's talk and thought, I am inclined to hold Mrs. Cullen responsible for this day-dreaming of mine, personal worry and exhilaration, which made me inattentive to what she said now and then. In a woman as energetic and attractive as that, the hint of hidden emotion and the sense of double meaning naturally are exciting; and the excitement leads in one's own private direction. But as it were in a mirror, looking at myself, I could see something of her character and plight before the circumstances of the afternoon betrayed her. I think that was what she instinctively wanted.

Meanwhile she had gone on answering Alex's questions: something about the craftsmen who outfit falcons, generation after generation of avian haberdashers especially in India, and which bell resounds the clearest through the grass and bushes and breezes, and what hood is least likely to ulcerate the waxen lids and lips; and something about an ancient Persian text with a thrice-hyphenated title which is still the best handbook of falconry. I wanted to know all this, yet I failed to pay attention.

Then Lucy bated, that is, threw herself headlong off the fist. The jesses around her legs and the leash looped through Mrs. Cullen's fingers held her ignominiously, upside down. It was a painful sight, like an epileptic fit or an insane fit. There was no possibility of the thongs breaking; I half-expected her lean bright legs to snap instead. I expected her to scream, aik! But the only sound was the jingling of her bell and the convulsion of her plumage. The tail feathers and the flight feathers shooting out rigidly, threshed against herself and against her mistress from head to foot. Mrs. Cullen, not the least disconcerted, raised her left arm straight up over her head, and stood up and stood quite still, only turning her face away from the flapping and whipping. Her equanimity impressed me as much as her strength.

In a minute Lucy gave up little by little. It was extraordinary: you could see her self-control returning, recurring in one feather after another. Then she hung peacefully like a mere turkey or goose hooked up in a butchershop; only for an instant. The long wings began

again, but in a different exertion: hugging the air, bracing against the air, until her talons got a grip on the gauntlet and she succeeded in pulling herself up again where she belonged. There she stared or glared at us, blinking the rush of blood back out of her embarrassed eyes and pulling her plumage together.

With a sigh and a half-smile Mrs. Cullen brought her burdened and shaken arm down, and seated herself again in the straight chair. Some such hopeless attempt to escape, crazy fit of freedom, comes over all domesticated falcons at fairly regular intervals, she explained, especially in their first year or two; all their lives if they have not been well manned. "They never get over being wild. It's like malaria or that other intermittent fever, the one you have to be so careful about in the Orient."

Lucy happened to be an unusually frank, active bird, so that you could often tell when her trouble was to be expected; by a soft repeated tinkle of her bells or a steady pull at one of her jesses. The leather might of course be loose or worn out. "And instead it pinches her, which makes her angry, and everything seems hopeless," Mrs. Cullen concluded. "She can't help it, can't bear it. It's like committing suicide."

"Give me liberty or give me death, ha, ha," cried Cullen, seeming to expect special applause from us because we were Americans, or perhaps because Alex's name was Henry like the American who first expressed that sentiment. His wife gave him that look of hers which was the opposite of applause; and he took it as usual. His hazel eyes stood out like jewels, the tip of his tongue brightened his lips.

Meanwhile she was slowly caressing Lucy's lower plumage and tired feet. She might have been a trained nurse and Lucy her patient, after a bout of illness or craziness. Or she might have been in love and Lucy her beloved, pleasure absent-mindedly ebbing. . . . And every word she uttered added a little to the confused significance. "Sometimes I can prevent her independent fits. The way a governess gets to know a child, and can see its tantrums beginning and distract it somehow. . . . Being stroked like this often does the trick. At first I used a dried pigeon's wing as you're supposed to, but this suits Lucy as well."

Idly she went on with it: two dimpled fingers with long tinted nails and heavy rings just brushing the spent feathers. "Or if I notice it in time, I lift her over my head for a moment. She likes to perch as high as possible, so she can look down upon everything around her. I think it must frighten her to see things higher than she is. We're like that sometimes ourselves, aren't we?" she added, smiling gently. Time after time her transitions like this—from hawk to human, objective to subjective—startled me. To be sure, any woman greatly in love must know how a flattery in time saves trouble, how the illusion of superiority counteracts the illusion of inferiority, as well as any governess. But it had not occurred to me that her love of Cullen was great in that sense: cunning, instructive, curative.

Falcons, she informed us, do not breed in captivity. Various attempts have been made to induce them to, but with no success. Thus the entire sport has to start again from scratch for each falconer, whenever he trains a new playmate. Little by little the perfectly wild creature surrenders, individually, in the awful difficulty of hunger. But surrender is all, domestication is all; they never feel at home. You can carry male and female side by side in the same cadge year in and year out; nothing happens. They will cease to fight but they stay solitary. Scorn of each other for giving in, or self-scorn, seems to break their hearts. They never build a nest or lay an egg. Not one chick or eyas is ever reared in bondage. There is no real acceptance or inheritance of the state of surrender. Mrs. Cullen mentioned, as a kind of exception, the make-hawks: old good-natured birds which some

professionals use in the training of the young wild ones. But even their influence must be in the way of a rationalization of necessary evil, inculcation of vice, making the best of a bad bargain. For they too are born in the vacant rocks or uncomfortable trees; and they too keep sterile.

"Like schoolmasters," crowed Cullen. That appealed to my sense of humor. But Cullen's smile was a leer if I ever saw one, and evidently embarrassed his wife and Alex, so I kept from smiling.

Mrs. Cullen then quoted Buffon's famous sentence about falcons: "*L'individu seul est esclave; l'espèce est libre.*" Buffon had been her father's second-best author, after Scott. Her French accent was incorrect but very pretty. Only the individual hawk is a slave; the species is free. . . .

Then Alex spoke up, in what was a loud voice for her: "Oh, dear, it is the opposite of human beings. We are slaves in the mass, aren't we? Only one man can hope to free himself, one at a time, and then another, one by one."

"Oh, I dare say," Mrs. Cullen assented. "Yes, perhaps." But she smiled patronizingly. Perhaps she was congratulating herself upon knowing a freer and stronger type of humanity than our pampered, subtle, self-questioning American type and so she may have, I suppose: Irish republicans, wild Hungarians with hawks, Germans during their defeat.

"But it is true, isn't it?" Alex insisted. "The man who really loves freedom is the exception."

"Oh, quite. How right you are," our lady falconer dubiously murmured.

But her husband disagreed. "No, Alex! What a disgusting idea! Love of liberty is the deepest instinct we have—if you will excuse my saying so."

We silently considered this for a moment; the three of us, it seemed, regretfully. Alex wanted freedom more than anything; and if others as a rule did not, she might have a lonely life. In any case it would take a better man than Cullen to dispel her young misanthropy. I myself regretted never having been able to decide what to think: how much liberty is a true human motive, and how much is wasteful and foolish? And for the first time that afternoon Mrs. Cullen gazed at her husband sadly, that is, weakly. She agreed with him, I felt sure. But there are circumstances in which it may be obvious that at least one human being requires freedom; and you bitterly regret that it is so: because you need to keep that one captive.

"Why, hang it all," Cullen still sputtered, "why, independence is the only thing that is human about hawks. Don't you agree, Madeleine?"

She slightly turned her back to him and contemplated Alex and me rather unkindly. It was the careful absence of expression, absence of frown, that you see on a clever lecturer's face when the irrelevant questioning or heckling begins. There was also a sadness about it which, if I read it aright, I have often felt myself. She did not want us to take her hawk, her dear subject-matter, her hobby and symbol—whatever it meant to her—and turn it this way and that to mean what we liked. It was hers and we were spoiling it. Round her eyes and mouth there were lines of that caricatural weariness which is peculiar to those who talk too much.

Indeed our sociability as a whole had gone off; something a little sour and dark had developed in it. We had been sitting there too long. Alex, I fancied, was counting the minutes until they departed. But suddenly she grew hospitable. "You'll stay to dinner, Madeleine, won't you? Please, Larry, do. I can promise you a good dinner," she added with an indulgent smile.

I wondered whether she had mentioned this invitation to Jean and Eva, and whether the short notice would exasperate or inspire them. Mrs. Cullen also thought of that. "Servants are devils, don't you know. Mine used to behave madly when extra people turned up at Cullen Hall."

Poor Alex was accustomed to the madness of servants; but, as she explained, this new couple did not mind surprises. She had found them in Tangier, where the secretary of the pig-sticking club had engaged them to cook in camp for several tentfuls of unmarried members. With only primitive utensils, a few iron kettles and a spit over an out-door fire, and unpredictable guests at all hours, it evidently was child's play for them, and a welcome opportunity to show off. One afternoon a French general and a party of eight had motored out from the town, and some thoughtless fellow had asked them to stay. Jean had taken a boar killed that morning, and by slicing it thin, rubbing it with certain herbs which grew there underfoot amid the tents, and marinating it in four bottles of brandy, rendered it quite edible by nightfall. Alex was inclined to think of her entire lifetime as an emergency of that sort. So she had hired the proud pair and secured passports for them and embarked them for France and Chancellet. And this, she told Mrs. Cullen, was what she had hired them for.

"If we do stay," Mrs. Cullen said, "my bird will have to be fed, toward six o'clock." Alex in any case intended to suggest to Jean a dish of pigeons baked with white currants. He would procure them from a neighbor who had an immense old dovecot; and one could be brought back alive for Lucy. The reminiscence of the brandied wild pig, the prospect of *pigeons aux groseilles*, charmed Cullen; you could see the gourmandise shining on his rosy lips.

Alex went to the kitchen, and by her comfortable air when she came back I judged that Jean was well disposed. Then she suggested our taking a walk until dinnertime, which also charmed Cullen, though his appetite did not need whetting. "By Jove," he said, "I do look forward to those squabs."

They were disappointed to learn that the park was not Alex's property. It belonged to the nation, along with the little château de Chancellet in the midst of it. Bidou, the illustrious aged ex-minister, was permitted to live there. But he kept the gates open in the daytime, and the entire village strolled in and out. Meeting all classes when he took his daily exercise perhaps made him think proudly how democratic a statesman he had been all his life. He gave everyone a *bon jour*. He especially liked meeting Alex because she was an American and he vaguely remembered having advocated the payment of the war debts.

"Oh, aren't politicians a bore?" Cullen exclaimed with an odd proud laugh. "Worse than poets."

"Larry, please," his wife said in haste, "please let's not talk about that." I wondered what that meant.

Alex unlocked the little gate on the far side of the pond, and we strolled along an *allée* of ancient beeches. She warned us that if Bidou should appear in the distance, she would have to turn back. He had a way of inviting her to dine, and Mme. Bidou had asked her not to accept on account of the failing of his health, the folly of his old manhood.

We all felt happier now that we were outdoors. It was beautiful in the park. The trees had been so lovingly tended ever since a pupil of Lenôtre's set them out, that each had developed its maximum character. The way they stood in informal groups, or in line, or alone at a little distance, seemed not only to conform to the art of parks but to express their feelings about each other: idiosyncrasies of affection or obedience, pride or pain. And unlike human characters in such an assembly, they promised or threatened nothing more; no episodes or developments.

Cullen walked up ahead with Alex. Now in the open air he not only laughed but shouted; so that I could hear him telling her a yarn about an old English politician who had attached himself to a young married woman. And one day he and the husband had gone out alone together on the moor for a bit of rough shooting; and he had shot the husband by accident, so to speak. Then he had

married her. But he had worried about it all the rest of his life, which was not long; and he had impoverished her in his will. It was ancient gossip: I had heard it before; and at the time I did not see any oddity in Cullen's telling it, except that it seemed funny to him and not to me. When love is diabolic, I thought, a triangle is the simplest form it can take; and a convenient form, if it cannot be endured. The lovers to be pitied perhaps are those who have no one to hate —what they long to kill, and what the killing would be for, incorporated in one and the same person, the one they love—whose rough shooting therefore can take place only in imagination, and never ends.

Presently we came to a crossroads; and there we did see the short silhouette of old Bidou headed in our direction: his peculiar march or trudge, and the shrugging of his shoulders inside a great cape. All his life he had gone booted like a common soldier and blackly wrapped up, which had been a boon to caricaturists and a kind of electoral trade mark; which now made it easy to avoid him. Mrs. Cullen asked if they might go on ahead and have a look at the famous old fellow.

Alex and I turned back alone toward her house, by a short cut through a dense plantation of young trees, with vernal branches of old trees rounded overhead. It was like walking inside a great recumbent telescope, pointed at the château half a kilometer away. In the nineteenth century, under the personal supervision of Viollet-le-Duc and his friend the author of *Carmen*, Chancellet had been entirely, fussily restored. In the round bit of sunshine afar off, the lens of our telescope, it looked too good to be true, amid the patchy flower beds and the moat, where a few ducks were splashing and lovemaking.

I was in as foolish a good humor as Cullen; everything seemed mysterious and sentimental. The rounded frame of branches in which we strolled, looking ahead into pinkish sunlight; the tidy little architecture enframed, with its associations literary as well as historical; the dying absent-minded erotic statesman exercising daily in an immutable circle around it; our odd guests walking to meet him, woman with hawk and greedy man, whose eyes turned golden when he looked at her, whose spit ran at the mere mention of his dinner—all were gathered around me, I vainly fancied, to make one great vague thing very simple and clear to me. What more could I ask? But it is always foolish to expect simplicity. All one can do is to substitute little facts for great speculations, little performances for immense desire, and call this: simplification.

The return by ourselves gave me a chance to question Alex about the Cullens. They had come to Tangier two or three years before for the pig-sticking. Madeleine rode ideally, but the rule of the club forebade women to carry a spear. Cullen had shown a definite lack of enthusiasm and indeed a lack of talent; however, he had gone out every day and not done badly. When one of the vile brave beasts appeared in the distance—flickering along the shrub, suddenly fleeing out across open ground like the shadow of a flying bird—the Irish woman would gallop out with the very first riders; her husband following hard, looking as if he might fall any minute but not falling. At the last minute, when the spears began to point down along the shoulders of the horses, she would rein up short or turn aside. Suddenly she would not be there any longer, and Cullen still would be. Her ambition for him and his poor horsemanship—so it appeared to the others—betrayed him into prowess. Alex heard a club member say that once or twice at the kill his audacity and ferocity had been rather too much of a good thing; shocking. One morning his horse stepped into a hole and threw him right down beside the boar, a big wicked one already wounded; and he behaved with great sense and courage, and kept his horse away from its tushes, although he was

not quite sober. His not being quite sober was the trouble in general.

One afternoon Mrs. Cullen had said as much to Alex. "Poor Larry, when we're in Ireland or in London with nothing to do, is inclined to overeat, and furthermore to drink far too much." Alex must have been impressed by this confession for she quoted some of it word for word. "Most things are a beastly bore for him, you know; that's his real weakness. But you can't say anything to a grown man about drinking, after all, can you? It's such a horrid little unimportant thing. They're proud, and they resent having to think of it. I had an aunt who talked about it, and it made my uncle worse." As discreetly as she could therefore, she told Alex, she tried to keep him distracted; busy doing things, in good company which inspired him to do well; abroad, and outdoors as much as possible. He often complained that it was no way to live; but it had kept him fit and good-natured.

She was younger than he, Alex pointed out; and she had money of her own; and she was a clever, unconventional, and rather self-indulgent woman. Yet she devoted herself entirely to him, every instant, year in and year out. He on the other hand was not perfectly faithful, in spite of his devotion to her. When they were in Tangier a pretty young American named Baroness Levene came across from Malaga, and flirted with Cullen; and he obviously responded to it. One of the Tangier residents asked them all to dine, and while the men stayed in the dining room, Madeleine had been very rude to the little interloper. A day or two later she spoke of it apologetically. It was disgraceful of her, she assured Alex, to mind her husband's virile frivolity. She never doubted for an instant that he loved her, and no other woman. His response to the others was all make-believe or in fun. She alluded again to his deadly tedium; his need of some novelty to pass the time somehow, every day of his life, every hour; and his other weaknesses in direct consequence. A little philandering, like eating and drinking, gave him something to think about.

Whereas marriage was infinitely simple for her, she said; she never needed the attention of other men. She supposed this to be so settled and so apparent in her character that it bored men and they let her alone. Alex had observed a number of acceptable men not letting her alone in the least; rather smitten. Yet there seemed to be no affectation or insincerity in Mrs. Cullen's account of herself. Women who have been spoiled by the many, tormented by one, often have an air of innocence.

Alex had seen a great deal of them the following winter in London; and there they were engaged in a very odd sport indeed: underground activity of Irish rebellion. Cullen was perfectly and anciently Irish, and one of his brothers had been a friend of Casement's. Whereas Madeleine was not a Catholic; and she had Ulster blood and English blood; and as a child she had lived in Canada. Yet she was the rebel, or she ardently played the part of one; Larry followed. Alex heard him speak very angrily of the British, disgustedly of de Valera. But he loved joining in others' opinion, no matter what, and embellishing his repetition of it, as best he could—how could one tell what he thought? Perhaps it was hard for him to tell himself.

All that winter they were at home informally almost every evening to the oddest patriots. At first glance it looked like a literary salon. The ringleader was the poet McVoy: a young man of great conversation, with a half-rapacious, half-religious face. Alex also met a man who had done a little bombing, another with a bit of his cheek shot away, and certain bereaved and cruel women, and a bizarre priest. Their political opinion was all tinged with piety, even puritanism. They would have been ashamed to eat or drink or be merry in any way, with so much to be done for Eire. Cullen yielded to the general austerity. Furthermore, he told Alex, they could

not afford to live well that winter, because of their contributions to the cause. Alex had never seen him in better form, lean and youthful and, if not exactly cheerful, amiable. Rebellion evidently served as an excellent exercise and diet. There was also amorous anxiety: he thought McVoy in love with Madeleine. Alex indeed thought so too. But all Madeleine appeared to want of the poet was for him to keep on his political high horse, in his fascinating conspiratorial vein, for Larry's amusement. Rioting and sabotage and perhaps even assassination—as it were sticking of the Ulster pig, mort of the English stag—with poor Larry in the thick of it, because it would be good for him. . . . Suddenly all that ceased, Alex never heard why. They sublet their house and spent the summer in Vienna and Budapest. That was the summer Mrs. Cullen bought her first hawk, the tiercel that died of the croaks.

This little information Alex gave me as we sauntered slowly through the ex-minister's park. Now we were back near our gate, under the great beeches. Alex had been a little anxious lest the Cullens get lost. But there in the broken light, pallid shade, they came at a brisk pace, engaged in a vivacious discussion of some sort, which they ceased as soon as they saw us. "He's a dear, your old politician," Madeleine said. "He spoke to us, and then what do you suppose he did? He did bird imitations for Lucy; I mean to say, he whistled at her."

Evidently Cullen preferred French politicians to Irish. "A good old boy! He did a nightingale and a lark and some bird I didn't know. He told us what it was, but it was French. Quite good."

"And Larry, wasn't he cheerful and civil? Perhaps he thought that if he kept whistling long enough, Lucy would answer. Wasn't it funny?"

I thought it touching as well as funny: that old man had been whistling to his compatriots like that for half a century, and as a rule a majority had answered; but, alas, nothing much had come of it, for France.

Now Mrs. Cullen was ready to feed Lucy. But her chauffeur and Jean, who had gone to the neighbor's dovecot, had not returned. Foolish Eva felt sure they were in a ditch somewhere, or quarreling, or lost. So we sat down again; and I like a fool inquired what they thought of French and English and German politics. Cullen was out of breath but he sniffed wonderfully and cleared his throat, preliminary to an opinion. "Please, Larry, no politics," his wife requested, smiling at me to make it less impolite.

She was fondling Lucy, gazing at her eye to eye, slowly shaking her head at her; and the wicked beak moved in exact obedience to the tip of her nose as if it were magnetized. "Lucy's hungry," she said solemnly.

"Feel her breast." She took my hand and held it against the tasseled plumage; and indeed there was a humming and stiffening in it, like a little voltage of electricity. Her eyes were moist and explosive; and the instant her mistress's eyes released them, down they went to the gauntlet, as if expecting a feathery form in agony to materialize out of the leather.

"Feel her feet," Mrs. Cullen added; and I did, while she explained that birds always have a higher temperature than animals. Yet they were slick and dry like a serpent. I could feel what they wanted to do, what they wanted to have, swelling in them and ticking the dull minutes meanwhile with little throbs. My pleasure in touching them was half embarrassment; and it set my mind running back to the thought I had left off an hour ago: this hawk's hunger was like amorous appetite. I say thought—and it is thought now, as I recall it and try to tell it—but at the time it was only a vague flashing day-dream. It all came together like one composite phrase: old bachelor hungry bird, aging-hungry-man-bird, and how I hate desire, how I need pleasure, how I adore love, how difficult middle age must be. . . .

Then, I lamented to myself, if your judgment is poor you fall in love with

those who could not possibly love you. If romance of the past has done you any harm, you will not be able to hold on to love when you do attain it; your grasp of it will be out of alignment. Or pity or self-pity may have blunted your hand so that it makes no mark. Back you fly to your perch, ashamed as well as frustrated. Life is almost all perch. There is no nest; no one is with you, on exactly the same rock or out on the same limb. The circumstances of passion are all too petty to be companionable. So there you sit, and you try to sit still, and doze and dream to save trouble. It is the kind of thing you have to keep quiet about for others' sake, politeness's sake: itching palm and ugly tongue and unsighted eye and empty flatulent physiology as a whole; and your cry of desire, ache, ache, ringing in your own ears. No one else hears it; and you get so tired of it yourself that you can't wait to grow old. . . .

Thus in an instant I foolishly imagined myself growing old; and meanwhile Mrs. Cullen had not ceased speaking with that single-minded vivacity of hers, but a little somber. "Since we caught Lucy," she said, "she's never had a mouthful to eat except out of my hand, and I've always worn the same glove. Think what it must mean to her!"

It was an impressive unpleasant object, that glove, stiffened and discolored by a hundred little sanguinary banquets. It resembled things you see in cases in anthropological museums; fetishes of awful religion, sacrificial utensils, witch-doctors' kits. And the feet with crescent toenails trod it so passionately that you wondered how the wrist inside endured it.

"You know, she's not really attached to me personally," Mrs. Cullen said. "If I gave you the glove she'd be yours instead of mine. It's as simple as that, I think. It's what's called behaviorism, isn't it? Would you like to try it? Try taking her a moment."

She turned round and held Lucy some five or six inches below the chair-back, and after a moment's hesitation Lucy hopped up there. Mrs. Cullen's hand was large and mine is not; so that I was able to squeeze into the gauntlet. It surprised me to see that she wore another large diamond on that hand, which under the pressure of the leather had bruised her finger a little. . . . Then I held my wrist five or six inches above the chair-back; and Lucy, with her belief in food-stained leather added to her belief in the highest possible perch, hopped again.

"That's what they call an inferiority complex, don't they?" Cullen proudly demanded, not to be outdone by his wife's use of that other catchword. "Madeleine can't understand one thing about psychology."

"Very well, Larry. I tell you she's hungry," his wife answered. And by the tone of her voice you would have thought her the hungry one herself.

I drew a deep breath, in which I got the hawk odor, slightly bloody, slightly peppery. I had noticed it before, but without distinguishing it from Mrs. Cullen's French scent. The body, well balanced on its hot feet, weighed less than I had supposed. At the least move her talons pricked the leather and pulled it a bit—as fashionable women's fingernails do on certain fabrics—though evidently she held them as loose and harmless as she could. Only her grip as a whole was hard, like a pair of tight heated iron bracelets.

Alex offered her congratulations upon Lucy's evident peace of mind with me; I would make a good falconer. That reminded me of my father and his magic with animals, which filled me with envy and antipathy when I was a boy. He could force a crazy colt to its knees, or castrate a young boar, or chloroform a desperate trapped owl; and their wretched muscles relaxed and surrendered, their eyes blinked in perfect gentleness in alignment with his eyes. His eyes, or perhaps it was his hands, seemed able to promise them something. Half my life, I said to myself, has been discovering

that my character is not the antithesis or the contradiction of his; here was a new kinship. Perhaps I could cope with horse or hog or doomed bird too if I had to; perhaps even with a wild antipathetic son, disinclined to live—who knows? This was a gratifying thought but not altogether happy: vast vague potentiality of things I did not wish to do in any case.

I happen to be a trifle long-sighted; and now Lucy was so close that I could not quite see her in focus; and I have always had a fear of going blind. One good flutter, one simple thrust, and she could have slit an eyelid or ruptured an eyeball in an instant. She did not shuffle much on the borrowed gauntlet. But the vague dilated dark of her eye, the naked ring around it, the inner eyelids opening and closing as instantly as bubbles, seemed worse than restlessness. I was ashamed to tell her mistress that I was afraid. No doubt the chances of her actually hurting were negligible. Mrs. Cullen's half-supercilious glance at us was reassuring. Still I felt rather as if I had a great thought of death concentrated and embodied and perched on me. Whatever had possessed me, I wondered, to think of this Lucy—bloodthirsty brute with a face like a gouge, with feet like two sets of dirty scalpels—as significant of love? Perhaps those two things, imaginary death and hopeless desire, always lie close together in one's mind, foolishly interchangeable.

Mrs. Cullen meanwhile, with vacated wrist, seemed the most restless woman in the world. She kept crossing and uncrossing her perfect stilted feet; leaning this way and that in the soft armchair; clasping and unclasping her jeweled fingers. It suggested one more explanation of her attachment to Lucy; falconry made her sit still. Perhaps too she was slightly jealous of my successful deputyship. "The real reason Lucy likes you so much," she murmured, "is that it's getting on toward mealtime. She fancies you may have a little steak or half a pigeon in your pocket. You look promising to her. What do you suppose has become of your cook? I do hope he and Ricketts haven't gone off to get drunk together."

She rose and tripped across to the great window. She tripped back and paused beside us and teased Lucy as Cullen had done, but in the opposite spirit. The star sapphire slid a little from one teasing finger to the next, which Lucy observed with interest. It looked like an unsocketed eye, I thought.

"Oh, Alex," Mrs. Cullen said, "you're so intelligent. I'm afraid you think me very sentimental. I'm not really. I do not want a falcon to be attached to me personally. When animals get that sort of feeling it's too awful. Knowing the sound of your voice, liking the way you smell, wanting to be touched, all that. I hate it. It's such a parody of us, it's worse than we are. A bird like Lucy is so simple and straight. You make a promise and she expects you to keep it, that's all. She knows what she wants, and who gives it to her, and that's that."

Cullen grunted, and assured us that his wife didn't mean a word of this cynical stuff. But he did agree about one thing: "Birds are selfish as the devil. That's why I can't care for them. I'd rather have a dog, I tell you."

"Do you hear, Lucy? He'd rather have a dog." She said this in the way of wicked affectation, perhaps toying with the idea of being hated by him for it.

Then she turned briskly to me: "I'll take her back now, Mr. Tower, if you please. I think she'll bate in a minute."

Once more we exchanged the glove. Once more Lucy considered, on the rough leather, the stain of yesterdays' meals and the hope of to-day's and to-morrow's, and leaped up with alacrity. Her mistress carefully fondled her to prevent her bating, but she bated nevertheless.

After that, Mrs. Cullen heaved a greater sigh than before, not because it had been a harder struggle, but because her own light but significant remarks had hurt her at last, I fancied. And

now she added that, simple though hawks all were, you could never really trust one. "Oh, I shall have to be so careful, never to fly Lucy at things she cannot catch and kill. The least failure makes her hopeless. My man in Hungary says that if she misses her quarry twice I must call it a day and keep her hooded; otherwise it's risky. Because if she should miss a third time she might leave me; fly off and never return. They're all alike: the haggard you've hunted with for years; even the eyas you have taken from the nest and babied all its life . . ."

"Damned ungrateful, I say," Cullen jeered.

"No, Larry. Lucy gives up her freedom and stays with me because it's a better life, more food and more fun. If it doesn't work, after all, what's the use? If my falconry isn't good enough . . ."

Cullen giggled. I didn't. For it is the way religious faith goes, in the sense of God's failure: and it is the way true love ends: missing the third time. That much of life I already knew; I had missed twice. I glanced at Alex, wondering if the mysterious turn this small talk was taking troubled her too. But her face had its pretty well-bred passivity; I could not tell. The light in the Irish woman's eyes was fantastic, focused like glass on her great weak husband, then on me for just a moment with something like embarrassing affection. She and I understood each other.

She seemed to me a very passionate woman, but it was a kind of plural passion, all confused or crossed: work and play and sense of beauty, the maternal and the conjugal and the misanthropic, mixed. Perhaps that is a peculiarity of childless women. Female character has a great many secondary traits and minor talents; the wear and tear of motherhood may weaken them or stamp them out. It is anarchy if they all flourish.

"Tower," she said, "you would make a good falconer. Why don't you take it up, in the States? And you too, Alex. Everyone should have some hobby, some pet, I think. And all the other pets really are too awful. Ugh, how I despise dogs!" she exclaimed in a dull, disgusted tone of voice. "Do you know what dogs remind me of? It's not a nice thing to say but I do mean it. Prostitutes; all things to all men, and all that. And all shapes and sizes, from adapting themselves to everything and everybody for centuries, with no integrity. Men love them for that; it's flattering.

"Falcons have never changed. Forty centuries of falconry, think of it! And still wild; every feather as it was, and the same everywhere. I tell you, there's nothing like it in nature. Cats have more character than dogs, if they only weren't so damned amorous. Kittens to be drowned every few months; isn't it awful!"

My well-bred Alex in spite of herself made a little shocked face. It startled me too, because just then like a fool I had been thinking of Mrs. Cullen as a childless woman. What about those wild Irish sons of hers, shifting for themselves at Cullen Hall, riding and spoiling her favorite hunters, hunting with Lord Bild? I said a kind of prayer for them. That is, I hoped that they really were wild. Cullen had spoken of them as practically mature men; but perhaps he himself was not mature enough to judge of it. I hoped that they did not love their mother much. If they were at all backward or sensitive it was good of her, wise of her, to keep out of Ireland.

At this point wild Lucy flung up her wings and let her mute drop to the floor. Mrs. Cullen cheerfully apologized, and also proudly called our attention to its whiteness. It meant that Lucy was in excellent health. A healthy falcon's mute is the cleanest wastage in nature, and by no stretch of imagination could Alex or I have been offended by it. Cullen offendedly stirred his great body about in the great soft armchair; his face got redder; his light eyes protruded. But they protruded at us rather than it. Perhaps he feared, or perhaps hoped, that we would somehow express disapprobation or disgust. Alex rang for Eva,

and of course that simple creature did not mind; it rather amused her. She fetched a towel and some wax, and knelt beautifully, and gave the parquet a very good restoration.

During this, Jean came rushing in, sweaty and pleased with himself. When he saw his dear beauty there on her knees he made a gleeful sound and gave her a tap as he passed, which made her blush. He and Ricketts in the Daimler had had a blowout on the back road. But dinner would not be much delayed; for while Ricketts had changed the tire, he had seated himself by the roadside and dressed the pigeons with his jackknife.

Mrs. Cullen asked him how large Lucy's pigeon was; and he sent Eva after it: a rumpled thing in a basket with warm damned eyes. She instructed them to wring its neck and chop it in half and bring it back, with its feathers and half the giblets. Meanwhile she asked me to move the straight chair into a dusky corner under the staircase. Though the least shy hawk in the world, Lucy would not feed properly outdoors or with a light in her eyes. Next Mrs. Cullen requested a number of towels to protect her dress, and Eva brought a worn-out tablecloth; and Alex helped tie this under her chin like a bib and spread it out over her lap. She sat with her pretty legs far apart, no longer a fashionable woman but rather like a priestess; or as if this were to be some surgical operation or painful travail.

Whereupon Jean returned with the portion of pigeon. He let two drops of blood and a bit of gizzard fall on the waxed floor; and again Eva mopped up. Mrs. Cullen took the half-bird in the hand on which Lucy perched, pinching it between gloved forefinger and thumb, at Lucy's feet; turning it temptingly. At first Lucy stared at Alex and me so insolently that we drew a few steps away from the staircase. Jean and Eva also wanted to watch, but Alex reminded them that we too were hungry.

I had been hearing so much and thinking so romantically of hawk-hunger, that I expected a lunge and a grab, like a wolf or a cat; it was not so at all. It took two or three minutes for Lucy's appetite to develop, to accumulate. In a state of nature, no doubt it depends upon the fun of pursuit, voluptuous air in her wings, and the hovering and teasing; and there would not be any real spasm of Lucy's love of food until the instant she felt food in her beak. Now there had to be time for some equivalent of all that to take place in her narrow mind; time at least to regret it. The tedium of this conjugal kind of repast had to be overcome somehow; so she doubted and deliberated and imagined.

"Damn your pride, Lucy," Mrs. Cullen muttered; then murmured to us in her schoolgirl French, because Lucy did not understand French, "*l'appétit vient en mangeant.*" Upon which I reminded myself that on the whole, throughout life as a whole, the appetites which do not arise until we have resolved to eat, which we cannot comprehend until we have eaten, are the noblest—marital, aesthetic, religious . . .

At last Lucy's curly breast did throb; a few feathers bristled up; her wings stood out a few inches; her greenish fists clenched on the glove; then her whole body began to point down beak first like a water-diviner's stick. She set her feet a little farther apart on her mistress's wrist. Then she stooped straight between them and thrust into the piece of pigeon. Mrs. Cullen held it tight. Lucy braced her legs and pulled and straightened back up with a morsel, which after a moment she shifted away into her throat and with a sinuous motion or a toss, swallowed.

Until the end, until there was no more pigeon, Mrs. Cullen had to encourage her to keep her mind on what she was doing. "The important thing," she said, "is to get her to take feathers enough. Her digestion depends a good deal on that."

When she paused and raised her weird face between mouthfuls, it seemed spiritual rather than sensual; a bigoted face. There was no histrionic angry temper,

no showing off. Thoroughly and slowly it went on to the end, with meditation upon every feather, every crumb of meat, every sip of blood—sacramental. Once or twice, because she did not like the way some wisp of plumage or tiny tendon felt —or because she liked it extremely—she shook her head hard; and a spot of blood appeared on Mrs. Cullen's bib, a feather drifted to the floor. Perhaps you could not have watched it if you were squeamish; neither Alex nor I was. But after the fourth or fifth beakful Lucy had a bad moment, modesty or imaginary repletion, and Mrs. Cullen asked us to move still farther away; and we were glad to go. We sat down beside Cullen in front of the big window.

It interested me to observe, or to guess at, his feeling about this. When his wife first called for Lucy's banquet he had pulled a long face. I think that may have been only fond anxiety, lest in her serving of it she appeared to Alex and me coarse or comical. He kept his eyes averted, but it was not disgust, surely, for it put him in mind of his own eating. He talked to us of that with enthusiasm and in great detail. In Paris the past week someone had sent them away out on the Avenue Jean Jaurès for a steak: year after year they always telephoned a certain small unsuccessful restaurant to prepare a supreme *cassoulet* which took two days; and so forth. Which brought him finally to the present, the great casserole of pigeons which Jean was preparing. At that point, I think, Alex regarded him almost with detestation.

The half-pigeon out of the way, Mrs. Cullen decided to put Lucy outdoors to weather, as it is called. We followed her into the garden where she selected the back of a rustic bench as a suitable perch. But there had been signs of more than usual nervousness during the feeding: it seemed best to leave her hooded. Because of the unaccustomed warmth of the afternoon, after Scotland, Mrs. Cullen said, she had a slight headache; and she retired with Alex to the bedroom for some aspirin and a moment's repose.

(*To be concluded*)

MAIN STREET TWENTY YEARS AFTER

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

Down where the spur track makes a V with the highway U. S. 20, Gopher Prairie still stands, but Main Street has disappeared. Its disappearance was confirmed for me by a recent automobile trip through interior America—and seemed the most important fact encountered in ten thousand miles of travel. The trip was made during a time that was tense with a more unanimous dread than the nation had ever experienced before. Like all my countrymen, I felt a passionate need to understand the bearing on America of those events and the events that must follow them. The disappearance of Main Street has no obvious connection with the invasion of the Low Countries, but in the end I came to believe that it will be fully as important in what lies ahead of us. For as the United States comes into Judgment Day, its health will mean more than its armament. I do not argue here that the farm problem has been solved, agrarian unrest ended, or the economic system restored to equilibrium. I do report that one man returned from a two months' inquiry feeling more assured about the future than he had felt before—convinced that America is better off than he had thought.

The things that went into that reassurance are commonplaces and their implications are platitudes, but their enormous sum has had too little attention in the press. The attention of journalism and literature has been directed on better advertised revolutions while this one has progressed quietly in places unfamiliarized by the headlines. I can mention only a few phases of it, and what I have to say rests on the superficial impressions of a motorist; but I was referring them to a pattern of experience which I know completely, having been born in a small town and having spent half my life in interior America. Besides, in the relations of men living together, what is a triviality? When we read some years ago that silk stockings had gone on sale in Moscow, they seemed not trivial but momentous. It is just as momentous that silk stockings have become the everyday wear of American farm girls.

Stockings and their correlatives finally crystallized a realization that had been growing in my nerve-ends ever since I had crossed the Ohio line some days before. We were half-way across Kansas, at Great Bend. My only interest in the town was historical; it marked the place where the old Santa Fe trail I was following reached the Arkansas River. We got there late in the afternoon, visited the landmarks noted on our schedule, put up at an excellent small hotel and went out to see the town. It is a clean, a pleasing town, its lawns and shade trees the more delectable because of the treeless plain it stands in. There was an effect of health, invigorating but hard to analyze, in the sum of these lawns and trees, the parks, the schools, the American faces, the modulations in the voices we heard. But we had found the same invigoration in other clean and pleasing Kansas towns, and here we thought there was something novel.

The 1940 census figures are not yet available, but the WPA Kansas guide gives Great Bend 5,548 inhabitants. More than that, many people seemed to be on the sidewalks. I explained to my companion, a city slicker, that this was Saturday and that a fundamental pulsation of American life brings the farmers to town on Saturday. He accepted the information but presently complained, "I don't see any farmers." I wasn't seeing any, either—and now I realized why.

The statement was not quite accurate. Most Kansas faces show the effect of prairie sunlight, but it was probably correct to identify the most darkly burned as the faces of farmers. But if we could spot a farmer we could not spot his wife or his daughter. They were indistinguishable from the club ladies and the debutantes of Great Bend, who look just like the women and girls on Madison Avenue or Boylston Street. I remembered the wagons and Model T's one saw massed along such curbs as these on Saturday twenty years ago, and the abashed women whose lumpy shoes, coarse stockings, horticultural hats, and rusty, antique dresses had so affronted Carol Kennicott, their most articulate reporter. Carol's æsthetics would meet no offense to-day in Great Bend which, though not Gopher Prairie, is only one postoffice classification higher, or in any other small town we had passed through in two thousand miles. In that distance we had seen many fossil vestiges of earlier eras—canals empty of water for a century, watering troughs for horses, the abandoned rights of way of interurban electric lines—but there were no fossils of Main Street. Main Street had been obliterated.

The President has told us that one-third of the nation is inadequately clothed. With the intent signified by that battle cry I completely agree, but it contains inaccuracies that have the greatest importance. It is important that a large part of that one-third is inadequately clothed only in so far as nine-tenths of America is also. But it is much more important that, wherever she belongs in that stratification, the farmer's daughter was wearing in Great Bend clothes just like those which a café singer or the secretary of a metropolitan executive would wear on a May evening. They were on display in shop windows which were exactly like the shop windows of Oxford, Ohio, Great Falls, Montana, and New York City. (Do you remember Carol Kennicott's pain when she saw Axel Egge's windows? "Heaps of sleazy satins, badly woven galateas, canvas shoes designed for women with bulging ankles, steel and red glass buttons upon cards with broken edges. . . ." Also something about the flyspecks on crepe-paper rosettes.) And the prices marked in shop windows supported the testimony of the sidewalks, introducing a further confusion, for the metropolitan secretary's clothes were within the reach of all but the very bottom layer of the one-third. The farmer's daughter was paying $2.98 for wash dresses, $2.29 for sport shoes, forty-one cents for stockings, thirty-one cents for underwear. Certainly, though the rate of exchange between seaboard and interior America favors her, she was not getting stockings as good as those she saw advertised in *Vogue* (which twenty years ago she did not read) at three pairs for five dollars, and her three-dollar dress was not as good as the thirty-dollar item at Saks that it was copied from. But the point is that her dress was copied from a Saks model, that a cause of psychological difference, even inferiority, has been destroyed. Her stockings may snag too easily but they are silk, her underwear may be cheap rayon but it gives her skin self-respect, her dress may be cheaply made but it is not, as it once was, the costume of an outlander. She is dressed in the uniform of the American girl, which makes no caste discriminations between Gopher Prairie and Pasadena

Move on from Bonwit-Teller's show windows to others, Abercrombie & Fitch's for instance, which are also ac-

climated to Gopher Prairie. Twenty years ago if the farmer's daughter went swimming she swam in the crick below the pasture, and if she wore a bathing suit, which was not as customary as you may think, it was likely to be a pair of her brother's outgrown overalls trimmed with scissors as her discretion might suggest. Her cousin in such a town as Great Bend rented a shapeless gray cotton suit at an amusement park. Only the banker's daughter, who had been to a finishing school, had a bathing suit of her own. There are no such distinctions now; all women have bathing suits, and they are exactly like those worn at Hyannis, Southampton, and Narragansett Pier. And not bathing suits only, but all the accessories as well. The girls of Gopher Prairie have beach robes and hats, sandals and espadrilles, hideous sun goggles, inflatable sea horses, floating matchboxes, and the kind of cocktail shaker you bury in the sand. Here again the windows that show them are so ubiquitous and the prices marked on them so low that you tend to believe they have spread vertically to the lowest income groups. But the lateral spread is more important: the most frivolous decorations of metropolitan life are an accustomed possession of small towns, and another provinciality has been erased.

Gopher Prairie's hardware store, its furniture store, and especially its drug store offer the same testimony. Watching the farmer's daughter buy a depilatory, a pair of huaraches, or a set of nesting cocktail tables for the screened porch over the milk room, one reflects that the economic system, in the years of its collapse, has somehow contrived to distribute goods more variously and more deeply than it ever did in the years of its greatest vigor. But one dismisses the economic system to meditate on something else—that personal devil, the standardization of American life.

You recall that intellectuals of the 1920's grieved over a process which they feared was reducing the nation to a deadly uniformity from Spokane to Tallahassee by way of Los Angeles and Bangor and making all Americans utter the same speech, think the same thoughts, and worship the same base ideals. They had something there but did not know what they had; fleeing from a phantom, they missed a reality. In 1940 there is so little uniformity in what the Americans think about—for instance, the war to come—that the lack of it might easily become a ghastly danger to the Republic. But the reality has annihilated much that was deadening and disruptive in rural life. Standardization has made it possible for nine-tenths of the women at all the crossroads of America to wear clothes that join them in the sisterhood of fashion, to heighten their sense of integrity and self-respect with cosmetics and the trivial personal accessories, to surround themselves with household furnishings whose design is exactly that of the current taste in New York. The standardization of American life has turned out to mean the urbanization of American life.

We think too much in the phraseology of sociological commissions. We should think instead of a farm wife setting out on the pantry shelf fragile drinking glasses that have a thin red line on them, and of a girl in Great Bend wearing wedge soles. Such terms reveal a revolution that has been carried through to completion in the past ten years.

II

Go back to the bathing suit. Twenty years ago the small town had no facilities for swimming except the crick, the old quarry, or the mill pond. If a school board had proposed a pool for the new high school or a town council had suggested a municipal bathing beach it would have been mobbed by taxpayers. Now the whole expanse of America is thickly dotted with high school pools, municipal beaches at the quarry and the mill pond, and new parks along the crick. WPA has brought about much of this change of course; many swimming pools

are "make work" expedients. But the taxpayer has assented to them, and these taxes and also those he has voluntarily levied against himself show how the revolution has worked out in his thinking about his home town.

Twenty years ago a Western town of thirty thousand could not support a private tennis club with three courts, and there were no public courts and seldom a high school court. In a town of five thousand if you wanted to play tennis you grubbed out a court in your backyard. Now there are dozens of courts in a town of thirty thousand; there are municipal, high school, and junior high school courts everywhere; there are innumerable courts in the yards of four-room district schools where the township roads cross. Twenty years ago Sam Clark's Hardware Store in Gopher Prairie might display equipment for possibly four sports, bicycling, baseball, hunting, and fishing. To-day Sam is selling more guns and bicycles than ever before, and he is selling the paraphernalia of innumerable other sports—soft ball, skeet, badminton, hiking, skiing, tobogganing, deck tennis, bowling, and on through the catalogue. Well, everyone knows that the nation has grown more "sports conscious," as the Russians phrase it, and is seeking strength through joy as it is put elsewhere—why do I make the point here? This is why.

There were spongy areas of decay in the stage of American culture that Main Street represented, with the urgency of the pioneer struggle for existence somewhat abated, the organized habits of that struggle broken, and no other pattern organized to combat the monotony and aimlessness that resulted. To be young in such a town at such a time was in some ways pretty dreadful. There was so little amusement, so little to do! You went to the old swimming hole, you played scrub ball on the corner lot, you bicycled or sometimes drove out of town in search of trout or grouse. (Always farther out of town. The Game Commission had not stocked the crick with cutthroats or set out Chinese pheasants in Gamble's Addition.) You picked up a couple of companions and walked a circuit made deadly by repetition—out to the water tower, across the tracks, and back by way of the school for the deaf and blind. You asked rebelliously "What shall we do?" and stood in front of the cigar store whistling at the girls, you played pool in Jake's basement, you acquired a thin sophistication about prostitutes and cheap liquor at an earlier age than was good for either you or Gopher Prairie. So that the color of sunset in the cigar-store windows and the click of pool balls came to be permanent symbols of frustration; they may trouble your dreams or your fiction to this day. A futile, balked anger hardened into hatred, and hatred of your home town is, quite simply, decadence.

American literature of the Twenties, from *Spoon River* and *Main Street* on, reporting this frustration and decadence, carries psychic scars. It is largely a literature of hating one's home town.

So if there were no more to say of the increased facilities for sports than that they give the young a better time than the young could have in small towns twenty years ago, that alone would be tremendous. The farmer's daughter skiing down the pasture slope and the small town youth using the municipal tennis court and sailing his model airplane in the park that did not exist in his father's time are a reaction from decadence. But there is more. Once young people achieved skill, if at all, by natural selection. Now there is a coach at the municipal tennis courts, the life guard at the bathing beach is a swimming instructor, and at playgrounds, parks, and recreation areas instruction is available for beginners and the naturally unskillful. Some of these provisions are trivial and more of them come from the depression-born need to put people to work. But the important thing is that a part of small town life once abandoned to erosion has been reclaimed, and institutions have come alive where formerly there

were none. The children of Bea Sorenson (she was Carol Kennicott's hired girl) range from eight to seventeen years of age. Their lives are colored and enriched by dozens of agencies that did not exist when Carol was teaching Bea how to set a table (Carol had learned in Minneapolis). The Farm Bureau and other branches of the federal government now offer Gopher Prairie instruction in all the household arts from cooking to wood-carving by way of weaving and cheese-making. The school board has instituted summer and night classes in electric welding, automobile mechanics, short-wave radio, photography, and from there on to French, water color, modeling in clay, and the theory of design—and the extension department of the State University picks up where the school board leaves off. County and State agencies increase the list and, what is even more important, many organized efforts have arisen spontaneously without support from government.

It would be easy to treat these organizations with the contempt literature directed at Gopher Prairie's "Thanatopsis" and "Jolly Seventeen." Though their intent is to make life more interesting and more dignified, much of their activity is aimless, much pathetic, much superficial and unsatisfying. Certainly: the adjectives describe a large part of all human activity, including the pursuit of these same objectives in the cities whither the young once had to migrate to pursue them. The point is that they no longer have that reason to migrate. The point is that the lack of these facilities was a prime cause of decadence. The point is that a wastage and frustration of young people in small towns is being grappled with, has been in part ended. A cultural soil once thin is now deeper and richer; roots can get nourishment from it. The reports of the National Youth Administration and the deliberations of the American Youth Congress (when it is not informing us that in Russia government does something for youth) are enough to keep our complacence within bounds. But a restorative process is at work, one species of decay has been mastered, and the disparity between small-town life and metropolitan life that was a desperate cleavage in our culture is over. The census makes clear that not Gopher Prairie but Megalopolis is now waning. Its decline is due not altogether to the suburbanization of cities, to the decentralization of industry, to the growth of unemployment, nor to the sum of all these. In some part it is due to the fact that life in small towns has grown finer and more productive.

The revolution has occurred without the co-operation of literature, which goes on reporting Main Street as it used to be. Mr. Archibald MacLeish has lately pronounced a double-barreled curse on his literary generation which, he says, has misrepresented important aspects of America to young Americans who were interested in learning about it. His remarks gratified one who has been attacked for declaring that, sometimes from malice but oftener from ignorance, in varying degree; but on the whole American literature during the past twenty years has misrepresented American life. So here is a convenient test. In the past twenty years Miles Bjornstam, Carol Kennicott, Cy Bogart, Vida Sherwin, Chester Dashaway, and Mrs. Lyman Cass have made Gopher Prairie a better place than it used to be—have given human life there more worth. Look round the bookstore and see how much literature has had to say about the job they have been doing.

That glance will be the more informative in that literature is now undertaking to champion our democracy. Let us not inquire whether that championing is dedication or condescension, valor or despair; let us just keep the convenient test in mind. Here are Miles Bjornstam, Carol Kennicott, Cy Bogart, Chester Dashaway, Mrs. Lyman Cass, and their children. You can look at them and say "Main Street." But another name for them is American democracy.

III

I eavesdropped on a conversation of high school boys and girls at a soda fountain in Council Grove. (If Kansas had a disproportionate impact on me, remember that it was the only leg of my tour that I had known only from literature.) They were talking about the albums of Black Seal records which St. Louis department stores and Kansas City newspapers were distributing by the ten thousand. They were talking about the symphonies of Beethoven, Brahms, and César Franck. They were talking about them easily, naturally, with an intelligent and habituated knowledge, altogether without self-consciousness. I had come to Council Grove ("pop. 2,998," the Guide says) solely because the wagon trains of the Santa Fe trade used to organize there, and I knew nothing about it except what diarists had said during the 1840's before the town existed. But I am quite sure that the high school children of Council Grove did not talk about symphonies at soda fountains twenty years ago.

It is a commonplace that radio has incalculably increased the public's understanding and enjoyment of fine music. It is a commonplace that radio has raised the level of popular music. The two facts are significant in the urbanization of the country and the reintegration of small towns. One should think of them when speculating about loneliness in farmhouses, and when lamenting the prevalence of soap opera on the rural air. It is tremendously significant for our national culture that music means more to Americans than it used to, that there is more and better music in America and a more eager audience, and that this development also has mostly come about during the disastrous decade. But that is not the most important aspect of the radio in interior America.

Once there was no point in a farmer's subscribing to a daily paper because by the time it could be delivered its news was no fresher than that of a weekly. Now when he can get a daily paper on the date of publication there is frequently no point in his getting it at all. The small-town paper is frequently not worth having.

Draw circles on radii representing mail or truck delivery round such cities as St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, Denver, and Salt Lake City—roughly cities of a hundred thousand population and above. The areas of those circles are the portions of interior America adequately served by newspapers. The vast expanse remaining is inadequately served. I use a simple test: what I wanted to find out in the months of May, June, and July, when every day I bought all the newspapers on sale and tried to find out what was happening in Europe. In the small-town papers from Ohio to Idaho the invasion of France and the Low Countries got from half a column to two columns, sometimes less, almost never more. And these fragments reported the crisis of human history chiefly in the leads to the summaries, which the press associations send out twice a day by telephone. Even those summaries, which were hardly more than running heads, were sometimes so garbled that they could not be used.

There was a sprinkling of editorial comment on the news but little of it seemed aware that what was happening in Europe had any import for Gopher Prairie. The only source of either information or comment was the syndicated columns, and the usefulness of any small-town paper depended on how many of them it carried. If interior America had to depend on its newspapers for instruction, it would have less intelligent understanding of this war than of any other war that has affected the United States. Considering that the most momentous events in American history must pivot on what the American people learned about the war, the failure of the small-town press to educate them was terrifying.

Or it would have been terrifying ex-

cept for the radio, which was doing the job. Driving through the emptiest countryside I could tune in at any moment on a complete coverage. Probably the broadcasted news was not as detailed as that carried by the *New York Times*, and perhaps the last sifting for rumor and inaccuracy had been omitted, but it was as detailed as anyone could ask and as accurate as its completeness allowed. It was supported by expert analysis, military, economic, and political, and by editorial interpretation which added up to a total bulk fully as great as that of the national press. Beyond this a long series of features, debates, and round-table discussions examined the future of America in the light of the news with a thoroughness that the daily press could not afford and a currency beyond the power of the monthly or even the weekly press. All that the most passionate concern needed was within reach of an automobile radio.

Muddy Gap, Wyoming, where I hoped to get information about the road through South Pass, consists of three buildings set in the midst of a desert at the crossing of two roads fifty miles from any other habitation. The woman who came out to fill my gas tank asked, before she unscrewed the cap, "Has Roosevelt declared war on them yet?" and lamented that her radio had been out of repair for twenty-four hours. I was able to bring her up to where my radio had left off ten minutes before. Teton Basin, Idaho, is one of the most isolated communities in the United States. Far up in its foothills I hailed a rancher to ask where it was that a band of trappers fought the Gros Ventres a hundred years ago. He proved to be a veteran of the first world war and, finding that I was too, he began to discuss the new one and our relation to it. Through his talk ran an understanding of events as thorough as if he had spent his time in the periodical room of the New York Public Library; he talked, in fact, very much like friends of mine who teach politics at Harvard College. And the reason was plain: he was getting the same information they were getting, from the same source. I wonder how well he and his father understood that other war in Teton Basin in 1917.

Wherever my car pulled up, at restaurants, soda fountains, filling stations, radios were tuned to catch the news. Garagemen listened to them while they worked on engines; talk stopped in diners and saloons when a news broadcast or a commentator came on the air. At the principal hotel of Casper, Wyoming, I saw a crowded dining room grow attentive when a customer crossed to tune out a dance program and get Elmer Davis; at Scottsbluff, Nebraska, a clerk would not sell me tobacco till we had analyzed what John Gunther had said half an hour before. Messrs. Davis, Gunther, Swing, Kaltenborn, and their colleagues, the overseas correspondents of NBC and CBS, the speakers on Mutual's weekly round tables, were quoted to me all the way across the continent and back. Evening by evening for more than two months I found the lounges of small hotels and the courts of tourist camps a serial forum where the news from Europe and its meaning for us all was threshed out by staff, transients, and the neighbors who dropped in, with the loud speaker bringing us up to date. There has always been this forum in America, as far back as the Committees of Correspondence, as far back as the minister of the First Church prefacing his sermon with excerpts from the last express. It has gathered round the cracker barrel in the general store and on the steps of Gopher Prairie's grange hall in all our generations. But never before has it known so currently and so fully what it was talking about. Here also ignorance has been dissipated and isolation destroyed, and the small town is not to be distinguished from New York City.

Nothing comparable could have been achieved by the provincial press. In entire States—New Mexico, Wyoming, Idaho, and Montana for instance—there is not a single newspaper capable of informing its readers properly about the

events that are determining their future; areas much larger than a single State are alarmingly undernourished by the press. But there need be no alarm. Haphazardly, almost without plan, and largely from the advertising of razor blades, corn flakes, and cigarettes, an instrument of public service has developed to meet an urgent need. In deserts where water sells by the quart, in foothill settlements that will not have electric power for another generation, in mountain bowls where the roads are closed for four months of the twelve, the radio networks are supplying their auditors with all the news that comes into Times Square. You can think of them as lonely people listening to radios in the waste places, or you can think of them as a populace and an electorate. If you believe that this is the most tremendous crisis that America has ever had to face, then you are comforted by the knowledge that the Americans know more about it, what goes into it and what must come out of it, than they have ever known about anything before it in all their history. If ignorance of events and lack of interest in them and lack of critical discussion of them were parts of what we used to call the provincial mind, then here is one more way in which Main Street has been obliterated. If an informed and enlightened public is evidence of democratic health, then the American democracy is healthier to-day than it has ever been before.

IV

A trip across America by automobile discloses other solaces than those I have dwelt on here, some of them irrelevant, no doubt, or even mystical. It is invigorating to see the map translated into a loveliness too long forgotten, the beauty of the prairies merging into the beauty of the plains, and the plains intensifying toward the mountains and deserts. It is heartening to encounter in rapid sequence so many of the national treasuries, farms, ranches, mills, smelters, highways, waterways, dams, mines, forests. The repetition convinces you that the sum of them can stand a far greater strain than has yet been put on it. It is more heartening to see the progress that has been made against the forces of disintegration, forests growing in logged-out areas, dams holding water in midsummer that started downstream as a flood in late April, land being built up where land had been allowed to blow away. In such simplicities as these there is an assuagement hardly communicable in words, a palliative of our daily despair.

But the change in a way of life is more than a palliative of despair; seeing it reawakens one's belief. For this thing has happened and there it is. Basic problems of the American social order remain undiminished or even untouched, but one basic problem has been more successfully solved than the nation has been made aware of. Between that earlier war and this one, but with no Ten or Twenty Year Plan, our rural districts and small towns have been transformed. They are a long way short of Utopia's suburbs still, but it is clear that there have been at work in them curative forces that arrest decay. During the decade when we have feared or even boasted that our progress had reached an end, a native civilization has grown finer and more vigorous. A deeper, richer soil covers our roots, and there need be less anxiety about the roots. That is something to be remembered in the days to come. It may well be, as the phantasy of doom assures us, that May 10, 1940, marked the beginning of our ebb. If so, here are the abutments and retaining walls to resist it. They have been too little noticed; they are stronger than the phantasy takes account of. They may be strong enough to do the job. Strong enough perhaps to do it and a little more.

PLAIN SPEAKING ABOUT LATIN AMERICA

BY LEWIS HANKE

To one recently returned from visiting most of the republics of Latin America, the almost single-hearted concentration of our press on the Nazi activities there comes as a disquieting fact. In Bogotá, Santiago, Buenos Aires, São Paulo, or Rio de Janeiro one may find in the leading papers columns of news on the United States and its multifold, sometimes bizarre activities, but in our papers information on Latin America usually takes the form of scarce articles on the Nazi threat and it is not too much to say that the American public is now being subjected to a news *blitzkrieg* concerning Latin America. It is a hemisphere ripe for the taking, we are told, and every possible "insinuendo" is used to make us see Nazi troopers every time we peer across the Rio Grande.

The Nazi offensive there, and the many-sided fifth-column activity which supports it is, judging from our newspapers, apparently the only newsworthy topic on Latin America. Perhaps the Dies Committee has so conditioned the public palate that only raw red meat is acceptable. Our newspapers rush correspondents around the twenty republics by air, who in each capital pause long enough to sharpen their pencils and pose the now familiar question: "And how much fifth-column activity have you here?" Sometimes a correspondent spends as much as a full week in one country gathering data for his cable despatch. And practice makes perfect, because a Congressman who recently spent one day in Puerto Rico was able to ferret out widespread Nazi activity there and to predict a serious and imminent uprising.

In the face of this menace our people are not idle. Groups of clubwomen tour the southern republics, two symphony orchestras play in the more sophisticated capitals, and a caravan of business men proposes to motor around Central and South America this fall. These and many other moves are designed, one learns, to improve our relations with Latin America and somehow or other help defeat the Nazis there.

This concentration of public attention upon the Hitler menace is perhaps natural, but may lose rather than win friends for us in Latin America; and unfortunately it comes at a time when the United States has the best opportunity presented for a hundred years to place our relations with the other American republics on an honest and lasting basis. This opportunity we are in danger of muffing because of sheer ignorance and lack of information. It is no comfort to remember that "'twas always so" and that we have always oscillated violently in our attitude toward Latin America between simplification and mystification. There was a time when all their actions were mysterious and everything was explained by a reference to those inexplicable Latins; charming of course, but quite beyond the ken of rational people like ourselves. We are just now in a simplification phase, just as we were be-

fore the First World War. In the newspaper cartoons the Latin American was always a handsome, guitar-strumming fellow with provocative mustachios who strutted in the moonlight before his beauteous señorita's ancestral home. The beauteous señorita, moved by her lover's passionate song, allowed him to squeeze her hand through the iron grating of the window of her ancestral home, and climactically tossed him a rose. It was a pretty picture and many people saw it in their mind's eye (and nothing else, except perhaps Pancho Villa leading his ragged band across the horizon) when they thought of Latin America in those faroff days before 1914. Now the one image clear to all who can read the newspapers is this: a Nazi agent lurking behind every door in Latin America. Nearly everything else to the south is seemingly irrelevant. At a time when Leland Stowe's sensational articles on Nazi activity in Norway before and during the German occupation are being sharply challenged, and when our relations to our American neighbors are of prime importance, does it not behoove us to avoid unduly simplifying our Latin American friends and their problems?

The Nazi danger exists of course, and it would be naïve to underestimate the possible havoc Hitler's agents could create in Latin America. It does not forward the cause of inter-American understanding, however, to label indiscriminately all Germans and persons of German ancestry in the southern republics as "Nazi," for they may be missionaries, escaped Jews, or solid citizens married into important and respectable Brazilian, Chilean, or Argentine families.[1] These Germans would bitterly resent being considered Hitler's stooges and their thoughts can only be imagined on reading the statement of a well-known professor in this country who recently proclaimed, in a women's magazine with an enormous circulation, that the Latin American republics "have large German and Italian minorities (*numbered literally in the millions*) *which already have been organized for sinister purposes* originating in Berlin and Rome." (The italics are mine.)

If we are to combat the Nazi menace, we ought to know what it is, and the American public would be better informed on its true extent if our newspapers took Latin America seriously enough to station a few of their crack reporters in the key places—say Mexico City, Havana, Bogotá, Santiago, Buenos Aires, São Paulo, and Rio de Janeiro. For it is an ominous fact that there is not a single first-line American newspaper correspondent stationed permanently in Latin America. A great volume of news is already collected there by the Associated Press and the United Press, but our newspapers use only a small fraction. Special trips to Latin America have been made by competent reporters, and it is announced that John Gunther is getting ready to worm his way inside South America, but this is not enough. We need in our editorial offices executives who will send outstanding reporters to live in Latin America, and will see to it that the news collected there is used. We should no longer then be faced with this dangerous situation: at a time when our relations with our southern neighbors are more important than ever before, the run of the mine news, which would provide a factual background for a truer picture of Latin America, is not made available to our public in any considerable quantity and none of our outstanding reporters lives in any of those countries to paint the perspective with a skilled and authoritative pen. (As this article goes to press, word has arrived that *Time*, Inc., has again scooped the newspapers by opening up a permanent office in Buenos Aires.)

There looms an even greater danger from this blotting out by the "Nazi menace" of all other news of Latin America. The widespread movement to improve our cultural relations has

[1] Major Aristoteles de Lima Camara, a Brazilian army officer, strongly defends the thesis that the majority of Germans in southern Brazil are useful, law-abiding Brazilian citizens, in a recently published article, "Os alemães no sul do Brasil," *Revista de Imigração e Colonização*, ano I (1940), No. 1, pp. 33–46.

been overshadowed by the persistent publicity given to fifth-column activities. Now if the United States government wishes to take a step toward improving inter-American cultural relations such a move may easily be suspect, seeming to arise more from a desire to thwart Hitler's agents or to aid us to secure the naval and air bases necessary to protect the Panama Canal, than from a genuine interest in their culture. Once the crisis is over, this political interest in their culture, if it is shallowly rooted, will topple over. Such a crash would raise an echo to be heard throughout the Americas very unpleasantly for many years to come.

II

The brief history of our attempts to embark on a cultural program under government auspices merits detailed attention, but it may be useful to consider first the case of the Germans in southern Brazil, where the Nazi menace is supposed to be greatest because of the concentration of Germans there. So far as I know, none of the newspaper writers who harp on this chord has ever lived or even visited in Blumenau, Florianopolis, Curitiba, or Porto Alegre. If the Chicago *Daily News* had sent one of the Mowrers to Brazil five years ago with orders to visit the length and breadth of that vast country, from the Amazon to Rio Grande do Sul, from Rio de Janeiro to Minas Geraes and Matto Grosso, here is the sort of information the American newspaper-reading public might be getting to-day.

Brazil is the greatest melting pot in the world. Its basic Portuguese culture has enabled it to fuse and absorb the Indian and Negro cultures into one of the most interesting mixtures known to-day. It is a peaceful land, with no tradition of bloody revolution or civil war. There is probably no country in the world where Hitler's racial doctrines would find scantier soil in which to root than in Brazil. Gilberto Freyre, a brilliant Brazilian sociologist, historian, and publicist, has devoted his life to proclaiming through his writings the past and present of his country in which the Portuguese, Negro, Indian, and other peoples have fused and are being fused into a Brazilian culture. Those who fear the influence of totalitarian dogma in Brazil, therefore, would do well to ponder these words of Freyre:

> It is this past marked by almost fraternal collaboration of African culture—and indigenous culture as well—with the European, which gives Brazil one of its strongest traces of individuality. It is this which sets us apart to-day from those European groups for which there can be no compromise, no temporizing, between one culture and another, between one race and another, and for which there exists only the exclusive domination of one race, of one culture, which considers itself superior. In our immigration policy, we Brazilians cannot act in contradiction with this past, which constitutes a powerful national tradition and which does not permit us to welcome, on our soil and in our life, peoples radically opposed to that which has been and continues to be fundamental in Brazilian evolution—a free intercommunication of cultures and a thoroughgoing mixture of races within an essentially Brazilian framework.

Now consider the Germans in southern Brazil against that background, many of them poor, peasant folk who over a hundred years ago began to come to a foreign land because their own country offered them so little. Devout Catholics and Protestants they are, and thus not likely to look with favor upon the policies of pagan Nazi Germany. During the nineteenth century and now they cling to some of their customs but there can be little doubt that the "Brazilianization" policy of the government and the whole social trend in Brazil will eventually make them true Brazilian citizens. The very generosity of Portuguese culture in its relation with other cultures will doubtless work toward the comparatively painless process of "Brazilianization." Our battleships and our air fleets will not be able to defend this Brazilian culture from the Nazi menace. Brazil has a stronger weapon than mere force, namely assimilation, and I suspect will triumph in the end, refusing to accept either Nazi leadership or our own. Incidentally, it would seem that the Brazilian attitude

toward races and peoples provides a sounder basis for future development than either the Nazi doctrine or our general practice toward our own Negroes and Indians.

Such general considerations as these suggest that there is not ready at hand a simple answer to that inevitable question posed by the roving reporter who interrupts his air flight for a matter of hours to jot down all the answers on Nazi activity in southern Brazil. But a series of such articles by a discerning writer who took time to live in the country, learn its language and customs, mingle with its politicians, business men, and intellectuals might approach in authenticity and value the Russian articles of Walter Duranty or W. H. Chamberlin. And is Russia more important to us than Latin America?

III

But to return to the attempts made in this country to improve our cultural relations with Latin America. The government took the lead two years ago by setting up a Division of Cultural Relations in the State Department. Before it was born, voices outside and inside the Department were heard, insisting that the Division must not become a propaganda agency nor adopt the tactics of the Nazis and Fascists in Latin America. There resulted a situation similar to that of the well-known lass who was urged to hang her clothes on the hickory tree but not go near the water. For the Division was set up in a political department of the government and was designed to serve a political purpose. Yet the Division found itself hedged in at almost every turn by prohibitions; there were so many activities it could *not* engage in. And it languished for lack of funds. At a time when good-will bomber flights were made to Latin America at the drop of a hat—well, at least every time a president was inaugurated there—the Division was forced to talk big and do little because money was lacking.

There was never any dearth of good ideas. Four conferences were held in Washington in the fall of 1939 on inter-American relations in the fields of art, music, education, and publications, to which important people flocked from all over the country and at which useful ideas fairly burgeoned. But all these ideas involved money for their achievement and little was forthcoming. The Division has never received sufficient funds although cash seems to be available for other purposes. I have often wondered how much those good-will bomber flights cost—the one made to Brazil last year to help celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of that republic included several expensive planes and a complement of thirty-three men. Whatever the sum, it is certain that the Division of Cultural Relations of the State Department has been forced to drag along on a very thin diet and, unless the situation changes radically, will be obliged to fall into a state of respectable desuetude.

Nor have other government attempts brought forth more fruit. A weak committee with an imposing title, the Interdepartmental Committee on Co-operation with the American Republics, was set up some two years ago under the aegis of the State Department to enable the various government agencies (Smithsonian Institution, Department of the Interior, Tariff Commission, Maritime Commission, Federal Works Agency, Civil Aeronautics Authority, Department of Justice, Public Health Service, Department of Labor, Department of Commerce, and Library of Congress) to work out a general program for improving relations with Latin America. A million-dollar plan was drawn up, but at the last minute it was decided to make each agency present separately its own part of the proposed program in its own deficiency bill. Thus, instead of forming a solid front, the agencies were divided and naturally lost. The Smithsonian Institution, for example, had to press its request for funds to prepare a *Handbook of the South American Indians*

along with its deficiency request for some electrical wiring in its basement. The resulting confusion may well be imagined, and only a minute sum was granted by Congress. In June of this year, after some feverish meetings, the Interdepartmental Committee presented, at the suggestion of the budget bureau and State Department officials, a modest proposal involving a grand total of some $250,000, just about the cost of one gun sighter on a battleship. Congress voted some billions for defense but slashed the Interdepartmental Committee budget in two. The money granted will be well spent, but the sum seems unimpressive when compared with the half billion dollars proposed to Congress to facilitate loans to Latin America through the Import-Export Bank.

It seems clear, therefore, that only a modest assistance can be expected from Congress in the general cultural program, either through the Division of Cultural Relations or the Interdepartmental Committee for Co-operation with the American Republics. One must not be dogmatic, however, and this may be too gloomy a prognostication, for as this article is being written, word comes that Nelson Rockefeller has accepted President Roosevelt's invitation to serve on the Council of National Defense as Co-ordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations between the American Republics. His task will be, the newspapers inform us, to

> . . . handle details of the much-amended cartel plan if it is placed in operation. Remedies for the South American surplus situation would probably receive first attention at his hands.
>
> Further, there were credible reports that Rockefeller might be asked to create and manage a counter-propaganda campaign in Latin America designed to overcome and neutralize German propaganda.
>
> The State Department's division of cultural relations, in existence about two years, has been handling mostly the exchange of students, periodicals and other literature. It has steadfastly kept away from what might be called a pro-American propaganda campaign in the Latin American nations.

Whatever his functions prove to be, it is more than likely that President Roosevelt has realized that money is needed to make the mare go, and that due provision will be made. One wonders, however, whether Mr. Rockefeller, instructed to mend both commercial and cultural fences, will be able to find much time for the second type when the first present so many difficulties. And even if he does, is it not possible that some Latin Americans may look upon this combination of business and culture as a not too subtle and streamlined version of dollar diplomacy? Anyone who realizes the hitherto inadequate efforts of the government in this vital field can only wish Mr. Rockefeller godspeed and hope that he will be able against great odds to put new life into a movement which is groping for direction and starving for lack of Congressional support.

If the government has thus far failed to make any large commitments, why did the private foundations not step in? That is the question many people are asking and there appears to be no satisfactory answer. For our foundations are clearly non-political, have worked out a wise policy of distributing funds, and have funds to distribute. True, some foundations are prohibited from engaging in activities outside the United States; others, such as the Guggenheim Memorial Foundation, are doing excellent work so far as their limited funds will permit. But what about the other great foundations, one of which proclaims in its charter as its aim "to promote the well-being of mankind throughout the world"? If the foundation officials were engaged in a careful survey of the potentialities of the Latin-American field, we might hope for the future, but so far as I know no presidents or vice-presidents have yet gone to spy out the South American land, at least in the non-medical fields. Much valuable public health work has been performed, particularly by the Rockefeller Foundation, and it would thus seem logical for some foundation to push on into the fields of the social sciences and the humanities,

where problems even more difficult of solution are waiting.

Perhaps the foundations wish to emphasize their non-political nature by not climbing on the bandwagon, now that the American public realizes the political stakes involved in our inter-American relations. Perhaps the scarcity of soundly established universities and other cultural institutions in Latin America makes the foundations pause, because their policy is to assist institutions which have a reasonable hope of securing permanent support within the country. Yet some strong institutions do exist, such as the Municipal Library in São Paulo, Brazil; the Faculty of Fine Arts in Santiago, Chile; the University of Colombia in Bogotá; and the Faculty of Arts and Letters in Buenos Aires.

Perhaps the foundations have discovered that our own universities have failed to develop adequate personnel for Latin-American work and hence we lack men and women fitted for carrying out good plans, many of which already exist on paper. Although this country may boast a distinguished past and respectable present in some fields of Latin-American scholarship (*The Hispanic-American Historical Review* has been published for over twenty years, and hundreds of courses are offered by our universities), it probably is still true that capable, well-trained workers in the vineyard are too few. Is this very situation not a challenge to the foundations?

Let us grant that the foundations ought not to enter Latin America for political reasons, that the strongly established institutions in Latin America are few, and that our own universities have not developed an adequate personnel. It is still true that Latin America remains one of the great relatively virgin areas awaiting scholarly investigation. Latin-American archives have been barely touched, the Spanish and Portuguese languages spoken in the new world offer just as valuable and interesting problems as the English spoken here, and many of the countries are virtually sociological laboratories where social processes may be watched in operation.

But emphasis need not be laid wholly on new contributions to knowledge to be made in this rich field. Latin America also offers a spacious realm for the diffusion of knowledge. Her illiterate millions must be taught to read and the world's accumulated knowledge brought to them. But how? There is no easy answer to this question, but the foundations might well help to provide one by devoting more substantial appropriations in the Latin-American field.

Our great private foundations must face many pressures of course, but if one of their functions is to seek out pressing problems and help to alleviate them, it would seem that the foundations have thus far missed this particular bus, and that only stern and purposeful running will enable them to catch it. True, some funds have been granted, mostly to institutions in this country for their Latin-American activities. Yet how much more could be accomplished if the foundations would make some decisive and courageous move, particularly in the fields of the humanities and the social sciences!

IV

At this point I hear voices exclaiming, "If the government and the foundations have shown timidity, what constructive suggestions can be made in the present impasse which you paint so darkly?" Before attempting to suggest an answer to this pertinent question, I should like to set down certain general considerations.

First, let us remember that our interest in Latin America has had a long history. Since the first struggles of the Latin-American peoples for independence, some United States citizens have taken a sympathetic and lively interest—a fact not to be forgotten during all the huffing and puffing of present day cultural ambassadors. Young men with romantic fire in their eyes fought for the rebels against Spain over a hundred years ago; statesmen realized the political stakes in-

volved, and commercially-minded Yankees scented possible profits. David de Forest of New Haven, for example, lived and thrived in Buenos Aires during almost the whole revolutionary period. On his return to the United States he left a valuable ranch to the Argentine nation and ever afterward celebrated Argentine Independence Day by holding a gay open house for all lovers of Argentine liberty in the spacious New Haven house he built with profits won in Buenos Aires.

Even during the dullest decades of the nineteenth century this relationship never ceased. Herndon and Gibbon, those young naval lieutenants who traveled down the Amazon in the 1850's on an official expedition for the United States government, encountered an American circus playing to eager audiences in the most remote river towns. And they found that even the cloistered ladies of Andean Bolivia were quite conversant with the novels of James Fenimore Cooper. Massachusetts textiles too were on sale in Peruvian villages. It must be always remembered, therefore, that this relationship which we are trying to focus and to direct has had a considerable history.

Second, we should remember that these relations have been of the most diverse sorts. We have acted toward our southern neighbors in the spirit of the Good Samaritan and also in the spirit of Simon Legree. We have given flour to the starving Venezuelans when an earthquake ruined Caracas in 1812, and we have also furnished such colorful personalities as William Walker and such economic *conquistadores* as William Wheelwright, Henry Meiggs, the Harmon Brothers, and others, who swashbuckled up and down Latin America. Indeed, Americans have enthusiastically joined with Europeans to divide up this new world melon. Bond salesmen, Texas oil drillers, and large-souled New England schoolmarms (brought to Argentina by Sarmiento) have all brought their influences to bear on Latin America.

The variegated nature of present-day contacts was borne in upon me forcibly five years ago while returning by boat from South America. Besides the usual run of tourists and business men, there were aboard the following representatives of our culture: one cauliflower-eared pugilist from Brooklyn, who had been well battered by Argentine boxers; ten Broadway chorus girls who had helped to enliven the hot spots of Rio and Buenos Aires; one Armenian minister from Fall River, Massachusetts, who had just finished his second preaching tour in Argentina; one hat-maker who had been plying her trade in Uruguay (her "advanced ideas" caused the minister to worry over her soul during most of the voyage); one missionary's wife, with brood of children, from the wilderness regions of Matto Grosso in Brazil; one teacher, who had been consulting some sixteenth-century manuscripts in a Bolivian monastery. As we proceeded northward to New York, I had plenty of time to wonder what impact these representatives of American culture had made on South America.

The United States government and its responsible officials have also manifested a medley of approaches in this field. To name only an outstanding example, Woodrow Wilson in his Mobile speech in 1913 set forth a noble proposal for our relations with Latin America, but only two years later ordered the Marines into Vera Cruz. And Walter Hines Page, one of Wilson's most intimate cronies, thought it might be necessary to "shoot" the Mexicans into self-government.

This strange situation—shall we term it a basic dichotomy?—still exists. We have a "Good Neighbor" policy, but this policy is being carried out in curious ways. On the one hand, we have an official Division of Cultural Relations set up in the State Department without adequate funds and, on the other, a series of expensive good-will bomber flights to Bogotá, Rio, and Buenos Aires, when new presidents are inaugurated there. The government says brave words concerning

democracy in the New World, but the military bigwigs of Latin-American dictators are whisked around the country in army planes and Pennsylvania Avenue is clogged with tanks for their benefit.

Finally, if one nation is to foster cultural relations with other peoples, it should know what their culture is. It is essential to know, for example, that to a considerable extent Latin America and Anglo-America have had different experiences. It is true that men in all parts of the New World faced unknown dangers and developed a civilization under pioneer conditions—and of course this experience binds them together to some extent. But there is some truth in the belief held by some that Latin America has always been, and now is, closer to European thought and culture than to our own. As an example of the eagerness of Spaniards in the New World to know European thought, it has recently been discovered that among the effects of Pizarro's Dominican chaplain, Fray Vicente de Valverde, who was killed by the Indians in 1541, was found a book by Erasmus, recently issued from the press. And it is now believed by some scholars that the whole of the first edition of *Don Quixote* was shipped to America by astute book dealers who knew of the avidity with which books from the old country were bought in the new world. As a final example of the way in which some Latin-American intellectuals view the relationship of United States culture and their own, consider these facts:

In 1936 there was held in Buenos Aires, under the auspices of the League of Nations Committee on Intellectual Cooperation, a discussion on this topic—What is the real difference between American culture and European culture? Two aspects of this meeting—at which such intellectuals as Georges Duhamel, Stefan Zweig, Jules Romains, Afranio Peixoto, and Alfonso Reyes were present—are pertinent to this discussion:

1. No representatives of the United States sat in the meeting, although the P.E.N. conference had brought a number of our writers to Buenos Aires at this time, and

2. No one seemed to be able to give a satisfactory reply to Jules Romains when he asked what the essential difference was between American culture and European culture. Various Latin Americans made the attempt, but no statement was able to prevail against the searching analysis of Romains who maintained that European and Latin-American culture were one.

With these general considerations in mind, let us see how the United States might move if money is secured for embarking upon a real campaign to improve our cultural relations with Latin America. First of all cultural and commercial matters could be better handled apart than together. We ought to provide the exchange of ideas, publications, students, and teachers, and because we believe this exchange in itself to be good, not because we thereby hope to sell more goods, or help to smooth the way for the acquisition of air bases. If this axiom is accepted, it follows that the money should be spent by recognized cultural agencies such as the American Council of Learned Societies, the Institute of International Education, the American Library Association, the Smithsonian Institution, the Library of Congress, and other similar institutions.

Second, there should be no thought of linking this cultural program with a campaign to attack the Nazis in the press and by radio on their own ground, if for no other reason than because in a campaign of vituperation we should be opposed by masters of the technic who would not be slow to expose our most vulnerable flanks. If, for instance, we supply pictures to Brazilian newspapers showing Nazi atrocities (a plan put forward by one organization), the Nazis would very likely release photographs showing North American Negroes swaying from a limb after some lynching party. It could even be a current photograph, and if the effectiveness of our blasts could

be thus reduced, the relative justice of the charges would matter very little. Or the Nazis could quote from the *Nation* of August 10, in which the Jehovah's Witnesses were stated to have been treated as follows:

> At Odessa, Texas, about seventy innocent men, women and children were hauled into the courtroom by the sheriff and county attorney, held until midnight without food or water, and then the thirty-five men were packed into a small upper room for the rest of the night. During five hours from midnight they were brought downstairs, one by one, and grilled by the American Legion. Purposely deprived of food and drink until ten o'clock Sunday morning, they were then loaded on a truck and carried to the county line, delivered to a mob of a thousand, guided by and including the American Legion, who stoned and drove them on foot along the railroad right of way for over five miles. They were prevented from leaving the right of way to get water; a number fainted and had to be carried. . . .

No, accusations and indignations against the Nazi war machine will hardly make friends for us in Latin America. We ought rather to strike a positive note, by letting Latin America know what we are saying, thinking, feeling, and writing. One way to do this would be to provide a carefully selected collection of our best books translated into Spanish and Portuguese. And conversely, we ought to launch a similar collection of their contemporary writing in English translation for widespread circulation in this country.

V

The suggestions put forward above do not by any means exhaust the possibilities, which include the increased intelligent use of radio. Indeed, it must be insisted upon that this paper does not attempt to describe all the present-day activities or even outline all the potentialities of the future. But the principles enunciated might be carefully considered in planning any long-range program to bring about that greatly to be desired end, mutual understanding in the Americas. For, in my opinion, our wisest course in the grave days that lie ahead, is to bend every effort, through channels of government, foundations, and cultural institutions and through the efforts of private individuals, toward achieving a real appreciation among the peoples of the two Americas of one another's cultures. The political and commercial necessities that draw us together, so much insisted upon to-day, are real and must continue to be diligently pursued. But only if we of the North and the South increasingly like and understand each other, can we both face the future with confidence.

GERMANY'S PLANS FOR EUROPE

BY PETER F. DRUCKER

THERE is only one political subject in Nazi Germany on which public discussion is permitted: the future organization of a Nazi-conquered and Nazi-dominated Europe. German newspapers, magazines, and books are full of arguments about the "Pax Germanica." This is all the more startling in a country where otherwise newspapers and magazines have become so uniform as to be completely unreadable.

The American public has been led to believe during the past months that Hitler has a definite plan for the organization of German hegemony in Europe; and it has been told that this plan is based on the mysterious word *Grossraumwirtschaft*. But one would look in vain in the government-controlled German press for any such definite and officially accepted plan. On the contrary: there is the sharpest disagreement, the most violent quarrel between different Nazi factions as to this future plan, its ends as well as its means, its details as well as its essentials. To be sure, there is no really "free discussion" as the term is understood in a democracy. Only high Party or government officials and their authorized spokesmen dare participate in it. Even so everyone prefaces his views with an abject profession of absolute Nazi orthodoxy, usually buttressed by quotations from *Mein Kampf* or from Hitler's speeches. That Europe can be organized in such a way as to establish a permanent system of Nazi hegemony is taken for granted by all writers as a matter of course. And it is understood that everyone will accept the decision of the Fuehrer, once the "party-line" has been fixed by his express pronouncement.

Nevertheless, the discussion which was started about a year ago at Hitler's wish has become so heated and acrimonious that to-day there appears to be no common ground, no possibility of a negotiated compromise between the various views. *Grossraumwirtschaft*—the organization of Europe as an economic unit under German command—which was accepted as a starting point at the outset of the discussion has been discarded by two of the most influential groups in the Nazi State: the Army and the professional politicians like Goebbels and Himmler; and even the Nazi economists who still cling to it are divided into two irreconcilable camps. Finally it has become apparent—both in Nazi theory and in the actual administration of conquered territory—that these disagreements reflect not only the extraordinary difficulty of organizing Europe on a hegemony basis but a fundamental split between Nazi philosophy and Nazi policies.

II

Of the plans under discussion in present-day Germany, the *Grossraumwirtschaft* program which has been widely broadcast in this country as the officially accepted one is actually the most unlikely to prevail. Its basic outlines are simple. It provides for a European economic federation under German leadership. There would be no trade barriers

within Europe, only one currency, and a unified government-owned railroad system. Industry would be governed by co-operative cartels under direct government control and supervision. The economic functions of the various parts of Europe would be divided on the most economical basis. Finally, while there would be no attempt to break off all economic contact with the outside world, Europe would try to become as self-sufficient as possible by means of "educational" tariffs and subsidies for new industries and new crops.

To Americans most of this program will have a familiar ring. It sounds like a streamlined and modernized version of Henry Clay's "American System" which has played such an important part in the economic history of this country. Nor is this a coincidence; *Grossraumwirtschaft* goes straight back to the German-American Friedrich List who was one of the most brilliant pupils of Alexander Hamilton and a close friend of Henry Clay, and who, returning to Germany after a prolonged stay in the United States, became the father of German and of European protectionism. The only difference between this present plan and List's proposals of a hundred years ago is the extension of the principle of a customs union from Germany to the whole of Europe, and a much greater degree of government control and intervention.

All the conservatives in Germany, the believers in the capitalist system and in orthodox economics, Dr. Schacht, the former President of the Reichsbank, the German bankers and the German industrialists support this plan. But there can be little doubt that this plan will not be accepted precisely because it is the most conservative economic proposal conceivable in present-day Europe. It would actually attempt to undo most of the changes which the German and European economies have undergone during the past four or five years. Economically and socially it would be the "liquidation" of the Nazi Revolution and the consolidation and stabilization which Dr. Schacht promised in vain to his English and American friends during all the years before his sudden dismissal in 1938. Moreover, this plan cannot solve the problem of unemployment which will threaten the European economic and social structure after the war.

Finally it flatly contradicts every principle of Nazi imperialism. Dr. Schacht and his friends assume that Europe should be organized for the attainment of the highest economic standard. Yet it has been a Nazi article of faith that economic standards are of secondary importance and are not aims in themselves. The *Grossraumwirtschaft* plan also assumes that economic factors, such as a common currency, a common trade border, and an inter-European division of labor will be sufficient to keep Europe together under German leadership, whereas the Nazis have been taught that economic factors are never decisive in politics. Finally, under a *Grossraumwirtschaft* on Dr. Schacht's model, the non-German people would have to be given some equality of status; they would be a sort of junior partners. But Hitler's personal philosophy is based on the concept of the German "master-race" and on the congenital inferiority of all non-Nordic people who are born to be slaves.

For all these reasons little has been heard lately of this plan. It is still mentioned occasionally in the German press but no longer advocated in editorials and articles. And it is now officially denied that Dr. Schacht was commissioned to work it out for the Fuehrer. In the actual administration of conquered territories very different economics are used: those worked out by Dr. Funk, the present German Minister of Economics, at the order of Marshal Goering, and with the support of the totalitarian planners in Goering's Four-Years Plan organization. But the Funk-Goering proposal uses *Grossraumwirtschaft* only as a negligible detail, looks upon economics only as a means to a political end and is as radical as Dr. Schacht's plan is conservative.

The starting point in this Funk-Goering plan is the thesis that in modern industrial society control of the means of production carries full political control—a thesis originating of course with the Marxists. The plan therefore does not bother with such details as a common currency or a customs union; these appear as questions of expediency, not as matters of principle. What is important is that the German Nazi government control throughout Europe the four strategic means of production in the present economic system: basic raw materials, finishing processes, credit and investment, and foreign exchange. This means not only a European foreign trade monopoly, a monopoly on the European credit markets similar to that enjoyed already by the government in Germany, but ownership of all basic minerals and natural resources in Europe by the German government. It also means that all finishing industries would have to be in Germany or at least in German hands. Cotton would be woven in France or Bohemia, but dyeing would be a German monopoly. Spain or Rumania would produce the iron, but only Germany or German-owned mills would make the steel. Everything would be planned centrally without considering the interests of the inhabitants of the non-German areas. They at best would occupy a position similar to that of the homeworkers in the manufactures of the 18th century who bore all the risks of production but were entirely dependent upon the manufacturer for their raw materials, for their capital, and for their markets.

What Europe would look like under the Funk-Goering plan can be guessed by one of its basic proposals: to transfer during the next five years all major industries in France, Holland, and Belgium to the Danubian Basin, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and southeastern Austria. This is partly justified by economic reasons. The high quality foodstuffs which Europe needs in order to be self-sufficient can be grown only on the good soil and in the even climate of western Europe; and since these crops require intensive methods of agriculture, a considerable number of Frenchmen, Dutch and Belgians at present employed in industry must be brought back to the land. In southeastern Europe, on the other hand, the soil is poor, the land overcrowded, labor cheap and industrialization a necessity. Another argument is the military one: vital industries would be better protected against enemy attacks in the center of the European continent than on its western border. But the main argument is political: illiterate Balkan peasant labor can be controlled far more easily than the highly educated and organized workers of western Europe. And lacking native skilled workers and engineers, the Balkans could not escape permanent German overlordship.

III

Completely different both in mentality and in aims is the approach made by the Nazi military men to the task of organizing Germany's hegemony in Europe. To them this is not a problem of economics or of political organization but primarily one of military security. Unlike the Nazi economists or the Nazi revolutionaries, they do not believe in the possibility of a self-perpetuating permanent organization of Europe. Just as France's generals in 1918 did not share the expectation of the politicians that the Great War was to have been the last European war, so the German generals of to-day do not put much store by Hitler's dreams of a Nazi empire of a thousand or even of a hundred years. They do not profess to know how the defeated and disarmed peoples of Europe will manage to rearm in order to oppose German predominance. But they take it for granted in their discussions in military periodicals and books that they will somehow succeed in doing so. Their historical studies—always one of the main features of German general-staff training—have taught them that no hegemony in Europe has ever gone unchallenged. The main problem, as Hitler's soldiers see it, is

therefore the reorganization of Europe in such a form that Germany can meet successfully any such challenge.

There is one traditional way of achieving this end: the creation of small vassal-states who, strategically located, paralyze potential enemies, make their rearmament difficult, if not impossible, and provide military bases for the dominant power. Napoleon organized the Continent on this principle—on the whole with a considerable degree of success since it allowed him to beat back three attacks by Russia, Prussia, and Austria. France after the World War also tried to use this principle in order to keep Germany down, and to separate Bolshevik Russia from the rest of Europe. And to-day the German General Staff advocates its use as basis for Hitler's organization of a Nazi-dominated Europe.

But while the German generals and staff theoreticians thus fall back upon an often-tried device, they intend to change its practical application considerably. According to the present German military writers both Napoleon and Clemenceau made one big mistake. Their vassal-states were far too large. A vassal-state, so the Nazi Army argues, must be so small and weak that it cannot exist at all without continuous support from the protecting power. Otherwise it will be tempted to make a policy of its own—not only independent of the policy of the protector, but perhaps even against him. Czechoslovakia, Poland, or Rumania, so runs the argument, were of no real use to France as their leaders could hope to survive even without French support; and France could therefore never be really sure of them. Post-war Austria, on the other hand, though not conceived as a vassal-state, actually proved a much greater safeguard of the French-made Versailles order than these French allies; she was so weak, so obviously unable to live on her own, that she became completely dependent on outside help and was forced to follow French or Italian dictates in her foreign and domestic policy. The Nazi General Staff demands therefore that the new vassal-states be even smaller and even weaker than was post-war Austria.

This plan calls for another improvement upon the traditional way of handling vassal-states. With the exception of Rome in her greatest period, all hegemony powers in Europe, from Athens to post-war France, have tried to get something out of the vassal-states: subsidies or auxiliary armies, commercial benefits, cheap labor or cheap raw materials. This, the Nazis say, is a dangerous confusion between the functions of a colony and those of a vassal which tends to defeat the very ends the vassal is supposed to serve. For the gist of the argument in favor of vassal-states is that those states develop a strong, well-entrenched, and popular vested interest in favor of the hegemony power. The vassal must share in the glory and in the spoils of hegemony. It must not be an economic asset to the dominant power; for this means that it is being exploited. It must be a liability, a heavy liability, just as the maintenance of an armed force is a liability; and from a military point of view there is little difference between maintaining an army and maintaining a string of vassal-states.

This is by no means a theoretical argument. It has already found practical application in the creation of the "autonomous" state of Slovakia in one of the strategically most important regions of Europe. There a government is being maintained at considerable German expense in order to exploit in the German interest the hatred of the small tribe of the Slovaks for Hungarians and Poles, and their estrangement from the Czechs. To be sure, Slovakia is none too well off under German domination. She has to maintain a German garrison, follow all German wishes in her domestic policy, submit to the dictates of the German Secret Police and sell her food surplus for whatever the Germans choose to pay. Yet the Slovaks are to-day certainly better off than are the Czechs under the German yoke—in sharp contrast to their

position under the old Czechoslovak Republic when Slovakia was the poorest part of the country. And even determined anti-Nazis in Slovakia have to admit that the Slovaks on the whole feel that they have become a privileged people—just as the "house negro" on the plantation in the ante-bellum South felt himself superior to the negro field hands. How sure the Germans themselves are of Slovak loyalty was shown during the Polish campaign when Slovak volunteers were allowed to fight with the German forces whereas the greatest care is taken to keep all Czechs out of the German army and out of German military zones.

The Nazi army theoreticians demand that similar vassal-states be set up wherever there is a small national or cultural minority on the European continent. There is a plan for a Flemish "autonomous" vassal-state comprising the Flemish-speaking provinces in southern and western Belgium and a few Flemish-speaking counties on the French Channel coast. This vassal-state which would contain Antwerp, Ghent, Ostend, Dunkerque, Boulogne, and Calais would be intended to separate the French and the English and to give Germany permanent command of the Channel ports. The same purpose would be served by the proposed establishment of Brittany as an "autonomous" vassal—with or without the Channel Islands. Other plans provide for the establishment of a Basque vassal-state; in the present public discussion this state is, of course, confined to the French provinces with Basque population but it is fairly obvious that Spain's Basque provinces are expected to join later on. Croatia on the Adriatic—situated between Italy and the bulk of the southern Slavs—is another prospective vassal. Even an "autonomous" Catalonia is sometimes hinted at as a threat to Franco in case he does not prove entirely compliant. And a great deal of publicity is given to the Irish Republican Army as well as to the practically non-existent Welsh and Highland-Scots autonomy movements.

That the concept of vassal-states is incompatible with Dr. Schacht's plans for a European free-trade union is obvious. But it is equally incompatible with the Goering-Funk plan to convert all Europe into a mammoth factory working for Germany. The Nazi Army has certainly no objection to the proposed complete enslavement of Europe. But they oppose the rigidity of the economic organization of the whole Continent under this plan. They argue—and with considerable reason—that this system would be so inflexible that the smallest trouble would threaten complete collapse. With German domination based upon the control of key functions, one major political or economic bottleneck might jam the whole works. The producers of small quantities of basic raw materials might become the real bosses instead of the Germans. It is interesting that the main example quoted by the General Staff people in their campaign against the Goering-Funk scheme is that of the sit-down strikes in the American automobile industry during 1937 when the workers of small accessory and parts plants could bring about the complete stoppage of production in the whole industry. Goering's plan, the General Staff argues, wants to introduce modern mass production principles into political life. But mass production lacks elasticity. And it is precisely this elasticity which seems all-important to the military mind; though based on Germany's hegemony their plan is really one of a balance of power rather than of complete integration in one top-heavy structure.

IV

Both *Grossraumwirtschaft* and the plan of the General Staff are essentially based on traditional power politics. They therefore completely disregard the Nazi claim that totalitarianism is a "permanent revolution" which will spread all over the world. But the fanatics of Hitler's Élite Guard, the many former Communists who apply the Marxist dia-

lectics of the world revolution to Nazism, and such important leaders as Ley, the head of the Labor Front, Goebbels, and Himmler, the head of the Secret Police, all believe that it was the world-revolutionary character of Nazism which ensured its victory. To these men it is therefore an axiom that the military victory of Nazism means also the revolutionary victory of economic and social totalitarianism. And they approach the problem of organizing a Nazi-conquered Europe intentionally as revolutionaries.

At once they come up against a real conflict between Nazism as a world revolution and Nazism as the basis for German hegemony in Europe. If other people besides the Germans can experience the same revolutionary regeneration, then there is no basis for the German claim to be the "master race." More important even, if other nations can become totalitarian they can and will use totalitarianism as a means to free themselves from the German yoke; they will beat the Nazis with their own weapons. This seems more than an idle speculation to people who have been taught for generations that Germany overcame Napoleon by adopting the methods and ideas of the French Revolution and by using it against French hegemony. The spread of the Nazi revolution may thus prove the most serious threat to German power.

In two directions the danger appears imminent to the German revolutionary politicians. The first is Russia's gradual acceptance of the Nazi theories of the "master race" and of *Lebensraum* (living space) which was foreshadowed in the proclamations with which Russia "liberated" Poland, Finland, the Baltic States, and Bessarabia. It seems only a very small step to the organization by Russia of the Slavonic peoples of Europe in an anti-German bloc on the basis of a streamlined, totalitarian version of Pan-Slavism. The second danger is that France, Spain, and Italy might proclaim the supremacy of the Latin race and combine as a "Latin Bloc." That there is some substance to these Nazi fears is shown by the composition of the present French government. Not only is Pierre Laval known as the advocate of such a bloc, but old Marshal Pétain had been trying unsuccessfully to win General Franco for this idea just before the present war started. And it has been admitted that their appointment to supreme command in the hour of defeat was largely due to a desire to gain Italy's support against Germany.

There are a few amongst the most ardent Nazis who in this conflict between Nazi world revolution and German world empire are ready to abandon German supremacy. They would be willing to drop the entire theory of German racial superiority and German racial purity—except of course racial anti-semitism—and to admit all totalitarian nations of Europe into a totalitarian federation on equal terms. They are in fact far more Communist than they are Nazi; and it is upon the hope of their ascendancy that the Russian official press bases its expectation that a Nazi victory will lead to a communist world revolution. But these men, though powerful and influential, are only a small minority. The great mass of the Nazi revolutionaries, especially the leaders like Himmler, Goebbels, or Ley, have decided not only that in this conflict totalitarian world revolution must be given up but even that its spread through Europe must be prevented. They argue that the defeated countries will not be able to reorganize themselves effectively as long as their government remains in the hands of the "remnants of decadent democracy"; and their plan for the organization of Nazi Europe is therefore to install in each conquered country a puppet government of inefficient, unpopular, and unimaginative old-timers.

This does not mean that world-revolution has been given up completely. It is retained but only as a means to disrupt countries yet to be conquered, and to threaten recalcitrant vassal governments. The decision of the old Nazi revolution-

aries to bury the revolution does not even mean that the fascist parties in conquered territory are disbanded. Their continued existence is far too valuable for the Nazis. In the first place it gives them a tool to disrupt and disorganize all native administration in the defeated countries by agitation from within. Second, the dependence of these fascist movements on German support is a guarantee that no anti-German underground movement can be formed without being discovered and betrayed to the German Secret Police. But these fascist parties are only barely kept alive. In no conquered territory are they allowed to organize themselves effectively; and no major administrative and government post has been entrusted to them.

The actual administration of all defeated and conquered countries is put into the hands of routine administrators of the old school. The more timid, the less enterprising, the less popular these men are, the better. This is true of Bohemia where the Czech fascist party has almost been suppressed while local government and administration have been entrusted to the most conservative and unenterprising of the old officials. In Poland the Nazis tried hard to persuade some of the old civil servants and noblemen to form a native government; it was the failure of this attempt which led to the recent incorporation of Poland into the German Reich. In Norway the Nazi Quisling was quickly replaced by a government of civil servants and bureaucrats. The same happened in Holland. And in Denmark the old government and the old bureaucracy were allowed to continue in office. Of course these local administrators are under the supervision of German bosses and live under the constant threat of Secret Police and concentration camps. But even without these threats their power would not constitute a danger to Nazi supremacy; for no one is selected for such a job if he shows any sign of political ability, capacity for leadership, or popularity.

Actually the ardent Nazi revolutionaries of yesterday have become the most careful and cautious machine politicians; they know too well from their own experience the explosive force of revolutionary ideas and mass movements. This determines their attitude to the other plans of organization, that of *Grossraumwirtschaft* and that of the General Staff. They reject both as far too dangerous. *Grossraumwirtschaft*—either in Dr. Schacht's or in Goering's version—seems to them to make totalitarian revolution inevitable in the conquered countries. The system of vassal-states torn out of the body of countries of which they had been a part for centuries would, on the other hand, create at once in these countries a patriotic issue around which the people could rally. And Goebbels, Himmler, and Ley fear nothing as much as such a popular issue which would unite a defeated nation. Their basic idea is to remove all unifying factors and to keep alive all disruptive forces: labor problems, social strife, unequal distribution of incomes, conflicts between town and country, etc., while making any positive solution of these conflicts impossible by paralyzing local administration. What these "revolutionary realists" of the Nazi movement have in mind is not very different from the Japanese plan to demoralize China by spreading the opium habit; and it is perhaps even more pernicious.

V

To a foreign observer this whole discussion between Nazi economists, soldiers, and professional revolutionaries may well appear unrealistic to the point of absurdity. All the plans assume that Britain is already defeated. They never even mention the possibility of a conflict between Nazi-Europe and non-European powers, nor the existence of Nazi plans for world domination extending beyond the borders of Europe. They take for granted that both the United States and the Soviet Union will simply accept Nazi-Europe as an accomplished fact. Even the problem of Italy is omitted; the polite

compliments paid to the "Roman brother in arms" hardly conceal the belief that Italy will become just another subject province of Nazi-Germany. And most important of all, no one dares to raise the question whether the Nazis can really stop their expansionist drive and settle down to the task of organizing Europe without danger of internal explosion. To most interpreters of Nazism, not only abroad but in Germany as well, the studied avoidance of this question is enough to vitiate the entire argument from the point of view of long-range practical politics; for could Nazism continue without "dynamics?"

But even if none of these plans is ever completely or permanently realized they are the political reality under which the conquered nations of Europe have to live at present. These plans determine not only their political, social, and economic organization, their mode of life and standard of living, their personal and political happiness and welfare. They will determine also the form and character of the forces which the oppressed and defeated nations of Europe will organize in the attempt to regain their freedom. In a Europe which is obscured from all outside view by an impenetrable wall of censorship and propaganda these Nazi discussions are the only real information on the state of the submerged countries. By the problems they discuss, by their mentality and their approach they show in lightning-like clarity what Europe under Nazi-rule really looks like.

ICE STORM

BY JESSICA POWERS

THE language of the heart would desecrate
The chastity of this moon-blinded night,
These iridescent trees of ice, these great
Ascetic areas of silver light

That had been fields before the winter rain
Froze on the snow to magnify the moon.
The trees and vines tinkle a thin refrain
Like a glass windbell's tune.

Let him who goes abroad be solitary,
Stifle his heart and see how this unknown
And brittle world, unreal and legendary,
Was filmed in crystal for the mind alone.

AN EVENING IN NUEVO LEON

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

It was ten o'clock in the star-lit desert evening when we drove into Nuevo Leon. After winding through the adobe-walled streets for a while we found the hotel and stopped in front of the entrance. There were few persons out that late, and the only sounds we could hear were the gurgling of the fountain in the plaza across the street and the desert breeze in the tall palms, making a sound like rustling taffeta.

While we were taking some of our things from the car, the proprietor of the hotel came out bowing and smiling. He helped us with a couple of the bags and led us into the lobby.

"It is an honor to have you come into my hotel," he said, stopping in the center of the lobby and bowing again. "I am very pleased to have you as my guests. The Reforma Hotel is honored."

We smiled in return. It made us feel good to be welcomed in such a manner.

The proprietor backed behind the desk. Then he placed the register in front of me and handed me the freshly-dipped pen.

"The house is yours, *senor*," he said graciously. "Have you been long in Mexico?"

We were tired and dusty, and far from being in a talkative mood. It had been a hard trip across the desert and mountains from the coast. Although the distance was less than three hundred miles, it had taken us since five that morning to reach Nuevo Leon.

I scrawled my name on the register, adding *y Sra.* On the next line I wrote out my wife's maiden name in full.

The proprietor leaned over the register and looked at the two entries closely.

"The *senorita?*" he inquired, looking at us.

"There are only two of us," I said, indicating my wife and myself.

He bent over the register, this time taking out his glasses and perching them on his nose. After several moments he straightened up and removed the glasses, shaking his head emphatically.

"No, *senor*," he said unsmilingly.

My wife nudged me with her elbow.

"Here is how it is, *senor*," I spoke up. "I signed my name, and added *y Sra.* for my wife. Then on this next line I wrote out my wife's name in full, her professional name. That was to make everything plain."

"But where is the *senorita?*" he asked, unshaken. "I did not see her arrive here at the hotel with you." He looked at my wife and me, counting us on two fingers of his hand. "Where is the *senorita?*"

"There is no *senorita*," I said quickly. "My wife and the *senorita* are the one and same person."

A broad smile lighted the proprietor's face.

"That is wonderful!" he said, bowing to my wife.

"What is?" I asked.

"You and the *senorita* are to be married! It is wonderful!"

My wife and I leaned wearily against the desk. It was almost eleven o'clock

by then, and we had been up since four that morning. We were envious of all the other guests in the Reforma who had long since retired.

"*Senor*, let me explain," I began. "It is a custom of us crazy *norteamericanos*. When a man's wife has a professional name, we sometimes sign both her married name and her professional name at a time like this. She may be receiving telegrams under both names."

"No, *senor*," he spoke up. "That is impossible."

"Why?" I asked.

"The telegraph office is closed."

"Never mind, then," I said, glancing at my wife. She had dropped her head wearily on the desk. "We don't want to receive any telegrams to-night anyway. Just give us a room and let us go to sleep."

The proprietor nodded his head gravely.

"It is all right now," he said. "I misunderstood. I offer my apologies. I am very sorry. I will now give you two rooms where you may retire to sleep immediately."

My wife raised her head from the desk.

"One room," she said sleepily.

"That is impossible," he said sternly.

My wife's head dropped back into the comfort of her arms on the desk.

"Why is it impossible?" I asked.

"I cannot give you one room, because you and the *senorita* may not sleep together in the Reforma Hotel. It is impossible. I will give you two separate rooms, *senor y senorita*."

My wife held up her hand, showing him her wedding ring. He looked at it uncertainly.

"We have been married for only seven long, long years, *senor*," she said wearily.

"My apologies, *senora*," he said gravely. "I am deeply humiliated by my behavior. I offer you my apologies time and time again."

My wife and I backed away, relieved. After we had gone half way to the stairs we turned and discovered that the proprietor was still behind the desk. He was bent over the register, with his glasses perched on his nose again, reading the entries I had made.

"There has been a serious mistake," the proprietor said, looking at us accusingly. "*Senora*, your husband has not yet arrived at the hotel. When do you expect him?"

My wife and I looked at each other confusedly.

"What are you talking about?" she said, going back to the desk. "This is my husband here, *senor!*"

He looked at the names written on the register once more. Then he straightened up, shaking his head sternly.

"It is impossible," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

"Your husband has not yet registered at the Reforma Hotel. When he arrives, he must sign his name in this book before he may share your room with you, *senora*."

He looked at us more sternly than ever.

"What in the world are we going to do?" my wife asked perplexedly, turning to me.

"I don't know," I told her. "I don't know what we can do."

While we stood there, the proprietor took two keys from the rack behind the desk and led the way to the stairs. We followed in silence, fearing to utter a word even in whisper.

When we reached the hall on the second floor the proprietor unlocked a door and bowed my wife into the room. Before I could follow her inside he stepped into the doorway, blocking my entrance.

"No, *senor*," he said, shaking his head at me. "It is impossible."

I could see my wife standing on tiptoes looking at me over his shoulder. She was speechless.

Dropping the luggage, I went up to him.

"Let me explain once more, *senor*," I began, trying my best to conceal my impatience. "We are married to each other. My wife is wearing her wedding

ring. We wish to enter our room and retire for the night. We are very tired. We drove all the way across the desert from the coast to-day."

He turned and looked at my wife. She gazed at him appealingly.

After several moments of indecision, he shrugged his shoulders and stepped aside, bowing deeply.

"I must apologize for my error," he said. "Sometimes I do not always understand the customs of the *norteamericanos*. Please accept my apologies."

He bowed backward down the hall until he reached the stairway. I ran into the room, shut the door, and locked it securely before anything further could happen.

We stood at the door listening to his footsteps until we were certain he had gone down to the lobby.

It was not long before we were startled by a sudden rapping on the door. We waited, holding our breath. After a moment the knocking began again, louder than before. It could not be ignored after that.

"Who is it?" I shouted in the darkness.

"I am the proprietor, *senor*," he said. "Please open the door immediately."

"Don't do it," my wife said. "We'll never get any sleep to-night if we have to argue with him again."

"But he may break down the door," I said.

"Let him break it down," she said wearily. "It's his door."

We were quiet, not making another sound.

The renewed knocking shook the whole building. It continued unceasingly.

"We may as well find out what he wants," I said. "We can't sleep with that going on."

"Don't let him start another argument, whatever you do," my wife said. "Tell him it is too late to argue now, but that we will argue with him in the morning after breakfast."

I turned on the light.

"What do you want, *senor?*" I asked at last.

"The door must be opened immediately," he said, raising his voice above the knocking.

I got up and unlocked the door. The proprietor stood in the doorway. He did not cross the threshold.

"It is impossible!" he said excitedly.

"What's impossible?" I asked.

"You may not sleep with the *senorita!*" he said loudly.

"Oh, my goodness!" my wife cried. "He's started that again!"

I could hear doors opening along the hall. Everybody in the hotel had been aroused by the clamor.

"Look here!" I said crossly. "I am not sleeping with a *senorita!* This is my wife!"

"It is impossible!" he said, raising his voice above mine.

"Why is it impossible?" I shouted.

"You must occupy a separate room, *senor!*" he commanded. "To-morrow you may become married to the *senorita*, if she wishes to be married, and then to-morrow night you will not be required to occupy separate rooms. But to-night you must!"

I glanced towards my wife helplessly.

"What are we going to do?" I asked.

"Goodness knows," she said. "Won't he listen to reason at all?"

I turned round and faced the proprietor, opening my mouth to speak. Before I could utter a sound he had already spoken.

"It is impossible, *senor*," he said, pushing himself between me and the room.

I found myself being directed down the hall, past several persons standing sleepily in the doorways of their rooms. He opened a door and turned on the light.

"Please accept my apologies, *senor*," he said, bowing low. "It is to my deep regret. But it was impossible."

He closed the door, quickly turning the key in the lock on the outside. After he had withdrawn it, I heard him walking briskly down the hall to the stairway.

TO OUR THIRTY-YEAR-OLDS

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

HOMESPUN philosophers have had much to say of the difficulties confronting Commencement speakers in the spring of 1940. It was, indeed, difficult to think of anything cheerful and reassuring to say to this year's graduates; but there was always the negative consolation open to them that most of them, being now around twenty, are not likely to be charged with any great measure of responsibility within the next ten years. Their lives, it is true, may be extinguished on the battlefield; but their minds and consciences are less likely to suffer a blackout than those of older men, who must make the decisions involving not peace and war only, but the reconstruction that is plainly inevitable of the economic and political systems.

Worse than addressing the class of 1940 would be the task of speaking consolatory words to the survivors of the class of 1930. These are the gentry who are on an excessively hot spot. If they graduated at twenty they are now about thirty, well within the age of active military service, yet old enough to be assuming heavy responsibilities. Members of the class of 1920 share the responsibilities, but they are now approaching the upper limit of military age; and earlier classes are beyond it. The Army knows that men of forty do not make troops that are absolutely first-class, so as long as possible it will avoid filling the ranks with men of that age; but the soldier of thirty may be a fine man-at-arms, and he is of the ideal age for command in any rank from major down—that is to say, he is excellent for the ranks of commissioned officers that run the greatest risk of getting killed.

It is obviously advantageous for a male American to be ten years old in 1940, for that means that it will be several years yet before he has to face the realities of the national situation. It is equally obvious that there is an advantage in being ninety, for in the ordinary course of nature the nonagenarian will not have to wade through much of what lies ahead. But is there anything in the world to be said in favor of being thirty to-day? In particular, is there any advantage that a man of thirty holds over his fellows of forty, fifty, and sixty?

Well, there is this much—he stands a better chance of seeing how it all comes out. His life expectancy is thirty-seven years, and it will take a full generation in all probability to obtain anything like an adequate idea of the answers that will be made to the questions confronting us now. There are those of course who see this in reverse, not as an advantage, but as an additional handicap laid upon the man of thirty; for they are certain that the answers will be intolerable. These are the truly old, whatever the number of years they may have lived; for when a man is so wedded to the past that he cannot see it disintegrating without the certainty that irretrievable disaster is ahead he is already an old man although he may hardly have begun to shave.

Of course any man, young or old, who cannot perceive that there is trouble ahead ought to be in an institution for the mentally disabled. The difference

between the young and the old is not a matter of years but the fact that the young can imagine that, even if the inevitable trouble amounts to disaster, it will not necessarily be irretrievable, and are therefore more interested in methods of cushioning the inevitable shock than in either lamenting it or in making futile efforts to dodge it. For a young man of thirty there is a personal stake in it, since he has an excellent chance of observing how his methods will work out; but for a young man of sixty it is rather academic. He *might* live to be ninety-five of course. John D. Rockefeller did. But it is not wise to count on it.

The man of thirty has a double advantage—over the old, because he has a chance to see what really is ahead; and over children, because he passed through childhood and adolescence before the end of the picnic that lasted a hundred and fifty years. There is now hardly an American of voting age who doesn't realize that the picnic really is over—that it ended definitely, as a matter of fact, in October, 1929. We are getting our American history retaught, and after eleven years of constant hammering the idea begins to percolate through our heads that the first century and a half of the republic was not all glorious, and not even altogether sane. It is apparent, now, that what we were taught in school was the conquest of a continent was, in fact, altogether too much like the looting of a continent. No doubt some of the pioneers were impelled by high and heroic motives; but vast numbers of them were merely running away from the results of their own incompetence. They moved simply because within a few years their agricultural methods had worn out the land, some of it to be classed with the finest land in the world until the blight of American stupidity fell upon it. But the pioneers now have skinned the whole continent, and we, their successors, must contrive to live on what they have left.

No, the record lacks much of being as great as the schoolbooks have taught us. In 1776—or, if you choose to exclude the war years, in 1783—we started with two supreme advantages: first, a political and economic system not imposed upon us by superior force, but devised by ourselves to suit our own fancy, and, second, with a continental domain so inconceivably rich in natural resources that no nation of Europe held anything remotely comparable to it. Within a hundred and fifty years we had wasted and destroyed an appallingly large proportion of those national resources, yet our economic system was working so badly that a third of our people were "ill clothed, ill fed, and ill housed," and our political system was working so badly that troops were fighting milk farmers in the Middle West and the regular Army was driving out of the national capital an irregular army of discontented war veterans. The American achievement was wonderful indeed; but a cynic might say that the wonder of it is how a people so richly endowed to begin with could have made such a mess of things in so short a period.

True, when we were slapped in the face we managed to take the hint. When mobs began to drag judges off the bench, when the entire banking system went down in one terrific crash, and when the people facing actual starvation numbered millions, we began to perceive that something was wrong, and for the past eight years we have been trying frantically to patch things up. To a certain extent we have succeeded. Troops no longer are fighting either farmers or veterans; famine has been averted; the banks are open, and industrial production is running higher than ever. But Mr. Roosevelt himself doesn't claim that our patching has been altogether successful. For one thing, it has invôlved subjecting the fiscal system to an appalling strain. The national debt may be, in a sense, a mere bookkeeping operation, but bad bookkeeping operations can give rise to plenty of trouble. More than that, and worse than that, far too many people are living on what they themselves regard as public charity—and that isn't any bookkeeping operation.

Finally, events in the rest of the world have demonstrated pretty conclusively that even if we had the wit to patch up the old system to the point where it might be made to work again as far as this country is concerned, we should not be permitted to continue in the old, happy-go-lucky style. "You never miss the water till the well goes dry" runs the old song. Vast numbers of us never missed the protection of the British fleet until its power was sternly challenged; but how we began to miss it then! Skyrocketing Federal taxes are reminding us every day that for ninety years we had no occasion to spend our money and energy guarding the Atlantic highway to our shores because that highway was already competently guarded. Roughly half our defense problem was solved for us, and millions of us never knew it; but now that the solution has been largely canceled we know it.

But another of our walls of defense has crashed, and it may prove to be more important than the fighting power of the British fleet. Psychologically, as well as racially, we are of European origin, and our confidence in our own institutions has been buttressed more strongly than many of us suppose by the fact that roughly similar institutions seemed to be working well in Europe. The great democracies of France and England bestrode that continent; and that fact powerfully reinforced American confidence in American democracy. The collapse of the French army was the first great blow to that confidence; yet, if we are doomed to stand as the last defender of democracy among the great powers we shall need all the confidence in ourselves that we can muster.

II

As the war proceeds there is an accumulation of evidence that it has taken its present course not on account of the strength of the totalitarian powers, but on account of the weakness of the democracies. Regarding France, in particular, the world is full of foul rumors. France was cursed with wooden-headed generals. Beyond a doubt she was cursed with shifty politicians too. But there is more and more reason to believe that part of the secret of the French defeat was, if not active treason, at least a fatal apathy. More and more Americans are coming to suspect that the ultimate reason for that defeat was a conviction on the part of too many Frenchmen that modern France wasn't worth defending. In England that spirit apparently had not spread so far; but England has its Oswald Mosleys. At this moment we have no precise information on how many Englishmen of more or less prominence have gone to the Tower; but we know that some have gone.

In short, we are faced with the fact that a modern population simply will not fight effectively for a government that has not solved its own problems. You may call it what you please, democracy or anything else; but if it has not contrived a politico-economic system that affords content to the great majority of its people, those people will flatly refuse to support it in a crisis. We are at the same time faced with the fact that we have not solved our own problems, especially with regard to the ten millions who are still unemployed. The conjunction is enough to give us a firstclass case of the jitters.

One of the stock phrases of every American campaign orator is, "We have achieved the highest standard of living ever attained in human history." It sounds well but it is open to at least one question. That question is, Who are "we"? If the orator refers to the luckier two-thirds of the American population he is right. But are two-thirds enough? Imperial Germany under the Kaiser did better than that. The Joads and the Jeeter Lesters in Imperial Germany constituted far less than one-third of the population; and the Germans fought magnificently for four years in defense of the Kaiser. Will an America, of which one-third is "ill clothed, ill fed, and ill

housed" fight equally well in defense of the republic? The question is all too likely to become something more than academic within the near future—how near that future may be, one shudders to think.

We are then confronted, as Grover Cleveland remarked, with a condition and not a theory—two conditions, in fact, each disturbing in its kind. In the first place, the seventy-five steel tubes on which we had, consciously or unconsciously, counted—the heavy guns of the British fleet—are obviously no longer to be relied on for our defense on the Eastern side; in the second place, the ancient shibboleth of "democracy" obviously can no longer be relied on to make European peoples fight, and therefore may not be a sure reliance to make Americans fight. Taken together, these are a pretty solid guarantee of trouble ahead.

There is, however, a third guarantee that to many people is more disturbing than both the others. It is the fact that free enterprise, under capitalism, is definitely sunk. It no longer exists in any other great nation than the United States, and even here it exists only fragmentarily. You can no longer build a railroad, set up a bank, or plant cotton in this country without official permission; and in no other world power can you conduct any sort of enterprise without official permission. Nor is there more than a remote chance that free capitalistic enterprise will be reëstablished at any time soon. Even if England wins her war against a totalitarian Europe, it is beyond belief that she will soon restore the conduct of foreign trade to private hands. Therefore American exporters will be competing, not with foreign exporters, but with foreign governments. Obviously that can't be done. The American government will have to back the American exporter if he is to have a chance. But the moment the government backs the exporter, free, capitalistic enterprise is done for in that field. Moreover, if the American government is to back the export trade effectively, it must exercise a considerable degree of control over domestic production; which means that free, capitalistic enterprise must be subjected to even more complete regulation within the country.

This is a condition with which we had nothing whatever to do. As far as foreign trade is concerned, the choice does not lie, and never lay, with us. Governmentally regulated trade is state socialism—or, if you prefer, state capitalism. But we have not been asked whether or not we choose to adopt it. The condition has been created without our advice or consent; we have to accept it or get out of the field.

It is as plain as a pikestaff, therefore, that we must alter our ideas of physical defense, that we must alter our ideas of psychological defense, and that we must modify our economic system if we are to survive as an independent power. This means trouble. It means big trouble. There is no getting away from that ugly fact. But does it mean disaster? I venture to doubt it, and that is why I believe there are advantages in being thirty years old.

The encouraging fact is this—our present troubles are not due to the fact that the government devised in 1787 failed to solve reasonably well the problems it was intended to solve. The political troubles, including the revolt of the milk farmers, the revolt of the mortgagors, the marches of the bonus army and the army of the unemployed, are all directly traceable to economic pressure; and that pressure is being applied by a national economy that did not exist at the time of the Constitutional Convention. The Founding Fathers did not take into account the Industrial Revolution for the sufficient reason that the Industrial Revolution did not begin in Europe until about 1750, hardly touched this country at all until it was forced by the Embargo Act in 1808, and did not attain its full stature in America until about the time of the Civil War.

Hence the fact that our organic law is

plainly failing to meet our needs means only that we have developed new and quite unpredictable needs, not that the political genius of the men who framed the Constitution was feeble. The early Americans solved the problems that they faced. New problems have arisen, not even touched by the Constitution. What of it? It means only that new Americans must arise to solve them. It is a nuisance to be thrown out of our old, comfortable complacency. It is a nuisance to discover that our governmental arrangements are no longer adequate. But such nuisances are no proof whatever that the men of 1787 were wholly wrong; it is proof only that they were not prophets.

After all, when you come right down to brass tacks, is it certain that we have lost anything that wasn't phony to begin with? Take the military situation—no doubt it was comfortable and thrifty to rest secure behind the British fleet, but was it quite decent, or was it quite sane? For ninety years it has suited British policy to have the United States free of any threat of European domination; therefore the British fleet has seen to it that no threat came toward us from that side. This saved us a lot of money, but it is doubtful, to say the least, that it was good for us morally. Then, again, it stood to reason that the British Empire couldn't last forever; and the moment it should collapse it was evident that we should be thrown upon our own resources. Would it not have been the part of sanity to develop those resources well in advance of any possible collapse?

The existing generation of Americans accepted a political and economic system devised for it long ago. We have had no occasion, until quite recently, to do any sharp and difficult thinking about fundamentals. Not for a long time, certainly not since 1863, have Americans been compelled to face even the possibility that American institutions may have only a matter of months to survive. We do face that possibility now. The problems facing us are not susceptible of solution by appeals to precedent, for the precedents have created the domestic problems, and there is no precedent for the international problems. We can't think our way through with the thoughts of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson; we must think for ourselves or collapse. The spirit of Washington and Jefferson is, indeed, still valuable; but that is another thing.

III

This is certainly not an inviting prospect, but does it hold nothing except the menace of disaster? After all, isn't it a pretty cynical view to hold that if America is at last compelled to stand on her own feet she must face inevitable ruin?

Our ingrained respect for the Founding Fathers, a valuable trait in most circumstances, is something of a handicap now. To suggest to Americans that the only hope of the nation's survival is for it to produce now statesmen as great as the fifty-five who met in Philadelphia in 1787 is rather a paralyzing suggestion. Washington presided over that convention, and its members included Franklin, Hamilton, Madison, John Adams, Edmund Randolph, Roger Sherman, Rufus King, among others whose names are still potent. Jefferson, George Mason, Patrick Henry were anxiously looking on and advising. To produce a group of men comparable to that group in ability, originality, and daring is indubitably a large order.

Nevertheless, something of that sort we must achieve, for we are facing a situation that is, in certain important respects, similar to the one they faced. Circumstances, to be sure, are entirely different, but our dilemma is like theirs at least in that there are no more precedents to guide us than there were to guide them. The widespread belief today that our economic choice is capitalism or communism was matched in 1787 by an even more widespread belief that the political choice was monarchy or anarchy. The triumph of American genius then was its success in rejecting

both alternatives. That triumph must be repeated; for as monarchy and anarchy alike were impossible to that generation, so are the alternatives now presented impossible. A return to the capitalism of Coolidge and Hoover, when all the rest of the world has forsaken it, is flatly out of the question; and even if it could be restored, the pass to which it brought us in 1929 ought to be a sufficiently persuasive argument against trying to restore it. A turn toward the sort of regime that prevails in the totalitarian states would be an abandonment not only of American institutions but of the faith in the essential reasonableness of mankind on which those institutions are based. The institutions, after all, we might replace, perhaps with better ones; but it is the faith that makes us American, and if we lose that, although we may continue to inhabit the North American continent, we shall no longer be Americans—not if Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson were Americans. Yes, the alternatives—old-style capitalism and European-style collectivism, whether you call it communism, nazism, or fascism—are both as impossible of adoption by Americans in 1940 as both monarchy and anarchy were in 1787.

But what of it? Is it a lamentable thing for the sons to be called on to repeat the achievement of their sires? It is harsh, it is hard, but is it really injurious to be commanded to be great? The world has not so regarded it in the past. The rule of *noblesse oblige* has always been recognized as a stern one, but dubious, indeed, is the quality of the man who objects to it on that account. To be American and to remain American during the next quarter of a century will be no job for weak men and a weak nation; but what is there about that to appall the heirs of the Convention of 1787?

At this moment, to be sure, it seems all too probable that the task of statesmanship may have to be postponed until the task of the man-at-arms is finished; and if the man-at-arms should fail there would be no point in discussing statecraft. It is possible too that this task may last a long time. It is fairly plain now that we are enduring not the second but the twenty-seventh year of the war. The fighting that began in 1914 was only partially suspended in 1918; there has hardly been a day in twenty-six years on which some part of the world has not seen a continuance of the struggle against the intolerable strains of modern civilization. Surely, no literate American believes any longer that the war was actually caused by the assassination of a forgotten prince in an obscure Balkan town. It was caused by the same thing that set the milk farmers to fighting troops, and the mobs to dragging judges off the bench in this country eight years ago—the failure of statecraft, economic as well as political, to operate the machinery of the new industrial civilization in such a way as to make the lives of the masses of the people at least endurable.

Nevertheless, the fighting continues, and when war is abroad the physical safety of the country takes precedence over every other consideration. Not much enduring statecraft is to be expected from an armed camp; yet wise men, even in the midst of war's alarms, will not forget that peace is inevitable—it may be the peace of a cemetery, but peace of some sort cannot be prevented. The lamentable part of it is that we may come at last to grapple with the formidable problems of peace exhausted and exacerbated by a long war; but so, as far as that is concerned, did George Washington.

To-day's man of thirty may, therefore, be a man of forty before he gets a chance to erect new institutions for a prosperous and peaceful nation. Unfortunately he may arrive at the conference minus an arm or a leg left on the field of some new Château Thierry—God forbid that it should be a new Antietam, fought on American soil. But, soon or late, to the conference he will inevitably come, there to face problems as difficult as any presented to military men.

But why concentrate exclusively on the

problems? It is equally true that he will face opportunities as great as those men faced who came to the conference of 1787. Whatever else the blasting of the past ten years has done, it has at least shaken Americans out of their long lethargy. Nobody whose opinion commands respect dreams any longer of a return to Coolidge. Coolidge's own political party has this year nominated a man whose chief claim to consideration in his alert awareness that the old shibboleths are completely outworn. Our share of the other qualities of the men of 1787 may be scant, but we have at least something of their realization that all the old paths are blocked and that if America is to continue to exist at all she must hew out a new path toward the old goal.

Since the future is impenetrable, it seems to me as reasonable to assume the best as to assume the worst; or, perhaps I should say, no more unreasonable. The best assumption is that the Americans of the next twenty-five years will come through as handsomely as their ancestors did a hundred and fifty years ago. I cannot prove that they will do so, but neither can you prove that they will not. Yet if they do, how pointless are our current visits to the Wailing Wall, how badly misplaced our sympathy!

"History," observed Kitty Foyle, "always was temperamental when it was happening." Without doubt it was an extremely trying experience to be George Washington. I can conceive the possibility that George hardly thought it was worth while; but the rest of us don't see it that way. What really humane man would condemn another to a great career if he had the power to do so? Yet we certainly do not mourn when we suspect that a young man is destined to be great. It is plain to the dullest that the world at present is passing through a period sure to occupy a great deal of space in the history books of the future. Whatever else it may be, it is not a period of trifling events and small men; to look upon the dark side only, when have such crimes been committed, when have such titanic mistakes been made, when have such catastrophes occurred, when have such gigantic villains towered over the world? But there is a law of compensation in history: when the evil is immense, so is the good that rises to challenge it. This age has already produced a numbing array of monstrous men; it will not pass without producing some great ones.

Therefore, the man who lives through it, as the man of thirty has an excellent chance to do, and who has been a part of it, will come to the evening of life with giant memories. Among them, if he is an American, I believe will be the memory of having taken part in the working out of a better order, in the devising of a social and political system that, casting aside the wreckage of old, false ideas, and hewing out new ones, will have carried the republic farther toward the objective chosen long ago: "equal rights for all, special privileges for none."

Those of us who are beyond thirty may not live to see it; but there are probably among us to-day many who, a generation hence, may look back upon these troubled times and justly paraphrase the words of the ancient Washington: "We have erected a standard to which the wise and honest may repair: the event is in the hand of God."

SEASICKNESS

BY W. H. MICHAEL

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RIDING a camel frequently causes seasickness. Riding a horse rarely does. The camel whirls us round in a peculiar circular motion which continually irritates the balancing mechanism of the inner ear. The endolymph in the membranous labyrinth, in perpetual agitation, bombards our nervous system with repeated stimuli registering our rapid changes in position. This excessive nerve action finally exhausts our labyrinthine mechanism for maintaining equilibrium and brings about the collapse we call motion sickness or seasickness.

This fact is a basis of argument for the labyrinthine theory of seasickness. The theory is true, but it is far from the whole truth. A more complete understanding of the condition is a real asset to all who ride camels, cars, ships, boats, airplanes, or merry-go-rounds. And this understanding should be acquired while comfortable and safe on terra firma, because if a susceptible person attempts to analyze this condition while rocked on the deep or bounced in an airplane his very efforts to understand are likely to increase his susceptibility.

In the ponderous *Hydrographie* which recorded all nautical knowledge up to the middle of the seventeenth century, Father Fournier said of seasickness, "There is no remedy. One must console oneself with the fact that nobody dies of it." But the holy father was wrong all along the line. There are remedies which mitigate if they do not prevent or cure; and some do die of seasickness.

For the less desperate cases a better consolation may be found in remembering that the great Nelson was frequently seasick and that such lovable animals as dogs, horses, cows, and sheep are affected, while among the relatively immune are those with high blood pressure, tabetics (sufferers from locomotor ataxia), rope walkers, the deaf and dumb, the insane, and pigs. But immunity in man is only relative. The aviation medical officers inform me that it is rare indeed that an aviator in training will not confess confidentially that under some conditions of flight he is "not quite well."

The reasons for most of these facts become evident as we investigate the disease.

Seasickness is caused by one thing, *motion*, acting upon one function, the *balancing power*. Therefore we are prone to expect one definite cause, for example, the *labyrinthine cause* already described. But it is not as simple as that. There are several kinds of motion and an infinite variety of combinations and intensities of motion. And even given the same motion, the same environment, the effects on individuals range from nothing at all, through the gamut of symptoms from slight squeamishness to that profound despondency and debility which some writers, inspired by personal experience, call "real seasickness."

This variable reaction to the same condition is due to individual differences in

the resistance of the balancing function. And because seasickness is caused by exhaustion of the balancing function it is necessary to analyze that function and study the action of motion on the organic mechanisms which maintain balance.

Fish swim suspended in a homogeneous fluid. We know that even blind fish are able to maintain balance and direction. The herring and the mackerel are examples of fish which are not only able to do this but to carry out first-class navigation without benefit of chart or Naval Academy diploma. All this is accomplished by something within the fish itself, due in most part at least to nerve stimuli from the labyrinthine apparatus. We note that the fish's inner ear is disproportionately large and well developed and we suspect that this inner ear is the charthouse which accounts for the facility in navigation.

A bird or airplane in flight develops a power which largely annuls the sense of gravity and prevents the effective functioning of the labyrinthine apparatus. This apparatus cannot tell the bird or the aviator whether he is gaining or losing altitude and is able to perceive only sharp lateral movements. Therefore vision has to assume that important role of balance and direction which was assumed for the fish by its labyrinthine apparatus. The resulting importance of visual function in birds is reflected by the development of enormous optic lobes in the bird's brain. The aviator finds it necessary to supplement his visual apparatus by the use of instruments.

Man, like other animals on land, habitually balances himself with his feet on the earth and his body surrounded but not supported by air. If he sways, he knows it by three sorts of stimuli: first, those from his labyrinthine apparatus; second, those from the eyes which register his relation to the earth and other things also balanced on the earth; third, by stimuli from his muscles which tell him of increased pressure on one foot and changes in the muscle pull in his neck, his flanks, and his legs.

The relative importance of man's balancing methods may be readily evaluated: a deaf mute who has no labyrinthine sense (hence his relative immunity to seasickness) may be blindfolded and still maintain equilibrium by his muscular or somatic sense alone; but if a tabetic who has lost his somatic sense is blindfolded he falls. Therefore either the visual or the somatic sense is sufficient to maintain balance under ordinary conditions. At least for the tabetic the labyrinthine apparatus is not sufficient. It is admitted, however, that the tabetic's labyrinthine apparatus may not be up to par, and it is because of the absence or the benumbing of his sensations that the tabetic is relatively immune to seasickness.

Normal man, therefore, balances himself by sensations from the inner ear, the eye, and the muscles. Continual movement, as of the sea, enormously increases both the number and intensity of these sensations, and also disturbs the coordination between them. But different kinds of motion act more severely upon one balancing mechanism than upon others. The passenger lying in his deckchair amidships, facing inboard, receives most of his balancing stimuli from his inner ear; for he remains in the same visual relation with the part of the ship he can see, and as he is supported by a large part of his body surface and not balanced on his feet, his somatic sensations are reduced to a minimum; thus it is the inner ear which the ship's roll chiefly disturbs. The lookout in the crow's nest, with the horizon in perpetual motion and the ship careening beneath him, gets a large part of his balancing stimuli from his eyes. The sailor at the bow in the peak of a pitching ship is more effected by his somatic stimuli as the ship's bow rises and falls with the sea. The somatic sense also bears the greatest strain for the passenger in a bumpy airplane. And of course on a destroyer going at high speed in a rough sea all hands get an excess of all three kinds of sensations combined by that

incomparable corkscrew motion for which destroyers are justly famous.

Whether or not we become victims of seasickness depends on whether the attack of all these stimuli breaks down our nervous resistance. It now becomes clear why acrobats, and others whose professions continually exercise and strengthen all their balancing functions, enjoy considerable immunity to seasickness. Of course the sailor ranks high on the list of these professions.

The variations in reaction of ordinary individuals also become evident, both because certain movements put a greater strain on one or another of the balancing mechanisms, and because certain persons are more vulnerable to attack on one or another of their balancing mechanisms.

The patient already dizzy with a chronic ear disease would be particularly sensitive to labyrinthine stimuli. The beautiful astigmatic girl who will not wear her glasses would be hypersensitive to visual stimuli. (I wonder if Admiral Nelson became seasick because he had only one eye.) The fat lady with a pendulous abdomen which pulls and pushes her diaphragm down and up with the waves, would be most vulnerable to the attack of somatic sensations; while the less sensitive pig, with fat equitably distributed and with center of gravity close to the ground between four supporting legs, escapes symptoms.

Dr. Bohec, chief surgeon of the *Île de France*, insisted that the effect of motion on the soft cellular substances of the body constitutes a fourth method of attack. Cells made up of plasma and nuclei of different specific gravity must withstand a certain amount of disturbance from motion. And if constitutional disease has already deranged the normal physiological balance of these cells, this disturbance might well play a major role in producing seasickness.

II

Under the stimulation of the impulses caused by motion there is usually a period of physical well-being. This condition may continue and accounts for some of the well-known benefits of a sea voyage. A goodly percentage of those aboard a ship in moderate weather take a distinct pleasure in the easy rhythmical movement of the vessel. But this primary stimulation also accounts for the caustic remarks and almost sadistic pleasure of some who are not seasick when they see others sick.

If the stimulation of motion is carried beyond tolerance the prospective victim loses his good humor and seems to ponder. Then, as his sympathetic nervous system collapses, clammy sweat appears on his forehead and on the palms of his hands. The excessive saliva in his mouth makes him swallow. His face takes on a greenish hue, his blood pressure falls, and he vomits. In short he presents all the classical symptoms of *shock*, a shock which may last a few minutes to several days, depending upon the power of the victim to reëstablish his nervous equilibrium.

The average period of disability is about three hours for airplane seasickness and three days for seasickness in the restricted sense (naupathia). That is only because the period of bumpy weather in a plane is relatively short, while in three days at sea the weather has usually cleared or the victim has got his sea legs. In rare cases, however, the condition continues until the body is seriously deprived by vomiting of fluids, nutrition, and salts. Then a state of alkalosis, dehydration, and starvation is superimposed upon the original shock of seasickness.

But seasickness begins as shock, shock caused by excessive stimuli due to motion, and it differs only in degree from surgical shock, shock due to fear, or shock due to bad news.

One author states erroneously that seasickness may sometimes be caused ashore by recounting the seadog's cure of the disease: "Tie a string round a piece of salt pork. Have the patient swallow it and pull it up again." True, the

story may produce shock, but it is not shock due to motion, and it brings up the important point that other "secondary stimuli" may co-operate with motion in the production of the shock we call seasickness.

On my first sea voyage to Panama on my way to an internship, I was assigned an inside room down in the bowels of the ship next to the propeller shaft. The noise of the racing propeller when the screw was thrown out of water, the stench of the toilet opposite my stateroom, the vomiting of my roommate were all irritations which, at the time, I did not class as *secondary* to motion.

To such secondary irritations we must add *suggestion*, especially the suggestions of those aboard ship who always want to talk about seasickness. The immune, or those who still think they are immune, frequently maintain that seasickness is mental, that it is caused and should be cured by suggestion alone. They fail to explain how it is suggested to animals. The following experiment proved the importance but disproved the all-importance of suggestion and showed how seasickness can be suggested even to animals.

Dogs were placed upon a platform which was caused to move simulating the movement of a ship. The animals soon became sick. That was certainly not suggestion. The next day the dogs were again put on the platform to repeat the experiment, but the machine moving the platform would not function. Nevertheless the dogs became sick. That was suggestion. They remembered what had happened the previous day.

Suggestion as an important secondary factor in the production of seasickness has reached the proportions of national hypnotism with the British. From the time the Britisher learns to read he encounters allusions about once every hundred pages of British literature to being seasick on the English Channel. Unconsciously it has become a sort of patriotic duty for him to be sick on the Channel.

But secondary factors can work the other way. The stimulus of mental and physical activity may maintain or reestablish nervous equilibrium. When I go fishing with my wife I find that if she is kept busy steering the outboard motor she is never seasick, but if she has only a few minutes with nothing to do she succumbs. She also becomes sick in the rear seat of our car when conversation is not animated.

Next to lying under the shade of a large tree, a sea battle offers the most effective treatment of seasickness. Lord Exmouth commanded the British frigate *Nymph* with a crew of Cornish miners unaccustomed to the sea and very seasick. Nevertheless he engaged the ship *La Cléopâtre* in battle. The British crew overcame their disorder and captured the enemy vessel. The absence of seasickness as an important factor in battle at sea is most striking.

The captain of a ship cannot always arrange a battle. The next best mass treatment is a thrilling fire or man-overboard drill. I have seen a mother recover instantly when "man overboard" was called and she could not immediately find her child. Such activities, properly timed, are remarkable in helping passengers and a green crew to get their sea legs.

Our American Navy has its problems of seasickness. In 1937 there were 1,288 sick days scored up to seasickness. I know of others which were not scored up! Looking back through the annual reports of the Surgeon General of the Navy, I find that the average number of men separated from the Navy for this reason is six a year. But others go out for what is labeled *inaptitude*, and an occasional officer unable to ride ships is given the job of building them, that is, transferred to the Construction Corps.

Improvement of ship construction has done much to decrease seasickness since the days of Father Fournier and his *Hydrographie*. Specific efforts to prevent rolling and pitching have taken two forms: first, ballast tanks so connected

that water flows slowly from one side to the other and by this enforced inertia slows the movement of the ship; second, gyroscopic stabilizers rotating at high speed which hold the ship on an even keel. The *U.S.S. Henderson* was probably the first large ship to use the latter method. However the stabilizers are considered to put too great a strain on the ship to be used in rough weather when most needed.

The Italian ship *Conte di Savoia* has three eighteen-ton gyroscopic stabilizers which were installed by the Sperry Company. The company accepted a gambling proposition for the work with the understanding that payment would be made if the stabilizers worked. They worked.

Research work is now being done on a system of stabilization by which water is pumped from one tank to another in a way to anticipate and counteract ship movement. The action of the pumps is controlled by a gyroscope.

But the great drawback to all systems yet devised is that they take up a large amount of space and weight, in some cases as much as two per cent. Shipbuilders and owners insist that this is too great a concession for the comfort of a few landlubbers.

Contrivances to prevent lateral movement of the individual aboard began with the sailor's hammock and reached their climax in the English Channel ferryboat the *Calais-Douvre*. This vessel was equipped with a suspended saloon, swinging staterooms, and always-upright armchairs. Various navies, including our own, have had a trial at suspended bunks. None of these methods has given satisfaction because they are all based on the labyrinthine theory of seasickness, less than a half-truth. Besides they make people seasick-conscious.

III

Most of us must take our ships as we find them and are only concerned about what we can do to help ourselves. You can do this best by boarding a ship or plane in the same sort of physical condition as if you were reporting to a hospital to have a gall bladder removed: digestive tract in order, reasonably nourished, well rested, and completely dealcoholized. Remember that if you are to attend a farewell banquet.

Next, recall the methods of attack of seasickness: through the eyes, the ears, the somatic sense, and the cells. If you need glasses, wear them. There is not much to do about your ears once you are on board. Some suggest plugging the ears with cotton. It will help if you dislike the sound of the sea or have faith in the procedure.

In many cases a great deal can be done about reducing the vulnerability of the somatic sense. If you are a bit soft and flabby about the middle, wear a snug-fitting girdle. This is particularly important in an airplane trip which taxes mostly the somatic sense. Doctor Poppen of our Navy is enthusiastic about a belt under which a rubber bag is inflated to one or two pounds pressure over the abdomen, and Beckman tells of an officer who always became sick when he took off his abdominal binder.

If your cellular balance has been seriously disturbed by constitutional disease (nephritis, heart disease, or diabetes, for example) you are at a disadvantage aboard ship. Then you had better turn in and exclude as many stimuli due to motion as possible. By the same token, if you keep on being sick after all possible precautions and treatment there is a good chance that you have some disease besides seasickness. People who have had intractable seasickness for years are often cured or improved by taking out a diseased appendix or clearing up a chronic infection.

If you are reasonably healthy but have not proved yourself a good sailor, busy yourself about the ship, particularly amidships where the motion is at a minimum. As soon as there is noticeable motion, try to regulate your breathing with the rhythm of the ship: breathing in

when the rise of the vessel pulls down the diaphragm; breathing out when the ship falls. Open-air games and especially dancing are effective in helping you get your sea legs. Getting your sea legs is essential to being a good sailor because it relegates the stimuli due to motion to the subconscious where they become less irritating, while the reaction to those stimuli becomes reflexive and without mental effort.

Fatigue and cold, however, must be avoided, because both lower your resistance to shock or seasickness. Keep warm, rest when you are tired, and increase your periods of activity as rapidly as you can. If neither the ship nor the weather is too unreasonable you have an excellent chance of enjoying your trip.

Steer clear of secondary irritations. Keep out of saloons foggy with tobacco smoke and out of smelly rooms. Shun victims of seasickness and exclude the topic of seasickness from your conversation. Frequent small meals are to your advantage: do not skip the mid-morning bouillon, the afternoon tea, or the snack before going to bed. Citrus fruit juices and tomato juice may be taken, and the effervescent drinks, in moderation, are agreeable. Fats and greases should be excluded from the landlubber's diet, and I believe the frequent serving of the Navy boiled dinner is one of the sadistic manifestations already mentioned.

I do not recommend drugs as prophylaxis unless you are convinced you are going to be seasick. If you must take something, take small doses of a barbital derivative. The great majority soon get their sea legs with little or no discomfort with the methods already described, and if they go through one voyage without real seasickness their relative immunity is distinctly increased. The contrary is equally true. The British naval surgeon, Elder, tells of an officer with twenty-five years of sea service who always took a bucket on watch with him during the first few days of each voyage.

If you are sick wrap up warmly and lie down where the air is good but not cold. Do not take a little vomiting too seriously. The stomach is a weeping sympathetic neighbor, not the cause of your trouble. Replace liquids lost by taking small amounts as soon as your stomach has calmed down. Chloroform water, aromatic spirits of ammonia, and other carminatives have proved of value in quieting the stomach. The first is my favorite. Then get plenty of rest, with a pill if necessary. Before I classify the use of drugs the novice must be warned that many of the drugs to be mentioned are powerful and dangerous. Unless you know drugs, you had best confine your medication to those already mentioned.

Drugs are used in seasickness for five different motives:

First are the carminatives, which by stimulation of the gastric mucosa frequently bring about a satisfactory reaction reëstablishing equilibrium of the nervous system. Examples have already been given.

Second are those used to decrease the sensitiveness of the nervous system, thereby decreasing the irritation caused by the various stimuli activated by motion. Chloretone, the bromides, barbital and its derivatives, chloral, and even morphine are examples of this class.

Third are the drugs specifically intended to prevent shock. Belladonna and its derivatives, for instance, act by paralyzing the vagus nerve, thus inducing a state of sympathicotonia which sustains the blood pressure. Ephedrine, coramine, and benzedrine act more directly in maintaining or raising blood pressure. The last of these has been used both by inhalation and by mouth. It is lauded by some but the pessimistic say that it just gives them headaches and prevents them from getting much needed sleep. These disadvantages are usually avoided by giving smaller doses and none after noon. Coramine is valuable in the condition of shock, and carefully used should give results in seasickness. These drugs are of particular value in airplane trips where the period of exposure is rela-

tively short. For the ideal treatment of all shock, including seasickness, is the removal of the cause—in this case, motion.

Fourth, drugs are given for the psychological effect, usually in addition to their pharmacological action. Chloretone, a drug primarily given to decrease irritability, is the basis of many commercial preparations. For the psychological effect it is prepared in pills of two different colors with concise directions to give a blue one first, a red one two hours after, and so on. In a moment of moral weakness I permitted my wife to try such a product. I took care of our three small children while she relapsed into a beatific daze which, to me, too closely resembled coma. She was not sick. She was not alive enough to be sick. The second day I threw the pills out the port and turned the children over to her. The reaction was satisfactory, particularly to me. It is this psychological factor of suggestion which accomplishes real cures with the most absolutely absurd treatments. Wearing a piece of brown paper next to the skin is one among hundreds. The use of suggestion is important and should not be condemned, but the person who recommends such treatment should not fool himself.

Fifth, in severe cases, salt, glucose, and water are given to replace losses of these substances by vomiting and to prevent alkalosis and starvation. When the stomach continues to be unable to retain anything replacement must be made by way of a vein or by rectal tube.

Of course drugs for several purposes are frequently combined. Most drug houses have their pet combinations for seasickness. The seagoing doctors use these and have their own too, but the doctors have the advantage of being able to vary treatment as the needs of each case require.

Taking the mystery out of seasickness is the basis of all treatment and an important step in treatment itself. When it is thoroughly understood that seasickness is shock, and when the conditions which aid in the production of shock are recognized, the procedure is logical. If you have not proved yourself a good traveler, or know you are a bad one, then undertake your voyage at your best. Give appropriate care to the choice of your ship or your plane and your weather. Get your sea legs as fast as you can without fatigue or chill. Shun the secondary irritations, physical and mental, and keep your chin up until you have made yourself a good sailor. The chances are two hundred to one you can soon be a good sailor if you really try.

FLIGHT FROM FRANCE, JUNE 17–25

BY EUGENE BAGGER

WHAT follows here is not literature but a historic document. It is the account, in diary form, of how the old European order, the one that, to the greater or lesser satisfaction of all parties concerned, had been plodding on for eleven hundred years since Charlemagne, came to an end for a commonplace middle-aged couple, American husband and English wife, and their sixteen-year-old dog. It ended on the morning of June 17, 1940.

Millions of Americans have been reading in their newspapers, these months and even these years, of refugees; how they were driven from their homes just because the Germans wanted what they call *Lebensraum;* how they had to sleep in ditches and go without food; how they were machine-gunned on the road; and all the rest. I used to read about them too in our decent little home forty miles southwest of Bordeaux, at Pyla near Arcachon, which is a sort of European Cape Cod, all complete with pine woods and sand dunes and lighthouses, and even a few artists. At Pyla-sur-Mer we felt very sorry when the first waves of Belgian refugees arrived in our village, early in June. We also felt very lucky and very superior. For we, in the southwesternmost corner of France, were *safe.*

On the day when the Germans were already sweeping south from Boulogne and Amiens toward Evreux, *on that day* I was still working on a little book, intended to persuade American public opinion that France must have the Rhine for a frontier, and that Germany must be broken up into her old kingdoms and duchies. When the Paris *Herald-Tribune* published Ambassador Bullitt's warning to all Americans to leave France at the earliest moment, *our* worry was that our lease at Pyla expired on June 30th.

What saved us, as we know in retrospect, was the requisitioning order. It was posted at Pyla on Thursday, June 13th. The Government was at Bordeaux; the Ministry of Air was actually quartered in the best hotel at Pyla. They needed the villas for the officials' families. The inhabitants were warned that they might be turned out on twenty-four hours' notice. We were on particularly good terms with the local authorities; I went to see the mayor's secretary. "Don't worry. We shall see to it that they leave you alone." Just the same I was not going to take chances. I started to pack our suitcases, much to the dissatisfaction of my wife who said I was a pessimist.

On Saturday, June 15th, I drove to Bordeaux. I called at the Consulate and had lunch with G., who said the situation was very serious. He advised me to get our passports in order. The Spanish frontier was less than one hundred and fifty miles distant, an afternoon's drive in our Ford. I went home. Sunday we spent packing. In the evening we took the back seat out of the car, and loaded her up. Twenty-six pieces of baggage. Two large cases, containing my six hundred books, a smaller case containing manuscripts and notes,

and two wardrobe trunks were to be left behind for storing or forwarding. It was the last night we were to spend under our own roof though we did not know it.

II

Monday, June 17th. We had intended to leave early, but what with one thing and another it was 9.30 by the time we said good-by to Madeleine. We said we should be back for dinner; we meant it. First, to the bank at Arcachon. We had between us 600 francs, about fourteen dollars at the prevailing rate; the visas alone, we figured, would cost us a thousand. M. Dupin, the manager, said that the fifty pounds for which we had cabled to London ten days ago had not arrived. Still he kindly cashed a check for ten pounds—1,750 francs. We knew that he did not know whether he would be able to collect. We thanked him. We set out for Bordeaux at 10.30. The center of the town was bedlam; I had never seen so many cars in so small a space. A policeman waved us off as we tried to enter the rue Vital-Carles; it was closed; the Government was in session. (We did not know it, but they were discussing the surrender of French freedom.) By the time we reached the American Consulate it was 12.30. The lobby was black with people, mostly foreigners hoping against hope for visas. G. said he would join us at lunch at the Splendide as soon as he could make it. On the terrace of the hotel we ran into the William Henry Chamberlins; they had arrived from Tours the day before. We sat down for an apéritif; Percy Philip, of the *New York Times*, detached himself from the crowd, told a funny story without sitting down, and vanished. Booking a table was not easy, but a consular visiting card did the trick. We were surrounded by what used to be called *tout Paris*. For months we had been meaning to go to Paris for a visit; now Paris had come down to see us. At every table there was a Cabinet Minister's wife, a foreign ambassador, a movie star, or a prominent war profiteer and party. G. appeared, accompanied by Hans, a young Dutchman who explained he had begged a lift on a French army truck at Orleans.

Back to the American Consulate where the consul was on the point of entering the visa into my wife's passport when he noticed that the passport expired that very day. To the British Consulate across the square, double quick. A hundred people outside; most of them British subjects but not English; Maltese, Cypriots, French, or Greek wives of sailors, all hoping to get away on the boat that was to leave next day. What with the heat, the fatigue, and the worry, my wife fainted on the sidewalk. A kindly Englishwoman brought her a glass of water; she was the wife of one of the officials; she took the passport and brought it back, duly renewed, in five minutes; but for the contretemps we should have had to wait for hours.

At 7.30 my wife had her American visa. It was G.'s last official act that day. He would not hear of our returning to Pyla. The danger was that the French might close down all road traffic. At 11 o'clock G. and Hans went to their respective rooms. We hadn't any and no hope to find one; just as a matter of form I tried the Splendide, the Bordeaux, and the Royal Gascogne; nothing doing. About 11.30 we settled down in the front seat of our car for an uneasy night's rest. Hundreds of people, mostly from Paris and the North, were spending the night in their cars around us. We dozed.

Suddenly all the lights in the square went out. I glanced at my wrist watch. 12.23. And then we heard them—the bombs. We counted eight, in quick succession; far away to the northwest, in the Gironde estuary I reckoned. Then the sirens began to shrill, far away too, then nearer and nearer. The popping of the anti-aircraft guns followed. We got out, my wife carrying Tosca and I an attaché case with our most important papers. I locked the car. Some soldiers were running toward the Allées de Tourny;

we joined them. There was an elaborate dugout, a zigzag of sandbags reinforced with logs driven into the ground and forming a wall about eight feet high; but there was no roof. The anti-aircraft artillery was hard at work for the next hour and a half. My wife lighted a cigarette and was booed. "Put out that match!" Then the all-clear sounded. The lights came back. We returned to the car.

Tuesday, June 18th. At 6 A.M. I drove the car to the big square in front of the Hotel de Bordeaux, about a quarter mile from where we spent the night. We found Hans standing there, with his jacket buttoned over his bare chest. He said he was scared stiff; the Germans were sure to reach Bordeaux to-day, and would get him. He did not like the idea of a concentration camp. A French captain of colonial infantry was reading a paper. I asked him what the news was. He said there had been no news in this whole God-damned war. "But we have heard some very beautiful speeches," he added. "Daladier, Reynaud, now Pétain. And your Mr. Roosevelt too. Very fine speeches." He said he wanted a cup of coffee and was off. At 7 we had breakfast in the hotel lobby, afterward a bath. At nine we met Publio, G.'s Spanish valet. He had obtained for us numbers in the line waiting at the Spanish Consulate—75 and 76. We waited. Half an hour convinced us that at this rate our turn would come in about forty-eight hours. We went to the American Consulate and secured letters to the Spanish and Portuguese consuls. Returning to the Spanish Consulate, I was admitted at once. The consul was polite but firm. "It is absolutely impossible for me to give you a visa unless you have your Portuguese visa first. Go get it, and I'll give orders that you shall be admitted immediately." I thanked him; I thought that was easy enough. I did not reckon with topography. The line at the Spanish Consulate formed in the street; I could present my letter by walking up to the policeman at the door. The line at the Portuguese Consulate formed up a narrow staircase. The office was on the third floor. The only way to present my letter of introduction would have been to mow down the occupants of the staircase with a machine-gun. I got into line and waited. But not for long. The thing was obviously hopeless. There was no admission by numbers; the two or three policemen present limited themselves to umpiring occasional fisticuffs. Publio went to telephone. He came back to report that the Portuguese officials had taken off the receiver and were not answering calls. That was that.

At 1 o'clock we met G. and the Chamberlins at the Splendide. A table had been reserved, proof of the immense prestige of the United States Foreign Service. Chamberlin said the situation reminded him of the early days of the Russian revolution—the overcrowding, the uncertainty, the fast progressing disintegration of all routine. We had cocktails and ordered food. Ed Taylor turned up with his Swiss wife. We sat, eight at a table for four, more or less on one another's laps. Hans reported that a fellow-Dutchman knew a Portuguese who would induce another Portuguese to come out of the beleaguered Consulate, take our passports, and return them visaed. This seemed the only possible solution. At 2.30 the headwaiter said he was very sorry but there was no lunch left. "Just like Russia," said Chamberlin. I spoke to the proprietor. In ten minutes there arrived the thickest and juiciest French equivalent of an American planked steak for eight that I had ever seen. It was perfect. Unfortunately Hans and I were to meet our Dutch benefactor at the American Consulate at 3. We wolfed our steak and ran for it. The Dutch interventionist proved a washout. We first had to drive across town to some sort of convalescent home in a garden. Negotiations with Portuguese No. 1 went on for half an hour. Then we drove to the Portuguese Consulate. Portuguese No. 2 did not come

out. We waited in line for a couple of hours. I stood on the staircase in front of a window between stories. The window opened. Behind it stood the Portuguese consul, whom I had met several times before. "But my dear Mr. Bagger, what a delicious surprise! I shall see you in three minutes." The window closed. The pushing and elbowing on the staircase grew more and more desperate. At 7 o'clock I gave it up.

G. was more emphatic than ever that we must not go back to Pyla. Nobody knew just where the Germans were; we might be machine-gunned on the road. Bordeaux was not exactly safe, but still. We hated the idea of another night in the car. My wife had booked two cots at the American Red Cross shelter; but they would not have dogs. G. proposed that we go sleep in his room; he would take one of the cots. This we could not accept. In the end we compromised: my wife, Tosca, and I would share G.'s bed and he would sleep on a mattress on the floor.

We had a drink in a café with Mrs. Taylor who said one of her two Scottish terriers had been lost. This was not their first trouble, their car had been stolen a couple of nights ago, with most of their baggage. Ed was working. We were to meet for dinner at the Auberge Basque. But the Taylors never turned up. At 9.30 I went up to the Agence Radio, the improvised news service bureau where all the American correspondents did their work. I was told by Handler of the United Press that the Taylors had left Bordeaux. How, he could not say. I went to get our car from in front of the American Consulate, and drove it up to G.'s hotel. We spent a quiet night in G.'s room; he did not after all sleep on the floor but shared a room with Publio whose roommate had left.

III

Wednesday, June 19th. At 9 A.M. there was a mob of four hundred in front of the Portuguese Consulate. Half a dozen soldiers, with steel helmets and fixed bayonets, struggled to maintain a kind of order. I waited in line till 11 o'clock. No use.

We went back to the terrace of the Splendide, to have a drink. Our *Amer Picon* did not arrive. I stepped into the café to find the waiter. There at a table sat the Portuguese consul, having an apéritif with a friend. He hailed me. "But my dear Mr. Bagger, I am desolate about yesterday—the heat—the crowds —overwork—" "Why not give me a visa here and now?" "But certainly, my dear friend, but certainly." He whipped out a fountain pen, scribbled something in our passports. "Here you are. All you have to do now is to go back to the Consulate and have them stamped." I said nothing. There was nothing to say.

It was then that the miracle happened. A distinguished-looking man approached, in his hand half a dozen passports. "My dear Monsieur Skalski, with the greatest pleasure," said the consul. "Monsieur Skalski—Mr. Bagger." He signed the passports. M. Skalski said, "You want your passports stamped? Come along." I went. M. Skalski explained. He was the Polish consul at Arcachon. He had been honorary Portuguese consul in Poland. He had his credentials with him. At the Consulate the luncheon recess had thinned the crowd somewhat. M. Skalski cut through it as a knife cuts through butter. The steel-helmeted corporal, overawed by M. Skalski's diplomatic passport, saluted and let him pass. Five minutes later M. Skalski handed me our two passports, duly stamped. On the way back to the Splendide everything was arranged. We were to meet at Arcachon, in front of M. Skalski's house, at 5 o'clock. We were to travel together in convoy. M. Skalski would secure our Spanish visas at Bayonne. I had just seen him at work. Our troubles were over.

At 5 we pulled up in front of M. Skal-

ski's elegant villa in one of the fashionable streets of Arcachon. M. Skalski's chauffeur was rigging up hammocks in a huge Packard limousine. "For the babies." There was also a LaSalle sedan with a small black trailer looking like a coffin; an elderly medium-sized Renault, and a small brand-new Renault. The latter was to be driven by a tall and bulky Polish blonde who hadn't had much motoring experience; she was now driving round the block, to get her hand in. In the house several Polish families, members of the convoy, were having a meal. That reminded me that we had no food in our car. I slipped downtown and bought two dozen bananas, some crackers, and three bottles of mineral water. I could not get any chocolate. At a quarter to nine we were off. The convoy was led by M. Skalski's chauffeur in the old Renault; he knew the short cut to the Biarritz road across the Landes. Mme. Skalski drove the Packard; our Ford came next, followed by the LaSalle which belonged to M. Ostrowski, the famous Polish sculptor; it was driven by a military-looking Polish chauffeur who could not speak a word of French. The baby Renault with the inexperienced blonde at the wheel brought up the rear.

Very soon we left the road and were driving along a narrow lane. We stopped at a cottage. M. Skalski's chauffeur got out and collected two gallon tins of gasoline. Then somebody else recalled a forgotten waterproof and made a detour to pick it up. Then the Packard had carburetor trouble. In half an hour we had made five miles. Our car was stopping in front of a cottage. I spoke to some French people in the garden; they said they had just heard that the Germans were a few miles north of Bordeaux. The Polish cars caught up with us. I said to M. Skalski, "For heaven's sake let's get a move on, the Germans are at Bordeaux." I drove off. Five miles farther I stopped. There were no Polish cars in sight. The chauffeur arrived in the battered Renault and reported that the others wanted to turn back; it was no use, the Germans were at Bordeaux and would get us anyway.

At this moment a small black Citroen pulled up smartly. A lady in black stepped out. "Good evening," she said in English. It was Mme. L., our Franco-Polish landlady. She was just the sort of person to have about in an emergency. I explained the situation. She drove back to fetch the convoy. In a few minutes she returned to report that they were coming on. If they lost us we all were to meet at the Hotel Moderne at St. Jean-de-Luz, at 2 A.M.

By this time it was dark. We had come less than fifteen miles in seventy-five minutes. This would never do. We waited for the headlights of the Polish cars to appear over the crest of the road, then made off, with Mme. L. in the lead; she knew the road and I did not.

Some twenty miles farther on we took a sharp bend to the left. What had happened to the convoy? Mme. L. drove back. She returned to report that the others must have missed the bend and gone straight on. We could only hope that they would reach St. Jean somehow.

At Labouheyre, just before we hit the main Biarritz road, we ran into a jam. Some two hundred cars were thronging the main square, all southbound, refugee cars with mattresses and perambulators and bicycles tied to the roofs and the bumpers. Steel-helmeted soldiers with fixed bayonets. Officers, with electric torches, demanding papers. French officers, thank God! One glanced at our passports and waved us on.

We had lost Mme. L. somehow. We were now on the main Biarritz road, wide and straight but undulating like a Siberian railway at a fair, with a small ridge to cross every five or six miles. It was full of southbound cars driving close behind one another, but there was no up-traffic, so it was easy to overtake. We drove with dipped headlights. Two or three times we were stopped by soldiers who cursed us. "Douse your lights, you fools, the Italians are overhead." St. Jean-de-Luz was ninety

miles to the south. In half an hour we had left most of the traffic behind. It began to rain. About fifteen miles north of St. Jean I spotted a Citroen parked under some trees. It was Mme. L.'s car; she was asleep over the wheel. We gave her some brandy and bananas.

At Bayonne gendarmes asked for our papers; they were very polite, as in normal times. We reached St. Jean in a downpour. It was exactly 2 A.M. when we stopped in front of the Hotel Moderne —the agreed place at the agreed time. There were no Polish cars in sight. A sleepy porter said there were no rooms. The Hotel de la Poste had no rooms either, but they let us sleep in armchairs in the dining room.

Thursday, June 20th. At 8.30, after a bath and an excellent breakfast of coffee and fresh rolls, I sallied forth to look for our Polish friends. At the Hotel Moderne they had not heard of them. I returned to the hotel and smoked a pipe. About 10 I went out again. There, in front of a small café, stood the unmistakable LaSalle with the trailer, and the baby Renault. I entered the café. The whole party were having breakfast; Mme. Skalski was feeding the babies.

We had to drive back to Bayonne to get our Spanish visas. The Consulate was surrounded by a mob of four hundred people. Even M. Skalski's diplomatic passport was no help. We were talking things over on the corner when the deluge came. In two minutes we were drenched to the skin. I had never seen such a thunderstorm in Europe. The rain came down in blinding black masses, like a waterspout. A continuous barrage of forked lightning interlaced with the flying buttresses of the Cathedral in a kind of infernal counterpoint. In the midst of it all our old friend M. Mendès, the Portuguese consul from Bordeaux, rushed out of the Portuguese Consulate, pursued by a mob waving passports at him. He held his head between his hands and screamed, "Go away! No more visas!" He jumped into a car, plowed through the writhing mass of visa-seekers and shot down the hill.

M. Skalski said we must go to Hendaye for our Spanish visas. At St. Jean-de-Luz we lunched at the Hotel de Paris with M. Ostrowski, his daughter, and his granddaughter. M. Skalski lunched at the Moderne. I was watching the LaSalle like a lynx; M. Skalski had ridden in it that morning and I assumed that he would continue using it. At 4 o'clock I glimpsed M. Ostrowski. "Where is M. Skalski?" "He drove to Hendaye in a taxi an hour ago. His family is still here, he is coming back." My wife and I jumped into the Ford and drove off in pursuit. There was a traffic jam on the bridge. A lieutenant of gendarmerie asked for our papers. "You have no military permit. You can't go to Hendaye." "But we were told that Americans and British people need no permit." "Sorry, a new order came half an hour ago. You must go back to the prefecture at Bayonne."

We were stalemated. We drove back to the Moderne. Mme. L. had just returned from Bayonne; she said that a thousand people were fighting in front of the prefecture; they all wanted permits. It was hopeless. But I was determined that we should sleep in a bed that night. I called at nine hotels; there were no rooms. I stopped at a tenth, an attractive one that we had already passed up as sure to be full. "Of course you have no rooms." "On the contrary, we have a very nice room with private bath. One hundred francs." I paid the hundred francs on the spot and said we'd be back later. In front of the Moderne my wife and M. Ostrowski, seated on a bench, were engaged in deep conversation. It appeared M. Ostrowski had been a lifelong friend of Joseph Conrad. My wife and he had been talking Conrad for the last two hours, forgetting about wars and visas and special military permits. M. Ostrowski was a very charming man; he was probably the only member of the party to remain unruffled during those hectic days. I sat down and discussed Aristotle with M. Os-

trowski. We had just got to St. Thomas Aquinas when out of a side street emerged William Henry Chamberlin and his wife; a porter followed, carrying suitcases. They had just arrived from Bordeaux by train; they were finding refugee existence increasingly difficult, on account of not having a car.

We dined at the Bar Basque, with the Chamberlins. The whole American colony of the Left Bank was there. It was our last dinner in France; it tasted good. We were told about the big air raid on Bordeaux, eight hours after we had left. Two hundred people had been killed.

IV

Friday, June 21st. At 7 A.M. I drove to the police commissariat and asked to see the chief. "He is not here." "Where is he?" "Out there on the bridge, directing traffic." There he was, a young man with a mustache like Hitler's, in a gray suit, wearing a beret. "I am an American writer. I have been working for France. Here are my credentials." "What do you want?" "I want to go to the frontier. I *don't* want to go back to Bayonne, to fight for a permit." "You don't have to. All Americans and British may pass. A new order came last night." I hurried back to the hotel, collected Esther and Tosca, and drove off without pausing for breakfast. I was taking no chances; the military authorities might change their minds once more.

Ten lovely winding miles among the green foothills of the Pyrenees. There was no traffic; all cars carrying other than American or British subjects and diplomats were turned back. There was peace among the hills; the only sign of anything amiss was a log barricade athwart the road every three miles or so, leaving just room enough for a single car to zigzag across. We reached Hendaye at 9, and were directed by a policeman to the Spanish Consulate at the far end of the town.

At the Consulate sixty or seventy people were waiting, Czechs, Poles, Belgians, a handful of English, five or six Americans. My wife and I talked to a tall, jolly-looking Englishman in a tweed jacket. He told us that he had blown up the ammunition works which he had been managing for the French somewhere near Tours; then he helped the French sappers to blow up bridges across the Loire. The waiting was not too bad, but we had had no breakfast, and every ten minutes or so somebody came up with a diplomatic passport of some sort and was admitted out of turn, amidst booing. At 12 o'clock my wife and I went in with a batch of ten; they then locked the doors. We had to wait another hour, sitting in the lobby in cane chairs. The Englishman who had been blowing up bridges settled down to a comfortable snooze. There was a Brazilian couple who had come down from Paris on a tandem bicycle; they had lost all their luggage. A Polish manufacturer, whom I had known by sight at Arcachon, was holding forth in loud tones; he knew everything better than anybody else and did not make a secret of it. A charming, gentlemanly, tall Chinese was explaining the intricacies of currency regulations to my wife. A Belgian boy of eighteen was sobbing softly; he thought, for some reason or other, that his parents were in Spain; he was afraid that if the Germans caught him he would be made to fight against the Allies.

At 1 o'clock we were admitted into the inner office. An hour later we came out; but out of the ten of us only five had been granted visas. The Belgian boy was turned down because he was Belgian and of military age. The omniscient Pole was turned down because his passport, which he claimed was a diplomatic one, lacked some stamp or other. At first he blustered; then he wept; in the end he was thrown out, almost, if not quite, literally. The Chinese took it differently. The consular official said to him, "The Chinese Government has not recognized General Franco. As far as Spain is concerned China does not

exist. We do not grant visas to the nationals of a non-existent country." The Chinese said, "A boat sails from Bilbao for Shanghai in a few days. All I want is to sail in it." The official said, "China does not exist." The Chinese pulled himself up to his five feet ten and said gently, "There are three thousand Spaniards in Shanghai to-day, making money. Ask them whether China exists or not. Also when *you* had your troubles England and France opened their gates wide for your refugees. Of both sides. Good morning." He walked out, head erect. It was difficult not to applaud.

It was past 4 P.M. when we joined the mile-long line of cars that stretched from the railroad station down the hill to the international bridge across the Bidassoa. There were two files, one for ordinary mortals like ourselves, on the right; another in the middle, for cars with the magic plate C.D. (*corps diplomatique*). A third lane, on the left, was kept open for northbound traffic coming from Spain.

From time to time the line of cars moved on a little. The cars on our left, those with the C.D. plates, moved much faster. Some of them were Dutch, a few Belgians, the majority were Polish. I had never imagined there could be so many diplomats on so small a planet. By 6.45 we had moved down the mile. Our car was now the second behind the barrier separating France from the no man's land on the Bidassoa bridge. We hoped to get across and sleep at Irun that night. At 7 o'clock sharp the French gendarmes announced that the Spaniards had just closed the frontier, and were not to open it until 9 in the morning.

Most of the refugees, including ourselves, took the announcement apathetically enough, but there were two rebels. One was a stalwart American lady in a leather jerkin and an aviator's crash helmet. She attacked the gendarme in charge in a fluent and vigorous French, explaining that she simply *had* to reach Bilbao to stop a cargo of American relief supplies which otherwise might go on to Bordeaux and be seized by the Germans. She was the last person to drive a car across that day.

The other protestant was less successful. He was a tall elderly man with a stoop and a Mongolian cast of countenance, looking yellow and ill; he was extremely well dressed in a dark blue overcoat and suit and a gray Homburg that bespoke St. James's Street. He was talking in rapid French and I could not hear what he said, but I stepped nearer to have a look. Sure enough, it was Titulescu, ex-Rumanian Prime Minister, ex-President of the League of Nations; and he admitted it. In fact, he proclaimed it in an indignant treble; it was an unheard-of scandal that he should be held up like this. "You don't seem to realize that I am Titulescu." An officer of gendarmerie was called, then another still higher up; they decided that *M. le Président* might walk across the bridge into Spain.

Half an hour later *M. le Président* came back, more incensed than ever; those Spaniards, he cried, shaking with anger, had taken away his passport and then told him to walk back. "They did not realize that I am Titulescu," he added. A gendarme behind me murmured, "Or maybe they realized that he is Titulescu." The ex-President of the League of Nations was not a popular personage in Franquist Spain.

We decided it was inadvisable to leave our cars overnight; it was also useless, as finding rooms or even a meal was out of the question. So the two girls of the Relief staff and I walked up into town on a foraging expedition. All we could rake up was two small tins of *pâté* and three bottles of Evian water. I had a flask of brandy, so we did not fare so badly. The mists descended on the hills of Spain; from the head of the bridge we could see the lights of Irun. Our last night on the soil of France was peaceful.

The Relief people curled up in their Chevrolet and went to sleep. My wife tried to do the same, with Tosca on her

lap. All along the sidewalks, with their heads propped against suitcases or the wall, refugees were snoring. I stayed up late, talking to two customs guards; we smoked our pipes and cursed the swine who had betrayed France. After midnight a column of large black Renaults glided down the bridge along the third, or northbound, lane; they made very little noise and had all their lights out; the gendarmes opened the barrier and they drove across into Spain. I did not need to be told who they were; I had seen those Renault limousines in front of the Splendide at Bordeaux only a few nights back. They were Government cars. One of the customs guards spat. "I'll bet those cars are lined with gold." About 2 A.M. I sat down behind the steering wheel and pretended to rest.

V

Saturday, June 22nd. I must have dozed, for glancing at my watch I found it was 5 o'clock. By 7.15, having stood in line nearly two hours, I had our two passports stamped. There were still the customs; the French examined the cars carefully, looking for currency and gold. My wife and I were entitled to take 10,000 francs out of France. We had only 4,200 francs between us.

The frontier opened at 8.45. Two minutes later our car was parked on Spanish soil. We had hoped for breakfast; we were disappointed. The next three hours we were kept busy. Contrasted with the congenital muddle and the fast-increasing official disintegration, tempered by occasional friendliness, on the French side, the cold-blooded efficiency of the Spaniards, with its Prussian flavor, was almost frightening. We had to have our passports stamped; we had to see three different officials about our car, two more about currency, one about baggage, and when all this was done we had to go to the Military Command and get a permit to enter Spain! Eight separate moves in all. There was waiting, but there was no confusion. Each motorist was given a young soldier for an escort; mine was a friendly fellow, and extremely courteous. He took me from one cubbyhole to the next, apologizing profusely when we had to wait, but never releasing his firm grip on our passports and other papers. I witnessed one incident. A Belgian woman just ahead of me in the passport queue was told she had to go back to France; her Portuguese visa was not properly stamped. Her husband, whose papers were in order, said the Portuguese official at Bayonne must have made a mistake. The Spaniard was adamant; the woman had to go back. "But I can't go back! They won't let me enter!" she cried. "I'll have to stay on the bridge!" The official shrugged. The woman threw herself on the ground, screamed and kicked; her husband and two soldiers carried her into a room; a doctor was called. The American girl next to me wept; we never knew how the affair ended.

We had one pleasant surprise: nobody bothered about our baggage. At the Military Command our passports were marked with an itinerary: Burgos-Valladolid-Salamanca-Portuguese frontier; we had to stick to it or face arrest. We had every intention to stick to it. At 12 o'clock we were free to proceed. We went to San Sebastian and were directed to the Andia restaurant. We had a magnificent lunch, the first square meal since St. Jean two days ago. Having heard a good deal about food shortage in Spain, the quality and variety of the food, and even more the enormous portions, astonished us; but the prices were three to four times those charged in France.

The road to Burgos spiralled skyward; magnificent vistas opened on all sides, tier behind tier of forest-clad mountain; but driving was a terrific strain and all I could do was to keep the car from going over the precipice. I don't know how I managed to reach Alsasua, a little town in Navarra, down in the valley on the far side. We stopped at an inn and had

some coffee. I rented a room and lay down in my clothes on an extremely hard but very clean bed. I slept—it seemed an eternity—for thirty minutes.

But now I felt completely rested. We drove on in the downpour. Soon the skies cleared; we were now in the province of Álava; the road was very bad, narrow, excessively cambered, and full of potholes, but straight enough. Or so I thought. We were going at fifty when, emerging from a slight curve, we found ourselves in a wholly unannounced S-bend that dipped under a railroad trestle on our right. The surface was smooth, for a change; it was also wet, and banked the wrong way. Braking was out of the question; at our speed a disaster seemed inevitable. The car skidded across to the left; I swerved her away from a wall with an inch to spare; she skidded back on to the right and shot through the opening under the bridge. Right ahead there was a black heap in the road. I stopped the car about six inches behind it.

"By God, you were lucky! I expected you to crash into us," said a voice in French. A man stood beside what had been left of the Peugeot; his face was covered with blood. "Ten minutes ago we had done what you did just now; only we did not stop as you did." The car had crashed into a poplar; it was now a mass of twisted scrap iron; the road was littered with suitcases. Miraculously, the driver only had his face cut, and his wife and child were unhurt. We gave him some brandy, and disinfectant to bathe his cuts with; he asked us to send help from Vitoria, only a few miles ahead. At that moment a big Buick issued from the bend, with the leisurely wisdom of local knowledge; the two Spaniards in it took charge of the situation. On we went.

About seven o'clock we crossed the border of Old Castile; the country was just as I had always imagined it: rocky gorges lined with crags tufted by a solitary pine, then beautifully molded hills, light green, or tawny yellow like the backs of reposing lions. The villages seemed incredibly poor. We reached Burgos at 9. We passed the Hotel Condestable, which we had heard was the best; it looked pretentious; we inquired for the Maria Isabel, also recommended, found it, booked a comfortable enough room, and sat down to a tasty and copious dinner.

At Irun we were allowed to change only 1,000 French francs—500 per person. What with the terrific price of gasoline and two long cables I had sent from San Sebastian, we had only 100 pesetas left, not enough to pay our bill, let alone to keep us in gasoline to Salamanca. The proprietor said he could not change any money; it was strictly forbidden. The Banca de España, the only one authorized to change, was closed until Monday. This meant not only the loss of a whole day but also a hundred pesetas for the room and food, money which we could ill spare. In different circumstances a Sunday in Burgos would have delighted us; as it was, we cursed our luck. It would have been better to stay in San Sebastian.

Sunday, June 23rd. At ten I went to High Mass in the Cathedral. The archaic stateliness of the Mozarabic rite was most impressive, and I marvelled no end at the beautiful Latin elocution of the priest; somehow it was the most *natural* Latin I had ever heard, it sounded as if it were his native language and as if he never spoke any other. It was very lovely. The light in the Cathedral was a warm golden brown, very different from the bluish and purplish grays that fill up the French cathedrals I knew. Coming out I met M. Ostrowski who was admiring the wonderful Gothic sculpture of the porch. In the afternoon my wife and I and Tosca walked to a fair in progress along the river bank; the din was unbelievable, the crowds were enormous. What surprised me was the amount of food displayed in the tents: prawns, hams, sausages, olives, pickles, pastries, candy. I had been told in France that Spain was starving; G. told me that when he had

visited San Sebastian in January he had to leave after two days because he did not get enough to eat. I asked the hotel proprietor what was the truth of the matter; he said he did not know about San Sebastian, but Burgos was the capital of a comparatively fertile self-supporting district and things were not bad. "But you just wait until you penetrate farther into New Castile," he warned.

Monday, June 24th. It took me an hour and a half to change a thousand French francs—they would not take more—and two pound notes at the Banca de España. We left Burgos at 10.30 and had already gone ten miles when we discovered that the hotel people had forgotten to provide the sandwiches I had ordered. Just how unfortunate this was we did not realize at the time. We reached Valladolid at 1 P.M. I had visions of a good lunch and of a visit to the Cathedral where I believed, rightly or wrongly, Columbus was buried. Vain dreams! There was a barrier across the road. A rascally-looking young man, in shirt sleeves, jumped on the running board and said he would guide us through town. His cronies swung the barrier aside. I explained, in my best Castilian, that I needed no guide, that I had no money, and would he please let us go on? His face fell, but evidently he felt that, having assumed official airs, he could not draw back now; he muttered the Spanish equivalent of "That will be all right" and motioned me on. The crossing of the town was unexpectedly short. The pilot jumped off; my wife gave him some French cigarettes, at which his face lighted up, and he said something like "Come again!" We knew by now that there was a tobacco famine in Spain, and cigarettes were the most valued form of tip or bribe. He ran back into town, to look for the next carload of refugees who had no money, only cigarettes. We cursed him and all his works; he had cheated us out of our lunch; but I would not consider going back into town.

The country through which we now drove was absolute deadly desert. The only live beings we saw were some starved-looking crows. It was very hot and close; it was also getting on to 3 o'clock and we had breakfasted at 8. I began to feel giddy. I said, "See that clump of trees?" It was the first clump of trees to be seen for miles. "We'll stop there and rest a little."

We did not reach that clump of trees, for within the next fifty yards the car gave a sickening lurch and there came a grinding and groaning sound from the rear. In a word, a puncture. We stopped. We had no more brandy left. I hauled out the jack. I said, "*That* jack will never lift *this* load." I was never more right in my life.

About a hundred and fifty yards back we had passed a roadmender's hut. I walked back to it and knocked on the door. No answer. I opened the door. On a low stool sat a nanny-goat and grinned at me. I shouted, "*Monsieur le patron! Hombre!*" There was a wooden structure in the back of the hut, like the upper berths in a forecastle. It contained hay. The hay parted and a face appeared.

"Good afternoon, sir. What can I do for you?" said the face. Castilian courtesy is perfect in *any* circumstances. The face climbed down. It was an intelligent, friendly face. I explained my trouble, combining the Spanish word "*coche*," meaning car, with a pantomime expressing utter despair. The man understood. We went back to the *coche*. The nanny-goat came too.

The man had never jacked up a car, but he was remarkably intelligent. The first thing he said was that *this* jack would never lift *that* load. He was right. We worked, or rather *he* worked; I instructed, hoped, and prayed. Three times the car rose—almost; three times it collapsed. The rain began to come down in sheets. Three cars whizzed by. Belgian cars. I waved. They whizzed on. Two more cars. Polish cars. I waved. They stepped on the gas. The roadmender said, "I have an

idea." He ran back to the house and returned wearing a visored khaki cap, like that of a gendarme.

"I am an official," he said simply. A big gray Packard approached. The roadmender stood in the middle of the road and held up his hand. The Packard stopped. It had a Paris number plate. I explained my plight. The driver alighted and dug out a fine big jack from his dickey. In another five minutes we had changed the wheel. In the meantime my wife spoke to the lady in the Packard and discovered that our benefactors were English, ex-residents of Paris. My wife said we had been unable to buy any food. The lady gave us some cheese and bread. We restored the jack and the Packard drove off. At this moment a squad of Spanish motorcycle gendarmes arrived, looking very smart in khaki and patent leather. The roadmender explained the facts. The officer said he was desolate that we should have had such trouble on a Spanish road and that they had not come on the scene in time to help. I shook hands with the officer and with all the gendarmes; they made off.

The shower had given me an idea. I took off my old Burberry, and braced myself for a speech. In Castilian. I said, "No pesetas. Refugee. Many coats. Fine coats. From London. Water does not go through. Please have one."

The roadmender looked at me, then at the Burberry. He said, "Do you mean that you want to give *this* to *me?*" I said, "Yes." The roadmender's wife said, "And is it true that the water does not go through?" I said, "Look." The cloudburst had only stopped ten minutes ago; the water was running from the coat; I showed them the inside; it was dry. The wife's face beamed. The roadmender said, "Many thanks, Señor." He was dignified and restrained to the last; but I could see that for some time to come he was to be the happiest roadmender in the province of Zamora. We shook hands, and they trotted off, roadmender, roadmender's wife, and roadmender's nanny-goat.

It was 4.30. We had meant to reach the frontier that afternoon; it was only another hundred and ten miles, but we had no spare tire and we were on the verge of collapse from hunger and heat. Salamanca was only forty miles away. Salamanca for us.

We arrived, without further mishap, a little before 6. The Hotel de Salamanca gave us a comfortable room, and we hurried back to the Plaza Mayor and sat under the arcades in a café and had sandwiches and beer. Then we walked up to the Cathedral, but it was closed for the night. Dinner consisted of one dish only, a measure of social welfare copied from Nazi Germany. It was not a very good dish and they charged the same price for it as we had paid at Burgos for first-rate meals. The wireless was blaring out news in Spanish, a bulletin from Rome announcing that the Italians had sunk half the British fleet; we had heard this particular news so often that it did not trouble us.

VI

Tuesday, June 25th. We left Salamanca at 9.30; the coffee at the hotel was the worst we ever tasted. We had only seventy miles to drive to the frontier; but what a seventy miles! After Ciudad Rodrigo we saw the first signpost marked LISBOA. Then and there began thirty miles across some of the more hopeless stretches of Dante's Inferno. I had never imagined that such desolation could exist anywhere in Europe. A country made entirely of stone, sickly yellow or dingy gray, with here and there a single clump of some dwarfed bush, juniper or lentisk, just to emphasize the absence of life all around. A few leprous-looking sheep guarded by a man in rags who looked like a wax model of inbred degeneracy. The road a mere lane, excavated rather than made, only in a few places wide enough for two cars to pass. There were no signposts,

and after the first ten or fifteen miles there was not even a lonely scarecrow of a shepherd to nod a toothless, wordless answer to our half-hearted query. At last a battered board, dangling in the hot wind, informed us that we were about to enter Fuente de Oñoro. We shall remember it as the worthy capital of the land of the damned.

After half an hour's waiting in line along the meanest of village streets our car was shepherded into the square in front of the railroad station and customs office. There were about fifteen to eighteen cars arranged along the four sides of the square, and they moved up as the two or three cars, tortured at a time by the executioners of the *Dogana*, were released and despatched to the frontier. It appeared that the Spaniards turned every car inside out, ransacked every piece of baggage, and searched all occupants—all this, to prevent them taking pesetas out of Spain. The manners of the Spanish officials were impeccable throughout. They managed to combine a devilish malice with smooth courtesy, a feat of which the average American or Englishman would be incapable.

We waited for over six hours in that station square, under a blazing African sun. I had only eight pesetas left out of the seven hundred that we had spent in three days, two-thirds of it on gasoline; there was a squalid little restaurant, but not having the price of two hot meals, I did not find out whether they served any. I managed to buy a small piece of cheese and a slice of sausage, for five pesetas. We still had a bottle of tepid mineral water. There was no shade; there was a scorching hot wind and smoke from the occasional trains. Our fellow-refugees, or most of them, were not of the sort to make an unpleasant day less unpleasant. There were three large Buicks with Belgian number plates, filled by what seemed a single family with their retinue; four or five young boys and girls, very unfriendly and ill-mannered, and as many secretaries and servants. After we had crossed the frontier, late in the evening, I learned that it was the family of M. Pierlot, the Socialist ex-Premier of Belgium. There were also some fat purse-proud Czechs and Poles with overdressed wives from Paris, in sumptuous American cars; they looked like, and undoubtedly were, successful war profiteers whose last *coup* had been to cut and run in good time.

At 6 P.M. our turn came. Two boys took every piece of luggage—there were twenty-six of them—out of the car and carried them into the customs office. A couple of *carabineros* poked under the seats and the floor carpets, rummaged in the pockets, emptied the tool compartment, looked under the bonnet. In the office I was asked to open everything; four officers ran their hands through the suitcases and bags; they were tremendously intrigued by my twenty-four pipes and by several reams of typing paper. They were very thorough, and handled everything with extreme care, folding back meticulously the clothes they had disturbed. Then, at a sign from the boss, an officer asked me to turn out my pockets. The three more pipes that thus came to light created a sensation. He ran his hands over my body; it was a perfunctory search, but it was a search. Also it was a farce. For they never examined my big laundry bag; had I had any currency to smuggle I should have put it just there.

These proceedings took over half an hour. It took another fifteen minutes to put everything back into the car. The two boys worked like experts. They, as also the customs officers, had ample opportunity to collect souvenirs; when I later examined our possessions nothing was missing. I gave the boys my last two pesetas and half of a two-ounce tin of Craven Mixture. The tobacco made them dance with joy. It was past 7 o'clock when the squad of four cars—ours, two Belgians, and a French Fiat—were expedited to the frontier in charge of a *carabinero* who helped himself to a seat in a Belgian Packard.

We crossed the village, and presently we drove along a straight road rising gently in open country. There was a chain stretched across the road; behind it stood a low whitewashed building, half a dozen cars parked in line, and a group of gray-clad soldiers with Swiss-looking képis. There was also a large sky-blue sign with white lettering: PORTUGAL.

We stopped on the Spanish side of the chain. It was a great moment; our troubles seemed to have come to an at least temporary end. For Spain had been enemy country; we had not actually been ill-treated, but the hostility was there just the same, in the newspapers and broadcasts, in the eyes and the attitudes of practically everyone we had met, save the Basque people at the hotel in Burgos, one roadmender, and a priest or two. The very air of Spain had oppressed us; we had expected a Fascist atmosphere but what we found seemed more Nazi than Fascist.

Two Portuguese frontier guards, with rifles flung across their backs, came walking down the line of cars. When they saw our number plate they stopped, all wrapped up in smiles. "*Inglés?*" "*Americano e inglesa.*" "*Aliados!*" We shook hands. It was a new world, a world of friends. The country was grand, a vast upland horizon reminding us of the Causse of Larzac in southern France, between Millau and Lodève; rising gently toward the blue line of the mountains of Beira. A delicious fresh breeze attested that we were 3,000 feet up. The sullen dingy square of Fuente de Oñoro, only a couple of miles back, seemed to belong to another planet.

About 7.30 a group approached from the direction of Vilar Formoso; men in black, with grave, kindly Latin faces; little rotund, smiling ladies in gay summer clothes. The mayor, the judge, the doctor, all the official world of the frontier village, and their wives. They walked down the line, accompanied by soldiers. The soldiers carried large open bags and held them out to the refugees. Round golden-brown loaves of freshly baked Portuguese bread, still warm from the oven; the best white bread in the world, as we were to find. Tins of delicious large sardines. Bars of chocolate. The ladies distributed sweet crackers and tins of condensed milk for the children. As long as we live we shall not forget the Portuguese officials of Vilar Formoso.

There was a tall dark young man in a tweed jacket, with an armlet bearing the letters B.E.C. He looked very English. I walked up to him. "Good evening. My name is Wall. Can I do anything for you?" Two other young men with armlets arrived. "Mr. Yeatman. Mr. Holroyd."

We learned next day what B.E.C. stood for: British Emergency Committee. But we learned within the next ten minutes what B.E.C. *did*. They introduced us to the officer of the frontier guards, a tall, smiling, fair man looking more Swedish than Iberian, very smart in his blue-gray tunic. "Lieutenant Antonio Julio." The lieutenant spoke French; he was very apologetic; it was a very modest house, his house in the square, and a very modest bedroom; but it was his best, and all he had to offer. Would we honor him by accepting it for the night? *Would* we accept!

That solved the question of quarters. Next we were guided to the customs office in the village square; they stamped our car papers. An official said, in French: "Awfully sorry to trouble you, but would you mind opening one of your suitcases? No matter which one. It is the law, we must ask you to do it." I lifted a suitcase from the car. The official put on a pair of clean white gloves. I opened the suitcase. The official took off his gloves. "That will be all. *Merci, Monsieur.*" The whole customs procedure took less than ten minutes.

Next, "Come and have some supper." It was Mr. Yeatman speaking. We went to a large barn up the village street. Inside there were tables and chairs and

packing-cases to sit on, a few cots, there were straw-covered demijohns, by the dozen, and cases of beer. Two young Englishmen were cutting sandwiches; another was making coffee; two others were serving. "What will you have?" They gave us bowls of soup; they gave us delicious roast-beef sandwiches, salad, cheese, cake, fruit. They offered us tea and coffee; they offered us beer and whisky; they gave Tosca a luscious slice of roast beef and a dishful of water. We sat round a low table, with candles stuck into empty bottles in front of us; we ate and drank and smoked and talked. We had been through a nightmare; it seemed very unreal; this was a good dream, but it was also true.

Mr. Wall seemed worried. He turned to me. "Are you all right about money?" I said I had 3,200 French francs and 13 shillings of English silver. "No escudos?" "Not a one. We expect there's money waiting for us at Lisbon." "Don't change your French francs now. You won't get anything for them. You may do better in a few days' time. In the meantime you must have money. I am treasurer. I cannot lend you any; we are only supposed to lend to British people. So I'll let your wife have some. Say 700 escudos. That will see you to Lisbon. Tell me if you need more." I said that was awfully good of him, but he did not know me from Adam and I had no security to offer. "Your wife has a British passport. You will pay back the loan at the British Consulate either at Oporto or at Lisbon—whichever is convenient. Or else you can pay me. Here is my card."

Such were the methods of the B.E.C. at the frontier station of Vilar Formoso. British Emergency Committee. A group of young and prosperous business men from Oporto. They had driven up in their cars, the hundred difficult miles along narrow mountain roads; they also had a couple of trucks for provisions. They hired the empty barn and fitted it out as a canteen. They slept on the cots, taking turns, if and when they had a chance. In three days they distributed 2,000 kilos of bread, 5,000 eggs, and two bullocks in the form of roast-beef sandwiches, not to mention other victuals. They provided canned milk for the babies. They found rooms for people. They financed the whole thing out of their own pockets, with a small subsidy from His Majesty's Consul at Oporto. They fed all comers, regardless of nationality; those who had money paid what they chose to; most refugees had no money, and paid nothing.

My wife, Tosca, and I slept that night in the best bedroom of Tenente Antonio Julio. In the morning his wife fed us on fragrant coffee, white cheese, home-baked bread, and homemade cherry jam. While we ate she showed us the doctor's diploma of their son and a cherished edition of *Os Lusiades*, the great national epic of Camoens. Another thing we shall remember is the little room, with its red-silk hangings, over the elms of the main square of Vilar Formoso, in the house that belonged to the lieutenant of the frontier guards and his little, smiling, dark wife.

And here, on this happy note, our log might as well end; though our story does not. It had taken us eight days, including the two and a half spent in Bordeaux, to reach, from our home near Arcachon, the Portuguese frontier and safety.

MAMMA IS A LADY

A STORY

BY DAVID CORNEL DeJONG

The little girl opened the bedroom door, and without looking at the woman in the bed with its green candlewick bedspread thrown half back and its sea-green satin pillows and sheets, announced: "Eleven o'clock." Then letting her eyes travel over the cluttered dresser, she repeated in the same unemotional tone: "Eleven o'clock." Her mother didn't stir.

After touching a powder puff and a lipstick, the girl—she was about twelve—perched at the foot-end of the bed and watched the woman stir lethargically from sleep. One eye cocked desperately from beneath the profusion of curlers studding the brown hair before it fell shut again. The woman stretched out a bare arm and touched her hair. Mamma's blond period was all over, the girl observed to herself. All those sea-green things were reminders of mamma's blond period. "Eleven o'clock," she repeated.

"I heard you," the woman grumbled, rolling voluptuously over. But already the girl's eyes wandered over the morning-lighted room, as if she were checking it for possible changes or additions. The green-silk bed lamp with parrots (bingo prize), the long-legged sateen doll (beano prize), the fringed, green-lisle-covered ottoman (lotto prize), the motto about friendship being the dearest thing (bingo again), the crucifix (Woolworth's, though mamma had no religion), the set of seven celluloid dogs (also bingo). By this time mamma had opened both eyes, yawned twice, and now asked: "How's my sweetie-pie?"

"All right," the girl answered.

"I wish mamma was all right too."

"Did you win or lose?" the girl asked, a ferret-like interest sharpening her eyes.

"Mamma had a terrible time, sweet. Terrible." The woman sat up and touched the pouches beneath her eyes gingerly. "But if mamma insists on raising he—"—she checked the word—"havoc with herself, mamma's poor complexion will have to take the consequences. Hand me those jars of cream, will you, dewdrop? Yes, your mamma had a tough evening." She started smearing her face with tissue cream. "Maybe your mamma is a wicked woman," she complained, patting, daubing. "There, now that pink cream."

"Did you win or lose?" the girl repeated.

"Now, sweet; mamma always wins of course. Why else should she go to the dogs but to win? A lady has to win. But it was bad, and your mamma may have to suffer the consequences. But you wouldn't understand, pet. No. There was I, a lone woman getting on that bus with a dog-racing crowd. When you grow up to be a little lady you must never do that. You'll never have to; mamma will see to that. Now that goose-fat cream, sugar."

"How much did you win?" the girl asked.

Examining herself in her hand mirror,

the woman shook her head ruefully. "Now you, too, liked your mamma better when she was a blonde, didn't you, pet? It's just that my eyes . . . what did you say? Oh yes, it was a terrible evening. Mamma alone in that bus with hardly nothing but men. Not horse-racing men, but dog-racing; and there's a difference. You'll learn some day, my pet. And so when I got on that bus I looked them all over. And did they have eyes on me! So I sat myself next to a pretty plain looking fellow, who was wearing a cap, mind you! Why, I wouldn't be caught stepping out with anybody wearing a cap. But he was the man your mamma was telling you about the other day—or didn't I?" She lifted her chin to think, smoothing her wrinkles at the same time. "Well, anyway he was the man who has all the inside dope on the dogs. And did he have the dope!"

"How much?" the girl asked.

"Well, sweet, it took me nearly half an hour to get him to talking. And all the time the bus rolling through dark country. And across the aisle an Eyetalian making eyes at me—thinking, I guess, I was wasting my talents on the guy with the cap—and just back of him a big Jew, and on the other side a Swede or something. But he came across all right. Maybe I sorta made him. Well, and he wasn't so bad after all. Real sweet, but no class. But nice and simple, and talking as if each of his words weighed an ounce in platinum. And me having to be the lady."

The girl put the jars back on the dresser. "How much?" she asked. But mamma was too busy examining herself.

"Well, and so when he finally loosened up and gave me the dope on some sure things, a couple of dogs named Mutton Bone and Greased Lu, well I tell you I was pretty near exhausted. But he was just getting started. Guess he'd never had a lady make a fuss over him before. Why, he was almost getting fresh. So I thought: well, I'm not going to be seen coming on the track with the likes of him. Even the Eyetalian can't be worse. So I says to him: 'That Eyetalian gentleman is an old friend of mine,' and I sorta had to talk to the Eyetalian then, and so when the bus got there, the Eyetalian pays my way in, and he asks right off how about us letting the dogs run by themselves while we sit in the bar. Imagine! But Eyetalians are fresh like that. Well, so we sat in the bar, and I never even saw one race, and that Mutton Bone and that Greased Lu came in for a fine price each, and this here Eyetalian even buys the tickets for me. So I says to myself, now that he knows I've got all that money, no telling what he'll do to me. And I says: well, a lady's a lady, and a drink a drink, but if an extra drink gives you the courage, go ahead. So when the tenth race comes, and he goes to buy a ticket on some dog, I ups and goes and meets the finest gentleman you ever set your eyes on. A real gentleman. Sitting at a table all alone—he'd been sorta watching me—and you could tell he had class, and a car. So when he invites your mamma to ride home with him, well, of course, that was better than taking the bus with that Eyetalian, wasn't it, sweet?"

"How much did you make?" the girl asked.

"Well, so when the Eyetalian comes back, I tell him that's my uncle back there, and that I'd have to ride home with him, as he's been watching me, and —well, anyway, so I says to him: why not meet me to-morrow? That's to-day. And he says: how about lunch at twelve and then the horse races. And I said okay, see, because I was in a hurry and sorta scared too, because you know those Eyetalians. Don't you ever get mixed up with them, honey-lamb. So I gives him this address and my name. But how was your mamma to know anyway that this Mister Dixon—that is the nice gentleman with the car mamma left the races with—was also going to ask me to the horse races, and also to lunch, but at one o'clock. Not twelve, mind you. That's cheap; that's Eyetalian. They have no class."

"How much'd you make?" the girl asked.

"What's that, darling?"

"You heard me the first time," the girl said.

"Don't be a cheap brat," the woman snapped. "Besides," her tone softened; "I want you to do something for me, sweet. Be mamma's pet, and do just what I'll tell you. That's the lamb."

The girl pouted and shook her head morosely.

"Oh yes, you will. And don't provoke mamma beyond duration. And don't you upset me, because Mr. Dixon is coming here and I want to look my best. He's a real gentleman."

"What'll you give me?" the girl asked.

"Now, is that a nice girl? Well, listen carefully, sugar. Let's see, it's half-past eleven now. That awful Eyetalian will be here in half an hour. Oh don't you worry, he'll be here. That's the kind they are, pushing. Well, when you hear the doorbell, you answer. And be real nice to him. And when he asks for me, you say as sweet as you can: 'Mamma isn't home this minute, but maybe you would like to see papa, sir?' Can you remember that? That's all you need say. Just watch how fast he'll run."

"What'll you give me?" the girl insisted.

"What do you want?" the woman asked hostilely.

"I want a ruby-colored lipstick and some of that nice powder you've got," the girl said implacably.

"Now, dear, that's not for a girl of twelve. How about an ice-cream soda and money for a movie?"

The girl's eyes narrowed belligerently. "Well then, a lipstick and face powder, *and* a soda, *and* a movie." She peered at her mother. "That and nothing less."

The woman colored beneath her layers of creams. "You mean, chiseling little brat! Is that the way your mamma—" But she controlled herself. "All right, all right. Have your own way. But only because mamma can't afford to let herself get upset before Mr. Dixon comes. All right. . . ." Petulantly she lowered her head to the pillow. "But don't you leave the house till that Eyetalian comes. Mamma's got to get a little sleep. A little beauty nap before Mr. Dixon comes. Now that you've upset her so. . . . But go ahead and get your lipstick and all. Chiseling little brat. . . . But don't you ever say your mamma brought you up that way."

THE STRATEGY OF WAR BY RADIO

BY CHARLES J. ROLO

The past twelve months have demonstrated in striking fashion the immense importance of radio in the two branches of modern warfare—the *Blitzkrieg* and the *Angstkrieg* or war of nerves. The incredible speed and precision of the Nazi lightning campaign have to a large extent been made possible by the development of military radio communication. In the most literal sense radio has taken its place on the battlefield in the company of the parachutist, the *Panzerdivision*, and the dive bomber. An even greater revolution in the strategy of conquest was achieved when radio made its appearance on the fourth front of modern war—the battle-front of the mind. It is mainly the development of long-distance broadcasting, so infinitely more flexible than the printed word as a vehicle for propaganda, that has enabled the pioneers of psychological warfare to perfect the technic of fighting with ideas. An imposing array of victories, many of them bloodless, attests to the efficacy of this technic. So important does the German military now consider the use of radio in wartime that, in the terms of the armistice, it allowed France to retain her Fleet but silenced for the time being her wireless transmitters. To retain one of these became a crime equivalent to the retention of arms or munitions, and was punishable by immediate execution at the hands of the firing squad.

The Nazis have been pioneers in the use of radio as an instrument of conquest. Their outstanding achievement has been the *integration* of radio warfare with the other branches of the Reich's war effort, including other branches of propaganda. In times of so-called peace and in times of military stalemate, offensive radio tactics have enabled the Germans to adhere to their cardinal strategic maxim of always taking and holding the initiative. In periods of military activity the microphone has thundered on the flank of gun, tank, and bomber, spraying the harassed enemy with defeatist propaganda. Radio, in fact, as used by the Nazis, has become the chief weapon of psychological warfare.

The crucial importance of this type of warfare was demonstrated by the complete disintegration of Germany in 1918, and Hitler was quick to realize that its role in a future war would be even geater. By 1933 he had defined the technic of the offensive on the mind. "Our strategy is to destroy the enemy from within, to conquer him through himself," he confided to Hermann Rauschning. "Mental confusion, contradictions of feeling, indecisiveness, panic—these are our weapons." It is this definition which makes the term *Angstkrieg* a more exact description of the Fuehrer's strategy than the well-worn phrase "war of nerves." The German word *Angst* conveys precisely Hitler's ideas: mental confusion, contradictions of feeling, indecisiveness, and that state of trepidation which often leads to panic.

To the Germans also goes the credit for realizing the superiority of radio broadcasts over pamphlet bombardments in the strategy of psychological warfare.

The spoken word is a considerably more effective weapon than the written one for the production of *Angst*, because of its flexibility in use and stronger emotional impact.

How is the actual state of *Angst* produced? The process is best described as the engenderment of mental conflict incapable of being resolved by unified action. The first step consists in gaining the listener's confidence in order to weaken his resistance and induce him to open his mind to the assertions of the propagandist. Next, the speaker attacks the institutions, traditional beliefs, and moral values respected by his audience, being careful to put nothing in their place. The object is to encourage cynicism and make the individual doubt the validity of his own normal judgments. Along with this goes the use of the "whopping lie" which, even if not believed, renders less plausible any claims of the other side by the mere fact of having been uttered. Gradually a state bordering on chronic skepticism is produced in the listening audience, and by dint of constant and vociferous repetition, the propagandist converts this skepticism into a total loss of faith which renders his victims ripe for the ravages of the strategy of terror—a savage bombardment with tales of imminent death and destruction. To make sure that this common threat of danger will not serve as a stimulus to unity and patriotism, the listener is again assailed with "confusion" propaganda. He is told that it would be folly to trust his leaders, that the corrupt society in which he lives is not worth fighting for, and that he will derive personal benefits from the establishment of the New Order. He is constantly reminded that life is sweet and dying frightful. At the same time he is fed with superlative exaggerations whose sheer immensity causes them to be remembered. The cycle is now complete. Confusion, fear, and self-defeating cynicism have paralyzed unified action. The result is a nation of neurotics led by a government of Hamlets. Although this final stage was never actually reached in Norway and probably not even in France, the prevalence of the state of *Angst* in these two countries helped to make them such easy game for the enemy from without and the "Fifth Column" from within.

The process described above falls into four distinct phases in the evolution of the *Angstkrieg* as fought by the German radio. In the first, or good-neighborly period, the broadcaster sets about acquiring an audience and gaining a measure of confidence and popularity. In the second, or aggressive stage, he begins to foment psychological civil war by attacking the institutions, leadership, and power-groups in the listener's country. This attack is launched in two waves. In the first the propagandist confines himself in general to a semi-rational, semi-factual approach which will not arouse undue antagonism. In the second, which usually accompanies an offensive on the military front, the restrained technic is dropped in favor of a vigorous verbal bombardment in which lies, vituperation, and highly emotional appeals are resorted to in a rapidly mounting crescendo. The third phase is that of sinister threats, superlative lies, incessant warnings of the wrath to come, and almost frenzied injunctions to "get rid of your corrupt leaders and appeal for peace." The *Angstkrieg* has now reached its climax. The enemy's citadel has been stormed. But the radio offensive continues after the military armistice to prolong the state of confusion among the vanquished and keep them at the mercy of their new masters.

All this has happened in the past year of radio warfare. We have witnessed the use of radio by the Germans to take and hold the initiative during the autumn and winter months when the war was mistakenly believed to be "a phony." We have seen the *Angstkrieg* complete its evolution in France, reach its third phase in broadcasts to the British Isles, and recently enter its second or aggressive stage in transmissions to the United States.

The campaign against England, which is the earliest in date and the most perfect example of the strategy of radio warfare, merits precedence over the others.

II

On April 10, 1939, when "appeasement" was dying and the "Stop Hitler" movement was struggling to come to life, British radio listeners tuned in to Hamburg were astonished to hear, in place of the guttural accents of the German announcer, a clear metallic voice that spoke the English of Eton and Oxford. Appealing to the Britisher's traditional love of fair play, the mysterious voice said: "To some I may seem a traitor—but hear me out." That was the radio debut of Lord Haw-Haw, the Englishman who has led the Nazi *Angstkrieg* against Britain, and is now officially identified as William Joyce, former propaganda director of Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascist Union, and later founder of the British National Socialist Party, of which he himself was Fuehrer.

Having courageously announced himself as a "traitor," Haw-Haw proceeded to convince his listeners that he was an exceedingly agreeable sort of traitor to have around. His skits burlesquing the British character, the humorous aspects of life in Nazi Germany, and himself, convulsed the English—and they listened. His jokes were retailed in pubs, hotel lounges, and patriotic middle-class homes. Half of England's 18,000,000 radio sets were tuned in to him at least once daily. In four months Haw-Haw had won the confidence and affection of the British public, and had successfully completed the initial phase of his campaign. So he began, imperceptibly at first, to modify his tone.

In his second phase, which began with the August crisis over Poland and lasted until the German offensive in the West, Haw-Haw began to talk politics. The task he had now set himself was nothing less than to undermine the Englishman's age-long trust in the basic worth of his institutions, since as an Englishman he knew that his countrymen's bull-dog tenacity was rooted precisely in this instinctive acceptance of the established order. Haw-Haw's main strategy was to depict the people of England as the victims of a sinister conspiracy on the part of their rulers, and this is what he told them: "It is an elaborate system of make-believe under which you have the illusion that you are choosing your government. The whole system of so-called English Democracy is a fraud. England is in the hands of a small group of Money Lords. Do men like Churchill, Camrose, and Rothermere have at heart the well-being of the people of England? Until England is ruled by men who share the feelings of the ordinary peace-loving Englishman—the wage-earning man and the home-making woman, the people of the streets and of the fields—until your press is controlled by you yourselves and not by a gang of international gamblers, the peace of Europe cannot be assured."

To personify the British upper classes and give his audience concrete objects on which to focus their resentment, Haw-Haw presented a series of skits on which appeared Sir Izzy Ungeheimer, the expert on tax evasion; "good old Bumbleby Mannering," a cleric with a flair for timely investment in munitions; and Sir Jasper Murgatroyd, the mogul of the Foreign Office, whose mysterious predictions suggested a guilty insight into the time and place of England's next act of aggression. In these dialogues Haw-Haw's listeners—the common folk of England—heard themselves habitually referred to as "rotten workers" or "blasted Socialists."

To canalize his listeners' discontent, the Nazi strategist provided them with specific grievances. He attacked incessantly "the rising price of foodstuffs . . . the unscrupulous profiteering in the munitions industry . . . the censorship —obviously an institution designed to withhold information from the masses . . . the refusal of the Government to

grant pensions to the dependents of those who lose their lives on active service." His sources were for the most part unimpeachable—the British press, the Liberal weeklies, Government reports, and the findings of Royal Commissions.

Posing as a sympathetic adviser to his countrymen, Haw-Haw would invariably suggest the same remedy for all their troubles: "Once the working men of Britain summon the resolution to demand social justice and call for peace in which alone it can be attained, they can, if they act with sufficient energy, exercise a formidable influence. Then there will be a chance for a young generation in England to build a new system."

The authorities in Britain were now gravely concerned. The British *Public Opinion Quarterly* wrote: "Haw-Haw's propaganda is listened to with enjoyment. It is common to hear people say that 'there is a great deal of truth in it.'" Door-to-door inquiries were conducted to ascertain the extent to which Haw-Haw had influenced British opinion, and the BBC began to devote some time to justifying British institutions and the British way of life.

On May 10, as German troops swept into the Low Countries, the third phase of Haw-Haw's campaign began. The erstwhile evangelist of social justice now became the strategist of terror, the prophet of doom. With the launching of the German offensive in the west, Haw-Haw set up a radio barrage designed to "soften" the morale of the British preparatory to an eventual invasion. Each German victory was represented—not as a triumph in itself—but as a step toward the ultimate goal—the storming of the island fortress. When the Belgian army surrendered, Haw-Haw said grimly: "It is not a small ally that you have lost. It is England that has broken in your hand." And after the Pétain Government had sued for peace, the spokesman of the Nazis thundered: "England must now take the full fury of the German attack upon herself." Thereafter Haw-Haw's efforts to break the obstinate spirit of his countrymen bordered upon hysteria. Daily he bombarded his listeners with terrifying phrases: "England is ripe for invasion. . . . You might as well expect help from an army of mastodons as from the United States. . . . Britain is being drawn closer to the yawning abyss. . . . You are on a doomed ship." Always the counterpart to these warnings of the wrath to come was an awe-inspiring picture of the "gigantic German war machine" pointed "like the irresistible hand of fate" at "the doomed island."

The war, according to Haw-Haw, has now reached "its zenith." "Either England gives in before it is too late, or she will be beaten. Whether or not the people of Britain want to see their fields turned into graveyards and their cities into tombs is a matter for themselves and Mr. Churchill. Perhaps if the British people could speak, they would ask for peace. But since the official voice of England asks not for peace but for destruction, it is destruction we must provide."

III

German broadcasts to France, conducted by two renegade French journalists, André Obrecht and Paul Ferdonnet, proved their worth during the crucial days of the Battle of France, when the French National Radio failed lamentably to provide an adequate coverage of the military situation. In the course of the winter and early spring, the German station at Stuttgart had succeeded in acquiring a considerable following across the Rhine, and this is what its listeners heard, along with the "news," during those nerve-racking June days when the fate of France was hanging in the balance: "Every hour of fruitless resistance will only increase your sufferings. Hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen and Englishmen are on the point of death or surrender. Force your government to make peace or drive it out. Cease fire! Hoist the White Flag! Leave the fleeing

English to look after themselves. These cowards who have no word of honor don't deserve better. Act quickly. Time presses. The existence of your nation, of every one of you, is at stake. Gather together one and all and demonstrate for peace!"

This was no isolated instance. It was typical of the Third Degree to which French radio listeners, already distraught by the sudden destruction of their long-cherished illusion of security, were subjected whenever they tuned in to Stuttgart to ascertain the latest claims of the enemy. But German strategy did not stop short at frontal exhortations to surrender. The *Angstkrieg* must not merely terrify; it must create "mental confusion and contradictions of feeling," and destroy existing ties. And so the German radio held forth to the French some hope of salvation, promising to the soldiers good treatment if they surrendered, to the nation advantageous peace terms if France were to cut herself loose from her perfidious ally.

When the two branches of the Nazi's total war had reduced France into signing a separate peace, it was only the *Blitzkrieg* that was halted. The *Angstkrieg* continued unabated. At first the German radio clamored: "The crime must be avenged; the bellicists must be punished. We require action." The French Government acted. French democracy voted itself out of existence. Daladier and others were brought to trial. But the German radio was not appeased. "The gigantic trial instituted by the Vichy Government," said a Stuttgart spokesman contemptuously, "is only a vulgar stage-effect designed to throw dust into people's eyes. All are responsible for the situation in which the country finds itself. How can the Men of Yesterday build the France of To-morrow? The Parliamentarians of Vichy must not cherish the illusion that their indecent haste to adopt pseudo-totalitarian forms will mitigate the harshness of their punishment."

And so the French people and their new leaders, if they pay heed to the official voice of the victor—as they surely must—know not which way to turn. The Reich urges upon them a certain policy only to attack them savagely when they pursue it. They remain uncertain, divided, confused. The *Angstkrieg* has done its work well. More effectively than an army of occupation, it keeps the unoccupied areas crippled and prostrate.

IV

Germany's "American language" broadcasts to this country are a curious combination of two contradictory types of strategy: a strategy of "Good-Neighborliness" and an attenuated strategy of *Angst*.

The first sympathy-getting phase lasted from before the outbreak of the war to the date of the fall of France. In order to acquire a following, Berlin set out to amuse. To make its message intelligible to the less educated, it used the simple forms—dialogues and so-called "letters" in which difficult terms were spelled out and often explained at great length. To avoid giving offense, it used American announcers—Fred Kaltenbach of Waterloo, Iowa, who speaks with a genuine midwestern drawl, and E. D. Ward, in private life Edward Leopold Delaney of Glenview, Illinois.

Berlin's broad strategy during the first ten months of the war was also extremely simple. The main effort was directed toward building in American minds a picture of a "Satanic" Britain. The German short-wave stations denounced "British arrogance and contempt" for other nations in general and America in particular. They waxed indignant over Britain's "bloodstained" rule in India and Ireland, and over the injustices of the "caste system" in England. In a special series entitled "Anglo-American Relations" Britain was portrayed as constantly interfering with the rights, liberties, and development of the United States. Much was made of Britain's "cynical" repudiation of her war debts

and her "illegal" seizures of American mail. Invariably the conclusion, whether stated or left implicit, was that "The precious blood of American youth should not be spilled to save Churchill's dictatorship—the most sinister and corrupt dictatorship the world has ever seen."

Against this was set an image of a modern, progressive Germany, characterized by its social justice and technological efficiency, and the 150 years of Anglo-American friction were contrasted with the long years of friendly co-operation between Germany and the United States. All this time the German radio was cautious in its tone, and generally represented the Reich as the defender of Americanism and American interests.

It was after the conquest of France that the second or "aggressive" phase began in broadcasts to America. The motive for American intervention was switched from morality to self-interest—usually in the form of dollars and cents. The former pious tone was frequently abandoned for one of frank cynicism, and references to the United States—which now took up approximately three times as much space as on April and May programs—acquired a blunter and more hostile character.

Typical of the changed strategy of Berlin broadcasts is the following extract from a recent Monday night "Letter to Iowa": "It's good business to be on good terms with the winner. The United States has isolated herself, and Germany is not to blame. It is not too late, however, to face reality and extend the hand of friendship to the strongest power in Europe at a time when that power has not only tremendous allies, but is slated to play the leading commercial part on the continent. Self-interest alone should prompt the American people to get ready to capitalize on the big trade boom coming to Europe after this war. It is sheer folly to back the wrong horse in a race with the stakes as big as those in this war are. One doesn't make foreign policy with the heart."

Currently, the German radio is also hammering away at a German Monroe Doctrine for Europe. "Since German policy restricts itself to the European continent, and makes no pretense of minding America's business, it might be as well for fair-minded Americans to reciprocate by not minding Germany's business. An appreciation of this fact would go far to improve relations between the two countries. . . . America is at least partly responsible for the present mess because of her intervention in the last war."

Since the triumph of the German *Blitzkrieg* against France, Berlin broadcasts have become more critical in their attitude toward Americans, American institutions, and the American way of life. Attacks on the American press have now taken on great bitterness and intensity. The large dailies of the Eastern Seaboard are denounced as the organs of "Jewish International Plutocracy." The President, the Administration, and Ambassadors Kennedy, Biddle, and Bullitt are accused of having "precipitated the present conflict" by "encouraging" the English to declare war on Germany. American rearmament and the advocacy of a two-ocean navy are indignantly interpreted as a sign of hostility toward the Reich, and what Berlin terms "Fifth Column psychosis" is said to be a deliberate effort on the part of interventionists to arouse anti-German feeling and propel the American public into a war hysteria. More frequent too are attempts to discredit the upper- and middle-income groups in this country. The rich are described as "sensation-hunters" and worshippers of "the Great God Money" —the source of all our evils according to the German radio. The middle classes are accused of being the dupes of "political fortune tellers," and therefore the pawns of Wall Street and the munitions industry. Private initiative, formerly admiringly described as "the American spirit of enterprise," has now become "predatory capitalism." Everywhere the German radio sees the sinister influence

of the Jews "degrading and vilifying" American civilization.

It is easy to recognize in all this signs of the familiar technic of dividing, confusing, and fomenting group animosities that was used against the British and the French. Although the fair words still considerably outnumber the foul, it is nevertheless an attenuated form of the *Angstkrieg* that is now being directed at the people of America.

V

The British, though not nearly as proficient in the offensive use of radio as their adversaries, have shown themselves alive to the potentialities of this new instrument of war—at least on the psychological front. In the current budget the considerable sum of $15,750,000 was allotted to the British Broadcasting Corporation.

The BBC employs a staff of several hundred to police the air waves, and daily it records some 250 foreign broadcasts. These are then transcribed, digested, and re-digested, sifted and analyzed for possible clues to policy on the part of the enemy or neutrals, and to provide verbal ammunition for the BBC's editorial staff, which is faced with the arduous task of compiling over fifty news bulletins a day in more than twenty different languages (and six Indian dialects) for transmission to the four corners of the earth. In addition, the British radio maintains over a thousand trained "observers" in the Empire and neutral countries to report on reception conditions and audience reactions.

Faithful perhaps to its pre-war motto, "Nation shall speak peace unto nation," the BBC was slow in adjusting its policy to wartime requirements. Its programs were leisurely, verbose, and for the most part lacking in dramatic appeal. To inflame the fighting spirit of the British people and the Empire, the BBC did little more than utter polite generalities about Freedom and Democracy, or denounce "Nazidom" with gentlemanly restraint. For its French ally, who would undoubtedly have welcomed some sign of martial spirit, it featured colorless news bulletins which complacently rhapsodized over "*la solidarité entre nos deux peuples.*" To enlist American aid the British radio did absolutely nothing—until the Allied defeat in Flanders—and for nine months relied on the very John Bullish Overseas Service to retain the sympathy of the American listening public, which was not confined to the owners of short-wave radios, since certain London programs were being rebroadcast in America by one of the domestic networks.

The first warning was administered by the patriotic London *Daily Mail*, which on March 25th wrote: "On the battlefield of propaganda Britain has been decisively beaten. German radio broadcasts are influencing not only our civilian population but also our armed forces." Shortly after, the BBC was sharply reminded of the success of German propaganda further afield by events in Denmark, Norway, Belgium, and Holland. Faced with new responsibilities—the task of transmitting the bulletins of the refugee Norwegian, Dutch, and Belgian Governments to their respective peoples—and an increasingly critical military situation, the BBC made a drastic change in its tactics. In accordance with the instructions of Alfred Duff Cooper, the new Minister of Information, editors began to put more "pep" into British broadcasts and to experiment with new and more aggressive technics. Although the result has been a marked improvement in the caliber of British propaganda, especially in transmissions to this country, British broadcasts still lack the vigor, the uncanny sense of timing, and the powerful emotional drive which characterize the programs of the German radio.

The striking exception to any criticism leveled against British radio strategy are the BBC's German-language transmissions to the Reich. Here, from the outset, the British showed a keen grasp

of the *Angst*-producing technic. Americans returning from Germany have testified to the popularity of the BBC's programs, which are listened to by Germans in all ranks of society, despite the severe penalties for this particular offense. The BBC's trick of broadcasting the names of German casualties and prisoners of war in between propaganda items may to some degree account for the willingness of many Germans to risk incurring the wrath of the Gestapo. At any rate, not only do the Germans listen, but they have even discovered ways of passing round the news and views heard from England, a common device being to say, "Last night I dreamt . . . that the British bombed Hamburg."

The technic of the British radio in its German-language transmissions is an almost exact counterpart of that used by Lord Haw-Haw in his campaign against the British Isles. Day in, day out, the BBC attacks "the Nazi parasites—men who have made a sewer of the German language," and denounces in picturesque language the manifold sins of Goebbels ("that awful gnome"), Goering ("the dope fiend"), Hess, Himmler, and others. Simultaneously the BBC plays up the theme of social justice, focusing its listeners' attention on specific causes for discontent. For the workers, London attacks "Ley's bastard Socialism," which, according to the BBC, is really "an imperialism of the worst sort—an exploitation by a ruling class." For the small savers, the British radio plays up the inevitability of inflation: "The tendency toward an uncontrolled credit inflation is increasing. When one person after another wishes to draw out his savings you will discover that there is no money to pay you back." For the housewife, the BBC points out that in Germany, "Fats are scarce. Beer has considerably risen in price. Coffee has disappeared. The collapse of retail trade is admitted even in print."

In spite of the success of German arms, the British radio is pursuing in its German-language transmissions a strategy of terror. Listeners are told: "In this war, as in the last, sea-power will decide the victory. This fight will continue until the British and their Allies have scored a complete victory, and the more time passes before this victory is won, the more terrible will be the retaliation against you millions of Germans who permitted a criminal Government to use you as the willing instrument of its plans. German bombs may fall on English towns, but we will repay you—and with interest! This time we will carry the war right into your hearths and homes."

The solution for Germany's troubles proposed by the BBC is essentially the same as that which Lord Haw-Haw holds out to the British people. "German workers," says the London radio with increasing urgency, "if you want to avert the punishment of your country by the civilized world, the punishment of future as well as present generations, then it is high time that you rise in revolution against the oppressor. Hitler is leading you into the abyss. Do not follow him. The time for the total destruction of the Hitler regime has come!"

To gain respect and authority the BBC frequently cites items from the American press or prevails upon a neutral speaker to address its German listeners. Thus it was Vincent Sheean and not the BBC announcer who told the people of Germany: "America will enter the war. Germany has repeated the mistake which she committed in 1916. She has left America out of her calculations. I am certain that the United States will soon declare war."

Another regular practice is that of quoting Hitler, and to a lesser extent the other Nazi leaders, to prove the men liars by their own words. Reading from *Mein Kampf*, the London radio exposes the contradictions between the Fuehrer's words and his actions, giving the page references for German listeners to check. More often, the BBC plays snatches from recordings of Hitler's speeches. The Fuehrer is heard shouting: "I want no Czechs!" and the BBC announcer adds

pointedly: "He said he wanted no Czechs—but he meant the opposite!" Occasionally, the BBC will endeavor to mollify its listeners with a little personal praise: "You disregard the Nazi veto and listen to foreign stations. One day your children will thank you for your courage and determination."

VI

On May 28th, the British radio broke with tradition and instituted its first broadcast aimed specifically at an American audience. Thus the BBC became the wartime mouthpiece of Britain's daily appeals for "all the machines and devices of war you can send us." The new series, "Britain Speaks," was introduced by Vernon Bartlett, M.P., with a disarming burst of frankness: "Hello America. Can I ask not only for your attention but also for your sympathy? I'm going to talk to you three times weekly from a country that is fighting for its life. That means that inevitably I'm going to be called by that terrifying word 'propagandist.' But of course I'm a propagandist. Who isn't?" Then Bartlett went on to say: "Passionately I want my ideas—*our* ideas—of freedom and justice to survive."

There we have one of the two main devices of British radio strategy in broadcasts aimed at the United States: the identification of Britain's cause with "the ideals of Lincoln." The other device is to identify the security of this country with a British victory. One speaker phrased it as follows: "I don't believe that the American people can share a world with Nazidom, especially not with a triumphant, all-conquering Nazidom. And even if they wanted to, they wouldn't be allowed to. This is not a European struggle. It is a world conflict or it is nothing. We regard ourselves as the first line of defense for the other side of the Atlantic. . . . You may feel yourselves a long way away from Berlin. But don't you believe it. You're just around the corner. We know that German ambitions do not end with us. Hitler has no interest in America? Then why the elaborate network of espionage in the United States?"

While emphasizing this identity of interests and ideals, the BBC is striving might and main to dispel the most common American prejudices against Britain by building up in its listeners' minds the image of a new and truly democratic Britain purged of the vices of the old order—snobbery, red tape, the policy of "muddling through," and a feudal class system, the object being to convince the plain folk of America that the plain folk of England have come into their heritage and deserve a helping hand.

Part and parcel of this policy was the adoption of a friendly, colloquial style, interspersed with an occasional Americanism. J. B. Priestley, the well known English writer who is now a regular BBC speaker, especially cultivates the "fireside chat" approach. "It is two o'clock in the morning here, the end of a long tiring day. After the kind of news we have to face, I can only talk to you as plainly and frankly as I would to an old friend at this late hour. So consider that I'm smoking a last pipe with you and turning out for your inspection the contents of my mind." Another sympathy-getting device favored by the British is to enliven the grimmest broadcasts with flashes of wartime humor. Typical of these British witticisms was Vernon Bartlett's opening comment on the fall of France: "Well, everything seems to be lost—except the war."

After the French radio passed under German control, the BBC took over the work previously done by Paris-Mondial and expanded its one North American program into a four-hour evening service lasting from 7:24 P.M. (E.D.T.) until 12:35. This new service includes, in addition to the regular news programs and entertainment, an evening commentary on the war situation, a "Radio News Reel," and several series of topical talks.

The "Radio News Reel," a chronicle

of the day's events presented somewhat in the style of our "March of Time," constitutes a step forward in the technic of giving listeners in America a sense of being *participants* in the European conflict—a technic which has been the most significant Allied contribution to the strategy of radio propaganda. Previously, by means of dramatizations, spot reporting, and interviews with American citizens engaged in war service, the British and French radios had in a sense led their American listeners by the hand through the streets of wartime Paris or into an advanced section of the Maginot Line, had brought them face to face with the horrors of a Nazi concentration camp or the desolation of war-ravaged Poland. The first effort of the News Reel was to carry the war into its listeners' homes by presenting a shot-by-shot account of an aerial engagement over the English Channel, in which the rattle of anti-aircraft fire and the crash of exploding bombs frequently drowned the announcer's voice. This novel stunt in radio reporting, originally recorded by the BBC's air observer on the South Coast of England, constituted the first occasion in history that a battle had in the most literal sense been *heard* over the microphone. The trick has since been repeated to enable America to "live through" other wartime experiences and thus foster in them a sense of kindredship with Britain's effort. Here again radio has opened up startling possibilities in the strategy of persuasion.

The very latest tactical innovation of the BBC has been the injection of glamour into British wartime broadcasts by the addition of such celebrities as Noel Coward, Somerset Maugham, Leslie Howard, and Ralph Richardson to the list of London's regular radio speakers.

Such is the setting—and much of it must be considered camouflage—for the daily appeals for aid which are the kernel of British broadcasts to America. "What we ask of you," the BBC reiterates, "is that you should give us your aircraft, war vessels, rifles, guns, ammunition. Whatever you have to give, give it to the cause we all share. . . . Grow not weary in well doing nor tarry. The hour is dark; the peril is great. Help us to help the world breathe the breath of Freedom."

VII

As yet no effective "antidote" to radio has been devised—except more radio. "Jamming" has been attempted but never with much enthusiasm. Most broadcasters are prone to consider their efforts superior to those of the enemy and would sooner let him do his worst than see their own offensive curtailed by the immobilization of the transmitter used for "jamming." In addition, this form of defense is extremely unreliable. "Jamming" may produce a "dead" zone followed by a zone of normal reception a few hundred feet away.

While radio has produced significant changes in almost every department of warfare, it is on the battlefront of the mind that its achievements and potentialities are greatest. Its uses on this front parallel the various strategies employed on the military front. The Nazis have employed radio in the barrage manner against England, France, and now the United States. The British have set up a counter-barrage against the people of the Reich, and are experimenting with camouflage devices in their broadcasts to this country. To shatter the morale of the French nation during the Battle of France, the Germans relied more on radio bombardment than on the aerial bombardment of the great centers of population which the world had regarded as inevitable. And after the Armistice, radio, by provoking new doubts and new conflicts in the unoccupied areas and thereby keeping the beaten enemy prostrate, performed the function of an army of occupation. Thus radio, which in the *Blitzkrieg* is the voice of unity, discipline, and command, in the *Angstkrieg* has become both the voice of destruction and the instrument of conquest.

ARMING AND PAYING FOR IT

BY GUY GREER

So many things are happening in the world to-day, events are moving with such dizzy speed, that to try to think ahead for more than a week or two might seem a useless undertaking. I do not know as I write these words what may have come to pass by the time they appear in print. Possibly we may be by then on the point of going to war, or even already at war. We have begun to arm ourselves on a scale that a little while ago would have seemed to us fantastic; but it will take us years to complete the job, and in the meanwhile we do not know for sure that the dictators will allow us the time to finish it. We are now in the position of having to be mentally and emotionally ready to fight several wars simultaneously before we are physically prepared for one.

And yet, out of the welter of uncertainties that beset us there are some things that stand out as inescapably certain: We must go through with our armaments program, no matter what happens. As a nation we shall have to pay the great cost of it as we go, irrespective of the budget of our government—simply because we shall have available to consume and use during the period of the emergency only what we can produce during that period. And finally, whether we are given time in a military sense or not, we shall be allowed but little leeway in the matter of our ailing economic system. We must hurry up and finish the task already started, of curing it and improving it, to the point where the doctrines we hate and fear cannot undermine it. Above all we must take measures to forestall its collapse when the armaments program is over.

Although as a nation we shall pay as we go, our government will have to spend money in colossal amounts. Must this money be borrowed, or will there be another way to get it? Can we make our financial arrangements fit the fact that we are paying as we go, or must we add greatly to our already large internal debt? If we should do the latter, in an effort to shift the burden to posterity, we should be fooling ourselves. We should be postponing only the *distribution* of the burden, not the bearing of it. We should indeed be preparing a sorry mess for posterity, but it would not be the problem of paying for our armaments program. It would be the problem of making the descendants of most of us pay to the descendants of a few of us the enormous sums resulting from our national bookkeeping.

These are matters we have got to think about—now, rather than in future years. For unless we are resigned to the prospect of drifting into a situation that only a totalitarian dictatorship could cope with we must formulate the main elements of our financial program within the next few months. Most of us are unable by training and experience to deal with the larger aspects of planning the armaments program itself; that is a job for experts. But most of us can grasp the essentials of the fiscal plan, and we shall have to make some grave decisions about it.

II

To comprehend the situation that confronts us, we must look at realities: at things and organizations and human attitudes. But unfortunately, if we would avoid tearing down the structure of our democratic society we shall be obliged also to give thought to the symbols, such as money and accounting systems. Let us begin by reviewing some of the important facts behind the realities.

When the depression started eleven years ago it was nearly world-wide. But somehow the democracies, which then included Germany, seemed to suffer much more than did the totalitarian states. Presently Germany, with plenty of other troubles arising mostly out of the aftermath of the first World War, submitted to the dictatorship of a megalomaniac. This extraordinary man promised a minimum of economic security for everybody, along with a position for Germany as the world's most powerful nation—all these benefits in exchange for a freedom that to many of the people had come to seem but an empty word. And by and large, however worthless his pledges to others and at whatever cost in privation, to his own people thus far he has kept his promises. He has done so by dealing in realities.

He began by ignoring or sweeping aside all customary business and financial rules that threatened to interfere with maximum production. He demanded and obtained the fullest possible use of the energy and skill of every man, woman, and child in the country capable of making an effort. Unemployment was ended as a matter of course. He focused his own terrific emotional energies and those of the German people on the production, first, of what was indispensable for maintaining their health and strength, and then of everything that would be required for waging war. To his Minister of Finance he said in effect: "Make your system fit my plans. Use whatever technical means you find necessary; but do not let lack of money or fear of debt ever for a moment slow down production."

Meanwhile Great Britain and France, as well as the United States and all other countries, were put on notice as to the new Germany's intentions. The newspapers were full of stories about her fabulous success in rearmament and her plans for world conquest. But what with the depression, with failure to adjust traditional economic systems to the requirements of modern industrialism, and a sort of incredulity mixed with apathy that now seems hard to understand, nobody did anything much about getting ready for the shock that was coming. In France a vigorous effort was indeed begun in 1936 to cope with the economic situation, along lines somewhat similar to the program started in 1933 in America. But in France the reactionary elements were able shortly to overthrow the progressive government. The group gaining power, later discovered to be strongly imbued with fascist sympathies, began to nullify the reforms and social advances so promisingly inaugurated. Along with this, Nazi agents were busy fostering unrest and organizing potential traitors. By the time war broke out the masses of the French people were already disillusioned and doubtful as to what kind of economic regime they were expected to fight for. When under the pretext of military necessity they were subjected to repressive measures rivaling those of Hitler himself, their demoralization was soon complete. The results are known to everybody.

We in America have been watching the tragic spectacle in Europe with growing consternation. And now with the destruction of democratic France and the threatened conquest of Great Britain—which would entail the loss to us of the co-operation of the British Navy for protection of the Western Hemisphere—we have no choice but to make ourselves so powerful that if need be we could stand off the rest of the world. But in order to do so we shall have to meet and

solve problems, social and economic and financial, unprecedented in our history.

Potentially we are much stronger than the Germans. Our resources, both human and material, are far greater. In almost every phase of the modern industrial procedures that make for fighting power we are superior. But our economic system, particularly as regards distribution, has not recovered from the depression. We are still unable to provide jobs for nearly a quarter of our potential workers and for at least an equivalent amount of our productive equipment. *The essence of our problem is to devise a scheme whereby, without sacrificing our freedom of individual enterprise, we can distribute the output, and thus utilize the productive capacity, of all our capital and all our labor.* If Hitler said, "Do not let lack of money or fear of debt ever for a moment slow down production," we might well say to our own government, "Do not let anything but the preservation of our basic American liberties ever for a moment interfere with the maximum possible enjoyment and use of our rich heritage—use of it exclusively for peace if we are let alone, but use of it for war too if this horror is thrust upon us."

But there's the rub. The most cherished precept of our way of life is individual freedom—of thought, of speech, of action. And since action of an economic character makes up the bulk of the occupation of nearly all of us, further impairment of such freedom as we still have in this respect is something we dread to contemplate. We know that if we were willing to follow the example of Nazi Germany, making all citizens the slaves of the state—instead of considering, as we do, that the state exists only for the sake of its individual citizens—we could soon make ourselves so much more formidable than the Germans that they would not dare to molest us. But we do not intend to abandon our freedom, certainly no more of it than must be sacrificed for our self-preservation; for we believe that in the long run freedom will make for greater efficiency even in matters of physical production than will the moral and spiritual regimentation of the Germans.

We realize nevertheless that we are faced with the loss of what we hold most dear unless we improve both the immediate efficiency and the long-run stability of our economic system. We cannot afford to have a large part of our productive capacity idle now, nor do we dare run the risk of future depressions such as the one that still afflicts us. What would be the use of fighting to prevent the Nazis from imposing their way of life by force, and then turning round and embracing that way of life because otherwise our own economic system could not be made to function properly?

How to divide up the cost of making ourselves physically strong is just now one of our most urgent problems. In common with other nations, we have heretofore followed in emergencies the curious custom of borrowing from ourselves; that is, the government has borrowed from the citizens. (As will appear presently, modern governments also borrow from banks, which create the money by setting up credits in their books.) We have justified the practice by the fact that some people are always more competent and energetic than others, and we have considered it only fair that those working harder and more skillfully for the national welfare in a time of crisis should receive compensation from the nation as a whole when the emergency was over. But to resort to wholesale borrowing of this kind now would be hazardous, not to say foolhardy. Already we have greatly increased our internal debt, both to feed our unemployed and in an attempt to "prime the pump" of our defective system of distribution. But it remains true as always that some of us will now have to toil harder and more skillfully than others. And as usual the energetic and competent ones will expect to receive compensation later on. Will they have to be promised it in a form that will add to the internal debt and thus create embarrassment for the future?

Or will they be content to give of their best out of loyalty to the nation and for the sake of the opportunities they will have when the emergency is over?

III

Our review of the facts poses the question. Or is it perhaps a dilemma? Can we divert enough of our national income to armaments to make sure that our preparation will be adequate for any war we may have to wage without destroying the mechanisms and violating the principles of our democracy?

If we look at the problem theoretically, the solution is easy. Only a few well-known figures need be cited to show how easy. Our net national income in 1929 was in the neighborhood of $82,000,000,000; but even so conservative an authority as the Brookings Institution has estimated that, without any substantial improvement of our faulty methods of distribution, our productive capacity was such that the national income could have been raised to about $100,000,000,000. Since 1929 the number of our potential workers has increased by something like 10%. At the same time the efficiency of our productive equipment, as well as that of our organization for production, is known to have been improved to a still greater degree. The output per man-hour in industry, for example, has increased by about 25%. Consequently the goal of a national income of $110,000,000,000 a year, even at to-day's lower price level, seems reasonable. As a matter of fact, we do not even begin to know what our productive capacity would be if we exerted our full powers. We have seen a hint of our potentialities in the performance of Nazi Germany, a country with probably less than half of our advantages. What we might do if we really tried—not only in making ourselves strong for war but in providing for all our people such an abundance of material welfare as only a few Utopians have dared to dream of—fairly staggers the imagination.

Let us use, however, the seemingly modest figure of $110,000,000,000 (forgetting for the moment how difficult its achievement may prove to be in practice). We could take of it $10,000,000,000 a year for armaments, or even $15,000,000,000, and still permit the masses of our people to enjoy a standard of living higher than they have ever enjoyed before. During our participation in the war of 1914–18 we did in fact approximate something of the kind, for all our talk about tightening our belts. (Do you remember how some of us were shocked at the spectacle of workers arriving at the job in tin lizzies and silk shirts?)

But if we care about the future, we must avoid the pitfalls of financing that have caused trouble for our national economy ever since. Then we borrowed most of the extra money required, largely from our banks, through the device of creating money by entries in books. We were apparently unable or unwilling, either during the emergency or in the years following, to make our over-all fiscal transactions fit the fact that as a nation we were paying as we went.

And yet, if we would preserve the mechanisms of democracy—*and those mechanisms are the very essence of democracy itself*—we must either again resort to borrowing or we must cover our increased expenditures for armaments in the only other possible way: through taxation on a scale we have never known before. Let us examine first the case for borrowing.

There is an unanswerable argument for it as regards the immediate present. In no other way can we obtain maximum employment and production. Taxes in the required amounts would be so heavy a burden on private enterprise that even our present low levels of employment and production would be further lowered. Whatever the risks of starting off with borrowing, therefore, we must deliberately take them lest worse befall.

And in point of fact the risks need not be very great. Through forethought we can easily cope with them if only we can

get the national income up and keep it up. That is the really vital problem just now, and there can be no doubt that heavy government borrowing at this juncture—especially since it will probably be mostly from banks—will greatly increase the effective purchasing power in the country and thus augment the demand for goods and services. The danger of an internal debt even double the size of our present $45,000,000,000 would be insignificant in comparison with the danger of failing to make full use of our men and materials.

Nevertheless, the piling up of such a debt would be dangerous, especially from a psychological point of view. There are still large numbers of otherwise well-informed people who continue to think of a government debt as being precisely the same as an ordinary business obligation, and probably such people still wield enough influence to throw the country into a panic when they themselves become badly frightened. Moreover the dangers are not merely psychological when the borrowing process gets out of hand. Then they become very real indeed—so real that we should be inexcusably negligent if we did not take measures to forestall them.

There will be only one way to escape these dangers: to draw up and adopt a financial plan for the period of the emergency as a whole, so that by the time (or shortly after) our expenditures have leveled off to what appears to be normal we shall have paid off the debt incurred at the start. But before attempting to think through such planning, let us take a realistic look at the consequences of indefinitely continued borrowing.

When a country's internal debt becomes *unbearably* large, one of three things is bound to happen. First and most likely is some form of inflation; second is repudiation. Third and least likely to happen is a scientific scaling down of the debt, either through a capital levy or by a forced reduction in the interest rate coupled with postponement of payment of the principal.

It is too well known to require comment that every country engaged in the war of 1914–18 was forced into some kind, or degree, of inflation. Germany, by the crudest sort of application of the device, wiped out her internal debt—and, through the hardships thus inflicted on her middle classes, contributed to the creation of the conditions that later resulted in Hitlerism. France went nearly as far, stopping only at the destruction of from three-fourths to four-fifths of her debt.* In Great Britain and the United States, inflation occurred, though in a lesser degree and in somewhat different forms.

Without attempting to go into the technicalities of what happened then, here is what *might* happen now if we went on *indefinitely* increasing our internal debt:

The government, theoretically, would sell its bonds to people who had savings. So long as this happened we could feel confident that there would be little or no danger of real inflation, bearing in mind that real inflation occurs only when there is a general and sustained rise in prices. But as a practical matter, greater and greater quantities of the bonds would be sold to banks (or as in the first World War, people would borrow from banks to buy bonds). The banks would pay for them, not with money already in existence, but by entries in books crediting the government with the price of them, and these credits would at once become effective purchasing power. So long as the total amount of such credits did not exceed the amount of idle savings in the country (the ineffective purchasing power) it would still be possible to avoid real inflation, because the total amount of effective purchasing power would not have outstripped the total amount of goods and services offered for sale. But, if the borrowing went on indefinitely, at some stage of the process the state of balance would be upset: the amount of effective purchasing power (being in-

* This proportion would vary considerably with the date of the computation. "Three-fourths to four-fifths" is based on the price levels and the revaluation of 1926–27.

creased by the credits to the government set up in the banks to pay for the bonds) would become greater than the total amount of goods and services for sale at the existing price level. Then, inevitably, prices would rise. Costs of everything, all over the place, would go up. The government would have to issue greater and greater amounts of bonds to pay for its purchases, and the spiral of inflation would be in full operation. Prices would rise higher and ever higher. People with fixed income would become progressively poorer and poorer. When an American incarnation of Hitler came along and offered such people (whose number would be increasing) a minimum of security in exchange for a freedom that had come to be meaningless, more and more of them would accept his offer. The cynic knew whereof he spoke when he said that men will die for freedom but will not starve for it.

The vicious spiral of inflation of this kind can be stopped, short of wiping out the internal debt and with it the fortunes of everybody dependent on savings, only by the imposition of taxes high enough to cover more than the full expenditures of the government—more, because the sinister thing can be arrested only when it becomes evident to everybody that within a reasonable period the borrowing process will be reversed. The only other hope of checking it, theoretical rather than real, is that the banks might refuse to buy the government's bonds. But try to imagine this! Is there a banking system anywhere in the world that would dare to defy its government? Of course there is not, and in the very nature of things there cannot be.

As to the other two possible methods of coping with a runaway debt—repudiation and scientific scaling down—we need only observe that the one would be likely to result in so severe a shock as to provoke revolution and the other would require a greater degree of courage and foresight on the part of the people's representatives than would a prearranged program of adequate taxation.

For the whole of the period of the emergency, therefore, we *absolutely must* make our budgetary operations conform to the fact that as a nation we are paying as we go. Can we do so without destroying our incentives to produce? The answer will depend, in all probability, on the wisdom we display in drawing up our financial plan and the readiness of each of us to shoulder the nation's burden in proportion to our strength rather than in accordance with preconceived notions of fairness or justice. When the town is burning down the citizens cannot stop to bargain about the rewards each shall eventually receive for their exertions in putting out the fire.

IV

Apparently no government has ever succeeded in budgeting its revenues and expenditures over a period of several years. Emergencies have usually been met by borrowing, with only a hope (unfulfilled in practice) that afterwards revenues would be sufficient to liquidate the debts. But there is no reason why a democracy should not set a new example to the world, without sacrifice of the essentials of individual freedom, if its people will face up to their responsibilities as citizens.

We do not know how long our efforts to meet the present emergency will last or how great our expenditures will have to be. Nor do we know what our normal outlays will be when we shall have completed our armaments program. We shall be obliged, therefore, to consider a hypothetical long-term budget, say for ten years. We may be confident, however, that the National Defense Commission, aided by the War and Navy Departments, will be able shortly to provide the appropriate committees of Congress with estimates based on better knowledge of anticipated facts. And meanwhile our hypothetical ten-year budget will illustrate the principle involved, and perhaps it will provide an idea of the order of magnitude of the individual contributions called for.

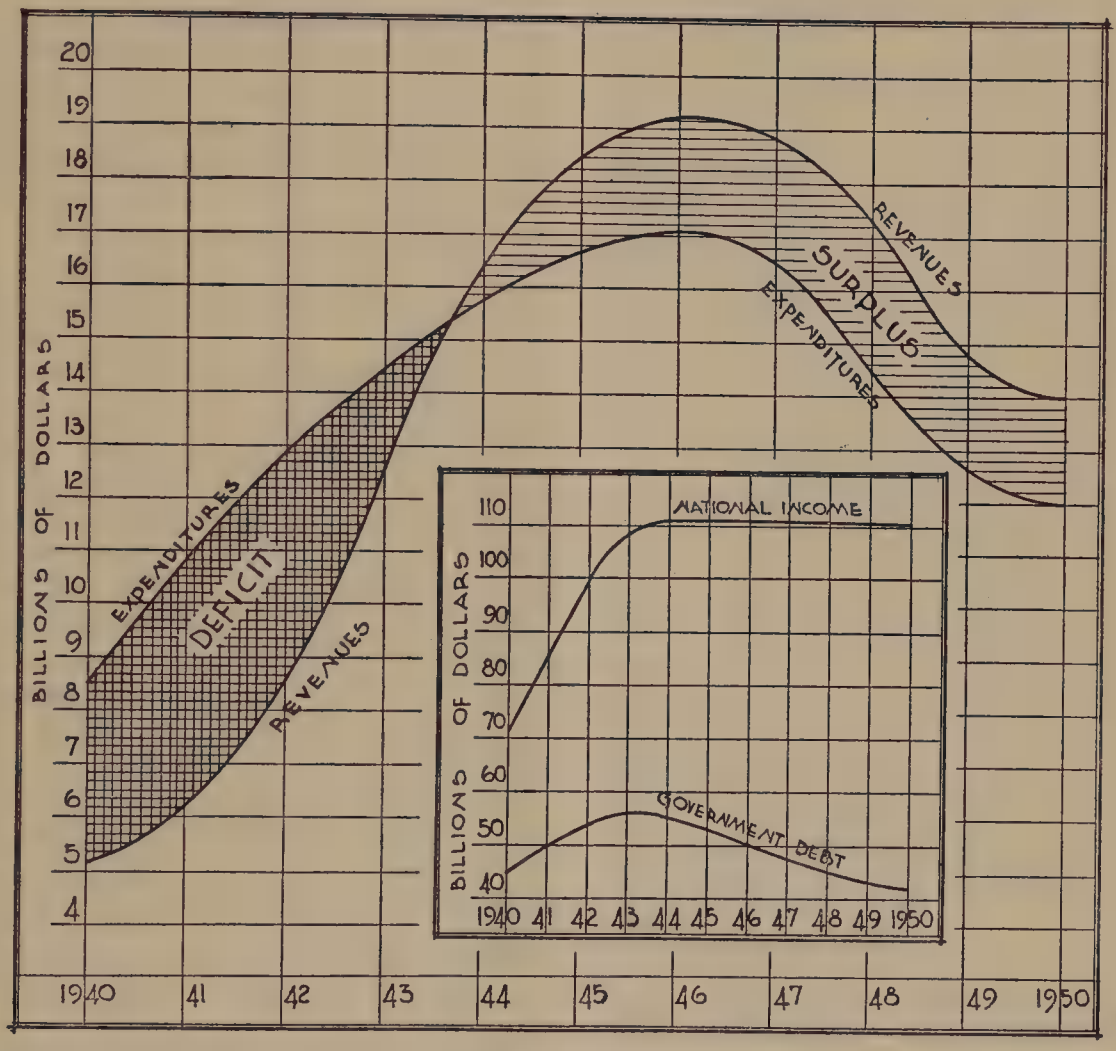
Let us assume that it will take seven years to arm ourselves to the point where we can feel reasonably secure in the kind of world it now seems likely we shall have to live in; that the average cost of our extra effort will be $8,000,000,000 a year (added to expenditures for all other purposes); that at the end of the seven-year period we shall level off with an expenditure for everything of $12,000,000,000 a year. If these figures make your hair stand on end, just remember that they may turn out to be too small—although it is only fair to add that, as far as I know, nobody in authority in Washington has mentioned any so large. At any rate, go ahead and substitute your own estimates. And if you think Hitler will not allow us the seven years, then add to your estimate of expenditures the cost of intervening, both with armed force and with financial aid, all over Latin America—and, if you like, in Europe and the Far East. Our normal outlays will certainly increase on account of our enlarged military establishment. The cost of unemployment relief, however, should be reduced to negligible proportions—otherwise, why go to the trouble to resist a social and economic philosophy that would have to be adopted sooner or later anyway? A normal budget of $12,000,000,000 a year after the emergency would seem to be a reasonable expectation—maybe higher than we shall actually have to endure.

We shall probably need from two to four years to step up our economic activity to the point of maximum employment and production. During this period the government will have to borrow, though perhaps in diminishing amounts. And needless to say, the interest rates should remain low. "No more 5% Liberty Bonds" might well be our watchword. It is not certain that the amounts to be borrowed will diminish because it may be that our expenditures for armaments will go up faster than our over-all level of economic activity. At any rate, it appears likely that our internal debt will have to be increased by at least $8,000,000,000 or $10,000,000,000 and maybe more, before we reach a stage where revenues from taxation can be made to equal current expenditures. That stage of course will come when we have attained to something approximating maximum employment and production. It should be reached well within a period of four years, else our situation will be little short of desperate.

For purposes of the present analysis, let us assume that our methods of distribution remain substantially unchanged and that we may therefore use the figure of $110,000,000,000 referred to a while ago, for the national income we may hope to attain. This can be reached only when the demand for goods and services of all kinds, including armaments, is represented by an aggregate of effective purchasing power in the country equal to it. The rise in effective purchasing power may be expected to result from the increased outlays of the government and from the increased expenditures of private enterprise, whether for plant expansion or for the production and marketing of goods and services both for general consumption and for war preparation. If the great reservoirs of idle savings in the country were promptly invested in plant expansion or otherwise spent, they would of course become effective purchasing power; and consequently the government's expenditures of borrowed money could be proportionately reduced. Nobody knows to what extent this will happen; but whatever the outcome, the borrowings of the government should compensate for at least the amount of savings remaining idle. So long as these borrowings actually are from savings that would otherwise be idle, or so long as they are represented by book credits set up in banks to pay for bonds in an aggregate amount not in excess of the idle savings remaining, we may feel sure that we have not yet reached maximum employment and production. Likewise there need be no fear of inflation in the sense of a great rise in the general price level.

Manifestly it would never do to allow production and consumption of goods and services in general, as distinct from armaments, to remain at present low levels. This would be disastrous so long as our output did not approach a maximum. If before that time we were misguided enough to stop expenditures for relief of the unemployed or try to limit general consumption (except of such key products as might be scarce), we should prevent the national income from rising to a point where we could take enough of it in taxes to accomplish a balance of our long-term budget. Consequently, to preach tightening of belts immediately would be plain economic insanity.

While we are climbing up to maximum employment and production, however, our revenues from taxation should be progressively increased, so that when the goal is reached they will be in excess of current expenditures. Thereafter, for as long as we can maintain approximately this maximum—or a higher one—and until the excess of revenues over expenditures has reduced the internal debt to the level decided upon in advance, revenues should continue to exceed expenditures by the required amounts.



All these elements can be estimated and calculated at the start of the program. They can be embodied in a law; and, what is more important, the whole sequence of events can be made subject to automatic procedure, *so that Congress need delegate none of its powers.* That is to say, the level of federal taxes due and payable from year to year (perhaps in the case of excise taxes for shorter periods) can be made to rise along with, *but at a faster rate than,* the rise of the productive activity of the coun-

try, as measured by a number of reliable indexes such as those of the Federal Reserve Board and the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The sliding scale of the rates of all the various kinds of taxes estimated to produce the revenues required, together with the precise methods of determining from the indexes when an increase should occur, would be written into the law. Then from time to time the Bureau of Internal Revenue would make the prescribed computations and announce the rates to be applied thereafter until a new computation was made. Thus the chance of arbitrary action by executive agencies would be virtually eliminated and the Congress would be in effect exercising to the full its prerogative as the sole taxing authority of the federal government. The accompanying chart will show what might happen over a ten-year period—using figures that may be altered at the pleasure of the reader who prefers to make his own guess.

Among the indications of when we shall be approaching maximum employment and production will be the behavior of the general price level and the index of the cost of living. If a pronounced rise occurs, and at the same time the other indexes show there is little or no involuntary unemployment, it will mean that real inflation is commencing. It will be the signal that the time has come to stop increasing the effective purchasing power in the country through government borrowings and to begin collecting taxes that will apply a brake to consumption. If we do not do these things we shall be inviting the dangerous spiral of inflation. But if the Congress has the courage to make a long-term budget based on the estimated requirements of the armaments program, and to abide rigorously by it, we shall have at least a fighting chance to liquidate the borrowings resorted to at the start.

Can we have any absolute assurance that our productive activity will in fact rise in accordance with the foregoing assumptions? No. It will depend in large measure on the spirit of national unity we are able to achieve. Another element in the situation, about which we can only hope for the best, is the extent to which bottlenecks in key industries may interfere with both the armaments program and the step-up of employment and production. But the nature of the long-term tax program itself will be of great importance. If it is to serve a constructive rather than an obstructive purpose, it must be so devised as to distribute the burden with publicly recognized fairness and in a manner that will be wholeheartedly accepted by those who will have to carry the bulk of the load.

V

Space would not allow me to outline here a fully developed tax program, even if I were competent to do so. The subject is tediously technical and intensely boring to most people. There are, however, a few treatises that deal with it in terms easily understood by almost anybody. The best book I have come across of this kind is the Twentieth Century Fund's publication of 1937, *Facing the Tax Problem.** Clearly our tax system needs overhauling from top to bottom, with proper integration worked out for Federal, State and local taxes; but consideration of this would go far beyond the scope of the present discussion. Here, as promised at the beginning, I shall deal on broad lines only with the essentials of the Federal problem.

The crude and obvious way to meet the situation would be to impose at once a general sales tax high enough to raise the money. It would require payment to the Treasury of a flat percentage of the estimated total expenditures of all the persons and organizations in the country. This method would be out of the question, however, for a number of reasons. Apart from its brutal suddenness, the result of its application would be that the low-income families, comprising well over half of our total population, would

* The specific recommendations included in this book of course would not now be applicable.

have their effective purchasing power and therefore their standard of living drastically cut at a time when already they are either at the point where further reduction would cause acute privation or they are on the ragged edge of starvation; and meanwhile the well-to-do would hardly notice the increased burden.

We cannot, however, solve the problem by taxing only the rich, or even only the well-to-do. If for no other reason, there are not enough of them and the total of their incomes would be hardly sufficient. Some figures from the income tax returns of recent years will make this clear.

From 1937 incomes, for example, if we had taxed everything above $50,000 up to 100%, we should have obtained additional revenue of only $232,000,000. Even for 1929 the corresponding figures would have been only $3,256,000,000. Lowering the limit to take in everybody who could be considered well-to-do, say all persons with over $10,000 a year, if we had confiscated all in excess of this amount the additional revenue from 1937 incomes would have been $2,312,000,000 and from 1929 incomes $7,486,000,000.

Although we do not know precisely what the additional expenditures caused by the armaments program will be, it is evident that the revenues obtainable by such drastic measures as the foregoing would be hardly adequate, even when we reach and surpass the income levels of 1929. And only a little thought is needed to make it clear that taxation on this scale would be impracticable. Merely to remember the family establishments employing a considerable number of persons directly and providing a great deal of employment indirectly by their expenditures for goods and services, is enough to permit us to visualize what the results would be. (Of course the Socialists will have a ready answer. But inasmuch as I know what it is already, I entreat them not to write and tell me about it, unless they are prepared to explain where we should get the large group of officials competent *and willing* to administer their theoretically admirable system so as to avoid revolution and chaos and the probability of ending up with some degenerate form of fascism.)

If we wanted to risk abandoning our democratic principles (hoping that it would be only temporarily), we might of course follow the example of Nazi Germany. In that case we should compel every person and every organization in the country, under threat of death, to work and produce up to maximum ability. We should fix by fiat all wages, all prices, all profits; we should rigorously control all imports and exports and the foreign exchange transactions arising out of them; we should limit the amount of money that every individual or organization could retain; and then we should seize the remainder of the national income for the Treasury. Thus, no doubt, we could balance the budget and the government could begin at once to pay as it goes. But we should have become in effect a totalitarian dictatorship, no matter what we called ourselves.

Since we prefer not to resort to any such solution, *the backbone of our revenue program will have to be the graduated personal income tax*, supplemented by estate (inheritance) and gift taxes, corporation income taxes, excess profits taxes, and certain carefully considered taxes directly affecting consumption. The personal income tax will have to be graduated in the sense that the percentages taken will go higher and higher with the greater amount of the income, only because a family with a large income can endure giving up a higher percentage of it than can a family with a small income. For example, if a family with a total income of $1,000 a year had to give up 10% of it, somebody would go without shoes or dental or medical service, if not without adequate food. But a family with $10,000 a year could give up 10% and still have $9,000 left. They could give up 25% and still have $7,500 left; and even if they were taxed up to 50% they would still have $5,000 a year to maintain a decent standard of living.

Our present income taxes, to be sure, are based on this principle. But the exemptions have been so wide and the rates so low, except for the very high incomes, that most of us have felt them either not at all or very lightly. We shall therefore—those of us who have been accustomed to buying anything we wanted without thinking much about it—have to brace ourselves for some genuine sacrifices. The lowest-income families need not suffer, indeed, their situation may very well be substantially improved, just as it was during the first World War; but the rest of us will have to tighten our somewhat ample belts.

VI

Nearly half of the total income of the federal government in recent years has been obtained from taxes directly affecting consumption. The bulk of the sums thus collected has come from taxes on tobacco, liquor, gasoline, and imports of all kinds (customs duties, usually referred to as the tariff). The remainder of the revenue derived from consumption has been obtained by taxes on miscellaneous items for which people spend money, such as theater and movie tickets, automobile parts and accessories, furs, toilet preparations, and a long list of goods and services that Congress apparently has deemed to be luxuries or semi-luxuries. Although no doubt considered unavoidable, this is a deplorable way to raise revenue in time of depression, since the heaviest burden of it falls on the masses of the people.

The principal kinds of taxes that are less likely to affect consumption are the personal income tax, the estate and gift taxes, the corporation income tax, and the excess profits tax. These are likely, especially in the higher brackets, to be paid with money that would otherwise be saved. In the aggregate, since 1933, the yield of such taxes has varied from less than 50% to a little over 60% of the total federal receipts exclusive of the Social Security taxes.

Social Security taxes are in a special category. About half of them affect consumption because they are applied to pay rolls and thus reduce the purchasing power available to workers. They should be given close scrutiny, to see if perhaps they are not causing too heavy a burden on the numerous poor at a time when, in order to raise the general level of production and consumption, the largest element of our population ought to have more, not less, money to spend.

If substantially all the net income of corporations and other business concerns were currently distributed to stockholders or owners, both the corporation income tax and the excess profits tax might well be either abolished or substantially reduced. The graduated personal income tax would then do a better and fairer job. But unfortunately such is not the case. These taxes therefore have to be levied, on some sort of compromise basis. They cannot be steeply graduated, like the personal income tax, because the actual income from all sources of the persons who are stockholders or owners, even of very large businesses, may vary widely—from small to quite large amounts, although the amounts are not likely to be small enough to affect the very poor. The compromise is usually arrived at by taking some percentage which is believed to be endurable by all stockholders or owners, even those entirely dependent on income from the businesses in question.

Unfortunately this arrangement leaves loopholes. Under it stockholders or owners whose income would be very large and thus subject to high personal taxes if all of it were turned over to them, can let a large part remain undistributed in order to escape a substantial portion of the taxes otherwise payable on it. The undistributed profits tax of recent memory was an attempt to plug this particular loophole; but for a number of reasons Congress has repealed it.

Another device, hitherto untried and of a somewhat advanced nature, deserves careful consideration now. It would re-

quire all corporations or other businesses to report the precise amount of undistributed net income accruing to each stockholder or owner, whereupon this amount would be added to the taxable income (from dividends and all other sources) already computed for each, and the total thus resulting would be taxed at the appropriate rate (very high, of course, for the big incomes). If this plan were adopted and could be properly administered, it is clear that the corporation income tax and the excess profits tax (both of which also involve knotty problems of administration) could go.

Another troublesome problem encountered in taxing business profits, whether considered normal or excessive, is the allowable depreciation or amortization of the investment of the stockholders or owners. It has been especially vexatious in recent months in connection with the excess profits tax on plants built to produce war materials. How important it is, from the standpoint of the Treasury as well as from that of the taxpayer, may be seen by considering a simple case. Suppose the factory is to cost $1,000,000, but the prospective owners of it believe that five years hence it will be useless and therefore worth nothing. Its annual profits over the next five years, *before depreciation*, are estimated to average 30% on the original investment. If the owners are to recover their investment by the end of the five years, however, the annual profits will have to be reduced by a depreciation charge of 20%, leaving a net of only 10%. But somebody else (the Treasury or the Congress perhaps) might believe with equal sincerity that the factory will be needed for at least ten years. In this event the net profits of the owners might figure out at 20% and thus be subject to stiff taxes.

There are still other difficult problems, particularly as regards administration, that must be solved or compromised in connection with the taxes collectible from those with relatively high incomes. The estate and gift taxes are examples, as are also the taxes on capital gains and the allowable deductions for capital losses. Neither discussion nor proposals for solution of these problems can be included here. But when bitter disputes arise over them we should do well to be careful about jumping to conclusions about either the greediness of one side or the red radicalism of the other. The differences of opinion may very well be honest, with neither side entirely devoid of patriotic feelings.

With all its lack of theoretical perfection, the graduated personal income tax has the inestimable advantage of ethical fairness and economic soundness. It apportions the burden in accordance with ability to bear, and it tends to keep the potential purchasing power of the country effective; for it weighs least heavily on those who must spend at once the bulk of their incomes for necessities. It is so far superior to all other forms of taxation that, whatever compromises may be necessary in its practical application, we must make it now as never before the cornerstone of our fiscal structure.

VII

As the main source of federal revenue, the personal income tax should begin at about $1,500 per family and $800 per single person, with an additional exemption of $300 for each dependent. There should be written into the law three or four schedules of rates, more and more steeply graduated as higher levels of employment and production are reached. These should be worked out in connection with the estimates forming the basis of the long-term budget. For the low incomes however (*e.g.* those under $2,500 a year), the rates in all schedules should remain comparatively easy.

In addition to enacting the appropriate schedules and prescribing the other elements of the long-term budget, Congress should stop the loopholes that now permit many persons to escape substantial amounts of income tax. The one having to do with undistributed profits has already been described. If the some-

what advanced method suggested were employed to stop it, the loss from discontinuing or reducing the corporation income tax and the excess profits tax would be more than made up by the increased yield of the personal income tax. Other loopholes, for which the remedy is more or less obvious, are:

The privilege of husband and wife to file separate returns, abolition of which alone would probably produce additional revenue of over $1,000,000,000 a year when the national income approaches $110,000,000,000.

Imperfections in the estate and gift taxes (for which, unfortunately, the remedy is not obvious).

Continued issue by the Federal as well as the State and local governments of tax-exempt securities.

Taxes on consumption (except of scarce key products) should not be increased over present rates until the national income approaches a maximum. Indeed we ought to consider at once lowering such taxes and raising the rates on personal incomes in the brackets of $5,000 to $100,000 enough to compensate for the resulting loss of revenue. In the hypothetical budget above this is assumed to have been done, to the extent that total consumption taxes will yield no more than now although the national income is assumed to be increasing.

To attempt to work out and include here samples of the kind of schedules used by the Bureau of Internal Revenue would be a needless complication. Some notion of the burden on individual taxpayers of various incomes may be obtained, however, from this tabulation. Schedule A might go into effect when the national income is at $85,000,000,000; Schedule B at $100,000,000,000; and Schedule C at $110,000,000,000.

Thus a married couple without dependents, having $1,500 a year of net income, would not pay anything until a national income of $85,000,000,000 was reached, whereupon they would pay $7.50, then $15, and finally $30 as the national income rose to $110,000,000,000. Payment should not be required at all unless taxes on consumption are reduced at once, and then only for moral effect and in order to begin applying a brake to consumption later on, rather than for the revenue obtainable. The same couple with $5,000 a year, however, would begin to feel the effects rather seriously. Under the 1940 Act (disregarding credit for earned income) they are required to pay $160, but under these schedules they would have to contribute $300, then $400, and finally $500 a year. If this couple had $10,000 a year their taxes would commence to bear down hard. Instead of the $680 payable now, they would have to pay $1,400, then $2,200, and finally $3,000 a year.

Typical Income (Married couple without dependents)	Percentage of Total Net Income Payable (Disregarding earned income credits)			
	1940 Act	*Schedule A*	*Schedule B*	*Schedule C*
$ 1,500	0	0.5	1	2
2,500	0.8	1	2	3
5,000	3.2	6	8	10
10,000	6.8	14	22	30
20,000	13	25	35	45
50,000	26	45	50	55
100,000	40.7	50	55	60
200,000	51.9	55	60	65
500,000	62.5	60	65	70
1,000,000	68.8	65	70	70 (75?)
5,000,000	76	70	70 (75?)	70 (80?)

The yield to the federal government of these schedules would be difficult to estimate with high accuracy, chiefly because we cannot know what the numbers of persons falling in the different income brackets will be. Consequently the figures given above are based on some very rough computations. We may feel confident, however, that government ex-

perts will be able to supply schedules scientifically devised to produce approximately the revenues required.

Based on the foregoing, let us now construct for purposes of illustration a hypothetical and highly condensed ten-year budget (excluding the Social Security receipts and expenditures), bearing in mind that the taxes on consumption should be flexible—to be raised or lowered to correct inflation or deflation.

Can we achieve such a budget in practice, ending the ten-year period with an accumulated surplus of $4,000,000,000 to be used for reduction of our present internal debt? Surely there is nothing impossible about the required income-tax schedules themselves. We need not bother to compare them with the enormously higher schedules that the people of England are now enduring (starting at 42½% as opposed to from 2 to 3% for comparable real incomes with us) to appreciate how easy, in the hard world we inhabit, our material burdens may be. We must, however, fully realize the necessity to bear them, remembering first that as a nation we shall in fact, unavoidably, pay as we go. Then we shall have to make our complicated economic and financial activities fit this fact, so that when we have completed the transformation in our world outlook that Hitler has forced upon us, we shall still be able to preserve the essentials of our democracy by having spared it the danger of a disrupted fiscal system.

The heart and center of our problem is production: the full use of our magnificent productive equipment, our plentiful natural resources, and our abundant man power. If too many of us do not hold back too long to drive hard bargains with the rest of us, we can do the job.

(In Millions of Dollars)

	Fiscal years ending June 30							
	*1941**	*1942*	*1943*	*4-year average 1944 to 1947***	*1948*	*1949*	*1950*	*Totals for 10 years*
REVENUES								
Taxes on incomes, estates and gifts (including corporation and excess profits taxes, if retained)	$4,200	$6,400	$11,000	$14,500	$13,500	$13,000	$12,500	$118,600
All other receipts (mainly taxes on consumption)	2,200	2,200	3,000	4,500	1,500	1,000	500	28,400
Totals	$6,400	$8,600	$14,000	$19,000	$15,000	$14,000	$13,000	$147,000
EXPENDITURES								
For the emergency	$4,000	$6,000	$8,000	$9,000	$2,000			$56,000
All other	7,000	7,000	7,000	8,000	10,000	$12,000	$12,000	87,000
Totals	$11,000	$13,000	$15,000	$17,000	$12,000	$12,000	$12,000	$143,000

* Final official estimates for fiscal year 1940–41 not available at time of writing.
** See chart for possible total figures during the different years of the period.

VIII

And after we have completed our armaments program, what then? What will happen when we reduce the effective purchasing power that the government will have been pouring into the hands of millions of people? Unless we take thought beforehand and carry out bold and farsighted measures, we shall face the worst depression we have ever had. It would make the decade of the thirties seem like prosperity by comparison.

To prevent it we shall have to maintain something like the high level of employment and production achieved

during the emergency, although we may find it desirable to reduce hours of labor and thus have more leisure and less goods and services than would be obtainable through maximum work by everybody. We can maintain the level desired only if the reduction in effective purchasing power up to then being distributed by the government is compensated. Compensation can be brought about by the prompt return to circulation of all savings, either through investment of them or otherwise. But the proportion of the national income saved can be drastically lowered through a widespread increase in consumption, which could result in the highest standard of living in history.

How these things are to be done is not the principal subject of this article. A few specific measures, however, may be mentioned. As already suggested, taxes on consumption should be reduced to the vanishing point. And inasmuch as the heaviest tax burdens on consumers are those of the State and local governments, every effort should be made to get these lowered too. One possible way to do it would be to have the Federal government compensate the States and cities, with funds obtained through the income tax, for their abolition of sales taxes and other levies on consumption. Reduction of taxes on consumption would be like removing the pressure from a powerful spring; consumption of goods and services would immediately increase.

All possible encouragement, short of impairing the freedom of opportunity we are committed to maintain for everybody alike, should be given to private enterprise to invest promptly all the savings that are in fact made. The production of good low-cost housing, particularly for those who prefer to rent rather than own their dwellings, could provide a very important field for such investment. In this connection we should attack the fundamentals of the problem of attracting savings into actual ownership of rental housing rather than into mortgages on it. If this could be done on a scale adequate to meet the country's housing needs, a large proportion of the funds accumulated in such institutions as life insurance companies, savings banks, and building and loan associations could be readily absorbed. If also we could devise a plan for complete rehabilitation and reorganization of our railroads, we might for a considerable period hope to find outlets for all the savings actually accumulated. But for keeping in circulation such amounts as are not used by private enterprise the government will have to accept responsibility. A plan whereby this responsibility could be met, with a minimum of interference with private enterprise, was outlined in an article of mine in *Harper's* for December, 1939, calling for a governmental Department of Investments to take up the slack. Some such scheme should be organized and held ready for application the moment that our emergency expenditures begin to diminish.

We are facing a period of uncertainty and danger. We have faced such periods in the past and emerged from them stronger than ever. By taking thought and by acting with determination and courage we can do so again. But now we must have teamwork of a sort that has never been necessary before. Hitler and his spokesmen say with contempt that we cannot get it and retain democracy; that the strong and competent will not work for and with the weak and incompetent. The strong and competent will decide, both for the present and for the future. If they withhold the full measure of their energy and skill now or later, our American dream will be over. With armies and navies we can doubtless stop Hitler, but not Hitlerism; for in the long run there will be only one way to give him and his henchmen the lie: by making our democracy fulfill its promises of freedom and plenty for all.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

THE good world will be impossible to achieve until parents quit teaching their children about materialism. Children are naturally active and somewhat materialistic, but they are not incurably purposeful. Their activity has a fanciful quality, and partakes of the solid gaiety of Negroes, and is harmless although often destructive to property.

We teach our child many things I don't believe in, and almost nothing I do believe in. We teach punctuality, but I do not honestly think there is any considerable good in punctuality, particularly if the enforcement of it disturbs the peace. My father taught me, by example, that the greatest defeat in life was to miss a train. Only after many years did I learn that an escaping train carries away with it nothing vital to my health. Railroad trains are such magnificent objects we commonly mistake them for Destiny.

We teach cleanliness, sanitation, hygiene; but I am suspicious of these practices. A child who believes that every scratch needs to be painted with iodine has lost a certain grip on life which he may never regain, and has acquired a frailty of spirit which may unfit him for living. The sterile bandage is the flag of modern society, but I notice more and more of them are needed all the time, so terrible are the wars.

We teach our child manners, but the only good manners are those which take shape somewhat instinctively, from a feeling of kinship with, or admiration for, other people who are behaving in a gentle fashion. Manners are a game which adults play among themselves and with children to make life easier for themselves, but frequently they do not make life easier but harder. Often a meal hour is given over to the business of enforcing certain standards on a child, who becomes petulant and refractory, as do the parents, and the good goes out of the food and the occasion. It is impossible for a mature person to take manners seriously if he observes how easily they shape themselves to fit the circumstances. Ten or fifteen years ago it was customary in a restaurant to rise when someone approached your table. But when the pullman-type booth was invented men discovered they couldn't rise out of their seat without barking their belly on the edge of the table—so they abandoned the rule and kept their seat. This is most revealing. If a man were truly bent on showing respect for ladies he would do so even if it meant upsetting every table in the room.

I teach my child to look at life in a thoroughly materialistic fashion. If he escapes and becomes the sort of person I hope he will become, it will be because he sees through the hokum that I hand out. He already shows signs of it.

I guess there are two reasons for my not interpreting life more honestly for my son. First, it is too hard. (It's almost a full-time job to interpret life honestly.) Second, if you tell a child about the hollowness of some of the conventions he will be back in ten minutes using his information against you.



WHEN three coasting schooners, one right after another, tacked into our cove and dropped anchor I knew there must be something wrong. In these days one schooner is news, three in a bunch are almost unheard of. It soon was apparent that the vessels were dude carriers. Their decks, instead of being

loaded with pulp wood, held that most precious freight—men and women on excursion. I rowed out into the cove to see the sights and was invited aboard one of the vessels by an enthusiastic old sea dog who, after three full days of life afloat, was bursting with information of a feverishly nautical character. He kept tying knots in things, and rushed me all over the little ship, above and below, showing off its rude appointments and instructing me in the proper handling of a coasting schooner in fair weather and foul, including the management of a sail which he called the "jib flapsail." The schooners' yawl boats were busy taking passengers ashore for a lobster dinner on the beach, and our usually quiet cove, whose only regular night visitors are myself and a great blue heron, was soon gay with the vagrant screams and cries of persons temporarily removed from their normal environment.

I was told that the schooners were all owned by the same man—he has five or six of them and is buying others as fast as he can find them. Dude business is good. Not much has to be done to the ships—some bunks built into the hold, a toilet installed, a new sail or two, and some paint. They are old boats, most of them, but plenty good enough for summertime cruising, and are competently sailed by Maine captains, who accept the arrival of vacationers on their foredeck with the same stoical reserve with which they accept fog on a flood tide at evening.

The invasion of western ranches and eastern schooners by paying guests who are neither cowboys nor sailors is an American phenomenon which we have grown used to. Some of the ranches have even moved east, to be nearer their chief cash crop. It's hard to say why the spectacle is saddening to the spirit, but there is no denying the way I feel when I see a coaster that has lost her legitimate deckload and acquired a crew of part-time gypsies. There is nothing wrong about it—anybody who is having a good time can't be wrong—yet the eternal quest for the romantic past which lives in the minds of men and causes them to strike attitudes of hardihood in clothes that don't quite fit them is so obviously a quest for the unattainable. And it ends so abruptly in reality. A dude, at best, is merely an inexperienced actor in the revival of an old melodrama.



IT WOULD appear to me, from the mail I have received on different subjects, that the three matters which most nearly concern Americans to-day are liberty, poetry, and bread. I have, at odd times, mentioned all three subjects, and each time the mail picked up. (Hay fever would be a close fourth.)

As yet I haven't got round to making bread and am still buying it, but I have a portfolio of instructions from farflung breadmakers. I'm just waiting for the kitchen to quiet down sufficiently for me to make a start. For three years the kitchen hasn't known an idle moment, it seems to me: either a pie is being baked in the oven or a dog is being bathed in the set tubs or the floor is being mopped or a model airplane is under construction. I must have absolute quiet and perfect privacy if I am to work in a new medium.

One enthusiastic breadmaker sent me not only a recipe but a loaf of his bread—or rather half of a loaf. It was very good, although the pleasure of eating it was marred by my natural suspicion that any food arriving in a writer's mail is quite likely to contain poison. One thing is clear: people who make their own bread are great proselytizers. They are crazy to have somebody else make bread. Poets are rather the other way—each feels that if a poem is to be written *he* is the one to write it, not some incompetent stranger.



POETRY and liberty both are capable of arousing their respective groups, but it is far more dangerous to discuss poetry than liberty. When I wrote an article

in praise of freedom the worst I got was a threatening letter, in capital letters, from a man in North Carolina. But when I mentioned poetry I got poems.

In the past couple of years, as a result of writing this department, I've received quite a number of letters from doctors. This has come as a surprise, for I hadn't supposed that scientists would show any interest in this stuff, except psychologists who might wish to read it for the sake of speculating on what was the matter with me. But letters from doctors are quite common. I suppose when a doctor's practice isn't very brisk he wanders out into the reception room and skims through the old dead magazines.

There's more to it than that though. There is a fairly well-supported theory in medical circles that persons who write are out of adjustment. And if a writer discusses his own personal affairs, as I often do, he unwittingly presents a case history which is of some interest to medicos. (It's a little extra service we throw in.) I recall a conversation I once had with a New York physician who was talking over with me the pathology of one of his other patients, who happened to be a friend of mine and who also was a writer. The doctor said that a basal metabolism test had shown that my friend suffered from a hyperthyroid condition. He said that he had recommended an operation to correct it. I remarked, quite casually, that I wondered whether it was a good idea to tamper with a writer's glands—how can he earn a living, I asked, if you upset that curious unbalance which is probably at the bottom of his creative life?

"My God!" said the doctor. "I never thought of that." I learned later that he changed his mind about operating. The patient is still writing well.

Just the other day I got a letter from a Florida physician who is disturbed because I am not reaching a larger audience—a disturbance which I had imagined was peculiar to a writer, not his doctor. My correspondent said: "About twenty years ago when I was working in a small-town drugstore it was interesting to me that each month we received one copy of the *Atlantic Monthly*, one copy of *Harper's*, and from two hundred to two hundred and fifty copies of Mr. Macfadden's *True Story*. This being the case it would appear that a good deal of your effort is being wasted."

He suggested that I write for publications which reach a larger public. But there is something in having the odds two hundred to one against you. A man is lucky to wedge his opinions into a drugstore at all these days, among the hair nets and the fountain pens and Mr. Macfadden's truth.

On the whole, the letters which a writer receives are indispensable to his health. Without a certain amount of encouragement he couldn't go on with the sort of unnatural ovulation which this age of periodicals demands. And without the sarcasm, the threats, the sneers, and the angry thrusts from his discontented customers he would soon become insufferable—or *more* insufferable, if you like.

One change which has come about since the World War is the change in people's feeling about dachshunds. I remember that in the last war if a man owned a dachshund he was suspected of being pro-German. The growth in popularity of the standard breeds has brought about a spirit of tolerance, almost a spirit of understanding. My neighbors here in the country don't seem to attach any dark significance to our dachshunds, Fred and Minnie. In this war if you own a dachshund people don't think you are pro-Nazi; they just think you are eccentric.

If there was a shadow of a doubt about my Americanism, on account of the dachshunds, it was completely dispelled in the town hall the other night when I

won a wire-haired fox terrier puppy on a twenty-five-cent lottery ticket. Everyone knows that a man's allegiance belongs to the country where the jackpot is.

IN A news broadcast the other morning, I heard a minor item which has stuck in my mind. The reporter said that the Nazis were "re-Germanizing" the land of Alsace, eliminating all French influence. He mentioned some rules which had been made to this end: Alsatian men named Henri would have to write their name Heinrich, and all inscriptions on tombstones would have to be in German. It seemed to me that the German ideal of purity had suddenly met its match, when it sought to "re-Germanize" not only the quick Alsatians but also the old bones in the cemeteries. To say that a man shall remember his dead in German is like saying that he shall perspire in German, or taste his spit in German. I doubt that the memory of the dead is capable of revision at the caprice of a conqueror.

Conquest in the disciplined German manner seems curiously lacking in the lustiness which is traditionally associated with victory in war. In earlier, more robust times, the victorious soldiery roared through town, drinking the bars dry and ravishing the girls. To-day the new conquest seems to be mechanical, inhibited, orderly, and grim. A man back from ambulance service with the French army tells me that the German soldiers he saw in occupied France were well behaved: they all had excellent cameras and went round taking pictures of everything in sight.

In Alsace, they not only snap pictures, they diligently revise the legends on gravestones.

I WAS spreading some poison in the barn the other day for mine enemies, the rats, when I came upon an unopened copy of the Boston *American*, dated Sunday October 31, 1909. It was a special "Achievement Number" and contained 128 pages—at that time the largest newspaper that had ever been published in New England. Probably there haven't been many bigger ones since either. It contained fifteen sections, each one of them something of a journalistic nosegay.

By inquiring around I discovered that the paper was one which had been in possession of my wife's father. She remembers that, as a little girl, the Boston *American* was never allowed in her house; and apparently her father, true to his principles, had declined to open the Achievement Number which had been sent to him and which, we discovered, contained his picture along with the pictures of some other Boston industrialists of the 1900's. He didn't throw the paper away, but just set it aside, and it has moved about from garret to storage warehouse to barn for thirty years, while its achievements dimmed and its pages yellowed.

It made pretty good reading. In thirty years the greatest change has really been in our feeling about achievement itself. The Boston *American* of 1909 exuded a supreme sense of calm and pride in America. That is no longer a typical newspaper reaction. Even on that October Sunday in the proud and prospering Boston of 1909, the news of the day failed somehow to corroborate the dream of achievement. Holdup men had victimized two ladies of Quincy. In South Braintree a young husband, after shooting his wife, had hurried to the cellar and slashed his throat. In Melrose a young boy ran stark mad through the streets, driven out of his mind by a thwarted desire to play on the Melrose High School team. And there was immorality in Scollay Square. The leading story on Page One was the most sobering and contradictory of all—it was the account of the Harvard-Army game. Harvard had managed to win the game for the Achievement Number, but in doing so had broken the neck of Army's left tackle, E. A. Byrne, and the player had died on the field.

ALL QUIET ALONG THE HURON

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

By the diagnosis of a gentleman in Michigan, the Easy Chair needs medical attention. Hysteria. The evidence is that, reaching Santa Fe just when the House of Brabant saved itself by enslaving its people, just when the Nazi tanks and bombers began the attack that was to enslave France, the Easy Chair wrote that these things were a danger to America, that they threatened the gentleman's home town. That made the gentleman in Michigan mad and, with a number of others, he said so. He called the Easy Chair an agent of the hysterical East. He said that the Easy Chair ought to get away from the East oftener and seek the quiet of the West.

He liked that phrase, "the quiet of the West," for he repeated it. The West, understand, was quiet in that the death of Europe did not disturb it. It saw no portents; it wasn't scared. Maybe the Nazis were making a new earth under a new heaven, but let's take that in our stride—it was only Europe after all, and the Western pulse was calm. The world we grew up to know and count on had been blown to hell by *Panzer* divisions, and the world we hoped our children might inherit had become a broken and fantastic dream—but water was flowing down the Huron in the old untroubled way. There was a hand on our throat, but no matter, why make a noise about it? The future of America had become very much what the future of a house under construction becomes when a flood sweeps the foundation away, but the West was quiet. The gentleman from Michigan enjoyed that quiet and he resented a voice from the hysterical East shouting that the dam was out and the waters on their way down the valley.

I have a certain snobbery. I grew up in the Rocky Mountains, and so I have always objected to the carelessness of Middle Westerners who call their section the West. And you're wrong, brother, it wasn't the West that was quiet when Europe died. I found the West, where the conditions of life, so much harder than those you're used to in Michigan, make people realistic—I found the West just as disturbed as I was by those trivial events overseas, just as certain that America was in ghastly danger. The West wasn't quiet. It was the Middle West that was quiet—people like you in places like Michigan. So, since we can all be diagnosticians, I'm going to explain your disease.

I'm pretty scared, brother, but you're scared far worse. Do you know that hysteria is the mind's retreat from what it dares not face? A crisis can get through your instinctive defenses and make you, for a moment, see things plain. During those days when the French army was being pushed always farther back, while France was opening along the seams, you hung over the radio, desperate for each new bulletin. You kept asking yourself and everyone who would listen, When will Weygand counter-attack? You clung to your friends and the clerk in the cigar store and strangers on the street,

trying to understand what was going on, trying to master your alarm, trying to find some intelligent defense against it. You read Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann and other people who were telling you that the catastrophe of France was an American catastrophe too. You understood that, you agreed with them, you kept asking Why doesn't someone *do* something? Maybe you sent some wires to your good, gray Senator Vandenberg telling him he was blind and obsolete. There was a healthy quiver of fear in your stomach, quiver enough to make you amenable to thought and capable of action but not enough to stampede you. This was while the crisis was at its height, while every headline and every broadcast beat its urgency over your head, while the tension of life in a crumbling world was at its tightest stretch.

Then the tension got too great and snapped; France fell, the headlines had so long overloaded the sensory nerves that no further sensation could get through; there came a lull which was just exhausted emotions, the crisis—as we playfully put it—was over. At once you went into what is correctly diagnosed as traumatic shock. Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann went on pointing the moral of what had happened, but suddenly you couldn't take it. Instead of feverishly absorbing every word they wrote, you found yourself unable to absorb or even read them any more. You began to feel that they were dangers to America, which means that you felt them as dangerous to you. Probably you wrote to them saying they were suffering from hysteria: that's what you wrote to me when I remarked that you were in danger. Panic had laid hold of you. Panic assured you that these events in Europe could not possibly affect you. Panic told you that everything would be all right if only people would shut up. Panic told you that quiet was best. It was panic that made you quiet, that made the Middle West quiet, hysterical panic. Hysteria, remember, is the mind's retreat from what it dares not face. That's what happened to you, that's why your home town is serene. Of course you're quiet; anyone is quiet who is scared stiff. There is such a thing as coma.

You'll come out of that quiet every time events go into the crescendo of another crisis. You'll hang over the radio again, and read Walter Lippmann like a starving man seeking bread. Each time, however, you'll come out of it not quite so far; you'll scurry back faster into the amniotic waters; you'll demand quiet more desperately and find it more easily. You'll get madder at anyone who seems likely to disturb you. You'll yell at them always more loudly: Oh, for God's sake leave me alone, peace at any price, we've got to live in the same world with Hitler, haven't we? it's not our war, America has its own problems to solve, and shut up, shut up, shut up, I've got to have my sleep.

Do you know that you're a set-up, brother? They count on you, overseas. You're in all the books. You know that phrase, the war of nerves, you use it glibly. It's aimed at you. They know about your nerves and how to work on them, how to make you panicky, how to induce this quiet in the Middle West. They've said they needn't bother to spend money or risk lives invading America, for America is a soft, timorous, peace-loving, hysterical nation that can be handled ever so easily. America, they say, will be a pushover. They're talking about you, and your quiet town.

Catatonia. A forced flight into sleep because the waking world is too terrible to be faced. You need the treatment given people who have taken an overdose of some hypnotic. We must keep you walking the floor no matter how drowsy you may be, feed you all the black coffee you can take, subject you to endlessly repeated stimuli, stimuli so simple that the numbed mind cannot misinterpret them, repeated so frequently that it gets no time to harden its defense.

Have you got a car? Of course you

have, you live in Michigan. Probably it's a Buick, for your printed letterhead shows that you are comfortably placed, and Flint, where Buicks are made, is just an hour's drive east of your quiet town. Do you count on turning it in next year, on a new one? Maybe you won't. When the time comes to turn it in you may oddly find yourself unable to afford a new car. There will have been a queer but very quiet erosion; it will have taken part of your bank account away. They are building other machines besides automobiles in Flint; whether asleep or awake you'll be paying for them. That is one thing that Mr. Lippmann has been talking about, the new car you won't be able to afford.

Have you got a house? Of course you have. You belong to the well-upholstered middle class; you've done well for yourself even during these past ten years when it hasn't been so easy to do well for oneself as it used to be. It's a fine house too, a new one, no doubt a better one than you could have managed if it hadn't been for the twenty-year amortization plan that the FHA and the banks worked out. You're proud of that house, you love it profoundly, it symbolizes the deepest part of you and your expectation of America. Maybe you aren't going to pay off that mortgage. Maybe you're going to lose that house. That too is what Miss Thompson and Mr. Lippmann are talking about, the collapse in America of your house and the organization that enabled you to build it, under the weight of the events abroad that you don't want to hear about. You like a bit of butter on your bread, just like Christopher Robin's king, and that house is a bit of butter. Some of your butter is going to be turned into guns no matter what happens; American guns if you and your quiet towns get the point in time, or German guns if you don't—and if German guns, why, then, all your butter. While you sleep quietly, shingle by shingle that house of yours is blowing down the wind. Better not sleep too long.

Have you got children? It was the children I was talking about. Your dreams for them are the best of you. All these years you have hoped to start them off on their own a little more favorably than you started. You've wanted them to have sound bodies, good health, skills and training, poised and disciplined minds. You've wanted to fit them to grapple with the unknowable future. Millions of fathers have shared that desire; it is the health and the promise of our middle class; the trite phrase for it is "the American dream." And while everything stays quiet in your home town, bit by bit that expectation is being vetoed. A bomb falling on Dover has hit your children's school. The War Department must order some more planes, and so your daughter won't be going to that summer camp you had in mind. The Nazis seize Rumania, and so you won't be able to send your son to a professional school; maybe even college will prove to be quite out of the question. You've got to accept a lesser expectation for them, in detail, in the whole, and for their children too. You won't like that. They won't like it either.

During these past years that dream of yours has sometimes been displaced by a nightmare. You have had brief, paralyzing phantasies of your son unable to find work during the years of his vigor—your son, impotently idle—on Relief. They have been a sharp agony, and so how do you like the picture of your son sucked into the aimless rioting of the dispossessed as jobs get fewer, as business and society progressively break down, as the framework of American life caves in? Or, alternatively, how do you like the picture of him with a bland smile on a vacant face, goose-stepping in one of the youth-pulverizing battalions that the Nazis know how to organize, all the personality and individuality you've labored to give him systematically destroyed? I'm not talking about some foreigners pictured in *Life;* I'm talking about your son in the quiet Middle West.

Your house is on fire and your children

will burn. Your country will burn—that pleasant town in Michigan, an hour west of Flint. *Life* shows you some Dorniers and Messerschmitts flying across the English Channel. What you're too scared to see is that they're flying across Lake Huron too. You boast of the quiet there in Michigan. But, you see, that's yesterday. Placid in yesterday, you've watched Europe go down; for over a year you've seen tanks and planes blasting their way across it. Because they haven't blasted their way across America you think they haven't moved across it; but they have. The world has changed forever; America's place in it has changed; with every beat of your pulse America is becoming something different—pounded into a different shape by the detonations which you think of as merely sound-effects in a newsreel. It really is a pleasant town—I know for I drove through it a month or so before you wrote to me—but it won't be pleasant very long now unless you wake up. Even if you do wake up it will never again be the town you've lived in up to now—but you can keep it a good town.

If you wake up. This angry protest of yours comes out of sleep; it is a sleeper's defense against realities that would shatter his dream. When the world is dangerous sleep is so much better than waking, dream is so much easier than courage. But sleep and dreaming are death just now, and that is why you must be waked and kept awake no matter how angrily you may resent the voices that get through to you. I didn't know that I was writing to you personally when I sent that letter from Santa Fe, but it turns out that I was—to you. About your house, your car, your school system, your children—about the United States and you and your home town. We have still got a chance to control events, to bring America and your son through the storm in such a way that the promise of both of them can still be fulfilled. Oh, not at all in the way you and I hoped for, perhaps not in any way that we can understand just now, but certainly in some way that will preserve the worth and use the talents of both, some way that will save their freedom. Our chance to do it is still a good chance, the odds are still in our favor—if we stand on our feet and face things, if we keep our nerve, if you come out of the coma that is pure panic.

You know the Burma Shave signs. Our highways ought to be lined with similar sequences that you would have to read, sequences of simple, plain, bitter truths. Still shorter and plainer ones ought to be set up at every stop light, and over the entrance to your office building, and on the counter where you buy tobacco. Little slogans which would pound the nerve that winced when you read my piece. Skywriters ought to smear them in mile-long letters above your golf course. Every radio program ought to plug them at the beginning and at the end and half-way through. They ought to leap out at you from billboards; sound trucks should blare them all evening long in the street before your fine new house. Because, you see, this desperate drowsiness resists them with the full strength of your panic. If that panic wins we lose—you lose.

What ought they to say? Simple, elementary, readily understandable things. The things that you dread most and so deny most vehemently. Just that the world is on fire. That America will be burned up unless you come awake and do something. That time is passing. That the quiet of your home town, which you boast about, is the quiet of a slumber that is settling toward the quiet of death.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

Personal and Otherwise



MAIN STREET TWENTY YEARS AFTER

TRIANGLE

"THE Pilgrim Hawk" is **Glenway Wescott's** first novel since *The Grandmothers* and his first book since *Fear and Trembling*. His published work also includes *The Apple of the Eye* and *A Calendar of Saints for Unbelievers*. Mr. Wescott was born at Kewaskum, Wisconsin, in 1901. He says of himself: "I am a farmer's son, descendant of pilgrims and pioneers; an idealizing, nervous, migratory type of man. In wartime (the other war) I attended the University of Chicago for a year and a half, when my health went a little wrong. Then I lived in New Mexico a year, horseback. Then a great lady, William Vaughn Moody's widow, lent me William Cullen Bryant's birthplace for a summer; and I got started at *The Apple of the Eye*. Europe was my real education; Ford Madox Ford and Cocteau, Elly Ney, Isadora Duncan, and Rebecca West were my teachers. I went abroad at twenty, almost by accident; first to London and then tragic Germany. I stayed in great delectable France for many years because I could live there on what I could earn by writing. At the start of the thirties I saw that Europe had become a rat-trap, so I came back where I belong. My Wisconsin family meanwhile had moved and resumed its ancestral farming in the New Jersey hills; and two lifelong friends kindly constitute for me another home in New York." The second half of "The Pilgrim Hawk" will be published next month.

BREATHES THERE A MAN

SOME months ago the *New Yorker* published a cartoon of two middle-aged women talking with a clerk at a travel bureau. "Do

you mean," said one, "we're going to be cooped up in America all winter?" The lady was only a late addition to the company of those who through interest or compulsion have been turned loose to explore their native land during the past ten years. All schools of opinion have had a fling. For the Communists John Spivak found that the United States was a region of the damned; Simeon Strunsky, on the other hand, found that all was well—or nearly all. "The heart of America" was still sound. The New Deal has done its enormous share by assembling and publishing a long list of inventories of everything from mineral resources to local holidays and festivals. The WPA has turned out a monumental series of guidebooks. The 1938–1939 *Cumulative Book Index* devotes nineteen pages of fine print to books on the United States, including thirty-one titles of description and travel, twenty titles on social conditions, six titles on social life and customs, ninety-seven titles on economic conditions, and so on through the list. The land has been full of travelers. President Roosevelt urged young people to get hold of an old car and go and see their country for themselves. Tourist camps have multiplied throughout the land and one may now purchase directories that advise the sightseer of places to eat and sleep in almost every town in the country. This month ***Bernard DeVoto*** takes a whirl at the subject in "Main Street Twenty Years After." Mr. DeVoto's most recent article—aside from the monthly Easy Chair—was "Anabasis in Buckskin" which appeared in the March number. He is the general editor of *Americana Deserta*, edited *The Life and Adventures of James P. Beckwourth*, wrote the well-known *Mark Twain's America*, and was one of the authors who collaborated in writing *The Taming of the Frontier*. He has also written a number of novels.

PLOT

"PLAIN Speaking About Latin America" by ***Lewis Hanke*** is a reaction against months of scare stories about the inroads of the Nazis in the southern part of the hemisphere. An aroused interest in the countries south of us has been mixed up with fear of the German conqueror. As though to meet this demand, various American reporters descended upon Latin America—some of them unable to speak or understand Spanish or Portuguese—and the cables were hot with stories about the grave Nazi crisis in every Latin-American capital. That the Nazis have been busy is true, but the continent represents something more than a secret agent's paradise. With the idea of laying the ground for some realistic and accurate information about Latin America, we asked Mr. Hanke to write this article. He is Director of the Hispanic Foundation of the Library of Congress and knows Latin America intimately. Before taking over his present job in July, 1939, he taught history. He spent the summer of 1935 in a Bolivian monastery working on manuscripts with a grant from Harvard. The years 1936–1938 he spent in Brazil, Mexico, and Guatemala on a Social Science Research Council Fellowship. After taking over the direction of the Hispanic Foundation he visited all of the Latin-American republics, returning to the United States this past July. From 1926 to 1927 he taught at the University of Hawaii; from 1927 to 1930 at the American University of Beirut, Syria; and from 1934 to 1939 at Harvard University. His published work includes *The First Social Experiments in America*, a study in sixteenth-century Spanish Indian policy and *Las teorias politicas de Bartolemé de Las Casas* (*The Political Theories of Bartolemé de Las Casas*) published by the Instituto de Investigaciones Historicas in Buenos Aires in 1935. Mr. Hanke is also General Editor of the annual *Handbook of Latin-American Studies*.

GERMAN EUROPE

Peter Drucker, author of "Germany's Plans for Europe," has been a frequent contributor to *Harper's* during the past two years. He was once financial editor of the *Frankfurter General Anzeiger*, got out of Germany some years back, and presently came to the United States as correspondent for a number of British newspapers. In July we printed a piece by him called "Can the Gold Problem Be Solved?" Readers will remember another article by him, "The End of Economic Man in Europe," which we published last year. That article was a miniature version of a book, *The End of Economic Man*, which furnished the materials for a book reviewer's holiday.

(Continued on second page following)

Curbstone Medical Advice



"That's the same kind of stomach trouble my husband had—why don't you do what his doctor advised?"

"Anne's headaches were just like that, too—I'll tell you what Grace should do for hers . . ."

"It cleared up Johnny's throat in no time—I'm sure it will help Jimmy . . ."

How easy it is to get friendly, well-meant health advice! It is generously and sincerely offered over the luncheon table, the tea tray, the telephone, or on the street corner.

But how dangerous it can be!

For one person's stomach upset may result from over-eating . . . but another's from gastric ulcer. A headache may be due to eyestrain . . . or to sinus infection . . . or even to brain tumor. And while one youngster's sore throat may be ordinary tonsillitis . . . the next can be a deep-seated abscess . . . or the start of diphtheria.

▶ And the danger of diagnosis by uninformed, unqualified advisors doesn't stop there. Frequently people *with the same complaint* should be treated differently. Literally, one man's medicine may be another man's poison. One of the world's leading medical authorities says that each case of sickness should be considered as unlike any other.

Then . . . what really *is* the right thing, the *safest* thing for you to do when trouble comes?

Get your advice from a physician!

His years of training and experience fit him better than anyone else to determine just what is wrong and what is the right treatment for *you*. It is unjust to put your druggist on the spot—don't ask him to act as your family physician. Get a doctor's advice *early*—for most of the common ailments known to man respond to treatment more promptly and more successfully when caught at the outset.

Remember—good intentions alone have caused too many tragedies. With good professional advice available, why take any chances with the kindliest of amateur "medical" advice?

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WILLIAM JOYCE
is believed to be the Nazi's celebrated "Lord Haw-Haw"

WED BUT NO WIFE

Erskine Caldwell, author of "An Evening in Nuevo Leon," was born in 1902 in White Oak, Georgia. He was educated at Erskine College, at the University of Virginia, and the University of Pennsylvania. At one time or another he has been stage hand, book reviewer, professional football player, lecturer, editor, and screen writer. But his reputation rests upon his fiction and upon the fact that from one of his novels was adapted the play that has run longer than any ever presented: "Tobacco Road." The novel was published in 1932; the play was produced in New York on December 4, 1933, and is still running. The completion of its seventh year in New York will be celebrated a few days hence. Four different actors have played Jeeter Lester in New York, eight have played it on the road.

Mr. Caldwell is one of the group of novelists who came in on the first wave of left-wing

(*Continued on second page following*)

Far away and long ago

LIKE King Charles' head, the legend of Atlantis keeps cropping up in unexpected places. Only recently, in the eminently matter-of-fact *United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, we read a considered plan for surveying the supposed site in mid-Atlantic of this mysterious lost continent.

The remarkable persistence of the story, through the more than twenty-three centuries since Plato described Atlantis and its civilization, makes us feel that where there is so much smoke there must be at least a few embers. We cannot but think that there must be some dim, age-old race memory back of it all. The details of the colossal palaces, the elaborate harbors, the glittering temples are such that they have a certain tangibility about them.

They are fantastic, yes, but to us they seem to be fantastic as the memories of childhood haunts and experiences are and not as the dreamy imaginings of some ideal Utopia. You read Plato and Donnelly and Churchwarden, who pile up detailed data to prove that the lost continent was the springboard from which civilization reached Egypt and Central America, Crete and Asia Minor, and you say to yourself perhaps there really was an Atlantis of some sort.

But whether there was, or whether the whole time-dimmed tale is simply the wishful thinking of day-dreaming peoples, we who build with steel find much of interest in the legend. It is interesting to us because the most frequently encountered details deal not so much with the deeds of demigods and heroes as with the concrete results of the activities of engineers and builders. With aqueducts, bridges, harbors and vast public buildings, with carefully-zoned cities and with roads, with details of construction.

THE *lower lock gates at Bonneville dam, which were built by Bethlehem, are as high as a nine-story building—the tallest lock gates ever built.*

IN *the borough of Manhattan alone there are approximately* 23,000,000 *tons of steel in skyscrapers and other buildings.*

THE 746-*foot towers of Golden Gate Bridge are* 191 *feet taller than the Washington Monument.*

Here at Bethlehem, we like to think that we are perhaps building the foundations for an Atlantean legend of the far future. A future when men will talk of mountain-high dams, like Bonneville; of roads that strode across cities, like the Pulaski Skyway; of bridges that spanned arms of the sea, like the Golden Gate; of lock-gates in canals that divided continents—with all of which Bethlehem's fabrication and erection division has been intimately associated.

Regardless of what future legends may be, we take pride in our activities in building for the present, in the results of the plans of Bethlehem engineers and builders, whether these results are found in acres-broad factories or mile-long suspension bridges. They are evidence of Bethlehem's ability as the largest steel construction company in the world to provide the structures needed for modern living.

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sentiment after the crash. His first novel, *The Bastard*, was published in 1929, *Poor Fool* in 1930, *American Earth* in 1931, *Tobacco Road* in 1932, and *God's Little Acre* in 1933. During these years appeared a group of fiction writers who rebelled against the novelists of the twenties. (Albert Halper's first novel, *Union Square*, was published on March 4, 1933, the day the New York banks closed.) For a time this school of fiction absorbed a great deal of popular attention and there were hundreds of writers who subscribed to what were supposed to be the school's articles of faith. Mr. Caldwell, one of the best known, worked through the period and, when it was over, kept right on going. His other books are *We Are the Living*, *Journeyman*, *Kneel to the Rising Sun*, *Some American People*, *Southways*, *Trouble in July*, and *Jackpot*. His wife is Margaret Bourke-White, the photographer. The two collaborated in two books—*You Have Seen Their Faces* and *North of the Danube*.



SALUTATORY

Gerald Johnson, author of "To Our Thirty-Year-Olds," is an editorial writer on the Baltimore *Sun* and an old *Harper's* contributor. He is an enthusiastic performer on the flute and at various times has written in *Harper's* about his experiences with an amateur orchestra in Baltimore. These articles were later put together in a book called *A Little Night Music*. Either alone or with collaborators he has written twelve books, including biographies of Andrew Jackson and John Randolph of Roanoke and a number of volumes dealing with American history. The most recently published of these was *America's Silver Age*, a volume which dealt with the days when Henry Clay and Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun were in their prime. With Frank R. Kent, Henry L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens he wrote a history of *The Sunpapers of Baltimore*.



THERE IT GOES AGAIN

W. H. Michael, the author of "Seasickness," is a Captain in the Medical Corps of the United States Navy. He was born in Baltimore and educated at Johns Hopkins where he acquired seven H's in football along with a degree in medicine. Captain Michael says:

Then I went to Panama to learn tropical medicine. To prevent becoming a tropical tramp, I joined the Naval Medical Corps. Under the command of Smedley Butler I took part in the campaign in Haiti in 1915, remaining in the occupation of that republic until 1917. I joined the Sixth Regiment Marine Corps as battalion medical officer in 1917 and did several months' service at the front. In France I received the Distinguished Service Cross (Army), being personally decorated by General Pershing for service in Belleau Wood. Later I was awarded the Navy Cross and the *fourragère* of the *Croix de Guerre*. For the closing months of 1918 I was on the staff of U. S. Army Base Hospital 18. I married Marcelle Mortier of Neufchateau, Vosges, France, in January, 1919, and that Franco-American alliance continues. Three children represent the biological results. I participated in the occupation of Santo Domingo by the Marines as regimental surgeon, 1919 to 1921. During that time I was a member of a court-martial which tried and acquitted the present dictator, Trujillo, then an officer in the *Guardia Nacional Dominicana*. He was accused of doing too many things at too many places at the same time.

From Santo Domingo I went to Turkey in 1921 where I was medical officer of a destroyer division based on Constantinople and charged with assisting famine relief in southern Russia. My only full assignment in the United States from 1913 to 1929 was a term on the staff of the U. S. Naval Hospital, Annapolis, Maryland, from 1922 to 1925. I was medical officer of the U.S.S. *Pittsburgh* for a European cruise from 1925 to 1926, and later was on duty at the Haitian General Hospital, Port au Prince, Haiti, 1926 to 1929. For two years of this period I was Administrator and Chief Surgeon.

Since that time I have been Chief Surgeon at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Annapolis, 1929 to 1932; medical officer of the U.S.S. *New Mexico*, 1932 to 1934; Executive Officer and interim surgeon at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Pensacola, 1934 to 1937; in Washington at the Army Industrial College and the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery, 1937 to 1939; and Executive Officer at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., since then.

I have written a number of medical and naval-medical articles published in the *Naval Medical Bulletin*, the *Military Surgeon*, and the *Naval Institute;* and have written popular medical articles for *Hygeia* under both male and female pseudonyms.

During 1939 I was decorated by the French government as *Chevalier de la Légion de Santé Publique*, and by the Haitian government as *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur et Mérite*. Both decorations still await Congressional approval. I was the U. S. Naval Representative at the

(Continued on second page following)

DEATH SENTENCE *for Dirt*

by Westinghouse



▪ *Several years ago* one of the most interesting experimental devices in our research laboratory was one that acted like a magnet on smoke, dust and dirt in the air. Strange part about this electric device was that it worked just as quietly and free from moving parts as a storage battery. Yet in practically no time at all it would collect a jar full of dirt from air you'd declare was clean and pure.

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▪ *The way* the Precipitron rids the air of smoke is an interesting example of its practical efficiency and usefulness. Smoke is made up of particles so minute that a screen fine enough to catch them would not allow air to pass.

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FLIGHT

Eugene Bagger, author of "Flight from France, June 17–25," emigrated to the United States before the last war and became an American citizen. From 1918 to 1921 he was an editorial writer on the New York *Tribune*. After 1924 he lived in England and France until the German invasion last summer, when he returned to the United States. The article in this number is the abridgment of two chapters of a book on which Mr. Bagger is now at work. He describes it as "an account of how the world in which we lived, the old world of European civilization, came to an end and why, and how this end hit one particular man on the head." Mr. Bagger has written *Eminent Europeans* and a biography of *Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria*. In years past he has been a frequent contributor to the Magazine. Readers may recall his "Middletown in the Midi," an article in which he applied the method of the Lynds to the city of Nimes.

CHILD GUIDANCE

"MAMMA Is a Lady" is ***David Cornel De Jong's*** first *Harper's* story. Mr. De Jong was born in The Netherlands on June 9, 1905. Brought to the United States at the age of thirteen, he went to grammar school in Grand Rapids, Michigan, where his family settled. From the age of fifteen to eighteen he worked, then completed high school and college, earning his way as he went. After receiving his A.B. degree from Calvin College in Grand Rapids, he taught high school one year, then went to Duke University on a fellowship for his M.A. degree. At Brown University in Providence, R. I., which also granted him a fellowship, he studied toward a Ph.D. degree, but stopped when his first novel was published in 1934. Mr. De Jong has been free-lancing since then. His writings include two novels (the second, *Old Haven*, received the Houghton Mifflin Fellowship award in 1938), two translations in book form from the Dutch, about sixty-five short stories, ten articles, and some hundred and fifty poems published in various places. A new novel by him, *Light Sons and Dark*, has just been published.



What Life Insurance Program should an independent single woman have?

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Q: Under this policy what happens if the person who is insured dies before age 60?

A: The Prudential pays the insurance money to the beneficiary.

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A: Then the person insured receives the money.

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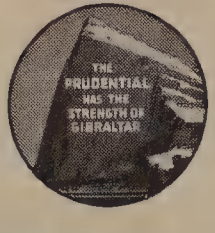
Q: Does this policy participate in dividends?

A: Yes. The first annual dividend usually is paid when the policy is two years old. These dividends may be taken in cash, used to reduce premiums, used to buy paid-up additional insurance, or left to accumulate at interest.

The Prudential offers endowment policies maturing at practically any age. There is a Prudential policy to fit every life insurance need . . . and a Prudential premium-payment plan to fit every purse. For further information on how your particular life insurance problem can be solved, see your local Prudential representative, or write the Home Office.

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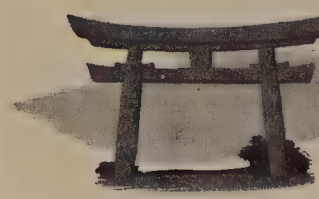
On every side one finds exquisite beauty revered for more than eighty generations. And blending with these priceless settings of placid lakes, gleaming cascades . . . stately, snow-tipped mountains, bounteous gardens, pagodas, bridges . . . are the charming legends, unaltering traditions, fascinating pageantry of ancient Nippon.

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RADIO WAR

Charles J. Rolo, author of "The Strategy of War by Radio," writes to us about the source of his material:

Since 1931, the nations of Europe have been waging undeclared war on each other and the rest of the world by means of radio propaganda. Until November of last year, no systematic long-range study of this new type of warfare had been made in this country. It was then that, with a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the Princeton Listening Center was set up as a branch of the University's School of Public and International Affairs to record for future historians the main broadcasts from the capitals of the great European powers, and to study the role of radio in wartime.

The Listening Center, which employs a staff of nine, has now amassed 4,000 verbatim transcriptions of broadcasts from London, Berlin, Paris, Rome, and Moscow. It was to a large extent on these transcriptions and other material gathered by the Center that my analysis was based. The Center's method of procedure is as follows: from 2 P.M. to 1 A.M. a radio technician records a representative sample of short-wave broadcasts in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish. These are then transcribed, and where necessary translated, and are turned over to the Center's research staff, of which I am a member, for analysis. Our job is to study propaganda devices and strategies, and to keep day-to-day charts of trends in each country's transmissions. At present, our graphs show a 200% increase in hostile criticism of America on German broadcasts to this country since the fall of France. Again, for some time before the invasion of Norway, we had noted an intensive campaign by the German radio to create the impression that Britain was about to extend the theater of the war to Scandinavia.

Mr. Rolo was born in Alexandria, Egypt, in 1916 of a British father and French mother. He was educated in England, France, and America, and has an Oxford A.B. (1938) and a Master's degree from the Columbia School of Journalism (1939). He says:

I lived for varying periods in Egypt, France, England, and Italy, and traveled in most of the countries of Europe and the Mediterranean Basin. On leaving Oxford I decided I wanted to settle in America, so I came here and took out first papers. I read and write French, German, and Italian, and have some knowledge of Spanish and Arabic. Since I went to college, I have done free-lance writing and have contributed to a number of papers and periodicals in England and the United States. For two years I was American correspondent for the leading English-language newspaper in Cairo. I started listening to Euro-

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pean short-wave broadcasts just before the outbreak of the war, and in November, 1939, came to work for the newly opened Listening Center in Princeton.

SHIELD MONEY

Guy Greer, author of "Arming and Paying for It," writes about himself:

Guy Greer began his career as a mining engineer. In less than a year after graduation from West Virginia University, however, he was in the army, and the War diverted all his subsequent activities to economics and finance, with occasional writing for publication. He had a minor part in the peace negotiations at Paris and Versailles and remained in Paris as an international official of the Reparation Commission until the end of 1923. Then followed two years at the Brookings Institution in Washington. Afterward he returned to Europe for about five years as representative of an American investment banking house. Since 1930 he has lived in New York and Washington, engaging in a number of activities, most of them having to do with finance.

His writings include a book, *The Ruhr-Lorraine Industrial Problem*, written while at Brookings and published in 1925, several articles in the old *Outlook*, and some eight or nine articles in *Harper's*, mostly on economic and financial subjects. The most recent was "America's Greatest Need Today," a study of how new investment might be organized. This appeared last December.

POET

THE only poet this month is ***Jessica Powers.*** She is the author of a volume of poems called *The Lantern Burns.*

ALIENS

THIS letter from Earl G. Harrison, who is Director of Registration under the Alien Registration Act, explains itself:

My congratulations to *Harper's Magazine* for publishing the article "The Alien Myth," which appears in the current issue. Mrs. Milner and Mr. Dempsey have done an excellent job of reporting, concisely and sympathetically, some of the most significant facts about aliens in the United States. Articles of this caliber will do much to lift the fog that often seems to surround the American

"alien." I have referred to the September *Harper's* in several speeches already.

I take issue with the authors on one point, and that is their inclusion of the Alien Registration Act of 1940 within the category of "anti-alien legislation." Although they do not specifically mention the Act by name they are undoubtedly referring to the Alien Registration Act approved on June 28, 1940. Moreover, I suppose it can be said that at the time they wrote the article the authors did not have the benefit of pronouncements by the Attorney General and the Solicitor General of the United States as to the spirit in which the law would be administered.

In this connection I quote from an address by the Attorney General on the Alien Registration Act: "This is not an anti-alien move. The alien who promptly registers and obtains a certificate of registration will undoubtedly be relieved of much local embarrassment and suspicion. I am convinced that if it is properly presented to the aliens, and carried out with a decent regard to their feelings and rights, registration will be a welcome protection to those who comply. It will be carried out in that spirit."

It seems to me that the Alien Registration Act is a simple, straightforward registration of all non-citizens in our midst; such registration has been common in all European countries for many years and is a recognition of non-citizenship, common to all countries. In the light of conditions now existing in this and other countries, I think there is very much more that can be said in favor of the registration, particularly when it is sympathetically administered, and very little indeed that can properly be said in opposition to it.

Attention might be called to one slight inaccuracy in the article. The authors gave the impression that all aliens are required to "report to authorities at regular intervals." Non-citizens need report in person only once, at post offices for registration. If the reference is to the requirements of the law with respect to change of address, it is still not accurate, for the only obligation with respect to resident aliens is that they report each change of residence address within five days of such change. Other aliens, for example, visitors, students, and others not admitted for permanent residence in the United States, must report their address every three months, whether they change their address or not. It seems to me that these requirements are not too stringent and are quite justifiable.

Once again, let me express to *Harper's* my keen appreciation for a most interesting and timely article.

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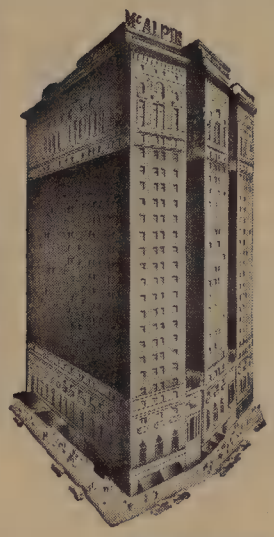
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